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"FROM SISKIYOU TO SAN DIEGO."

"From the Sierras to the Sea."

The *Morning Call*, in reporting the speeches at the late Democratic Convention, and thus preserving to the future those splendid specimens of American oratory, has done a grand thing for the literature of the future. In perpetuating those models of American eloquence, and handing them down to future ages in all the glow and richness of their pristine beauty; in preserving the rich imagery and glowing diction of the well-rouded periods of Clay Webster Taylor, of J. Campbell Shorb, of Halloway of Los Angeles, O'Grady of Fresno, Oulahan of San Joaquin, Tom Fowler of Tulare; of Donnelly, Crogan, Grattan, Quilty, Greavy, and O'Levy; of Judge Enos, Judge Terry, Judge Archer, Judge McGarvey, Judge Lamar, Judge Flournoy, and Judge Niles Searls; of Ball, White, Martin, Whipple, Lowell, Morehouse, Byrne, Platt, and Harry Hammond, and the other eloquent men, it has given to the scholars of the future an else unwritten page in the gilded book of Democratic eloquence. This will, to an extent, repair the misfortune that in the age of Athenian and Roman oratory, the art of stenographic writing being unknown, some of the glowing periods and burning thoughts of Demosthenes and Cicero have escaped us. It repairs to an extent the destruction of the Alexandrian library, where were stored the early treasures of the learning of the classic age. It makes less to be regretted the fact that we have not preserved in all their fullness the orations of Clay and Webster, and the debates of our early statesmen. When at some future and, we hope, not distant period the wanderer from Milpitas shall sit upon the pinnacle of Seal Rock to contemplate the ruins of the Democratic party, he will read with pride from an old *Argonaut*, in which he carried his lunch, the following eloquent extracts from the orations of Democratic speakers at the California State Convention of 1882. Doctor J. Campbell Shorb said:

In the exuberance of ecstatic delight, and with heartfelt pleasure as pure as the chaste icicles that hung from the eaves of Diana's temple, and with deep solicitation for the welfare of the Democratic party, I rise upon both my feet to place in nomination for Governor the honored name of Clay Webster Taylor, all of Shasta. I love California, from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierra to the sea, with all my heart and all my soul, and all the rest, residue, and entire remainder of my physical anatomy. California has been a mother to me, full of love, kindly interest, and boundless sympathy. She has hurried in oblivion all my sins and all my transgressions. When the Lord created the universe, He looked around, and said it was good enough for ordinary mortals, but there must be a new and better piece of handiwork for the Democracy, and He created California. Thus loving California, I want to see her governor a man whose courage, whose intellect, and integrity give promise of as bright a fortune in the future as the destiny of California, herself a natural-born leader of men, a natural tribune of the people, and one who will become its idol, when in the course of time they find that ambition can not reach him, nor aggregated wealth frighten, nor gold soil the palm of his hand at the helm of State. Before God I feel that I present such a character in the person of Clay Webster Taylor, of Shasta. Why, as I pronounce those names, "Clay, Webster, Taylor," what a panorama of history opens itself to my contemplation! Clay! When the story of valor, chivalry, patriotism, and genius is told in the universities of the future, it shall ring with the name and genius of Harry Clay, Kentucky's favorite son; and when the historian dwells on the dangers that surrounded the infancy of this republic, and threatened the disruption of this glorious empire of equally free and coequal States, how brilliant in the sombre twilight of the past grows the giant form of Webster, whose dearest words, still ringing fresh in our ears—"Liberty and union now and forever, one and inseparable"—are as fresh to us to-day as when they fell, like molten lava, on the ears of the senators of the United States fifty years ago. And when we come to Taylor, what man who has an atom of love in his heart for California will not reverence the name of Taylor?—the good old hero of Palo Alto, of the Mexican war? The hero of Resaca de la Palma threw down the walls of the City of Mexico, and gave us California. California! God bless her, the sweetest, bravest commonwealth ever seen by humanity since Adam and Eve, hand-in-hand, walked out of the gates of Paradise under the curse of Almighty God. We give, then, Clay Webster Taylor, all of Shasta; they sprang from the people; they belong to the people. Let us give them back to the people. We can give no better men. They are their idol, their champion, their offspring, and before God I do not believe that the people desire to repudiate them.

No one but our eloquent Democratic friend could make the "sombre twilight" brilliant, and none but him could pour "molten lava" into a Democrat's ears without making him jump with the ear-ache. This was followed by a masterly and eloquent address by Doctor Biteland, also of Shasta. Mr. Griffith, of Fresno, then came forward, and, in the hub of the expectant multitude, announced the name of Campbell Pericles Berry:

The most illustrious of all the Northern statesmen that California, all the way from the ice-cold regions of Siskiyou to the tropical groves of San Diego; from the snow-capped summits of the Sierras to the jeweled beach at Pescadero, has ever produced; member of Congress, author of Campbell's poems, and one of the "coming camels" of California. He does not belong to Sutter County only; he belongs to all of California, from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea. He comes from an illustrious Roman ancestry, whose proud motto, "*Stem-mata Quoad Faciunt*" was engraved, by dint of his own invincible courage and indefatigable diligence, through the long curriculum.

Here the gentleman cried out, like Cæsar when he had the fever, for water, and the rest of his splendid sentence was drowned in a goblet of gurgling drink. He continued:

Campbell Pericles Berry, before he came to California, was a comrade of Roger Williams, who was banished from Massachusetts for uttering the sentiment that all Germans have a right to worship King Gambrinus in oblations of humming beer, in foaming schooners on Sunday, so long as they do not interfere with the privilege of the distressed and unhappy sons of Erin to drink whisky the balance of the

week. Now, then, my fellow-members, we verily believe that should you honor Mr. Berry with the nomination for the governorship of the State of California, that on the day of the election, in November next, when the sun goes down into the great Pacific, the heaon lights of victory will burn in every hamlet and city and blaze on every hill, from the snow-capped summit of Shasta to the hoary head of Mount San Diego; from the cloud-capped peaks of the Sierras to the wave-washed sands of the Pacific coast. We believe that he, above all others who have been or may be named to this convention, is nearer to the people, and that he will unite the Democracy, in the language of your motto, "from Del Norte to San Diego, and from the Sierras to the sea."

Then came Judge Lamar, of San Francisco, who presented the name of the Honorable James A. Johnson, of San Francisco:

The exalted position for which I will present his name, and the august presence of this tribunal before which I appear for that purpose, would appall me were I not sustained and supported by a grateful remembrance of his many eminent public services, his fidelity to the people, and the affection of the people for James A. Johnson. They have cause to admire him; they have a right to love him. No man has ever held office in the State of California, from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea, who has a purer or cleaner record of public service than James A. Johnson, and he is better known and more loved by the people of this State than any other living man. Mr. Johnson, with a heart as brave, and a spirit as dauntless as the knight who, in the revolutionary times, first crossed the Alleghenies, whose emblem was the horse's shoe, and whose motto was *sic pivot transcurrere montes*, he mounted his horse and set out on the campaign, crossing and recrossing that vast Himalaya of the Coast Range, climbing the Sierras, descending the valleys, visiting every village, hamlet, and camp, proclaiming the gospel of the Constitution, and rallying the scattered and disheartened forces of the Democracy, from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea. In Congress, amid the storms of fanaticism, and the moral carnage that followed in the wake of the civil war, when many good and bold men trembled and halted, and timid men shrank from the front, Johnson stood in the breach, the undaunted champion of Democracy, and the true and trusted tribune of the people. When all around him into the seething maelstrom of official corruption fell the servants and representatives of the people, James A. Johnson stood up firm as a rock, the impersonation of integrity and honor. He never bent the knee or yielded obedience to the enemies of the people; he never lost his head nor his heart in the glamour of wealth or the prestige of power. Again I repeat it, Johnson is the man whom the people desire. Nominate him for Governor and all along the seven hundred miles of California's vast latitude, from the Sierras to the sea, will be heard the shouts of the Democracy, like the music of many waters—a grand diapason of political redemption.

Then Colonel Flournoy dealt a hand for George Hearst; but as he did not once use the eloquent simile "from the snow-capped summits of Mount Shasta," etc., or once name the "grand old" party, we omit his speech as deficient in those glittering specimens of oratorical jewelry with which most of the speeches were so brilliantly adorned. When Messrs. Clay, Webster, and Taylor came forward to make their speech there was the wildest silence. These gentlemen said:

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Convention, Fellow-citizens and Fellow-Democrats: There perhaps never was a time within the history of our State when her Democracy was gathered together under such auspicious circumstances as those which now surround us. Gathered as we are here from beneath the snow-capped and hoary brow of Mount Shasta; from the Sierras to the sea; from the climes of the sunny south; from the east and from the west; from every village and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of our glorious commonwealth of farmers and miners, the professional, the artisan, and the mechanic, we are here assembled as the representatives in council of that grand old party which, from the time of its inception by its immortal founders, has ever been, and ever shall be the true, tried friend and champion of the people; obedient to their wishes, and subservient to their will and pleasure, and at the same time the ever-vigilant, untiring, eternal, uncompromising, and valiant foe of their would-be tormentors and oppressors, advocating the grand old Jeffersonian principles which were laid down by the fathers who have preceded us, and which is our mission to-day, and has ever been. In every country which raises hordes of bloodless and soulless capital on the one side, and toiling, saving, honest, and patient humanity on the other, the grand old Democratic party, true to its time-honored principles, is ever found warmly hating for the cause of human flesh and blood; defending their inherent and inalienable rights and privileges. We, to-day, as citizens of this commonwealth from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea, may stand, and we may thank God that we have the glorious privilege of standing forth in our pride of manhood, and pointing to the glorious record of the Democratic party. It is the proudest event of our lifetime that we have the privilege to say that we are Democrats; that we love and honor the principles of the party; and we have no further claim upon the grand organization—no claim except that it has ever been our privilege and our duty, since it became our privilege to cast a vote at all, to cast it or in the interests of the grand old Democratic party. When we go from this convention, let us go, every one of us, as a major-general at the head of an army, organizing our forces for battle. Let us organize them, and when the eventful day shall come, let us march to the polls, and with an eye single to the good of our country and to the Democratic party, let us rain such a shower of ballots as will prove, when the work is done and the ballots count, we will have rolled up such an overwhelming majority as will simply appall our opponents. Then we may gather together in our assembly, and under the gallant leadership of those who have brought victory, let us give one grand shout which shall reach to heaven, and shall echo across the continent like an electric shock to our brethren of the East, that once again the gallant Democracy of California has rescued the State government from radical rule, and has again placed it in the grand galaxy of Democratic States. Let us go forth as old Democrats from this convention, with our coats pulled off and our sleeves rolled up, try to do battle in the cause of Democracy, unflinching and unceasing, until the final verdict is recorded, "Democracy, well done, thou good and faithful servant," and is hallowed in brilliancy from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea.

"Hordes of bloodless and soulless capital" is good; but the "grand old Democratic party" is good, but the metaphor of Democratic major-generals going forth to battle in their shirt-sleeves, with only one eye on the offices, and shouting across the Rocky Mountains from the Sierras to the Atlantic Ocean, is a little mixed. But that is only natural, when Clay, Webster, and Taylor are all talking together. John Daggett was nominated as a "Democratic war-horse," not one of

those like Job's, that smelt the battle from afar, for John admitted that he had attended every Democratic convention for twenty-two years. The delegates, in sympathy for this well-worn, and doubtless ring-boned and spavined specimen of party hack, put no one in nomination against him, and he had a limp over all by himself.

To illustrate the toplofical height of nonsense to which panegyric may be carried, listen to this as to the qualifications and character of a candidate for the Supreme Bench:

If absolute purity of character, unimpeachable integrity, marked ability; if intellectual and physical vigor of the most splendid type; if education of the most liberal character, a thorough training in law, profound experience on the bench and at the bar, combine to present qualifications which fit a gentleman for this high position; if, indeed, they combine to present surroundings, morally, professionally, intellectually, and physically that almost illustrate the character of an ideal judge, I contend that these endowments and qualifications are presented and realized to-day in the person of Judge Evans, of San Francisco.

No man ever lived whose life and bearing would justify such an encomium, and certainly not Judge Evans, who came out of the struggle with thirty-five votes from the San Francisco delegation, and not the best part of that. Mr. Armstrong, of Alpine, was recommended for the Supreme Bench because "he studied law in my office five years. He has been my partner, and has been a partner of James T. Farley." Judge Sepulveda was advocated by a sophomore young elocutionist in this fashion:

The native sons appeal to you; and it seems as if there were an uprising from your valleys and a crying out from the peaks of your mountains to nominate one of your own sons.

Judge Wallace, late Chief-Justice of our Supreme Court, made the following bid for Congress at large:

Wherever the Democratic standard is unfurled, in its shadow I will fight, and I will follow it; and whenever the principles of the Democratic party are as they are in the platform which you have adopted, then my efforts will be to maintain and support them. I understand that we are anti-monopoly. I understand that in every line and in every word of that platform anti-monopoly is written in blazing words, in living letters; opposed to the monopoly of the national banks; opposed to the monopoly of the railroads; opposed to the monopoly of the telegraph, and to all that brood which Republican policy has brought upon the country for the purpose of taking away from the many to enrich the few.

Then Mr. Charles Sumner flung his oratorical cap into the chandelier, and said:

A hundred and eighty thousand people confessedly under the heel of Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker! I wish you to understand that I have no political or personal affiliations that will deter me from doing my duty when in Washington, as I shall be if I have your nomination. I believe these things can be accomplished. "What!" says one, "do you think a saucy boy from California can go among those three hundred experienced old heads, and make an impression in one year?" Yes, one man—one uncompromising, relentless man—with the principles of your party, can stand in your national legislature, and Bill Stow and all his troupe will be defeated.

The prize was awarded to Sumner, and Judge Wallace was the most mortified of all the candidates who got the grand bounce. Great allowance must be made for the enthusiasm and excitement that sometimes carry men off their balance in times like these; but we are convinced there never has been in this State or elsewhere a more ludicrous exhibition of meaningless words and absurd metaphors than were strung together at this Democratic Convention. We reproduce them that their authors may calmly peruse them, and be ashamed of them, and that the sober, rising, thinking young men, who are in the future to manage our public affairs, may avoid imitating them.

The following letter from a lady in the East to a relative in this city will be found well worth perusal:

We of the East do not underrate the trials of all sorts and descriptions you endure from the Chinese coming to your shores. You possess our entire sympathy. Do not suffer ten-fold from the Irish who flock here by the hundreds of thousands? And are they not made citizens of the republic as soon as they reach land, and sometimes before? Do they not control nearly all our Eastern cities? They vote themselves into all the offices, tax us what they please, dispose of the funds, (most of which find their way into their own pockets,) leaving our cities bankrupt; they live without work, browbeat and insult honest Americans in the most offensive manner, in defiance of all law; maintain grog-shops on every street-corner; swagger, in a half-intoxicated state, through the streets, to the intense disgust and alarm of every decent man and woman, and convert the glorious terms "liberty" and "freedom" into lawlessness and unrestrained license. They hate laws and despise authority. Witness their behavior in Ireland. In all the world there is no better government than in England. Our own laws are framed from hers. Yet they defy all efforts to bring order out of chaos, and delight in every crime known to the decalogue. Nothing but our great extent of country can save us. Don't you suppose they carry this same malignant, malignant, and dangerous spirit with them here? Should an opportunity ever occur, they will seek to strangle and kill, if possible, the good nation that has fed and nourished them. They have no love of country. As for servants, both men and women, time would fail me to recount the ills we suffer from their impudence, laziness, untidiness, propensity for destroying others' goods, larcenies both large and small, etc., etc. Indeed, coming in daily contact with this selfish, ignorant, insolent class adds largely to the burdens of life, and deprives us of many a joy that otherwise might be ours. I do not speak for myself particularly, but for the whole community. I agree with you entirely as to their not being allowed to vote. To my mind, those who come to the country should consider themselves highly favored in the enjoyment of the benefits arising from good laws, protection to life and property, and freedom to all. They should not be allowed to vote or hold office; but the knowledge that their children, born on this soil, having attained the age of twenty-one, might have that privilege, should be to them the great boon and blessing longed and hoped for. As it is now, the constitution confers more benefits and favors on the native-born, and this can not be right.

MR. DUX'S DECEASE.

An English Satire on American Administration of Justice.

"So, you quit us to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, marm; I guess they're a-goin' to hang me at ten o'clock sharp."

I opened wide eyes and ears as I heard this fragment of conversation. At the moment I was standing on the threshold of a cell. But such a cell! It looked more like a hoarding-house parlor. The windows were harred, it is true; the walls were whitewashed, and the lock of the door was ponderous; hut on the floor there was a soft carpet, and against the walls were arranged chairs and ottomans.

In the middle of the room, some of them seated, some standing, a dozen ladies, in visiting costume, formed a circle round a gentleman. The latter was in correct evening dress—white cambric tie, swallow-tailed coat, white kid gloves, and hoots that reflected one like a polished shield.

"That's the assassin," whispered the detective, who was showing me round, (ten dollars a day, meals not included.)

I could not restrain a movement of surprise.

"It's James Dux," he continued, taking no notice; "he's under sentence of death."

In the monotonous voice of a professional guide he went on to tell me the story of the man who was the focus of so much attention.

"A criminal of the highest class, this Dux. He began in an intelligent way by only attacking respectable people, worth ten thousand dollars or so. Four times he has cheated the gallows. The first time he bought off the witnesses; the second time he bought off the jury; the third time he did business with the judge. But a fatal accident was his ruin. The paper he found on a banker he assassinated turned out to be counterfeit. James had killed a confrère by mistake. Not being able to get together money enough to make his innocence clear, he was found guilty. He was going to be sent aloft, when a comrade starting in trade offered to buy the fraudulent bank-notes at a sacrifice. He said he calculated he could pass them on his customers out West. With the sum thus realized James was able to persuade the Governor of the State to take a disinterested view of his case, and he was let off.

"But Dux never got over the turn it gave him. He became kinder stupid—lost his head. He took to robbing the first that came in his road. One evening, in an out-of-the-way suburb, he knocked out the brains of an old man with a sledge-hammer for the sake of a miserable watch of no value.

"Caught in the act by a young policeman who thought he had a chance of distinguishing himself, James was brought up in court for the fifth time. The evidence was overwhelming, the defense weak, the jury indifferent. While the dozen in the box were trying whisky cocktails, Judge Blackstone rose in the middle of a cloud of cigar-smoke and pronounced sentence of death, giving the poor fellow only three months' leisure to read the Bible in. His time is up this afternoon."

"And that is the prisoner," I exclaimed: "the man in the dress-clothes?"

"Yes, that's Dux," he answered. "He's converted, you know. At present he is a great object of interest. Our richest ladies pay all his expenses. The best ladies come round regular to comfort him. He is going to die beautifully, we expect. It is a great victory for the Hardshell Baptist Church. You'll see that James will make a truly sanctified end."

Meantime the assassin, reconducting one of his lady visitors to the door, passed quite close to me, and I had the opportunity of taking his likeness in my mental camera.

He was a low-set, thick-set, ill-built man, with a face blotched with whisky pimples, a low forehead, a cold eye, and the limbs of a long-armed ape. What a sinister and grotesque caricature this bestial wretch was, tricked out in the garb of good society, his big bony toes making humps on the patent leather of his dandy pumps, and his close-cropped hair glistening with some perfume, which could not kill the fetid odor that exuded from his vulgar body.

A lady advanced toward the assassin, and presented him with an immense white bouquet—the symbol of purity of soul. But as she tried to murmur a few appropriate words, emotion overcame her, and she swooned.

The condemned felon had taken the flowers with a careless air, sniffed them, and jerked them over his shoulder to a corner of the room, where I perceived a mass of fragrance and bloom thrown in huddled heaps like so much refuse.

"The poor creatures are nervous, do you mind," said James, compassionately. "They should take a horn of gin before risking themselves here."

"Allow me to introduce to you my only daughter, Miss Blackstone," said a gentleman of judicial bearing, bursting forward to make way for a lovely young girl who leaned on his arm.

The murderer bowed.

The young lady courtesied.

The judge did his best to imitate one and the other; that that is to say, as far as his corpulence would permit him.

"Papa has spoken often about you," said the pretty girl, with a whimper. "I am really sorry you can not dine with us to-morrow."

"It's out of the question, miss, and I deeply regret it," said Dux, with a coarse laugh.

The young lady blushed, and lowered her eyes.

"Unless, you know, your father would consent to revise his judgment," continued the felon.

"Ah, James," said the judge, with a blending of formality and the cold amiability of the bench, "it is, as you say, out of the question. Business is business, you know; and bending toward Dux, he whispered, "it would be as much as my appointment is worth to do anything at present."

"It must be a terrible thing, Mr. Dux, to be hanged!" interrupted the young girl.

"A moment's pain, more or less, Miss Blackstone; a short moment—do you hear?" said the judge. "It is the death I would prefer for myself."

"Well, that's as how it is," insinuated Mr. Dux. "I dare say it's sweet enough, if the trap works proper and the sheriff is experienced. By the bye, judge, would you kindly take care that the rope is comfortably soaped?"

"Willingly, my friend. Any favor I can grant you under the circumstances you are at liberty to ask."

Mr. Blackstone left with his daughter. The latter turned back several times in the hope to catch a parting glance of the assassin.

I afterward learned that on the dawn of the following morning she forwarded a basket of magnificent flowers to the condemned cell.

"More posies!" cried Dux, when he saw them. "These women folk are fools. There's only one in the lot—my gal Jane—who knows the right stuff to give a citizen of the great United States to help him to die. She sent me a gallon of old Bourbon."

By this time a crowd of new arrivals had invaded the cell, which had been transformed into an audience chamber. It was a deputation of prominent citizens, who requested to be received by the lion of the day.

The orator of the crowd made three paces toward the condemned man, and exhibiting a handsome case in morocco and gold, he delivered the following discourse with much dignity and feeling:

"Dear Mr. Dux, permit the inhabitants of Humanityville at large, and conjoined with them the members of the jury, the sheriff, and the different persons who assisted at your trial, as well as the prison officials, also the members of the police force who took part in your capture, to offer you, through me as medium, this feeble testimonial of the esteem with which you have inspired us all; not only by your calm resignation and the attitude, in every respect worthy of a gentleman, which you have known how to preserve during the many days of your detention and throughout the ordeal of the proceedings in court, but likewise by the truly Christian sentiments which have led you to pardon those whose action may have contributed to bring about your condemnation. Accept, I beg of you, in the name of all my fellow-citizens and in my own, this modest gift. We heartily wish that it may prove useful and agreeable to you during the last hours of your terrestrial sojourn."

Mr. Dux extended both his hands, and received from those of the orator a superbly enameled massive gold watch.

He weighed it in his right palm for a few seconds, turned it over, and then applied it to his right ear.

"Is it going?"

"Oh, yes," answered the donors in chorus.

"Keep good time?"

"Oh, yes."

"Jeweled?"

"Rather."

"Horizontal escapement?"

"Oh, yes?"

"American built?"

"You bet."

"Well, I'm sure I'm very much obliged, but while you were about it you might have given me a hand-made ticker."

Here the members of the deputation saw that the series of explanations were exhausted. After having shaken hands with the courageous Mr. Dux—whom they passed by in Indian file—they discreetly withdrew.

A second deputation was ushered into the room.

After the customary salute the leader of the procession spoke his speech in these terms:

"Respected sir, I am the twin brother, and these ladies and gentlemen are the nearest relatives and most intimate friends of the late George Brown, whom you slew on the night of the thirty-first of August last, by sundry blows of a sledge-hammer, in order to possess yourself of a nickel watch which he had bought for five dollars.

"Desiring to make known to the public the sentiments of admiration and respect with which your conversation has filled us, we pray you to accept our humble homage in the shape of a complete suit of clothes for your own use. We will take it as an inestimable favor if you will wear them at to-morrow morning's ceremony."

James Dux ejected a quid toward the pile of bouquets heaped behind him, and having tumbled his cheek with a fresh plug of tobacco, he took the bundle, tore off the paper-covering, and successively unfolded the coat, waistcoat, and trousers, examining the texture of the stuff with the touch of a connoisseur.

"Are these English articles warranted, you know?"

"Oh, yes," chorused the group of relatives and friends.

"Latest fashion?"

"Oh, yes."

"Buttons solidly sewn on—no slopshop work?"

"Oh, yes."

But as he pursued his examination sudden creases puckered his forehead, and in a voice trembling with anger he exclaimed:

"Where are the suspenders? There aint no suspenders to the pants, nor buttons to the coat-sleeves!"

The members of the deputation regarded each other with an embarrassed air. A whispered colloquy took place among them. At last two of the youngest of the party hurried out, and the orator, regaining his presence of mind, gave Mr. Dux his assurance that the forgotten articles would be supplied without delay.

"All right," said the assassin; "let's say no more about it."

At that moment a smothered sob was heard.

It came from one of the two orphan daughters left by poor George Brown.

"Oh, Mr. Dux," she murmured amid her tears, "how did you find it in your heart to kill our good father?"

"It was his own fault," answered James. "He provoked me by making an exhibition of that durned watch. I could not resist the temptation. Only for that all-fired time-piece I should have died of hunger, like a man, before I would have dreamed of robbery. It was more than imprudent—it was downright immoral on his part."

"The Browns were always too fond of ostentation," loudly declared a fat lady with a red face, who was no other than the president of the Society for the Protection of Penitent Assassins. "Poor man," she resumed, turning toward Dux, "you are dying a victim to the deplorable vanity of our relative. For my part, I am of the emphatic opinion that it is high time to pass a law interdicting the parade of articles of value."

"That's a fact," assented Mr. Hiram K. Anthropologus, secretary of the Society; "a saint himself could not resist.

Brown was entirely to blame. He only got what he deserved. But you, Mr. Dux, tell me, please, when the temptation assailed you to kill George in order to get his watch, did you suffer much?"

"Terrible, sir, terrible. When I saw him pull it out to look at the hour, I thought he wanted to rile me. That's a thing, you know, no citizen of this free country can stand without getting his dander up. It sort of affected me in the stomach first, then in the legs, and then in the head. I tried to resist, and even made an attempt to run away. But I can't tell how it came to pass; I wasn't equal to it; and when calmness returned I was stooping over the man, a sledge-hammer in my hand, and his skull was smashed!... No matter, it can't be helped now that it is over. I forgive him from the bottom of my heart."

"Poor man!" cried all the ladies in a tone of profound commiseration, and then began a rivalry between them as to who should give a farewell token to the condemned.

"Do take this porte-monnaie," said one.

"And this flask of smelling-salts," said another.

"Here is my box of pulmonic wafers," added a third. "They are a sovereign remedy against asthma and difficult breathing."

Dux took everything that was offered him; hut all went the way of the bouquets before long.

A tumult in a corner put an end to these effusions of friendliness. An unfortunate wretch, all rags and patches, his cheeks hollow from long fasting, was struggling in the clutches of some half-dozen persons.

"I have caught him!" screamed a female voice. He was attempting to steal the game pie sent for James Dux!

"Gentlemen, if you please, ladies," gasped the poor beggar, "I have not tasted food for two days, and—and I never murdered anybody."

He was flung neck and crop out of the room.

A negro domestic here entered, and announced to Mr. Dux that dinner was served in an adjoining apartment.

The company filed out into the dining-room of the governor of the jail, which had been amiably placed, together with the governor's plate and French cook, at the disposal of the prisoner and his friends for the occasion.

The condemned man took his station in the seat of honor, Judge Blackstone on his right, and the district-attorney on his left. A popular preacher of the Talmage type said grace before meat, and made an impromptu prayer, in the course of which he made some eloquent allusions to the ceremony of the following day.

Mr. Dux ate heartily and drank copiously, and burst into frequent explosions of good-humor, which were vastly admired by the guests. The repast was a veritable banquet in its plenteousness, a fête in its joyous spirit. Several effective selections of music were performed during the courses on a harmonium by the leader of the popular preacher's choir. After the coffee came liquors stronger than wine, and with them came the toasts. The shortest and most delicate of those was given by the twin brother of George Brown in the following neat speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Our urbane and much-to-be-regretted friend James is on the eve of his departure. May the defection of his leave-taking be softened and its pains be abridged."

Dux got on his legs, and in a robust voice, responded as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: This I shall ever look upon as the happiest and proudest moment of my career. Its remembrance shall not quit me till my dying hour. In many a former period of my existence I was cast down by disappointment, and often almost gave way to despair. Little did I then imagine that I should one day have the privilege of enjoying this honor. It was furthest from my hopes that I should have the pleasure of being entertained by such a distinguished circle until I gave that rooster, Brown, his pass-out checks for the other side of Jordan. The death of that miserable sinner has made a new man of me, has regenerated me, and filled me, so to speak, with a second life. From the moment my sentence was pronounced by my friend, the judge here, I felt myself another being—indeed, I may safely say, without boasting, that I should have lived in complete ignorance of the joy one feels in the consciousness of being good unless I had undertaken that job which procures me the novelty of being strangled to-morrow. Oh, my friends, would that you were all in the ranks of the just, like your humble servant! It is a blessed and profitable thing, I guess, to be awakened to the truth, to read pious tracts, and eat spring chickens and canvas-back ducks! Personally, I can affirm that I forgive sincerely all who have had a part in my murder. I haven't an ounce of animosity in my composition against any of you. If I were let go free to-morrow I would not hurt a hair of the head of an unborn babe. No, indeed, I would not. But to-morrow I shall be at home, and my business prospects will be brighter than those of any citizen in these States. Yes, to-morrow I shall be walking arm in arm with the prophets—to-morrow I would not exchange my log cabin in Zion for the White House at Washington. From the golden side of the clouds I shall cast an eye of pity on you poor sinners down here below, in the depths of this vale of tears. It is not for you to attain to the glory I shall have reached, for you have done nothing to entitle you to the recompense. Nevertheless, I pardon you all. I pardon the judge, I pardon the jury, I pardon the witnesses, who, by their depositions, have been the cause of my premature dissolution. I even pardon that contemptible old rooster, George Brown himself. There isn't an atom of resentment in my soul."

Everybody was melted to tears.

"He is a saint," said the popular preacher.

As for the judge, his emotion was so great that he had to hide it in a napkin behind a harricade of four empty bottles of California wine.

As I left the room after this valedictory banquet I could hear the clergyman recommending those who had obtained reserved tickets for the execution to come early, and not to fail to bring their children with them, as the sight was sure to be edifying.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Monsieur Ferdinand de Lesseps is seventy-seven years of age, but as sprightly and evergreen as of yore. His young and charming wife is about to present him with a tenth olive-branch.

RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

Scott's Tribute to Mrs. Siddons: With the most commanding beauty of face and form, and varied grace of action; with the most noble combination of features, and extensive capability of expression in each of them; with an unequalled genius for her art, the utmost patience in study, and the strongest ardor of feeling, there was not a passion which she could not delineate; not the nicest shade; not the most delicate modification of passion which she could not seize with philosophical accuracy, and render with such immediate force of nature and truth, as well as precision, that what was the result of profound study and unwearied practice, appeared like sudden inspiration. There was not a height of grandeur to which she could not soar, nor a darkness of misery to which she could not descend; not a chord of feeling, from the sternest to the most delicate, which she could not cause to vibrate at her will. She had reached that point of perfection in art where it ceases to be art, and becomes a second nature. She had studied most profoundly the powers and capabilities of language, so that the most critical sagacity could not have suggested a delicacy of emphasis by which the meaning of the author might be more distinctly conveyed, or a shade of intonation by which the sentiment could be more fully or more faithfully expressed. While the performers of the past or present time have made approaches to excellence or attained it now and then, Mrs. Siddons alone was pronounced faultless; and in her the last generation witnessed what we shall not see in ours—no, nor our children after us—that amazing union of splendid intellectual powers with unequalled charms of person, which, in the tragic department of her art, realized the idea of perfection.—From Mrs. Jameson's "Art Sketches."

The Mannerisms of Dickens: Is there anything in Dickens's manner as a writer which may prevent the continuance of his extraordinary popularity? No writer can be great without a manner of his own; and that Dickens had such a manner his most supercilious censor will readily allow. His terse narrative power, often intensely humorous in its unblushing and unwinking gravity, and often deeply pathetic in its simplicity, is as characteristic of his manner as is the supreme felicity of phrase, in which he has no equal. As to the latter, I should hardly know where to begin and where to leave off were I to attempt to illustrate it. But, to take two instances of different kinds of wit, I may cite a passage in Guster's narrative of her interview with Lady Dedlock: "And so I took the letter from her, and she said she had nothing to give me; and I said I was poor myself, and consequently wanted nothing;" and, of a different kind, the account of a conversation with Macready, in which the great tragedian, after a solemn but passionate commendation of his friend's reading, "put his hand upon my breast and pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, and I felt as if I were doing somebody to his Werner." These, I think, were among the most characteristic merits of his style. It also, and more especially in his latter years, had its characteristic faults. The danger of degenerating into mannerism is incident to every original manner. There is mannerism in most of the great English prose-writers of Dickens's age—in Carlyle, in Macaulay, in Thackeray—but in none of them is there more mannerism than in Dickens himself. In his earlier writings, in "Nicholas Nickleby," for instance, (I do not, of course, refer to the Portsmouth boards,) and even in "Martin Chuzzlewit," there is much staginess; but in his later works his own mannerism had swallowed up that of the stage, and, more especially in serious passages, his style had become what M. Taine happily characterizes as *le style tourmenté*. His choice of words remained throughout excellent, and his construction of sentences clear. He told Mr. Wilkie Collins that "underlining was not his nature;" and in truth he had no need to emphasize his expressions, or to bid the reader "go back upon their meaning." He recognized his responsibility as a popular writer in keeping the vocabulary of the language pure; and in "Little Dorrit" he even solemnly declines to use the French word *trousseau*. In his orthography, on the other hand, he was not free from Americanisms; and his inter-punctuation was consistently odd. But these are trifles; his more important mannerisms were, like many really dangerous faults of style, only the excess of characteristic excellences. Thus it was he who elaborated with unprecedented effect that humorous species of paraphrase which, as one of the most imitable devices of his style, has also been the most persistently imitated. We are all tickled when Grip, the raven, "issues orders for the instant preparation of innumerable kettles for purposes of tea;" or when Mr. Pecksniff's eye is "piously upraised, with something of that expression which the poetry of ages has attributed to a domestic bird when breathing its last amid the ravages of an electric storm;" but in the end the device becomes a mere trick of circumlocution. Another mannerism which grew upon Dickens, and was faithfully imitated by several of his disciples, was primarily due to his habit of turning a fact, fancy, or situation round on every side. These, and certain other peculiarities, hardened into the style of Dickens hardened; and, for instance, in the "Tale of Two Cities," his mannerisms may be seen side by side in glittering array. By way of compensation, the occasional solecisms and vulgarisms of his earlier style (he only very gradually ridded himself of the cockney habit of punning) no longer marred his pages; and he ceased to break or lapse occasionally, in highly impassioned passages, into blank verse. From first to last Dickens's mannerism, like everything which he made part of himself, was not merely assumed on occasions, but was, so to speak, absorbed into his nature. It shows itself in almost everything that he wrote in his later years, from the most carefully elaborated chapters of his books down to the most deeply felt passages of his most familiar correspondence, in the midst of the most genuine pathos and most exuberant humor of his books, and in the midst of the sound sense and unaffected piety of his private letters. Future generations may, for this very reason, be perplexed and irritated by what we merely stumbled at, and may wish that what is an element hardly separable from many of Dickens's compositions were away from them, as one wishes away from his signature that horrible flourish which in his letters he sometimes represents himself as too tired to append.—From A. W. Ward's "Charles Dickens."

OLD FAVORITES.

Florence Vane.
I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told;
That spot, the hues elysian
Of sky and plain,
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane!

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder,
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under;
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies-of-the-valley
By young graves weep;
The daisies love to dally
Where young maidens sleep.
May their bloom, in beauty lying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

—Philip Pendleton Cooke.

Song of Margaret.
Ay, I saw her; we have met—
Married eyes, how sweet they be!
Are you happier, Margaret,
Than you might have been with me?
Silence! make no more ado!
Did she think I should forget?
Matters nothing, though I knew,
Margaret, Margaret,
Once those eyes, full sweet, full shy,
Told a certain thing to mine;
What they told me I put by,
Oh, so careless of the sign.
Such an easy thing to take,
And I did not want it then;
Fool! I wish my heart would break;
Scorn is hard on hearts of men.
Scorn of self is bitter work—
Each of us has felt it now;
Bluest skies she counted nigh,
Self-betrayed of eyes and brow;
As for me, I went my way,
And a better man drew nigh,
Fain to earn, with long essay,
What the winner's hand threw by.
Matters not in deserts old,
What was born, and waxed, and yearned,
Year to year its meaning told,
I am come—its depths are learned;
Come, but there is naught to say—
Married eyes with mine have met.
Silence! Oh, I had my day,
Margaret, Margaret.

—Jean Ingelow.

The Game of Chess.

Well, you are happy. I have found content.
I will not think of all she might have lent
By her kind love and presence to my life.
The time is past for that—she is your wife.
My dream is over now, so wild and sweet—
It was at best a dear, delicious cheat.
I can sit calmly by and see her look,
As we two play, steal slyly from her book,
And rest with deep devotion on your face.
And I with cold indifference can trace
Your likeness in her child, and even take
The darling up and kiss him for her sake.
The past with me is dead. No vain regret
Remains to make me wish I could forget.
I wonder much if she has told you all.
Ah, let me think: 'twas in the early fall.
I fancy, woman-wise, she deems it best,
For you and me, to let the matter rest.
The leaves were gold and russet, and the skies
As tender as the softened light in eyes
Where love holds court. We wandered down the lane,
Your wife and I—she then was Florence Vane—
To where a stile abruptly stops the way;
We had been there before that very day.
She stood and looked upon the scene; and I
Stood with her. Field, and woods, and sky
Were all aglow; the clouds burned crimson fires;
The scented winds woke love-impassioned lyres
Within the groves; meanwhile the drowsy bird
Went slowly home, yet spoke we not a word.
The weary robin with his bleeding breast
Flew by to nestle in his downy nest;
And all the landscape faded to the sight,
Leaving the creek a winding streak of light;
And, glimmering through the pallid mists afar,
Serene and splendid rose the Evening Star.
Something—perhaps the spirit of the hour—
Made me a little bold, and gave me power
Unusual over language; then I took
The hand you hold, and sought her downcast look.
I could not tell if most she frowned or blushed,
But when she spoke all other sounds were hushed.
Why tell her answer? Let it all suffice
To learn the sequel in her married life.
You have my qu'en! That comes of careless play,
And idle thought of that autumnal day.
An evil wind—I prove the proverb true—
In losing her I've fairly mated you.
The game is mine. The game of Life as well.
I would not change my lot now since the spell
That held me fast is broken. You may see
A bliss in wedlock all unknown to me.
And yet that well remembered smile makes vain
This boasted coldness, and recalls my pain.

—N. G. Shepherd.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

How the Trotting-Horse Reporter Coached a Chicago Rosebud.

"I would like to see an editor," said a girl of rather prepossessing appearance as she opened the door of the editorial room yesterday afternoon.

"That is not a particularly herculean task, miss," said the horse reporter, and the adherent of Iroquois smiled a bland 2:10½ smile, which seemed to reassure the young lady.

"Of course," she said, "I don't exactly know which editor I want to see, because—"

"Oh, that's all right," said the advocate of the Saratoga scale for two-year-olds. "We don't expect people who come around here to know anything." And again the quarter-stretch smile beamed forth in all its splendor.

"Well," said the young lady, "I am going to graduate next week, and mamma said that perhaps if I read my essay to some editor he would point out any little defects in it, and show how they could be remedied."

"Mamma told you that, did she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your maternal ancestor," said the horse reporter, "is evidently a person of great mental fertility. What is the title of your essay?"

"Life's Possibilities," was the reply.

"That is certainly a comprehensive subject," remarked the compiler of the 2:30 list, "and in the case of lovely woman may include anything, from being mistress of the White House to hanging out red flannel shirts."

"Would you like to hear my essay, sir?"

"Well," replied the young man, who once began the report of a lecture with the somewhat startling announcement that "Henry Ward Beecher, whose name has been so worthily borne for several years by one of the most successful trotting stallions in this country, appeared before a large audience last evening," "I can not allow a lie to pass my ruby lips, and am therefore constrained to say that I am not wildly infatuated with the scheme you mention, but still you can read this essay. I am young, but tough."

"Schoolmates," began the girl, "we stand upon the verge of a shoreless sea, the—"

"Hold on," said the horse reporter. "Come back and get the word again."

"Why, what's the matter, sir?" asked the young lady.

"That's all wrong," was the reply. "How can any one stand upon the verge of a shoreless sea? If a sea's got a verge it isn't shoreless by quite considerable. You might as well say you were sitting in the arm-chair of a chairless parlor. I suppose you have been there."

The young lady blushed, and said she really didn't know.

"I reckoned you'd grasp the simile," said St. Julien's friend. "Chicago girls may not be beautiful, but they are superbly fly. Now, we'll change that line to 'We stand upon the shore of a sea that stretches away as far as the eye can follow, until its shimmering surface is kissed by the purple rim of a horizon that bends to meet its laughing waves as the mother bends over her baby boy—all gentleness and love'—now that's a daisy sentence. Then the Ship of Life racket is a pretty good one."

"The what?" asked the young lady.

"The Ship of Life racket," replied the horse reporter. "You take that sentence about the shimmering sea being kissed by the horizon for a starter, and then you go ahead and tell how, when sombre Night has spread its sable pall over forest and moorland, over palace-hall and humble cot, there gleams forth, in all its pure radiance, the clear, steady light of a high and noble purpose, never fading, even when dark clouds of despair bang heavily athwart the horizon, and the lurid flash of the distant lightning, followed by the hoarse rumbling of the thunder, like the mutterings of a mighty giant, foretell the coming of a storm in which the very elements shall rage in blind fury against each other. That's a corker, ain't it?"

"I suppose so," was the reply.

"You bet it is, sis; only you mustn't forget to get in words like 'lurid flash' and 'pure radiance,' because they're what set out the balance of the slush. I know, because I've been through college myself."

"Have you?" said the girl.

"Yes. I know you wouldn't suspect it, because I don't smoke cigarettes or ride a bicycle; but I've been there, all the same."

"Is that all I should write?—that about the storm?" the girl asked.

"Well, I should say not. You want to describe the squall in all its dreadful splendor, and tell a nice, easy lie about a stately ship that has come from the far-away islands of the Southern seas, where the breezes are laden with the balmy odor of spices, and all that kind of rubbish, you know. Then work up the peroration. Tell how the good ship, almost in sight of home, is attacked by the tempest. Give 'em a great talk about the erstwhile placid surface of the mighty deep being lashed into ungovernable fury by the fierce winds that seem to laugh a wild, a demoniac laugh in very glee at the destruction they are causing. And then, when everything looks as dreary, and desolate, and hopeless as the editorial page of a Milwaukee paper, lug out the light, gleaming in all its pure radiance again, and have the ship get safely into port. Then say that the ship is the Ship of Life, and the light of a mother's love, or something like that, and sit down. You'll be sure to hit 'em hard if you do this."

"Do you really think so?"

"It's dead certain."

"Then I shall follow your advice; and let me thank you for your kindness," said the girl, as she started for the door.

"Don't forget about the lurid glare, sis," shouted the horse reporter.

"I will remember it, sir," was the reply, accompanied by a smile.

"And the pure radiance of the flame," he continued. "A flame without a pure radiance is of no earthly account in a graduating essay."

"I won't forget," and another smile was wafted down the hallway.

"And now good-bye, sir."

"Au revoir," said the horse reporter. "Come in again after you are married, and I will put you on to a nice name for your first baby."—Joseph Medill in the Chicago

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Oates, of Santa Rosa, who has been visiting in this city, has returned home. Miss Ada Johnson leaves on a visit to the Misses McMullin in a few days. Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Edwards are at Duncan's Mills; later in the season they will visit Santa Cruz and Monterey. Miss Helen Richmond is summering in Napa County. Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Martin, who were married at the Baldwin Hotel on the nineteenth ult., and who subsequently went to Santa Cruz on a brief bridal tour, have returned. Justice Field will return from Oregon on or about the tenth inst. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Graver, who are recreating in San Benito County, will return home next week. Mrs. Duncan Kenedy leaves for the East in a few days. Mrs. Grattan and Miss Bessie Grattan, who have spent the past six months in Washington, and are now in New York, will leave that city for home in a few days. Mrs. John A. Paxton, who has been at the Palace for a week or two, has returned to her summer place in Sonoma County. Mrs. Colonel Dickinson, who has been sojourning at Santa Cruz for more than a month, has gone to San José, where she will remain until after the Fourth. Mrs. J. W. Gashwiler and family are at Santa Cruz. Companies F and G, Second Regiment, N. G. C., accompanied by the Oakland Light Cavalry and a section of artillery, will leave here to-day for Santa Cruz, and go into camp in the large handsome field back of Mrs. Pope's, where they will remain until after the Fourth; the place of encampment will be called "Camp Dimond." A grand civil and military hall will be given at the Ocean House on Tuesday evening next. The First Infantry, under Colonel Dickinson, proceeds to "Camp Sheehan," San José, to-day, to remain until next Saturday. Receptions will be held this evening and on Monday and Wednesday evenings next by the regiment, and arrangements are being made by parties in San José for a military hop on Tuesday evening next. Sleeping cars have been sent down to Monterey for the accommodation of guests at the Hotel del Monte, and a dress-ball will be given on Tuesday evening next, and hops every evening except Sunday until the middle of July—music by Ballenberg. Dr. and Mrs. Burgess are at Santa Cruz. The Earl of Hope, a handsome young English nobleman, who lately arrived in New York, leaves Chicago for San Francisco during the latter part of the present month. Mrs. C. Bernard and Miss Fannie Curtis have gone East, to remain away a year. Mrs. W. T. Wallace and Miss Belle Wallace have returned from Paso Robles. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker, who left here for the Eastern States a few days ago, are at the Gilsey House, New York. Mrs. Carroll Cook, who has been visiting in Santa Barbara for some time past, will return to her home in Oakland in a day or two. Miss Eleanor Gibbon left for the Yosemite Valley on Saturday last, to be absent three weeks. Miss Carrie Gray, of Oakland, is visiting friends in El Dorado County. William H. Crocker graduated at Yale on Wednesday last, and will sail for Europe with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, and his sister, Miss Hattie Crocker, on Saturday next. Miss Kate H. Russell and Miss Eva Wardwell, of Oakland, are camping in the Santa Cruz mountains, near Felton. Hon. B. B. Redding and W. Brown leave this morning for Shasta and St. Cloud River, to be gone ten days. Lieutenant Powell, U. S. Signal Service, sailed for Point Barrow on the schooner *Leo*, on Saturday last. Mrs. Doctor Bird, of San Quentin, and Miss May Miller, daughter of Samuel Miller, left here for the Yosemite a day or two ago. Miss Maillard, who has been upon an extended Eastern visit, has returned to her home at San Rafael. Mrs. Flood and Miss Flood, who have been staying at Etna Springs for a short time, have returned to Menlo. Mrs. Seymour and family, of Oakland, have returned from the Mariposa Grove and Yosemite. General J. C. Fremont arrived in Tucson on his way to Mazatlan a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Molineux, who went to the Yosemite last week, have returned. George E. Whitney and two of his daughters, of Oakland, have gone to Puget Sound to remain until August. Miss Ivy Hagar, of Oakland, has returned from Monterey. Mrs. Spooner and Miss Hammond have returned from the Yosemite. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Kimball, of Los Angeles, celebrated their silver wedding in that city in splendid style on Monday evening last. Mrs. Colonel W. B. Lent and Miss Fannie Lent and Johnny Boyd, who have been visiting the Yosemite and Big Trees, returned a day or two ago. James Donohue and a party of ten ladies and gentlemen left here for the Yosemite and Big Trees on Monday last. Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Miss Alice Scott, and Miss Belle Grant are at the Sierra Madre Villa. Miss Kate Atkinson is at the Yosemite. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Sanderson and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sanderson are at the Sierra Madre Villa. J. W. Wilcutt and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Drexler, and Mrs. Mathews are at the Yosemite. Mrs. Emma F. Colton is visiting Mrs. Joseph Davidson in Sacramento. Frank Staples has returned to Tucson; Mrs. Staples is still at San José. W. Wesley Moore, a member of the choir of Trinity Church, New York, entertained the guests of the Hotel del Monte with choice selections of music in the main parlor of the hotel on Monday evening last. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Blake, of Oakland, who have been visiting the Geysers, have returned. Louis McLane and family are at the Tamalpais, San Rafael. Mrs. William M. Stewart has returned from Carson, and is at the Geysers with her daughter Mahel. Bishop and Mrs. Kip have gone to Alameda, for a few weeks' rest. Paymaster C. A. McDaniel, of the *Ranger*, is again at the Palace. Mrs. General Miller will return to Washington in August, and Senators Miller and Farley and their families will return to the State shortly after. Senator Fair returned from Washington on Monday last. J. W. Mackay, who arrived in New York with his daughter some three weeks ago, will visit Nevada shortly, so it is given out, to prospect for the succeeding United States Senatorship; Mrs. Mackay is also in New York, having arrived there a few days after her husband and daughter. Mrs. Senator Jones will spend a few weeks at Long Branch after the adjournment of Congress. Captain H. C. Dearborn, who went East some few weeks ago, returned on Wednesday. Lieutenant-Commander Livingstone, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Sunday last. F. H. Clark and J. H.

Ayres, U. S. N., are at the Baldwin. Ensign Stoney is at the Occidental. Mrs. James Carolan is spending some time at the Blue Lakes. Mrs. B. B. Redding, who has been spending some three or four weeks in and near Boston, is now in New York. Miss Stella Howe, of Oakland, is at the Calaveras Big Tree Grove. Miss Mollie Dodge has returned from Menlo Park. Mrs. J. R. Jarboe is at Soda Bay. The engagement of Lieutenant A. L. Mills, U. S. A., and Miss Addie Paddock, daughter of Bishop Paddock, of Tennessee, has been announced.

SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

A leading house has just received several costumes from Paris, of exceeding richness. One is worth two hundred and fifty dollars, and displays every color of the rainbow. It is a carriage or reception costume, made short. The skirt is of bronze-colored gros-grain, finished around the base with a thick heavy ruching composed of stripes about one inch wide, and pinked out on both sides. There are nine rows of these stripes, and all bunched together as close as they can be, and of various colors; bronze, light blue, and light pink forming the combination. Over the front of the skirt, and reaching about three-quarters of a yard up, growing deeper as they near the back widths, are a number of box-pleats of corded silk with a satin gloss. The surface or upper part of the pleats, which are three inches wide, display clusters of brilliant roses, rose-buds, and leaves of many tints upon a cream-white ground. The under part of the pleats and the space between them display a mass of stripes, rather narrow, and of numberless tints of brown, with an occasional narrow stripe of pink and blue together. The effect is very charming. As a finish to this part of the costume there is a short apron front laid in fine folds, that crosses the front scarf-like, and meets in the back, which is covered with soft puffs of the bronze. Placed a little to the left is a sash of the brilliant part of the dress. It is held in position by a buckle of imitation diamonds. The body that accompanies this skirt is pointed, both front and back, made of the bronze, and corded with the colored material, a puffing of which trims the back part of the sleeves, and also forms a collar made into a puff. Another costume is of a light delicate shade of blue, and shows a large quantity of *passementerie* of blue cord and blue-tinted heads. Panels of this *passementerie* adorn the front at intervals until they reach the back, where a fan-shaped pleated piece is let in, joined at the sides with trimming to correspond. Falling over it is a sash of surah satin of the same shade. The body is also of pointed design, with a deep square collar formed with the *passementerie*. This costume is lovely in the extreme. Some pretty patterns were shown me in another establishment, but these were intended for every-day traveling suits, or to be worn at watering-places. They were grass linen, some embroidered on the fabric, and others with embroidered appliqué, with a chain-stitch, some in blue, some in red, and others in black. They were marked at thirty-five dollars a pattern, and warranted to do up as well as new when placed in the laundress's charge. Quite a novel and pretty little cape has recently been introduced, and is only intended to be worn on such occasions when a cloak or larger wrap is not wanted; and yet it is a good protection to the throat and chest. It reaches a little below the shoulders, meets in front, laps over, is carried up to the left side of the neck, and there confined with a bow, cord and tassel, or any sort of trimming with which the dress is set off. Detached patterns in embroidery are among the latest novelties. Embroidery has made such rapid advancement that it now begins to appear in veiling of all descriptions, the principal designs being fruit and flowers on grounds of every color. An entire dress may be made of this fabric, or it may be combined with any nice goods, and used as drapery. It is said to be very pretty with foulards; or, when done in light, brilliant colors, is very effective over black silk or satin. It is worn over white silk, and perhaps thus made up is more suitable for young ladies. But the most sought-after costumes for general wear at the present time are all of the soft, clinging woolen materials, such as cashmere and camel's hair. Such goods in the very best quality are shown in great variety by all our leading merchants. In raw, undyed materials there is a large quantity of pretty novelties, such as heige, muslin, delaine, cashmere, taffetas, vigogne, and armure. These goods are of course light in material, and may be trimmed and made up with something of the same shade, or in bright colors, just as fancy requires. Another fashion at present is for chenille. It is used upon every possible occasion, but mostly for scarfs and collars, though many fichus are seen in chenille. Berthas, made of black jetted lace, are again the fashion. They are made round or pointed, and nearly cover the shoulder. They range in price from five dollars up to twenty-five. But the very latest novelty is "digitated" hose. They have not yet made their appearance in our city, but a merchant told me that he had ordered some, which would soon be here. The digitated hose is where each toe finds its place in the same manner as a finger in a glove. One can imagine they would look exceedingly cunning when the shoe was off. In hosiery there is a passion for the very brightest colors possible, and tinsel is elaborately introduced. Some of the most elegant and expensive kind are those with point lace insertion. Terra-cotta, thenewshade, is finding much favor with the ladies for gloves, also tan and buff shades, and from eight to ten buttons in length. Then there are the chamois and the wash-leather. These are wrinkled at the wrist, and generally stitched on the backs. Silk gloves and mitts, long and loose-wristed, come in all shades. There is also the stockingette, or Jersey glove. The last named are not only worn with black suits as formerly, but are seen with every colored toilet. The new shade of brick-red in gloves is a new comer, and promises to be quite popular, especially when a black silk or satin costume is worn. Very few artificial flowers are now worn, all preferring the natural ones. Ostrich feathers, the milliners tell me, are the vogue for elderly ladies in dressing the hair. The fashion for arranging the hair now is of the most simple style. All false hair is being discarded, and one's own hair is carelessly rolled in a knot, and held together with a silver arrow or any pretty ornament. The front hair covers the forehead as much as possible in crimps, rings, and little curls. HELENA.

June 25, 1882.

THE PACIFIC NEWPORT.

Who and What are to be Seen In and Around Monterey.

June 29, 1882.—Monterey, with her Pacific Grove on the one side, and her Hotel del Monte on the other, is bappy. Her star is in the ascendant, and she is jealous of no one; or if she is, she doesn't show it. She has slept the sleep of the intemperate Knickerbocker, to be sure, and she has been despised as plebeian; for many years she was undoubtedly the Cinderella of the sea-side resorts upon this side of the continent. But, ah! she has found her little glass slipper, and it is not strange that some of her more pretentious sisters are worried. Still, there is no occasion for feeling. In the hustle of life there are cakes and ale enough for all; and if the hotels here all swarm with people, including the Hotel del Monte and the habitations at the Grove, so also are accommodations at Santa Cruz, Pescadero, Soquel, Camp Goodall, and Aptos at a premium. Monterey, with its Hotel del Monte, is no more of a surprise than is Newport, with its Casino. Newport flourished more than two hundred years ago, and was the first, and for many years, the only watering-place in America. Monterey was the first capital of California, and it also flourished as the earliest sea-side resort upon our side of the continent. It is just one hundred years ago that Washington and Rochambeau visited Newport and tripped it in the light fantastic with Miss Champlin and Miss Lawton; and it is nearly half a century since Burton and Fremont danced with the Castilian girls to the music of an indifferent guitar. If there are gambrel-roofed houses at Newport, sided with shingles instead of clapboards, more than one hundred years old, and in a good state of repair, so there are to-day habitable adobes in Monterey that were built long before the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The mansion where Washington met Rochambeau in 1780 still stands in good order at Newport; a cross erected by Serra and Portala, more than a century ago at Monterey, is still to be seen near where the patient pilgrims landed. The house of worship in which Berkeley preached in 1725 at Newport is still standing; the adobe church in which Junipero Serra celebrated high mass only fifty years later at Monterey has not yet disappeared in ruins. Indeed, if the natives of the quaint old colonial quarter of the famous Eastern town look over the newer portion where the rich summer residents have built their magnificent villas, and where the dazzling Casino welcomes its substantial patrons, so also do the octogenarians of the curious old adobe municipality upon our side gaze with wonder and admiration at the Del Monte and its gardens, and the multitudes of young men who make the regular British trot to and from the club-house. As at all other sea-side resorts, the bathing hour is the hour of all others at Monterey; and from ten until twelve in the morning the beach presents an extremely lively appearance; the loud halloo, the cheerful laugh, the shrill scream, and other sounds of merriment mingle with the roar of bounding billows like notes from the faoey stops of an organ blending with its deep diapason or still deeper bass. The hay spreads out before you with all its outlines of land and sea, steeped and softened in the silvery haze of its atmosphere, which sometimes imparts to the scene a vague, dreamy look, and keeps one in doubt often whether it be a picture or the thing itself that fixes the eye of the beholder. Its waters, for the most part, "only heave with a summer swell," and never wear the savage aspect of "cataract seas" that continually thunder a few miles down the coast at Lobos and Cypress Points.

It is just now the zenith of the season at the Hotel del Monte, and Ballenberg, who has been dropping in upon us for a month, came down on the twenty-fourth instant to remain several weeks, which means that we are to hereafter have hops nightly, except Sunday evenings, which are to be given up to "sacred music" such as we used to have last year and the year before. Quite a number of the ladies who have helped swell the throngs that have gathered here during the past two years, are elsewhere this season. Miss Halladay, whose elegant piano exhibitions delighted so many last summer, is in London, and her sister is in New York; Miss Bessie Grattan is in Washington; Mrs. Colonel Eddy and Miss May Eddy are in Switzerland; Mrs. Charles Crocker and Miss Hattie Crocker are in New York; Mrs. Senator Miller and Miss Dora Miller are in Paris; Miss Juliet Shafter is in Boston; the four Misses Suro are in Paris; the Misses Maggie and Alice Hamilton are in England, and one of them is Lady Waterlow; pretty Flora Sharon that was in Belmont, and is now Lady Hesketh; Mrs. Holliday is in New York; Miss Coleman that was in Mrs. Fred May; Miss Emma Cole has married, and is in New York, and her new name is Brown; Miss Woodward is Mrs. Raum, and she is in Italy; Mrs. Drury Melone will spend the summer at the family place in Napa County; Mrs. Schmiedell and Miss Schmiedell will content themselves at San Rafael; Mrs. Henry Crocker is in New York; and there are many more, whose names I do not now recall, scattered here and there, elsewhere than here, whose presence at this place during preceding seasons added perceptibly to the pomp and consequence of this so-called "Queen of American Watering-places."

The following named ladies are at the Hotel del Monte at present, and will remain until after the Fourth:

Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. Breeze and maid, and the Misses M. and S. Breeze. Mrs. Aug. J. Bowie and maid, Miss Bowie, Mrs. John Canning, Mrs. B. Crocker, Mrs. Crocker, Miss Maggie Eysse, Mrs. Friedlander and maid, the Misses Friedlander, Mrs. Colonel Horace Fletcher and maid, Mrs. James Freeborn, Miss Griffin, Mrs. E. Goodall, Miss Gallatin, Mrs. J. L. Griffing, Miss Griffing, Mrs. A. E. Head and maid, Miss Head, Miss Hull, Mrs. W. P. Harrington and maid, Miss M. A. Harrington, Miss F. A. Harrington, Mrs. Samuel Host, Mrs. George Haggerman, Mrs. Haggerman, Mrs. J. H. Hatch, Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. A. Jenks, Miss H. Jolliffe, Mrs. W. S. Keyes and maids, Mrs. G. Kilburn, Mrs. John Lee, Miss Lee, Mrs. Governor F. F. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mrs. Ariel Lathrop, Mrs. J. L. Moody, Mrs. H. Matthews, Miss C. M. Matthews, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mrs. McMichael, Miss May McMichael, Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mrs. Joseph Mailliard, Mrs. Charles Miller, Miss M. Miller, Miss Maud Miller, Miss B. Miller, Mrs. J. P. Pierce, Miss Pierce, Miss K. Pierce, Mrs. A. Prett, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. J. T. Sloan, Mrs. F. J. Sullivan, Mrs. Leland Stanford and maid, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss N. K. Tubbs, Mrs. D. J. Tallant, Miss A. Tallant, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Carrie Taylor, Mrs. Tevis, Mrs. J. Toy, Miss Clara Taylor, and Mrs. H. B. Williams. B. C. T.

A LAWLESS LOT.

How the Modern Lacedaemonians Conduct their Vendettas.

The schoolmaster is abroad—the scholars also—and the education of the young idea in the district of Kotrones is at a standstill. I am the cause. I am informed that the only building among the huts which are scattered around the hay, in which I can get any accommodation, is the school-house. The teacher has therefore dismissed the scholars from attendance, during the time I remain at Kotrones, and the building is at my disposal. My bed is made on the teacher's platform, which is raised a couple of feet above the hard mud floor. I have the choice of any of the half dozen rickety desks to write and eat at.

I am well disposed to rest, as I have been on foot for the last eight hours, climbing over the mountain from the village of Skutari, where I spent last night. My mule was only able to carry my portmanteau up the steep zig-zag path, which at times approached so nearly the perpendicular that I often expected to see the animal roll over the irrepressible guide Georgi, as he urged on the mule. Georgi is never quiet. When not shouting at the mule, he is either talking or singing. I envy the ease with which he steps lightly from one piece of rock to another, never turning a hair, as I follow puffing, panting, and perspiring. As we begin the descent the mule seemed to resign the control of his limbs, and could not make any special effort to place his feet firmly, as often as not letting his four legs all come down sliding together.

There is too much talking outside of the closed door of the school-house, which is about four feet from the head of my bed, to allow me to enjoy much sleep. Georgi is giving the news of the past fortnight from the other side of the mountain—we are the only people who have crossed for that period—to the natives, by whom we had been seen some hours ago as we appeared at the top of the red, stony ridge. They have in consequence assembled to interview us.

The arrivals continue. I can hear the metal ring of the stock of each fresh comer's gun as he places it on the rocky ledge round the building, to lean against the mud wall, and the reiterated greeting to Georgi. I will go out and get my introduction over as soon as possible, then lie on my rug in the shade of the school-house, with the sea coming up to within a few paces of my feet. In this position I find myself in a few moments, after I have shaken hands with all the party.

I direct Georgi to continue some information he was giving, which was being listened to with the greatest interest when my presence and presentation interrupted him. He does so, and I take this opportunity to examine the group who are now seated or reclining all about me. They look rather fierce. Nearly all wear beards, and those who affect shaving date the last touch of the razor from the feast-day, ten days ago. All have heavy sheep-skin cloaks, though the thermometer is ninety degrees. The theory that causes these cloaks to be worn winter and summer is, that in the winter they keep the heat in, and in summer they keep it out. These cloaks cover fearfully dirty fustanellas and jackets. Some have no covering on their heads, others a black cap. Each has round his waist a gathered-up leather apron, so as to form a receptacle for a small armory of immense pistols and long knives—the latter in sheaths. Their guns, as I have said, are against the wall of the house.

I begin to listen to what Georgi is saying. It seems that in consequence of some misfortune which had happened in this place a little while ago, a boy, native of one of the little hamlets about Kotrones, had been cruelly seized at Skutari, and taken to Sparta, where something unpleasant was anticipated for him. As more details are given, the exact story, as it appears to my Western ears, takes the following shape:

The boy, aged thirty years—all unmarried men under forty are called boys in Greece—finding a man who belonged to a hostile village under a tree asleep, shot him dead. This little circumstance had probably escaped his memory, as some days after he appeared at Skutari, when some overzealous official, having a prejudice against murder, arrested and sent the murderer to Sparta for trial. His father was one of my visitors, and spoke bitterly and with great excitement against the people of Skutari for having allowed the arrest to be made.

"What will be the sentence if convicted?" I ask. "Death by the guillotine," replies the father, with a slight smile, which further questioning enlightens me is caused by the disparity between the awful sentence and what will actually happen to his son—a few months' imprisonment, till he can be quietly released through the influence of one of the members of the Greek Chambers for Laconia, of whom the old man speaks proudly as his *kombaros*. The subject is dropped with the remark that had the boy stayed at Kotrones till the matter had been forgotten, all this fuss and bother would have been avoided. I begin to recollect where I am. "All who enter here leave law behind," might be appropriately written at the mountain pass.

These men before me could rob me, and keep me for ransom. All King George's horses and all King George's men could not help me in the least; but I need be under no apprehension. I came as a stranger, wishing harm to none. Their honor is concerned that I should be in perfect safety. Should the value of a drachma be stolen from me, the offender would be instantly discovered and punished. The situation, however, is strongly suggestive of the desirability of producing a good impression, and my manner is quite winning, as I continue by my questions to learn some curious facts concerning the country I am in. Trade there is none. We are on the shore of a beautiful bay, opening out into the Mediterranean; but there is not a vessel or a boat belonging to the place. When the people can not destroy fish along the shores with dynamite, they live without, and on what their little plots of fertile ground produce, which consists of corn, olives, vegetables, cheese, (made from the milk of their goats,) and very rarely, on some great feast day, kid's flesh. Some simple articles are got from Skutari, by selling what they can spare from their wool and cheese. "We are mountaineers," says one of the party, who has brought himself to my prominent notice by coming and setting quite close to me, and telling me that his wife's sis-

ter's husband is first cousin to the Nomarch's wife at Sparta, and in this rather circuitous manner constitutes himself a sort of government official of the place. "We are mountaineers, and, as from boys we have always guns in our hands, would make the best soldiers in the world. We could live, if necessary, on bread alone for weeks. None of us go as soldiers. The government can't make us. We would go if there is a war with Turkey, and then the way we would fight would astonish the world."

"What would you do if a detachment of soldiers came here to enforce the enlistment laws?" I ask, timidly, and in a tone of apology for the audacious idea. "We would do what we did to King Otho's Bavarian soldiers, who came here to make us pay taxes. We seized all the soldiers, and put them to ransom—one drachma each." "A war ship could come, and then—" My friend and all the group laugh with great contempt. "A war ship! Listen," he says, "and I will tell you what we did to a French frigate a few years ago, which came in the bay for fresh water. A party of officers on shore had been rude to some of our women. We fired on them, and wounded several. They ran to their boats, and returning to the frigate, brought back two hundred men. By the time they landed, we were up in the mountain there with our goats and families. Had they attempted to follow us, we could have shot them down without their catching a glimpse of us. They wisely retired after burning our houses, which, as we afterward built them up in a week, was no great matter."

I am reminded of the drowsy husband, who, when awakened and told of the death of his wife, said: "How sorry I will be in the morning." I feel that these accounts of the place will be very interesting when I am not so sleepy. At this moment a remark of the guide Georgi to one of the men thoroughly arouses me. "Demetri," he says, "they told me at Skutari that you shot a girl last week." Demetri, who is a round-faced, shock-headed, good-natured looking man, replies: "Oh, that was quite an accident. You know as well as any one that we never fire on women. It was this way: The girl's father, the Spanos, (without hair on his face,) is brother to Aristide, who fired at me last Easter. One day I got a good aim at the Spanos, and at the moment I fired, the girl, who had been behind a tree, so that I could not see her, caught sight of me, and ran to her father, calling out to warn him. She got the hall in her arm. She is all right now."

Here is a revelation. I am in the midst of civil war. I find that there is a vendetta between the people I am with and the villagers of the little hamlet which lies about two miles off on the other side of the bay. This vendetta has been so long in existence that no one remembers its origin. It is perpetuated by the desire to revenge the frequent attacks made on each other. When any of the men of one village get a chance they have a shot at the males of the other, and *vice versa*.

My official—or rather officially connected—friend tells me that these internecine proclivities will not interfere with the working of the red marble quarry, if I want to get marble. The quarry lies between the two villages. Should men be hired exclusively from one village, the people of the other would not let them work. They would constantly fire on them. It will be arranged in this way: Men from each village will be hired to work on alternate days, so that they shall not meet. In fact, an armistice will be proclaimed for mutual benefit, so long there is work to be done. Here is a fine opportunity for the peace society. Work the red marble quarry, erect a temple dedicated to peace, and by so doing banish war from Laconia.

I wonder if the Trojan war would have taken place if petroleum springs had been found on the plains of Troy? Homer could not certainly have sung an *iliad* about an Athenian-Trojan joint stock oil company, with Priam and Agamemnon on the board of directors.

But, great heavens! what is this? The hay has gone. I am standing on the high hill, in place of looking at it. The scene has changed entirely. Before me is stretched a plain many miles in extent. At the further end, on a height at the entrance of a narrow mountain gorge, is a city of dark buildings, some of which are topped with gilded bands glittering in the sun. The walls I lean on are made of enormous stones, and surround a city crowded with low, flat-roofed houses. Men clothed in strange dresses crowd around me, shouting, with much accompanying gesticulation, in a language I can not understand. They are fronting to the plain. On that plain is a mass of men and horses intermingled, seething together, and from which rise maddened shouts. The horrid shriek of horses in their death-agony is heard. But see! From the white-clad mass, whose helmets sparkle as each unit composing it moves incessantly, a fringe of men spread out. This is quickly increased, till large hodies are formed moving quickly over the plain. It is flight. The shouts of the victors are taken up by those at the walls about me, like the distant rumbling of thunder culminating in a peal which breaks over my head.

"The Mykenians flee, Argos is saved, and—" "The *kerios* had better sleep in the house," says Georgi; "this thunder will bring rain."

No wonder, after hearing of the fights of the villagers of Kotrones I dream of the battles between the Argosi and Mykenians.

ALEITHEIA.

KOTRONIS, Laconia, May 25, 1882.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, says *London Life*, writes home to say that he is about to visit Japan; though whether he is going to teach art or to learn it in the empire which yields us the lacquer-ware, the fans, the umbrellas, and the blue-and-white which modern England loves, is not quite plain. One thing, however, seems certain—that Mr. Oscar Wilde leaves America richer by four thousand pounds than when he reached it. There is high authority for playing the fool to save one's life; and Mr. Wilde may, perhaps, argue that few lives are worth four thousand pounds.

The Prince of Wales lately received a diverting reply from the Mayoress of a midland county-town, whom he offered to escort to the refreshment-room. "Thank your Highness," said the dame, "but I'm *shampooing* a couple of young ladies, and I don't like to leave them."

MUSICAL NOTES.

Concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

After an absence of nine months or more, the talented members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club have revisited San Francisco, and have enriched the musical history of our city by two of their delightful concerts. These took place last week in Platt's Hall, and, considering the lateness of the season, were largely attended. All who listened last year to this little company of gifted musicians have treasured the memory of their refined and skillful playing as something to be long held in full recollection.

The concerted numbers of the first programme were: The overture to "Raymond," by Ambrose Thomas; the quintette in A, opus eighteen, by Mendelssohn; a quartette, by Raff, "The Miller's Pretty Daughter"; and a kaleidoscope of popular melodies, arranged by Schultze—the latter, it may be remarked in passing, not attaining to the height of what the French call a "mad success," in either musical worthiness or cordiality of reception.

Curiosity had been expressed by some who listened to the quintette last year as to whether their playing, after a lapse of time, could have power to renew that peculiar charm which originally exercised such a fascination over their hearers. Would the strings, the flute, and the clarionette again unite to breathe forth that subtle sorcery of sound which seemed more like an exhalation than a measured and calculated result? or did enthusiasm invest our first impressions of these players with a magic and high perfection, all disproportioned and falsely imagined? The question was by no means insignificant. People are too often disenchanted, and rudely robbed of cherished ardors by second meetings and second sightings, not to be somewhat anxious regarding the fate of their own opinions when past experiences promise to reproduce themselves. It was something more than a relief, therefore, to many of the audience when, with the opening notes of the "Raymond" overture, that mellow and finished tone arose, so familiar and beautiful to us of old, and the spell that had lingered these ten months gone reasserted itself, fresh and fervent as before.

No instrument had learned self-aggrandizement in the colonies; not one had forgotten its loyalty to the Quintette as a whole; and in the lovely Mendelssohn number, with its poetical passages, and tenuous, vibrating pianissimos, nothing more smooth or more refined could possibly be asked. The fascinating little "Mill" story had lost none of its romantic simplicity, and was given with great delicacy, while all the accompaniments of the evening were played with traditional taste and excellence. The one misfortune of the performance took to itself form in the "Kaleidoscope." This astonishing composition, which was nothing more or less than a medley compounded of all manners and conditions of well-known melodies, might perhaps have found favor with a less select and discriminating audience than that which greeted the club on this occasion. It was doubtless intended as a pure tribute from the sacrifice of musicianly feeling to a misunderstood public; but considered as a propitiatory offering it was so clearly wasted that the experiment is not likely to be repeated.

At the second concert a strictly classical programme included as ensemble numbers the overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai; the quartette in A, Op. 18, by Beethoven, and the "Tema Convariazioni," from the Clarionette Quintette, Op. 108, by Mozart, all of which were most thoughtfully rendered.

Miss Cora R. Miller, who accompanies the club, has added largely to the pleasure given by their concerts. Miss Miller's voice is a clear, well-balanced soprano, better adapted, in quality and in her use of it, to the florid and embellished style of music than to ballad singing. Her ability and promise awaken a lively interest in regard to her future; for although she sings at present with ease, conscientious accuracy, and a very pleasing grace, her force, freshness, and evident earnestness hint of still brighter triumphs to come. A suggestion of throatiness in some of her medium lower tones is to be deplored, but, taken all in all, her singing has been a source of great enjoyment.

Miss Miller's first number was the difficult Polacca from Mignon, by Thomas, which was brilliantly and beautifully interpreted. As an encore, "The Little Mountain Maid," by Mr. Redding, was given. Other selections were: "It was a Dream," by Cowen; a scena and aria from "La Traviata"; "To Sevilla," by Dessauer, and several light little encore songs. The aria from "Traviata" was well rendered, and calls for great praise. Specially adapted to Miss Miller's voice, it was her most effective contribution, and was warmly acknowledged.

Of the other soloists it is almost needless to speak individually. Mr. Schnitzler's broad, powerful, and fully vocalized violin tone is still the wonder and joy that it has been. His numbers were an arrangement of Russian airs, by Wieniawski, and Hungarian airs by Ernst, with encores.

Mr. Giese's cello sings, laughs, and weeps as of yore, and the same electric thrill answers to the touch of his bow. Beside encores, Mr. Giese played a Fantaisie on themes from "La Fille du Régiment," by Servais, and one on themes from "Il Barbiere," also by this author. From Mr. Ryan, with his picturesque face and warm serenity of manner, we had the "Pastorale Amoroso," from the clarionette concerto by Crusel, and a Fantaisie on themes from "Le Postillon," by Ryan. The exquisite quality of Mr. Ryan's tone was emphasized anew, and his numbers were enthusiastically received. Mr. Schade put all the birds to shame with the fluency and sparkle of his flute variations, and threw a delicately plaintive tunelessness into the unadorned melodies he played. His selections were a Fantaisie on a well-known melody of Chopin's, and "La Mélancolique" by Reichardt. One of his encores, an arrangement of Mendelssohn's familiar "Spring Song," was particularly good.

Before their final departure for the East two more concerts will probably be given by the quintette. These entertainments will take place some time in August, and are sure to be of interest to all lovers of music.

F. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29, 1882.

"There is no victory I have ever gained—in fact all my victories put together—that gives more satisfaction than this over Hearst."—*Stoneman*.

VANITY FAIR.

"At the Jerome Park races," says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "I saw many beautiful toilets on beautiful women, but the latter were in so many instances palpably brazen that the pleasure of viewing them was greatly marred. One in particular was a beauty, of course, and finely dressed, though rather loudly. Her toilet was made of drab rep silk with crimson watered silk trimmings. Underneath the short, full French paniers were set long panels, with space enough between each to show a full ruche of the rep goods at the foot of the underskirt, faced with crimson. A long, slender Louis XIV. bodice simulated a waistcoat, and the crimson vest was closely shirred. The coat-sleeves were closely buttoned up the back of the arm to the elbow, and faced with crimson, giving the appearance of a piping to the edges showing beyond ruby buttons. Over her hands and forearms were drawn drab undressed kid gloves, faced with crimson cord. Around her waist was a gold-linked girdle, from which was suspended a black velvet pocket, lined with crimson and tied with crimson ribbons. Her hat was in the Rubens shape, of drab straw, trimmed with a wreath of roses; and she carried a parasol of drab satin, lined with crimson and adorned with Spanish lace ruffles. Her shoes were Newport ties of patent leather, cut out very low, and showing black silk stockings. Very unsophisticated was she, if one were to judge by the rather deceptive appearances. It was hard to tell whether her artless ways and affected ignorance of everything about horse-racing were intended to fool her rich companion, or simply to impress others."

Girton College, of Cambridge, England, says the Boston *Gazette*, has set a new fashion that strikes cold horrors to the hearts of sweet girl graduates. Instead of the everlasting white elaborations which have distinguished the graduating attire from other mortal dress, the Girton girls received their degrees in gowns precisely like those worn by masculine undergraduates. The cap and gown on a pretty girl is not so bad, but what will be the use of wading through college if she can't show some fine feathers on the final day?

Ladies select with care the color of the lining of their parasols, so as to form an effective background when the fair one lays it "carelessly" over her shoulder. A correspondent of *Progress*, who has delved into the mysteries of the subject, writes that if chosen wisely the lining brings out all the points, not only of the complexion, but of the hair and eyes. Brunettes are best suited with a shrimp (*sic*) pink, and blondes with a Nile green. Much thought is required to decide which color will do always—when the lady is flushed, when she is pale, etc. All sorts of odd handles are used for parasols. They are of cherry, ash, or twisted willow, in simple crutch or straight-cut fashion. Those of whangewood are coiled to form true love-knots. Some have a champagne cork for a tip. There are unique box-wood handles, that have knobs formed of the nana-root in its natural shape. A large ribbon-bow must be fastened to all handles just above where the hand grasps the stick.

A novel *fête champêtre* is about to take place in the gardens of the Countess de Gilly, in Paris. All the ladies are to be dressed in Watteau costumes, and the men as peasants; and three cottages have been hastily built up, where the make-believe villagers are to drink milk, and eat strawberries and brown bread. Cows will be grazing on the lawn, and are to be milked by the amateur peasants. Poor cows!

Mysterious whisperings, says the *American Queen*, are heard of the reported matrimonial alliance between Oscar Wilde and Miss Howe, the lovely and far more than ordinarily accomplished daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. No one has forgotten how Mrs. Howe took up the social club in defense of Oscar; memory recalls her published letter protesting against ridicule of Wilde, and she it is who has had the æsthetic lad most at her dinner table. If the report be true—and it seemingly is—what a charming way Oscar has chosen to exhibit his appreciation of Mrs. Howe's social labors in his behalf! Miss Howe has lived abroad with her mother for years, and when, not long ago, she took part in private theatricals in the American Colony in Paris, she created a furore, and the young Parisians went mad over her beauty and grace.

"Tennis dresses," remarks Labouchere in London *Truth*, "are very pretty this summer, and I fear that men will have more cause than ever to wonder how women and girls can manage to run about as they do with their waists so tightened in. The prevalence of belts is one cause of the continued mischief. There is a peculiarity about these that every one must have noticed. There is never a hole quite in the right place. One is too tight, and the next too loose. Where is the girl who prefers the loose one? She is the exception to the rule, for nineteen out of every twenty will drag the buckle into the tight hole, even if they squeeze themselves into an almost breathless condition in so doing."

It is probable that Mr. Fritsch, of New York, says the *American Queen*, will be the first man in America to offer a reward for a button. He was presented last season with a set of twelve large buttons, for his coaching-club top-coat. They were sent from across the ocean, hand-made, and entirely unique. Each button bears a miniature painting of some coaching scene—the stables, the start, on the road, reaching home, and so on. Without any of these buttons the set is incomplete, and its beauty is spoiled. One of them has mysteriously disappeared since the spring parade. Whether it is lost, strayed, or stolen, nobody knows. And it would not be well for the thief, if it is stolen, to let some of the muscular members of the coaching-club lay hands on him, for the buttons are the club's pets.

Mr. Mackay, the Nevada king of cash, says a New York journal, and his daughter, so frequently engaged by the newspapers to various noblemen, arrived from Europe June 12th in the *Servin*, and straightway took apartments at the Hoffman House, as did many passengers by the same

steamer. Envious and jealous as well as rival hotel-keepers in the neighborhood say this was all not "on account of Eliza," but on account of Mr. Mackay's friendship for and intimacy with E. S. Stokes, whose interest in the Hoffman is well known. In the old days, good they may have been. Stokes and Mackay met in Nevada, since which time the former has always spoken very kindly of the latter. The Hoffman is more of a "stag" than a family hotel, and Mrs. Grundy says she wonders why on earth Mr. Mackay should have gone there, and taken his daughter too. The reason is very simple: because he wanted to, and has the proud privilege of making his own selection of caravansaries.

"You'll see," said a court official to a *Sun* reporter, "if among a certain class of foolish girls the fashion of wearing a white handkerchief pendant from the waist, as Blanche Douglas does, is not widely imitated, just as the style of dress and white wax beads worn by Jennie Cramer at the time of her death were copied last summer."

A few of the long, tight-fitting coats, resembling ulsters in all but the coarseness of material, were seen at Jerome Park races, says a New York journal. One of fine claret-colored cloth, lined with pink silk, and trimmed in front with three or four rows of buttons in variegated shades, was worn with a Gainsborough hat with pink and claret-colored plumes. A departure from the present system of making wedding gifts, which throws the onus of the affair exclusively on the guests, is recorded at a recent silver wedding. A supper was given whereat a present in silver was placed before the occupant of each seat, the name of the guest being inscribed in a little silver book at every plate. Of course, the participants of the repast came not empty-handed, and as an offering of silver is *de rigueur* in such cases, it was observed that the rejoicings over the event were so diffused as to penetrate even the home of the remote silversmith.

The American custom of women walking unattended has gained wide favor in London, where hitherto each demoiselle had to be accompanied by chaperone or duenna in order to be considered respectable. The propriety of such conduct has been fully and favorably discussed by the *Queen* and other leading society journals. Of course there are "Arries" of high and low degree; and if a young lady dresses in a manner that challenges notice, and uses her eyes in the "come, follow me" style that we must all have occasionally seen practiced, she has only herself to thank for anything that may happen. But a girl of such character is safe nowhere, and neither maid, mother, nor husband will steer her safe from quicksands. Our concern is not with her, but with our modest, pure daughters and sisters, of whom there are such an enormous majority. Fifteen years ago girls could not walk alone in London, neither could they drive in hansoms either with each other or with gentlemen. Why? Because it was not the fashion. That fashion like many others has exploded, and we now wonder what impropriety our grandmothers saw in a vehicle so little offensive in itself. Now young ladies of the highest rank walk about unattended with as much freedom from rudeness or insult as our American girls do at home.

The Prince of Wales has set his heart on reviving the gaiety of London, and goes to work as if he meant it. Every night he may be seen at one or more theatres, every morning flashing along the causeway in his low phaeton, every afternoon riding or driving in the park. He evidently feels the great want of life and animation, and the dullness which has been eating into the very heart of trade, and rendering the middle-class population so completely dependent on each other that the upper class has been regarded as of no use in the general movement. The prince aims at nothing less than to restore the balance, and render the upper ten as dependent on trade as trade has hitherto been dependent on them.

A wooden wedding which has attracted a great deal of attention in Europe, where such affairs are unknown, occurred not long since at the residence of the Vicomte and Vicomtesse René de Coetoggan, on the avenue Bois de Boulogne, Paris. The vicomtesse was formerly Georgie Blake, of New York, sister of Mrs. Charles J. Whitmore, and the vicomte belongs to one of the oldest families in Brittany. There were many notabilities present in fancy dresses. Two countesses wore Romanian garb. Miss Helen Stanley wore the costume of an "eccentric rooster." A Bashi-Bazouk, Syrian officer, and Gaulish warrior were also represented. The host and hostess received their guests holding the traditional long pole surmounted by a large bouquet between them, and they had a great variety of quaint and elegant presents.

A stunning parasol in pink and silver brocade is decorated by a wreath of blush roses with dark velvet leaves. The maritime handle is tied with a pink moire bow, which undoubtedly makes it happy. Gloves a yard long are imported to wear with dresses that have short sleeves. Long-throated girls wear necklets of roses and buds with their summer evening dresses, and leave the enormous corsage bouquets to their stout sisters. A novelty in house arrangements is being introduced into a dwelling-house in London. Extensive excavations are being made in the cellar, so that the necessary machinery may be placed there to raise a table in the basement, which is all set and ready for breakfast, dinner, or supper, up to the dining-room. It turns out that the Marquis de Leuville, who has figured conspicuously in New York in what *Puck* has called the "chromo-literary" set, the last half year, is a son of the famous Madame Tussaud, of London wax-work renown. He is entitled to his title, for he bought and paid for it in France; but it is not the title that tells of birth and estates. The Marquis of Anglesey, who recently left his young American wife, is said to have lost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling at the racing meetings of the last fortnight. At a Boston luncheon party, the other day, the Chinese cook sent up a mould of jelly containing a glass of water filled with live gold-fish. How the fish got into the jelly, and how they lived afterward, was a distracting conundrum for the guests, who viewed the puzzle with enthusiasm. But the Heatben Chinees wouldn't tell.

LITERARY NOTES.

The latest number of the "English Men of Letters" series is "Charles Dickens," by Professor A. W. Ward. It consists of a rather condensed review of the principal events of his life, together with a running criticism of his various writings. A very good specimen of this latter is given in the "Rambles Among Books," which appears on another page. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, seventy-five cents.

The late Professor William R. Hodgson, of the University of Edinburgh, completed and published, just previous to his death, a work entitled "Errors in English." This had an extensive sale in England, and is now reprinted in America as revised by F. A. Teale. It is arranged in the form of a vocabulary, and proves probably the most convenient and complete reference book of its kind. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; for sale by the booksellers.

One of the most impartial and unprejudiced volumes of the "Campaigns of the Civil War" series is "Atlanta," by Major-General Jacob D. Cox. The author was in command of the Twenty-third Army Corps, and consequently derived most of his information from personal observation. The book, as a natural sequence, treats mostly of General Sherman, and his military capacity. The author treats this personage with great fairness, not by any means covering him with adulatory praise, but stating all the faults as well as the merits of his character. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

The fifth and last number of the new edition of Bret Harte's works is "Condensed Novels and Stories." The stories consist of "The Story of a Mine," "Thankful Blossom," "The Twins of Table Mountain," and "Jeff Briggs's Love Story," all of which have appeared in various periodicals, and have become nearly as popular as some of Bret Harte's earlier shorter stories. The "Condensed Novels" are perhaps as well known as any of the author's works. They opened up a field which had many later occupants, though none of them can approach Harte in keen insight into an author's mannerisms and peculiarities. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.

Announcements: Doctor Stone, late pastor of the First Congregational Church, is about to publish a volume of twenty sermons, entitled "Leaves from a Finished Pastorate." Among the announcements of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are: "The Coming Democracy," by George Harwood; "Spinoza," by Rev. Dr. Martineau, and a volume of "Lectures on Art," by Lucy Crane, illustrated by Walter Crane. The August number of the *Atlantic* will contain as a frontispiece a new steel engraved portrait of Emerson. It is reported that Miss Alcott is the author of the new and far from striking novel, "Aschenbrödel." It suggests also the hand of the author of "An Earnest Trifler." Mr. Edward Jenkins's "Paladin of Finance" is republished in this country by J. R. Osgood & Co.

There are two classes of persons to whom "My Irish Journey" by Thomas Carlyle, will be of interest: to the educated Irishman who is familiar with the topography of his own country, and has some curiosity to read what the cynical Scot has to say about its men and scenery, and to the inner-brotherhood who comprise the most passionate admirers of Carlyle. To the rest of the world it will prove too great a waste of time to wade through the jerky and dyspeptic comments on pigs, Pats, and Papis, in order that one may extract from the mass here and there a diamond. When the diamond is found, however, it is generally of the first water. The priests come in for a great share of the author's wit, as do also the big, loud-mouthed, rollicking, "squireen," Irishmen. Carlyle never fails to pensively and with much self-complacency make note of the fact when he has managed to get the better of one of these fellows, as when he writes with a sort of chuckle, "Shea talked largely, wanted me to open on O'Connell that he might hear him well denounced; but I wouldn't." With all his cynicism, however, he displays much feeling for the destitution and poverty which he saw, and constantly remarks: "God help these struggling and wretched people. My sympathy is with them!" Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

The frontispiece of the July *Harper* is an admirable engraving of the late Emerson. The two principal papers are H. W. Lucy's "Glimpses of Great Britain," being the portraits and descriptions of the principal English nobles and M. P.'s, and the article on Egyptian mummies and pyramids entitled "Lying in State at Cairo." G. W. Sheldon's "Old Ship-Builders of New York" will interest many old residents of that metropolis. The *Century* also contains an engraving of Emerson. "Among the Thlinkites of Alaska," and the "Bee-Pastures of California," both interest this coast, so also will "The American Yacht," for it is written with reference to San Francisco bay, as well as Eastern ports. The *Atlantic* continues Thomas Hardy's "Two on a Tower," and also prints a posthumous poem by Longfellow. "Doctor Zay" is developing into one of the brightest stories of the season, and bids fair to win Miss Phelps new fame. *Macmillan's* for June contains the continuation of Julian Hawthorne's "Fortune's Fool," "The Roman Camp at Saalburg," by T. Hodgking, "Three Months' Holiday in Norway," by E. A. Arnold, and a charming little poem by May Probyn entitled "The Welcome." In the *North American Review* for July, the leading article is a study of "Emerson as a Poet," by Edwin P. Whipple. Désiré Chart, may contribute the eleventh article in the series on "The Ruins of Central America," and records the discovery of a great ruined city in the hitherto unexplored country of the Lacadones, Guatemala. There are two papers on the civil service question: one, "The Things which Remain," by Gail Hamilton, and "The Business of Office-Seeking," by Richard Grant White. Finally, Francis Marion Crawford, son of the American sculptor, writes of "False Taste in Art." The *Californian* for July begins with a poetic tribute to James F. Bowman, from the pen of Miss Ina D. Coolbrith; the leading paper is "A Fragment of China," by Will Brooks, accompanied by four illustrations from sketches by Theodore Wores. Those who have seen the originals will be disappointed, although the engraver has probably done his best, and the pressman probably his worst. Mr. Wores shows singular ability in selecting and handling the picturesque side of the Chinese quarter. Poems and stories, serial and short, go to make up the number, which is a reasonably good one.

Miscellany: There are eight Browning societies in England. A correspondent of the *Critic* suggests Mr. Clarence King as the author of "Guernedale." An original subscriber's copy of Turner's "Liber Studiorum" was sold in London recently for five hundred and nine dollars. The lady who writes under the name of "Sarah Tytler" is really Mrs. Henrietta Keddle. The public taste for the Zola literature is said to have lately cooled in France. In a sale which has just taken place at Bradford, in Yorkshire, was sold an old chest from a farmhouse at Ildley, which upon its centre panel bore the following inscription: "Jon Longfellow and Mary Rogers were married ye tenth day off April, Anno Dm. 1664." These are supposed to be ancestors of Longfellow the poet. An English writer doubts if a single work treating on pedigree or matters of family research has been published in the English language during the last twenty years which has not benefited by the stores of knowledge accumulated by the late Colonel Chester's unwearied labors. For many years Colonel Chester directed his energies to the elucidation of the ancestry of Washington. The results of this work have not yet been made public. John Morley, after retiring in November from the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*, will devote all the time not given to editing the *Pall Mall Gazette* to purely literary work. The love and esteem which Doctor John Brown's countrymen bore to him may be conjectured from the fact that seven years ago, when his health began to fail, a sum of more than thirty thousand dollars was collected for him without the slightest publicity. The kindly author of "Rab and his Friends" knew nothing of it until the amount, partly in a check and partly in the shape of an annuity, was put into his hands, the list of the contributors first having gone into the fire.

A JAUNT IN JALISCO.

A Traveler's Notes on Men and Customs in Modern Mexico.

We reached San Blas on a summer midnight, and at three o'clock the following afternoon we started for Tepic. From San Blas, the seaport of Jalisco, to Tepic, the distance is some fourteen leagues over an atrocious road, crossing a range of hills, and ascending four thousand feet. On this journey from the *tierras calientes*, or the low lands of the coast, to the elevation of Tepic, the brilliancy and beauty of the fireflies attracted my attention more than anything else. They render the whole space for a height of several yards from the ground one flashing, scintillating scene. No pen can give the smallest idea of the exceeding loveliness of the country. As the dean said of the strawberry—doubtless God might have made a better country, but doubtless He never did. Until very recently the district of Tepic had no legal existence. It had not been erected into a State, nor reduced to a territory, but was governed by a purely military occupation; but lately it has been erected into a State—the State of Nayarit—consequently the lovely little city is a capital.

Losada, an Indian of the Sierra of Alica, in 1855 made the district of Tepic practically an independent State, and he maintained it so for twenty years. He carried his arms as far as Sebastian, but having sacked that place, he retired, and confined his rule to the line of the *barranca* of Mochitile. In 1875 a dream of ambition took possession of him, and with some twelve thousand Indians he marched on Guadalajara, where he was defeated. Shortly afterward he was captured and shot. At the time of the French intervention they did not attempt the reduction of Losada, but asked and obtained leave to pass through his country on their road to Mazatlan. The little State of Nayarit has wonderful resources in the agricultural way. Its elevation above the sea level brings it within the range or realm of the coffee plant, while its coast lands, or *tierras calientes*, give the Cuba or cigar tobaccos. In addition to coffee and tobacco, cotton, sugar, and rice, the leading staples of the world, all grow. These people have been derided for scratching the ground with a forked stick, but when it gives them such crops why need they turn it over with an implement which, if broken, they could with difficulty mend?

The houses of Tepic, and of all Mexican towns, are like a leaf out of a Spanish romance—blank walls, the windows heavily barred, tile-roofed, and the main entrance looking into a *patio*, (court-yard,) which is a living mass of greenery and flowers. The iron gratings are for the purpose of keeping thieves out. The people have no police. In two or three quarters of a town there may be a *cuartel* of soldiers, but the policeman is unknown. In the capital they have a sort of semi-soldier, called *gendarme*—adapted from the French—but only in the capital. Hence every man goes armed, as in California in early days. The prison-like aspect of the houses in Tepic and elsewhere—blank walls pierced with few windows—is not due entirely to the desire to exclude the sun; it is part of the same system that begets the iron gratings. A blank wall presents fewer facilities for climbing. The result is agreeable. There is a delightful seclusion about the *patio*. You sit in its ample corridors with all the delightful feeling of being out of doors. There are other merits in their methods of building. The very thick adobe walls, plastered, of course, inside and outside, clean and white; the heavy, hewed beams; the tiled roof, and the tiled floors, are each and every one of them a good thing. The massive pillars that support the roof of the corridor, with the fine arches thrown from one to the other, have an ever-pleasing effect. Then all the apartments are large. Everything is on a scale of amplexity that in itself is agreeable.

Tepic has street-cars, which go out to the *loma* on the one side, and to the *alameda* on the other. *Loma* is the Spanish word for hill, and the *loma* of Tepic is a gently rising elevation just outside the southern boundary. The *alameda*, with its walks and drives, is a large and pretentious plaza. The *loma* is where I first saw the Mexican youth gotten up in all his glory for a *paseo a caballo*. Nothing can be finer than his superb horsemanship. A saddle, handsomely stamped, with rich fur (sea otter) flaps, neatly mounted with a silver rim around the pommel and seat, a handsome cloth, bridle not too heavily plated, trousers with a row of small silver buttons down the outside, unblacked leather riding boots, a wide-brimmed hat with bullion band, and a youth who rides his beast as if it were a part of him, is a sight well worth seeing.

It appears probable there will be a railway in Tepic in another year, when I fancy the place will be something of a resort for people from the north. It needs only that the first few should come out of curiosity to insure their returning and bringing others with them. A brief experience will enable Americans to perceive that Mexico is no longer the country that General Scott walked through, or Bazaine at a more recent date.

Nothing can be more elaborately punctilious than the manners of the Mexicans. Wishing to show you attention, people call on you, and remain literally two or three bours. This goes on in the morning, and then *da capo* in the afternoon. The habits of the upper class are to rise when you please, from six o'clock on. On your appearance down stairs a servant gives you coffee and bread. Toward one o'clock a meal called breakfast is taken, lasting an hour. During this time all business is suspended throughout the city. At eight o'clock in the evening a meal is taken called *cena*. At the meals—and, in fact, at all times—the people dress carefully. On the road between Tepic and Guadalajara, stopping in one of the various mining towns, I wandered into a school-house, and examined the children's school-books. In the "Second Reader," the chapter on manners a stranger would be apt to imagine reflected an ideal code rather than a practical one. He would be wrong. The hundred points of punctilio that are there noted are acted on by these people in their daily life. I read that it is very bad manners to cut a *tortilla* with a knife. Of course I had done nothing else, and must needs have appeared a bopeless vulgarian.

One would hardly read much in this country, if one were in business here. The evenings are so delightful, and the

cena—the meal corresponding to our dinner—is taken so late, and one rises so early, that the evening, what there is of it, would probably be passed *al fresco*, after the fashion of the country. The two hours that are abstracted from the middle of the day for *la comida*, (our breakfast and lunch rolled into one,) and its ensuing rest, would more likely pass in dawdling and talk than in square reading.

When one travels in Mexico, he must avail himself of the diligence, or provide himself with a mule. I rode a mule. You must carry all your conveniences with you—knife, fork, spoon, towels, soap, candles, coffee or chocolate, and your camp-bedstead, unless you want to sleep on a board. You roll your clothes up in your blanket, and tie it on behind your saddle. The rest you put in a pair of saddle-bags, called *cantinas*, that hang on the horn of the saddle in front. From not finding knives and forks where you stop in the mining towns, one must not think these people eat with their fingers. With every meal they have *tortillas*, (the *tortilla* with *frijoles* is the universal staple of food,) which they tear into pieces, and with which they scoop up the other food, eating the *tortilla* and food all together. So they have a saying, that they ought to be the richest people in the world, for they eat up a spoon at every meal.

August is one of the months of the rainy season. Over the entire face of the country the rain falls once a day this season of the year. It is rare for it to rain at all before noon, and the more usual hour is toward two P. M. Often only two or three heavy showers pass over. True, the water that falls is comparatively enormous, coming down in torrents of immense drops, forming a curtain that may hide completely objects half a mile distant. Only three or four days during the season does the rain hold on steadily into the night, and all the forenoon is brilliant and beautiful, and of a very delightful temperature—seldom hot. It is a fine sight to see one of these afternoon storms, when you are on the top of one of the ranges. Glorious heaps of white vapor begin rolling up—some massive, towering above the rest, in which you can almost see how the chilled column of air is shot up above the rest by the slope of some mountain peak. Then the masses darken at points, and let down a dark-gray curtain, which you know is rain. You hear the thunder beginning to roll, and all the while are yourself in a flood of sunlight, and refreshed by the cool air of the approaching storm. The storm commonly rolls away as suddenly as it came.

The magnificence of the scenery in the entire district is indescribable, especially when one is passing over these ranges, and plunging into *cañadas* of the most picturesque sort, rank with a strange vegetation. The pines and oaks are stunted and poor; but the *madroños* and other trees are splendid. One of the commonest wild trees is the guava. One sees them everywhere, covered with fruit, which, while it makes a delicious jelly, tastes like a mean apple. The country is a paradise in no hyperbolic sense, where every prospect pleases, and only roads are vile. Roads did I say? There is not one wagon road in all Jalisco. The fine old paved roads of the Spaniards are now mule trails following the beds of torrents, and the paving-stones have been used to mend the stone fences around the corn-fields.

Where wheeled vehicles are not in use, the *arriero*, or owner of pack-mules, is naturally a person of much and deserved consideration. To begin with, he is a citizen of means; in the next place, he is punctiliously honest—both sources of distinction in any country. His work is very hard, and his life a rough one. A pack-train demands patience, and his never fails. He could not get on if it did. The packs will, from time to time, get disarranged, and at the first symptom of disarrangement that mule must be got out of the line and repacked. This sometimes happens in places where the mule can not leave the line. Then you will see the *arriero* clap his shoulder to the loosened pack, and press up one of these heavy trails till he reaches a place where the mule can stand at one side. To pack, or rearrange a pack, requires two men; he cries out and the next man comes tumbling up or down the mountain, as the case may be, more like a goat than a human being, to lend a hand. His honesty is professional of course. His business could not go on with any deviation, however trifling, from scrupulous accountability. He carries most of the treasure about the country. From the mining districts, a treasure train, (*conducta*), with regular guard goes once a month to the mint. But once coined, the *arriero* becomes the channel of remittance. The diligence is robbed sometimes, though not nearly as often as an Arizona stage, but the *arriero's* train very rarely. He is vigilant, and armed, of course. He occasionally loses a mule, but that is more apt to be in the town, where vigilance is relaxed, than on the road. On the road he is a rough and tough-looking customer, always pleasant and obliging, however; but when you meet him in town, he may be in broadcloth, and at your merchant's house as a guest. As in California in the "old time," you must not judge anybody by his garments on the road. The well-dressed man is frequently one of the traveling *mozos* or servants, who are given to making an appearance like the dragoon in Syria, while the weather-beaten, travel-stained man may be a *haciendero* or a merchant.

As to some of the trails, they are something of which a mere description will give no idea whatever. In places you shout before entering the trail, for if two animals should meet on it, there is a slim chance of being able to return, and none of passing. But the cliffs and *cañadas* are something tremendous—great masses of stones thrown and writhed in a confusion that no fancy can adequately picture, while high above, and beyond all, the grand cordillera of the Sierra Madre rises to the sky. In the wildest and least accessible spot are found (among crags, and plunging down into chasms) the mining works of the old Spaniard—the *conquistador*. Nothing else raises so lively a sense of his superhuman energy and indomitable strength, both of body and will, as to trace his mining works among these mountains. True, he did it by the hands of slaves—he enslaved a whole population, one numbering millions; but when you realize on the ground all that this very enslavement implies, it adds to the greatness of his achievements more than it detracts from them. The conquest of India was a feat that dazzles imagination. It was far less a feat than that of the Spaniard who conquered the Indian first and Nature afterward.

June 27, 1882.

THE BRITON ABROAD.

National pride and love of country is one of the characteristic virtues of humanity. It exists with all races; extends from polar snows to equatorial sands; is met in the squalid hut of the Hottentot, and in the palaces of a superior civilization. Its mode of expression is as varying as are the habits and qualities of the individuals dominated by it. At times in its display rising to the loftiest patriotism, when national exigencies demand its exercise, in common life it is apt to degenerate into offensive bluster or amusing whimsicalities and oddities. The American type of national character is strongly marked by this feature of national egotism; and in common with other national peccadillos, the almost universal expression of this trait has been derided and censured by the writers of other countries. To our British brethren especially, does this mote in the eye of America seem particularly aggravating. No chance for a fling at Americans for their national egotism is ever passed by the average Britisher. Unconsciously indulging the same weakness, he contrasts at every turn the points of difference between England and America in speech and act, always making his mental entries in favor of his own country. And yet national egotism is the lawful inheritance of America from her parent, England. Along with our rich legacy of language, literature, laws, and customs from the mother country, came a goodly share of national pride and pluck. In the matter of national pride America is confessedly the equal of England, but in the individual expression of his national idiosyncrasies and prejudices the Britisher abroad is calmly and sublimely unapproachable. The purpose of the present sketch is to briefly outline two types only of the Britisher abroad. Their representatives are familiar to most Americans. For convenience they may be designated as the Bigoted Britisher, and the "Blawsted" Britisher. They flourish in their fullest perfection in English-speaking America.

The bigoted Britisher is an expatriated man. He is in America what the nihilist is in Europe, except that the object of his dislike is not a personal autocrat, but the necessity which drove him to this "damned Republican hole." The wonder is that the bigoted Britisher consents to live under his hard lot. He has long ago renounced the hopeless task of trying to imbue us with his ideas of aristocracy and class distinction, and has relapsed into a sullen obstinacy to what he terms the barbarisms of American social life. His protest against everything American finds silent expression in the tweed suit and mutton-chop whiskers. In most cases he is sprung from parents who at home only sniffed the aroma of aristocracy from afar. His father was supported through life by the thought that though he might some day see death, he had yet enjoyed the ecstasy of passing to Lord Broadacre his morning newspaper in the railway train, for which he was snubbed by his lordship. His mother always lived in the unrealized hope of encountering Lady Broadacres at the Christmas soup-kitchen or the charity fair. The son of Lord Broadacres is now a rancher in Colorado—an enthusiastic Republican, and undistinguishable in attire and speech from any cowboy; but our tweed-suited and mutton-chopped Britisher continues in spirit to shake the dust from his feet against the U. S. A. and American institutions, as he each day saunters to his enforced labor at a clerk's desk. He meets other bigoted Britishers like himself. They compare notes, and count up the many weary days of their pilgrimage through the valley of the shadow of social equality, and sitting down with freshly filled meerschaums, like the Jews by the waters of Babylon, weep over the recollections of their melancholy exile. The bigoted Britisher has never been home since his arrival here. Sustained, however, by an unflinching trust, he endures until Providence arranges that he can get his valise packed, and return to the Jerusalem of his dreams. His brother exiles accompany him to the steamer, and there, with streaming eyes and looks of unutterable disappointment, watch the ship which bears him to a happier world. In six months he who was the bigoted Britisher reappears among his brother exiles, and says that he couldn't well live at home without his old friends. Later on it comes out the English sky was rather cloudy and lachrymose; that English society was just a little "starchy"; that the English women were as shy as chamois; that out of London everything was "as dull as ditch-water, you know"; that the English Sunday is an unspeakably awful institution, and that it is not a bad place to live in if a man has plenty of money, and can go to Paris for half a year, and to Italy for another three months. So the bigoted Britisher grows more silent about his mother country.

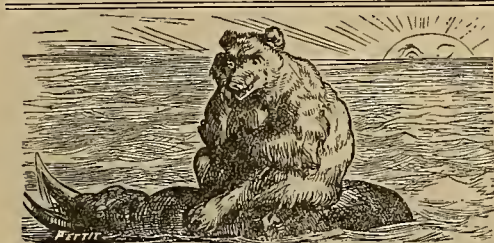
The "blawsted" Britisher is the insular cub which the British lion sends abroad to infest the world. In this way North America and Australia have fallen to the English-speaking race. The "blawsted" Britisher is not necessarily an irreclaimable insular cub. He may at once renounce his whining and incivility and drop into his new surroundings, or he may remain a bigoted Britisher after much of his "blawstedness" has disappeared. The best type, however, of the "blawsted" species are to be seen among the new arrivals at our hotels, or at the fashionable boarding-houses. He may be a lord, or a baronet, or the son of a city alderman who made a fortune by selling salt fish, or making soap, or taking rubbish-cleaning contracts from some large London parish; or he may be the son of a colonist, who has sent him to see the world on the profits of a sheep-farm or some other colonial industry. In the latter case, though he has never seen England, his British bluster, swagger, and contempt of American institutions are, if possible, more pronounced and intolerable than that of the home production, until, by a gradual course of social attention, he gets the rough points of his prejudice worn smooth. Or, worse than all, he may be a club-loafing *littérateur*—a literary snob who has come to write a book on Americans by the light of English club prejudice.

After all, some allowance must be made for the "blawsted" Britisher. He is but human, and the toadyism of American plutocrats insensibly exaggerates his foibles. Even the most cross-eyed of men would strain to move his pupil's hair's breadth nearer could flattery convince him it was elegant and high-toned.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 22, 1882.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1882.

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The result of the San José convention is the haldest and most naked fraud that subtle political trickery has ever played off upon an intelligent community. The whole thing, from beginning to the ending, from the first "whereas" of the platform to its ultimate period, from its very respectable and gentlemanly figure-head down to the small letter "y" that closes the name of the last nominee for the Board of Equalization, is a sham and false pretense. It is put forth by shrewd, hired, political managers, in the interest of no class that is honest, and no principle. It was a fight in which Blind Buckley for himself, a mob of money-making ward politicians in San Francisco for themselves, W. W. Stow for the railroad, Bill Carr for Haggin and Tevis, agents of the San Francisco Gas Company, the Spring Valley Water Company, John C. Maynard for the chivalry, Kearney for the shovelry, and all the money-making mob of political adventurers and party swash-bucklers met and mixed in a Donnybrook encounter, with the false cries of "anti-monopoly," "anti-railroad," "anti-Chinese," "anti-Sunday-law," "anti-radicalism," and "anti-Republicanism," mixed in most inextricable confusion. It was a side-splitting, mirth-provoking farce, with honest, good, intelligent, and honorable gentlemen from the country taking part and made to play characters in the comedy; a sort of Greek chorus to stamp when the "grand old Democratic party" was alluded to; made to cheer when the blazing beacons of victory were flashed in their faces—those beacon fires that are to light up the melancholy days of our coming November from "Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea," and made to stamp, cheer, roar, and throw up their applauding hats when the "grand old Democratic party" was alluded to as the "ANTI-MONOPOLY" organization of California. The Democracy have two full months to enjoy themselves, for a saw-horse or rocking-chair can heat a hooded racer while he is stabled, haltered, and being groomed for the contest. The Democracy has two full months to make its artillery shell the woods, and during that time it can keep itself awfully busy in explaining in what respect and for what act is General Stoneman entitled—by reflecting men—to be considered as an anti-monopolist or an anti-railroad man. What has he ever done? What single act of his is there during his residence in California to identify him as anti-anything in political life? As a minority member of the Railroad Commission he has acquired a reputation for opposing corporate exactions in the way of fares and freights. He has introduced to that board some impossible and unintelligent propositions of reduction. He has entered some feeble, pro-

tests. He has voted "no" when his associates voted "yes," and "yes" when they voted "no." Inquiringly and respectfully we ask, what has he done, or what has he resolutely attempted to do, except surrender to the railroad militia? To what ACT can his friends and admirers point as stamping him with the brains and the courage to stand up in resentful and aggressive antagonism against corporations, and against the power and influence of wealth? His military career would be a guaranty that he would not fear the mob, or stand in awe of an alien riot. His whole life is an earnest of honorable purpose. He is a gentleman, soldier, scholar, and an honest man, and it is not improbable that, in the improbable event of his election, he will make an excellent governor. Should he be elected he will have very little to do with railroad affairs or with corporations, and hence it is that this sham cry of "anti-monopoly" seems to us so absurd. We do not intend to say that which, in any respect, shall seem to undervalue the negative virtues of the military candidate for Governor. Events may render it necessary for us to support him, and vote for him. We reserve to ourselves this privilege, till we see whether the Republican party will place in nomination for Governor some man of independence, courage, and brains, who belongs to himself, thinks for himself, and will be Governor of California in the event of his election. Messrs. Ross and Sharpstein were fairly entitled to renomination for the supreme bench. They were industrious workers, have gained experience, and have proved themselves possessed of qualities quite as essential as that more subtle learning which enables Judge McKinstry to save a murderous wretch from a deserved death by the strangulation of hemp through an ever so finely spun technicality of law. Common sense is a valuable acquisition even upon the hench. We hope the Republican party will secure higher and better talent for its ticket than is represented by Sharpstein and Ross, and if it does not, we shall hope for their election. Charles Sumner for Congress is an eccentric, bright-witted, energetic, honest-minded, enthusiastic, crack-brained, Democratic crank. He is a good speaker, and is dead in earnest against the railroad. He would walk to Washington before he would travel on a pass; and if he got there—which he never will—would he in the most harmless place, where he could be of no possible injury to the railroad, and where he would find of how little account mere cheek and impudence are in accomplishing anything. Thompson for Secretary of State is well enough. Daggett for Lieutenant-Governor is well enough. January for State Treasurer is well enough. Welcker for Superintendent of Schools is not well enough. John W. McCarthy for Clerk of the Supreme Court, and Willey for Surveyor-General, both having been born in California, ought to be more than well enough, and as neither of them made speeches in the convention at San José, they may be very sensible and competent young men. We hope they are. Over the political grave of the good General Rosecrans we step lightly. We scatter flowers over it. We remember his unkind conduct to our dead leader, the murdered one, hut—well, let that pass, poor man. He has a hee in his bonnet, and he was a soldier on our side. Dunn for Controller, Marshall for Attorney-General, and Gildea for Board of Equalization, were nominations entirely unfit to be made. But the place where skim-milk masquerades as cream is in the candidates for Railroad Commissioners and Board of Equalization. The candidates for Congress are exceptionally weak. John R. Glascock is the most respectable; hut there is no man among them who has within him the elements of success. There is no broad-minded thinker; no man of independent and resolute courage; no one who possesses oratorical ability, or who stands one chance in the three hundred presented to him of making a mark or accomplishing any result in the House of Representatives. The ticket as a whole is weak, and, when analyzed, when records are exposed, and when the mode of the nominations are understood, it will be weaker than it now is. Of the twenty-four candidates twelve are from the South, fourteen were disloyal during the war, eight are from the North, two were born in Ireland, and two in California; two served in the Union army, and two in the Confederate; nineteen are Protestants, and five are Roman Catholics; and out of the twenty-four, twenty-one have held office before, and twelve are chronic office-seekers who have held or sought office all their lives.

Kearney is not a fool. He has more sense than the average Democrat, and more courage than the average politician. He was one of the recent lobby at San José, for Kearney feels deeply interested in the anti-monopoly movement, and will stump the State in the interest of the Stoneman Democracy. Kearney, Judge Wallace, George Hearst, Clay Taylor, Johnson, Terry, Frank McCoppin, Judge Hager, John H. Moore, Tom Fowler, Timmin, ex-Governor Irwin, Evans, (the ideal judge,) Sepulveda, Jackson Temple, Thomas Jefferson Bowers, Murphy, of Del Norte, Russ Stevens, Paul Shirley, and Barney Wolff, will all take the stump and work with enthusiasm for the "grand old Democratic party." They will light the heacon-fires of Democracy on the hoary snow-clad summit of Mount Shasta, and

keep them blazing all the way down to where the towering peaks of San Bernardino glisten 'in the sombre twilight of the setting southern sun, and from the golden glory of the Sierra's blazing crest to where the silver waves of the Pacific kiss with velvet lips the flower-fringed ocean shore of San Diego. All these eloquent old disappointed political fossils will toot their anti-monopoly horns, if they don't catch a fish. Kearney went to San José in the interest of Democracy, and had the sense to advocate an American ticket. He begged the party leaders that they would put no Irishman on guard this time. "Give thim a clane American deal, and drown the Argonaut's fire," said Kearney. But they had not the sense to see it, and put Dunn and Gildea on. "Dunn was heat last toime hy the Irish, and will he again," said Kearney; "Gildea was a tailor in El Dorado, and he hasn't a dollar in the wurruld; a nice man that same to aquilize American taxes." Kearney gives a very amusing account of the way Billy Carr and Chris Buckley managed George Hearst's fight. "The plan was to hold the San Francisco h'ys in reserve; start wid the country strength, and thin add a few votes each ballot, to show a growing strength. But divil a bit could you hold the chaws back," said Kearney; "they war hound to vote for Hearst; and whin the San Francisco roll was called you should jist have haired thim. 'Twas this-a way:

"Ryan?"....."Hurst!"
 "Murphy?"....."Hurst!"
 "Haley?"....."George Hurst!"
 "Barry?"....."Hoorst!"
 "Hayes?"....."Farge Hurst!"
 "Creighton?"....."Misthur Hurst!"
 "Donnovan?"....."G. Hurst!"
 "McCarthy?"....."Hoorst!"
 "Kirman?"....."Hurst!"
 "Gallagher?"....."George Hoorst!"
 "Shehan?"....."G. Hurst!"
 "Connolly?"....."Farge Hoorst!"
 "Kelley?"....."Hurst!"
 "Cadogan?"....."Hurst!"
 "Flynn?"....."Hurst!"
 "Mahoney?"....."Hurst!"
 "O'Kane?"....."Misther Hurst!"

And so on down, through Hammill, Ward, Cleary, O'Donnell, O'Brien, McGreevy, Fitzgerald, Fay, Dunphy, Mahon, Kane, and the others, each accenting and emphasizing the name in a different way—some trilling the "R," some biting off the word quick, some prolonging it as though it was spelled "G-e-a-o-r-g-e H-o-u-e-r-r-e-s-s-t," putting in all the vowels and consonants in the endeavor to make the most of the only speech they were permitted to utter. This description, to be appreciated, should be heard in the rich and mocking brogue of Kearney, as he takes off the accent of his countrymen. We would recommend it as a good exercise in elocution for our school-boys. Let them try it aloud. When the farmers came to vote they caught the spirit of the occasion, and country delegates responded for "Hoorst," "Hurrust," and "Hurst," in all the imitative varieties of the Irish vernacular, making a great deal of fun. And then to think that this was a Boyne Water victory for the Irish, and that the Orange of Los Angeles triumphed over the Red-mouthed of San Francisco. Kearney stumps the State for the Democracy. God bless Ould Oireland!

It is shameful impudence on the part of any foreign nationality to transplant their home quarrels to this country. The class most offending in this particular is the Irish. For thirty years our country has been disturbed by the agitation of Irish politics. Twice within that period we have been appealed to for money and provisions to relieve the starving Irish. Twice famine has put up its prayer for relief, and America has nobly and generously responded. When hunger invades Ireland we must forget and forgive the political agitators, and put our hands in our purses to drive the gaunt, red-jawed wolf from the doors of Irish cabins, where men, women, and children hunger. To such an appeal there is no denial, and we would have none. Public meetings in aid of such charity we would encourage. At such meetings eloquence is not misspent, and money not misappropriated. But when it comes to assemblages for stirring Irish resentment to the blood-red heat of passion against land-laws, landlords, and England; when appeals are made for money to resist the legal evictions of non-rent-paying tenants, to furnish arms and a skirmishing fund for Fenians, and money to carry on a political agitation against a country with which we are at peace, the question is a different one. If there has been one, there have been a hundred such gatherings in San Francisco. The United States is divided into eleemosynary districts, and the industry of begging money in aid of political agitation in Ireland is reduced to a system. Party tramps with their secretaries cover the land, demanding coin. The Irish business man, laborer, and servant-girl are beset with exactions in the name of patriotism and religion; the priest gives his sanction to the demand, and the Democratic party is made to play a part in this scheme of money-getting. Women and children are pressed into the service to

beg for alms. What becomes of the money no one knows. There are headquarters in Paris, in London, and in New York, each with officers, servants, secretaries, and agents, all living at the expense of the American-Irish, and all living well. We, as Americans, have no interest in Irish politics, and Irish-Americans have no right to agitate this business in our midst. In France a struggle is going on—republicanism against Bourbon, Orleans, and Bonaparte. Party spirit runs high at café and boulevard. There have been rebellions, uprisings, and civil war in France; but we do not recall an instance in America where any appeal, outside of Frenchmen, has been made for aid, or an attempt been made to identify French and American politics. Party spirit runs high in Germany; but when the German comes to America he leaves his politics and party resentments behind him. There is no other people but the Irish who transport their quarrels to our soil, and make them active here. We know of no reason why we should be more indulgent to Catholic quarrels with Protestants, when they are brought from Londonderry to New York, than we should be if French communists should parade in our streets with the red flag of the commune in defiance of the French Republican, Royalist, or Bonapartist. We know of no better reason for the St. Patrick's Day parade in honor of a mythical saint, with its religious banners, insignia of Pope and Church, its ecclesiastical paraphernalia, harp, sunburst, green flags, Irish regiments, and Hibernian societies, than for a parade of any other religious or national class with the peculiar emblems of their religion or nationality. There is no law—as we are advised—against a procession of Buddhists with their sacred images through our streets, or of Russian nihilists, Italian carabinieri, French communists, or German socialists; but we submit it to our respectable Irish fellow-citizens and to their men of intelligence to decide whether such exhibitions would not be inappropriate. We write this in answer to the charge made against the *Argonaut* that it selects the Irish out from the foreigners as its target for attack. The Irish invite the assault. They are constantly doing things that nobody else would ever conceive, and we have a right to charge them with offensive aggressions which no other people ever undertake. The *Argonaut* would be a most peaceful and docile bull if the Irish *matadors* would discontinue waving their green flag.

Any one who has ever crossed the plains by pack-train or wagon has observed the peculiarity of the coyote. One hungry beast, under the shadow of night, will so change and modify his voice as to make one think there are a thousand coyotes abroad. They will so multiply themselves in the changing cadences of their hungry bark that there seems to be a wilderness of the hybrid wolves. So with the Pope's political Irish. If one could but close his eyes and listen to their yawp, he would fancy himself on the field by the Boyne Water, or the top of Tara, with all Erin's harps out of tune. A simile comes up for our use when we contemplate the Irish in politics—the devil shearing the sow, "great cry and little wool." These reflections arise as we read the census figures of Oregon and New Mexico. The population of Oregon is 174,768, of which but 3,659 are of Irish birth. New Mexico has a population of 119,565, of which only 795 were born in Ireland. And yet if one should heed the political bark of the Irish wolf, he would fancy the party woods were full of them. Let us analyze the Oregon Irish. One male adult to five gives seven hundred and thirty-one. Let us throw off the odd thirty-one as unnaturalized. Let us throw off, say, two hundred for those respectable, intelligent, and modest North of Ireland Protestants and South of Ireland gentlemen who mind their own business, and we have five hundred Pope's Irish politicians scattered throughout the State of Oregon, and yet where is heard the roar of ocean, the dashings of the Columbia, the murmur of the Willamette, there mingles the bluster and blarney of the noisy Irish demagogue demanding recognition for the "Irish vote"; demanding the moral influence of Oregon for the oppressed tenantry of the "most distressful" old country; demanding a recall of the American minister—one of America's best citizens and brightest poets—because he will not embroil his country in a war with England over five criminal Irish-American adventurers; demanding their share of offices, and boasting that all the patriotism and all the valor that saved our national Union was Irish; demanding, in their insolence, that other foreigners should be driven out of Oregon. These numbers, we assume, are fairly representative of the Irish vote in California, and yet Democrats and Republicans fairly tremble when they think they hear the roar of the Irish lion. The best work the *Argonaut* has done, or can do, to society, to the political parties, and to the Irish themselves, is to interpret the bray of this animal, strip him of his false skin, show him up—hoofs, horns, and tail—and demonstrate that he is what the fox found the village church-bell to be—nothing but an empty-headed, brazen-cheeked, long-tongued, good-for-nothing, noisy creature, all voice "et praterea nihil"—"Sound and fury, signifying nothing." Yet these people, gathering together in San Francisco on the sand-lot, at the corner grocery, on the steps of

the mint, in ward-clubs, at their land-league meetings, in Hibernian societies, in Irish military organizations, in funeral processions, and in riotous demonstrations, so multiply themselves that they have frightened the Democracy into absolute cowardice, and impressed everybody with their voting force and political influence. When the *Argonaut* undertook to expose this sham, it was regarded as the thirteenth labor of Hercules. It was even supposed that it required some moral and physical courage to undertake it. It required no courage. The trick of turning the waters of the river Alpheus through the stables of King Augeas by Hercules, suggested to us to direct a stream of intelligence and sound sense through the nozzle of our weekly paper, and sluice off all the mystery, sham, and pretentious buncombe that enveloped the whole Irish question. The first result of our efforts was a municipal victory, in which the Irish were scooped. The second is the result at San José, where the honest country Democracy and the chivalry have scooped the Irish again. J. P. Dunn of the Sand-lot, and Gildea, are the only bones thrown to the wolf that howled through our streets with his gleaming fangs. More than three years ago Mr. John Patrick Dunn was elected auditor of San Francisco, on an occasion when society paraded the streets at night in armed protection of its property; when men defended their houses from conflagration with arms; when in the streets of San José, where the convention was held, an alien English adventurer paraded in an open barouche, dragging a hangman's rope to intimidate American electors. Perhaps this Pope's Irish Democrat can now become Controller of the State of California; but we do not believe it. We nominate Henry W. Brickwedel against him, subject to the Republican State Convention, and thus as between two foreigners, no native Americanism intervening, let us see to what extent the people of California are stuck after Holy Roman Ireland, pure and simple.

The removal of Mr. White, and the appointment of Mr. Charles Gorham, the brother of Mr. George C. Gorham—or Black-and-Tan—as coiner of the San Francisco Branch Mint is a declaration on the part of the President that civil service reform is not to be considered by him in the waning months of his administration. It is an evidence that Black-and-Tan himself is regarded as of sufficient importance to be considered in the making of California appointments. It is understood also that the removal and the appointment are triumphs of Page over General Miller. Perhaps not; for in the necessities of political life it often becomes necessary to make strange companions, and sometimes apparently irreconcilable antagonists make concessions that perplex those who do not know the inside working. The Republican party is by no means harmonious, and if Mr. Page should—as it is understood he will—press his claims for a gubernatorial nomination, it is quite possible that the present seemingly harmonious condition of the party may be disturbed. If Mr. Page should become the nominee of the party for Governor, there would be trouble in the camp. If Mr. Page and his friends shall endeavor to run the next State Convention in antagonism to General Miller and his friends, the unpleasantness will be pronounced. If Mr. Estee entrusts his candidacy to the "b'boy" element of San Francisco, and secures a delegation by the use of the hired machine, he will meet with the same fate in the Republican Convention that George Hearst met in the Democratic Convention. The country is honest, if it knows itself; it is honest, if it is properly informed of what is going on; it is intelligent and quick to understand the situation. There are fifty gentlemen in the ranks of the Republican party; there are men in every county in the State who are competent and available candidates for Governor, and who, if nominated, and nominated by independent and honorable men, and have nothing to conceal from the people, can beat General Stoneman. We have time and time again indicated the kind of men who ought to be placed in nomination by the Republicans—men of brains and courage, and of whom specific pledges need not be required because of their known intelligence and integrity. This is true not only of the office of Governor, but of Railroad Commissioners and the Board of Equalization. James McM. Shafter of Marin County, ex-Chief Justice Rhodes of Santa Clara, Hon. John F. Swift of San Francisco, Hon. Newton Booth of Sacramento, Donald McRuer of San Francisco, Mr. Jewett of Marysville, E. A. Davis of Yuba, Irving Scott of San Francisco, Joseph Russ of Humboldt, Mayor Blake of San Francisco, D. G. Payne of Santa Clara, Socrates Huff of Alameda, John Mansfield of Los Angeles, J. P. Stearns of Santa Barbara, Sperry or Doak of San Joaquin, Charles Felton of San Mateo, Cyrus Wheeler of Sacramento, Hilborne of Solano. These names come to us as we write. They are honorable men, who, if elected to office, would first inform themselves of the duties they would be called upon to perform, and would then conscientiously perform them. There are other and as good or better men all over the State; modest men who have not the cheek to press themselves for office. What the *Argonaut* would like to aid in bringing about is a thoroughly deliberate State Convention, where

Republicans can meet in consultation; where measures can be discussed, and men considered; where there is an open, free, and deliberate exchange of opinions. Let us choose for Governor some man of brains; a man who would bring to the discharge of his administrative duties intelligent capacity. For Controller and Treasurer let us have men of financial sense, and for members of Congress, comprehensive, brainy, eloquent men—all things else being equal, gentlemen preferred. For judges and for Attorney-General we really ought to have lawyers if they are attainable. For the Railroad Commission, and Board of Equalization, we should like to be able to get on without consulting W. W. Stow, the railroad, the corporations, the great land-owners, the millionaires, Higgins, Gannon, Chute, Peter Donohue, Charles Webb Howard, Frank Page and his flunkies, General Miller and his friends, or Black-and-Tan and his gang. General Miller has made a good senator; Mr. Frank Page has done good service in Congress upon the Chinese question, and Black-and-Tan is no end of use in doing necessary dirty work for the party; but when we who stay at home and pay taxes meet together to choose the officers of a State government for the management of our State affairs, we ought to be let alone, and we ought to have our own way, and Federal officers, Government stipendiaries, corporation agents, ward-strikers, and political vagabonds who pay no taxes, ought to mind their own business.

The Reverend Mr. Lines, of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, resigns his pastorate, and after a visit to Eastern relatives, will enter upon missionary duty in San Bernardino, Southern California. The parish of St. Luke will miss its young clergyman, and the country round about Riverside will be fortunate in getting him. He has built up a congregation in the Western Addition, and he will do it again in a broader field. He is young, enthusiastic, and in earnest; has sense, courage, and push; he looks upon his profession as one demanding practical works. In parish duty he is indefatigable; in the performance of his clerical ministrations he recognizes natural forces, does not ignore the laws of science, believes in the rotary motion of the earth, in gravitation, centrifugal and centripetal forces; will not dash his brains out against a geological rock; has common sense, and when asked some metaphysical spiritual conundrum regarding miracles, inspiration, immaculate conception, transubstantiation, election, foreordination, total depravity, original sin, future punishment, and the ten times ten thousand other catechetical brain-posers, has the courage to answer, "I don't know." He is abreast with the science of the age, keeps step to its progress, thinks the church a live institution, and believes he has a field of useful labor in it. Beside all this, he is loyal to Bishop Kip, and has aided, with the other young clergymen and all the lay gentlemen of the bishopric, to uphold his hands—now growing old and feeble—against the machinations of certain Episcopal Jesuits, who for these many years have intrigued against him. We wish our young Episcopal friend success in his new field of labor.

The Sunday-law was enacted by a Democratic legislature. After reposing as a dead letter for a time it was revived in aid of the Irish temperance movement, inspired by the Catholic Church, and given new vitality under a legal decision of Chief Justice Morrison, an American Democrat, who owes his election to the sole fact that he is a Catholic convert and candidate of the sand-lot. The Democratic convention, hoping to catch the German vote, resolves against sumptuary laws, and refuses to put a German on their ticket. Germans are fond of lager, but unless they think through their bellies and see under their moustaches, they won't be caught by this. Nicht wahr?

Police-Inspector Waddy, of New York, has recently died from eating pie and drinking milk. He was very conscientious in the performance of his duty. We know several police officers who drink whisky, don't eat pie, shirk their duty every chance they get, and are yet living to a good old age. Moral—Do not eat pie, do not drink milk, do not do your official duty, and you will live to a good old age.

Will S. Green, of the Colusa *Sum*, received thirty votes for Railroad Commissioner. We believe him now, when he says he had rather edit the columns of the *Sum*. He would rather be maintaining the high and noble prerogative of an American citizen, than to be a party dog and bay the political moon. "Sour grapes set the children's teeth on edge."

Twenty-five thousand greasy and unkempt immigrants are the daily average now landing at Castle Garden for distribution throughout our country. The land and government that can digest the ignorance, crime, squalor, disease, and dirt that is embraced in an annual million of immigrants must have the stomach of an ostrich.

Mr. Russ Stephens, of Sacramento, late deputy-controller under Browne, thinks of emigrating to Ireland, starting a sand-heap of his own, and running for controller of the Irish currency, whenever that most distressful people shall whip the English government, and establish a nation.

BOB AND BETTY.

Their Struggle to Prevent their Course of Love from Running Smooth.

Betty clasped her hands under her head, and yawned a little as she looked at pretty Emily Ashton.

"Indifferent?" she said; "well, really, Emmy, it's such an old story, you know; we've been brought up on it, Bob and I; how can we be enthusiastic?"

Mrs. Ashton sighed. "You are the most impossible couple," she said. "Ah, Betty, how time changes everything! Five years ago you were a child, Bob was in college, and I was a bride; now you are the bride, and I am a widow at twenty-three."

"I am not a bride yet," said Betty, aggressively. "No, but you will be to-morrow. Is there another girl in the world, I wonder, who would insist upon spending the afternoon before her wedding-day out in the woods with a parcel of noisy children? Have you no romance, no sentiment, no imagination? Why, child, for weeks before I was married I was in a perfect dream. Do you never feel like that? Have you no regrets for the life of girlish freedom you will leave behind?"

Betty looked up at the blue October sky, as it shone between the yellow heeches. "I shall not leave it behind," she said. "Bob and I get on so well together, and my life will be so little changed only to go from our house across the street to Bob's; the homestead is his, you know, since his mother died. As to getting married, I want it done quietly."

At this minute a shrill Swiss jodel sounded from the river, and a slender cedar boat shot into sight. There were two young men in it. One held the rudder cords, and flung a cigarette into the river as they came up; the other was pulling the boat, and looking back over his left shoulder to make a landing.

"Catch the painter, Betty," said Bob.

"How late you are; we are ravenous," replied Betty, as she obeyed him.

When the boat was tied, and Bob had introduced his friend, Joseph Hardy, the young men built a fire, and Betty made coffee, and Jack, and Rudolf, and Lottie were called from their beechnutting, and everybody was very lively and witty, and unromantically hungry, and altogether they had a very jolly picnic, and went home at last in a high state of satisfaction.

There was nothing very particular about Hardy; he was a negative sort of fellow, but he was different from any young man that Betty had ever seen, and she thought it was a pity Bob was not like his friend.

The wedding day was peerless, and the old parsonage where Betty lived was noisy and cheery with the wedding bustle. Plump Mother Browne, between smiles and tears, was bringing out her great white loaves of bride-cake; the parson was in the cellar, unearthing certain cobwebbed bottles of currant wine, golden with age, which Grandmother Browne had long since set apart and labeled, "For Betty's wedding."

Suddenly Parson Browne appeared with cobwebs on his hair and an open telegram in his hand. "Your great-great-uncle Eben is dying," he announced. "I must go at once; I can catch the nine-thirty express."

"And the wedding?" gasped Mrs. Browne.

"You'll have to get Brother Gilman."

"I never," said Betty firmly, "will he married by anybody but father. We'll wait till you come back; it will make no difference."

"Why, no," said Bob, "no difference at all. Betty and I are always here. We can be married any time we happen to want to."

So it seemed, after all, there was to be no wedding that day. The bride-cake was put away, and the four young people stood on the shady piazza looking at each other blankly. Mr. Hardy seated himself on the railing and rolled a cigarette.

He was a happy fellow, in that he was never at a loss what to do next.

"What shall we do now?" asked Betty. "We ought to do something."

"Yes; it is flat to do nothing when we expected to be married," said Bob.

"I will tell you," cried Betty; "let us take the big wagon, and go to Bald Mountain. Mother will give us lunch, and we can have a picnic."

"Betty thinks a picnic is a cure for every ill on earth," declared Bob.

"Bob is certain that I am horribly disappointed not to be married," she retorted; and the two went off to consult Mrs. Browne.

"Who would ever imagine those two people to be in love with each other?" asked Emily Ashton in despair.

Hardy shook the blaze from a match and dropped it over the railing.

"Nobody would," he replied; "they are not."

They went to Bald Mountain, and they had a charming day, but that night, when Betty brushed her hair she thought again that it was a pity Bob was so unlike his friend. Father would be back next day, and she would be married to Bob, of course, but if—

Betty put out her light, and opened her blinds. Across the street, on the piazza of Bob's home, (would it be hers to-morrow?) somebody was walking and smoking. Hardy, of course. Bob was sound asleep. Bob had no romance.

"Ah, me—if only—"

Betty closed her blinds and crept into bed.

All the same it was Bob who paced the piazza and smoked in the dark.

"It is a confounded pity," he said; but he did not say what was a pity.

Well, Parson Browne would be back next day, and they would be married, and Betty was an uncommonly nice girl—but—

He threw away his cigar end, and went in to bed.

But Par on Browne did not come back next day, nor next, nor next; in fact three weeks went by, and poor old Eben Browne still lingered, "dying daily," and would not let his nephew leave his side for half an hour.

Both Mrs. Ashton and Hardy declared it was absurd to stay, and still they stayed from day to day. They passed the time in riding and driving and rowing, in tennis and music, and all manner of joyous devices, and yet they were not joyous. Something had gone wrong somehow. The leaves had fallen, the mountains far away were capped with snow; it was November; the very sunlight was a hollow glare; the world was out of joint completely. One afternoon Bob found Betty alone in the old-fashioned parlor before a little wood fire. She had not been crying, of course. What should Betty have to cry for? And yet her lashes were wet.

As he came in she looked up and then looked down, and sighed. She had thought it might be Hardy, who had come in to lounge awhile before the fire, and tease her, and scold her, and laugh at her, and through it all to make her strangely happy, as was his indolent custom in those days. Of course Betty was not in love with Hardy; she was only out of love with Bob, and so she sighed and looked into the fire.

"Where's Emily?" asked Bob.

Betty gave a little start. "Emily has gone to Salishury Mills with mother and Jack, to buy herself some new widows' caps."

"Oh," said Bob, "I should have thought she might be leaving off those things by this time; he's been dead three years."

"Four years," Betty corrected; "but she says she never will leave the caps off. I think they are becoming to Emmy."

Bob made no reply, and fell to studying the fire gloomily.

"I wish I knew what to say to Betty, confound it all!" he was thinking.

"Dear me, dear me," thought Betty, "how shall I ever tell him in this world!"

Women speak first, as a general thing.

"Bob," said Betty, timidly.

"Well?" said Bob, still staring at the fire.

"You know I am very fond of you, Bobby."

"Yes, of course," he said; but he thought, "Now, hang it, why need she make everything so much harder by becoming affectionate all of a sudden. Poor little Betty, how badly she'll feel when I tell her. Yet it is kinder to her to be honest."

"Yes, Bobby, I am very fond of you; but lately, do you know, dear, I have come to feel that I only love you—as a brother."

"What!" said Bob, looking up suddenly.

"Oh, I know it is wrong," cried Betty, "and I know how bad you'll feel, Bob dear, but I can't help it. I can never marry you in the world. I do not love you in that way a bit."

Bob crossed to Betty with a single stride, and dropped into a chair beside her.

"Why, Betty," he exclaimed, "that is exactly what I have been wanting to say to you, only I didn't know how the deuce to say it. I thought you'd feel so badly."

"Bob Howard," said Betty, suddenly erect and vivacious, "you thought that I'd feel badly?"

"Why, yes; I thought you loved me."

"I never really loved you for one minute in that way."

"Then you perjured yourself?"

"Well, so did you."

"It was a long time ago, though."

"It is very well, Bob Howard," said Mistress Betty, with blazing cheeks, "that we found out our mistake before it was too late. How utterly absurd it would have been for me to have promised to obey you."

"Quite as ridiculous," returned Bob, with spirit, "as for me to promise to worship you. Why will your father cling to his grandfather's clumsy old English service?"

Both laughed, though more with vexation than mirth.

"You see," said Betty, "I never could forget, Bob, if I lived a thousand years, what a perfectly horrid boy you used to be."

"And I should always be thinking," Bob rejoined, "what a little tom-boy of a girl you used to be, forever tagging."

"Bob Howard, I never, never tagged."

"Forever tagging," persisted Bob, doggedly.

"You put a toad in my desk at the red school-house once."

"Yes, because you told who broke the meeting-house window."

"I should think you might have forgotten that in the course of years."

"It strikes me we are getting decidedly childish, Betty; can't we talk this matter over like a pair of rational beings?"

"It isn't a rational matter, Bob."

"At least we can agree to disagree."

"And I can give you back your ring."

"Can't you wear it as a friend?"

"No; friends do not give rings."

She took off the ring, and handed it to him.

"Throw it into the fire," he commanded, without touching it.

"If we are to act like rational beings, Bob, you must put it in your pocket. It would be theatrical to throw it into the fire."

"Very well," he said; "give it to me."

She obeyed him, and they sat for some time without speaking; then Betty broke out:

"How ridiculous it would have been for us to be married!"

"Perfectly ridiculous!"

"And of all things in the world, Bob, I bated to appear ridiculous."

And that evening both Betty and Bob were exceedingly merry. Betty played cribbage with Hardy, and Emily and Bob sang duets at the other end of the room. By and by Hardy and Betty popped corn over the glowing coals, and Bob and Emily went out to walk on the piazza.

The sun rose twice, and set twice, and rose again, and Parson Browne came home.

Mrs. Browne once more unwrapped her bride-cakes, and unlocked her best damask, and her great-grand-mother's wine-glasses, with twisted stems, and once more the parsonage was alive with cheerful preparations for the wedding. For Betty and Bob had been too cowardly to tell anybody of the change in their relations. It was such an awkward and uncomfortable sort of thing to do. They had quite given themselves up to enjoying the companionship of Mrs. Ashton and Hardy. They did not, however, enjoy themselves

or their friends so amazingly. Could it be that the zest was gone because the fruit was no longer forbidden?

They were so happy and so cheerful that one night Betty fairly cried herself to sleep for very joy, and Bob, across the street, walked the piazza till nearly midnight, smoking and thinking what a relief it was to be his own man once more, and free to choose for himself.

But Parson Browne had come, and who would break the joyful news to him? Betty sent Rudolf across the street, to request Bob to meet her in the parlor for a moment.

She peeped into the glass, and smoothed her pretty chestnut hair. She untied the blue ribbon at her throat, and put on a cherry one instead. Bob said she was a little guy in blue, and though Bob was her lover no longer, yet she need not make herself a fright in Bob's eyes because Mr. Hardy liked blue. She ran down stairs, and stopped with a start inside the parlor door, for she saw Bob standing, back to her, staring out of the window, with his hands in his pockets.

"You came very quickly," said Betty; "Rudolf has hardly been gone two minutes."

"I did not see Rudolf," said Bob. "I did not know you sent for me. I came of my own accord."

"Oh," said Betty, and went and sat down by the fire. She folded her pretty, ringless hands, and for a moment contemplated the back of Bob's great tweed coat as if she was considering the fit of it.

"You sent for me, then," said he, still looking into the orchard. "What do you want?"

"Why—er—nothing," said Betty. "You came of your own accord to see me; what did you want?"

"Nothing," echoed Bob, crisply.

"Why, Bob, you must have come for something."

"And you, of course, did not send for me for nothing!"

"How absurd we are. Tell me your errand first."

"Place aux dames," said Bob, with alarming politeness.

"You are certainly in a very bad temper to-day."

"Persons who wear colored glasses say all the world is blue."

Mistress Betty flushed, but she shut her teeth tightly. She had not sent for Bob to quarrel with him. Bob left the window, and began promenading up and down the room.

"I hope you enjoy your freedom, Bob," said Betty.

"Immensely," he replied. "I hope you enjoy yours."

"I never was so happy in my life," she declared energetically. "It is such a relief."

Bob stopped in his promenade.

"Is it?" he asked.

"Yes; of course it is—a great relief."

He came up to the other side of the fire.

"I say, Betty," he demanded, "has anybody told your father yet?"

"I have not," said Betty.

"Why?"

"Well, I thought it was your place."

"Certainly not. It is the lady's privilege always to announce a broken engagement."

"It is a pleasure I will gladly forego."

"You can not forego it. Your father must be told. You know we can not go in this way any longer, Betty. It is ridiculous."

Betty agreed that it was ridiculous, so ridiculous that somehow her lashes were wet with amusement.

"I don't know what the deuce they will say about it," said Bob, his hands still in his pockets. "It is certainly very awkward for us both."

Betty made no reply. The fire scorched her face, and she was obliged to spread a Japanese fan that lay near by to screen herself. Her right foot peeped out from under her gown, and it occurred to Bob that Betty certainly did possess the trimmest little foot in Christendom.

"They were both busy thinking for a long time."

"Do you know what came into my head this morning, Betty—something that I haven't thought of for years?"

"No, Bob, how should I?"

"I was thinking of the time I fell and hurt myself in Barker's mill, and you ran the whole way to the village for the doctor."

"It was just as well I tagged that time, Bobby."

"You never tagged. I was a brute the other day."

Betty glanced at Bob over the top of her fan, and it occurred to her that, after all, his stalwart young figure was handsomer than the languid length of Hardy's.

"You always used to help me in my algebra. I was always a stupid little goose in mathematics. I must have tried your patience many times; I was so dull."

"I never thought you dull."

Another silence, Betty peeping at Bob, between the sticks of her hand-screen; Bob staring at the crimson Fusi-yama, on a ground of blue and drab, on Betty's fan.

"Betty!" said Bob, rather explosively.

"Yes, Bob."

"Doesn't it strike you as rather ridiculous, at this late day, to tell your father that we do not—do not love each other?"

"I don't know, Bob."

Bob left his side of the fire, and crossing, sat down beside Betty on the tiny sofa.

"Put down the fan," he said.

But she wouldn't; she even turned her head away from him.

He took her hand, the left hand, where his ring had been.

"You needn't obey me, you know, Betty, if you didn't want to."

"And it would be very silly, Bob, for you to worship me, I'm sure."

He had possession of both her hands by this time, and the fan was nowhere.

"I'll tell you what it is, Betty," he said, "it has simply come to this, that the next step must be worship, for the last two days have taught me that I can not love you any better if I try a lifetime."

Betty considered awhile.

"I'll tell father, Bobby, if you want me to," she said, with amazing humility, "that we've agreed to break off—"

"Look here," said Bob, "we are going to let this matter drop now, you know, and by this time to-morrow—"

Betty skillfully eluded his embrace.

"By this time to-morrow, my dear, you will have lost your individuality; you'll be Betty Howard's husband!"—*Eleanor Putnam in Boston Courier.*

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The appointment of Judge Underwood to the Tariff Commission calls to mind an incident of his early years. Some one asked his father, then a Federal Judge in Georgia, what his son's politics were. "I don't know," was the nonchalant reply; "I haven't seen the boy since breakfast."

When Dan Rice left New Orleans a couple of years ago, says the *Picayune*, he wrote back to the hotel-keeper, saying: "I left my overcoat at your house. Send it by express to Cincinnati." Daniel had been dreaming. The hotel man wrote back: "You left nothing here but an unpaid board-bill. What shall I do with that?" The great humorist of the ring has not yet answered the last question.

Some officers of a British ship were dining with a mandarin at Canton, China, some time ago. One of the guests wishing for a second helping of a savory stew, which he thought was some kind of duck, and not knowing the word in Chinese, held his plate to the host, saying, with smiling approval, "Quack, quack, quack." His countenance fell when the host, pointing to the dish, responded, "Bow, wow, wow."

A down-town ten-year-old daughter went into her home yesterday afternoon, and her mother on seeing her cried: "Why, what in the world are you doing with that doll, your great big child?" "Oh, it's all right, mamma; a lady gave it to me and said I could keep it," returned the innocent girl, as she handed into the arms of her surprised and then enraged mother a three-days-old infant.—*Kingston Freeman*.

"How is the soil of Kansas?" asked one of the group, as the traveler paused. "Richest in the world, sir," was the reply. "I know a New York State man who went to Kansas seven years ago with only fifteen dollars in cash, and he is now worth twenty thousand dollars." "Whew! What did he raise principally?" "I believe it was a check, sir; but they couldn't exactly prove it on him."—*Wall Street News*.

Inquiring, a month ago, the price of small plates of strawberries which he saw on a buffet at a swell Paris restaurant, a visitor was told a "franc." When the bill came, the strawberries were charged ten francs. "They are a franc apiece," explained the waiter. The visitor rose to leave with a grin. "You have forgotten the waiter, sir," said that functionary. "Forgotten you! Why, I have left you a strawberry, equivalent to a franc," and the indignant visitor brushed brusquely out.

On the day of Mademoiselle Rothschild's marriage at the synagogue in the Rue de la Victoire, Paris, a man with a wooden leg planted himself at a neighboring corner, with the idea that such a position on such an occasion would prove a source of considerable emolument. A few moments later a man with two wooden legs stationed himself on the opposite side of the street. Thereupon the first corner, after an inspection of his gifted rival, departed in melancholy disappointment.

While Longfellow was a professor at Bowdoin College he once called up a student who was utterly unprepared to recite. A fellow-student endeavored to help the delinquent youth by prompting him in a whisper, which, however, was so loud as to be heard all through the room. The professor did not interrupt, but when the student stopped of his own accord, remarked quietly: "Your recitation reminds me of a Spanish theatre, where the prompter is more important than the actor."

An eminent violinist, at a certain concert given in honor of Berlioz, having played the "Réverie et Caprice" of that composer with much applause, said immediately afterward to Mendelssohn, who was near him: "I am glad I have got through it; I never had such a task in my life; I have not the remotest idea what I have been playing, or what the piece can be about." At the same moment Berlioz was exclaiming: "Never have I heard an artist who has so completely caught my meaning, and so wonderfully interpreted it."

A rather seedy-looking customer enters a bathing establishment, where the employees view him with alarm and apprehension, make him wait an unconscionably long time, put him on half-rations of soap, and serve him with damp towels. His patient merit takes all their spurns uncomplainingly, and when he departs he gives the attendant half a crown. Stupefaction and regret of the employees, who when next the seedy customer appears neglect all the other bathers to anticipate his every want. On going out he graciously tips them with two coppers. Renewed surprise and stupefaction of the attendants. "Gentlemen," says the seedy customer, blandly, "the two coppers are for your services yesterday. The half-crown I gave you then was for what you have done to day."—*New York World*.

The Duchess of Chevreuse, of the time of Napoleon I., was immensely wealthy, and like the other aristocrats of her day declined to appear at the usurper's court. The emperor, who had made up his mind that the representatives of the old nobility should grace it, dropped a hint one evening to one of the friends of the family of Luynes that unless the duchess appeared at the next reception at the Tuilleries he would allow the decision of the courts in the Concini case (to which the Luynes owed much of their immense fortune) to be revised. After this there was nothing for the duchess but to make her appearance, and accordingly she was present at the next reception. She had suffered from attack of small-pox, which had left its traces on her face. "Ah, it is you, madame?" said Napoleon, with his brutal frankness; "but I say, you're all pock-pitted!" "I know it, sire," replied the duchess, with a bow, "but a Frenchman would not have reminded me of it!" The duchess's retort was in the same style—though neater—as that of the lady who, when one evening the emperor called her up, and remarked loudly: "Are you as fond of men as ever?" replied, as she turned on her heel and walked off, "Yes, sire, so long as they have good manners!"—*Le Figaro*.

THE LATEST VERSE.

The Bells of San Blas.

What say the bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbor of Mazatlan?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the shore—
Nothing more to master or man.
But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
Are often one and the same—
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than a name.

* * * * *
"Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build."
O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the past again;
The past is deaf to your prayer!
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

—A portion of the posthumous poem of Henry W. Longfellow in the *July Atlantic*.

The Two Painters: An Art Fable.

In art some hold themselves content
If they but compass what they meant;
Others prefer, their purpose gained,
Still to find something unattained—
Something for which they vaguely grope
With no more aid than that of Hope.
Which are the wiser? Who shall say?
The prudent follower of Gay
Refrains to speak for either view,
But slips his fable 'twixt the two.
Once—'twas in good Queen Anne's time—
While yet in this benighted clime
The Genius of the Arts (now known
On mouldy pediments alone)
Protected all the men of mark,
Two painters met her in the park.
Whether she wore the robe of air
Portrayed by Verrio and Laguerre;
Or, like Belinda, trod this earth,
Equipped with hoop of monstrous girth,
And armed at every point for slaughter
With essences and orange-water,
I know not; but it seems that then,
After some talk of brush and pen—
Some chat of art both high and low,
Of Van's "goose-pie" and Kneller's "mat"—
The lady, as a goddess should,
Bade them ask of her what they would.
"Then, madam, my request," says Brisk,
Giving his Ramilles a whisk,
"Is that your Majesty will crown
My humble efforts with renown.
Let me, I beg it—thanks to you—
Be praised for everything I do—
Whether I paint a man of note,
Or only plan a petticoat."
"Nay," quoth the other, "I confess,"
(This one was plainer in his dress,
And even poorly clad,) "for me,
I scorn your popularity.
Why should I care to catch at once
The point of view of every dunce?
Let me do well, indeed, but find
The fancy first, the work behind;
Nor wholly touch the thing I wanted. . ."
The goddess both petitions granted.

Each, in his way, achieved success;
But one grew great. And which one? Guess,
—Austin Dobson in the *Magazine of Art*.

A Welcome—April 27, 1882.

The thrushes were singing between the showers,
Between the showers of an April day;
And they said, "There is noise in the tall old towers
Of marriage-bells, and of roundelay.
Oh, the world," each sang to his mate, "looks gay,
When it seems a garden that holds but two!
Green be the garden as meads in May,
And God give His sunshine all the year through.
"From the leaf and the blossom of other bowers
Came a princess through the salt sea spray;
But now she is ours!" they sang, "she is ours!
She has come with the spring, she has come to stay.
Soft blow the winds in her path at play!
Never be cloud on her reach of blue;
Fair be the fields where her feet shall stray,
And God give His sunshine all the year through."

Other thrushes and other flowers
Shall she miss from the springs of the future? Nay.
Not if the welcome of these first bours
Half the wish of our heart can say—
Not if the tribute our tongue can pay
Be half as loud as the bonnage is true—
Oh, blest be the garden as Eden clay,
And God give His sunshine all the year through.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, be sure of the hearts that pray,
While summer is breaking for her and for you—
Blossoms make lovely each step of your way,
And God give His sunshine all the year through.
—Alec Probyn in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Ode.

I once loved to battle with life's stormy waves,
That bear men, through trouble and triumph, to
graves;
But now the bold vigor of youth is no more,
I yearn for the meadows and streamlets of yore.
I see in them beauties that for me have slept,
Till the silver grey locks 'mid the sable have crept;
And now, like a flood, the sweet memories flow
Of the days of my childhood—summers ago
Each blossoming flow'et and towering tree
Some fond recollection embodies for me.
Where the fragrance of roses floats sweet on the air,
And the blossoms the impress of innocence bear,
'Tis there my thought fly, like the bird to its nest,
Where its little ones lovingly nestle at rest.
From the turmoil of cities I lovingly look
To the thyme-scented banks of some murmuring
brook.
Far, far from this Babel of Mammon-rapt souls
(Where the juggernaut car of gaunt misery rolls)
To a valley where violets lurk in the shade
Of the wide-spreading branches of some sylvan glade.
—London Life.

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The didactic Charles Reade, writing once of Anna Oldfield of the silver voice, said: "Oldfield was the woman (there is always one) who used the tones of nature upon the stage in that day. She ranted at times like her neighbors, but she never ranted out of tune like them. Her declamation was nature *alias* art-thundering; theirs was artifice-raving. Her treatment of words was as follows: She mastered them in the tone of household speech; she then gradually built up these simple tones into a gorgeous edifice of music and meaning; but though dilated, heightened, and embellished, they never lost their original truth." When the sweet-voiced English stranger came upon the stage, half-frightened and half-confident, the other night, in the placid beginning of that maelstrom of incident, "Caryswold," this passage occurred to me, and I looked it up, for the lady's household speech was a thing of music. Hard upon this paragraph came another: "Let the stage-voice and the dramatic voice, the artificial and the artistic, the bastard and the legitimate, the false and the true, be kept apart upon separate stages, and there is no security that the public will not, as far as hands go, applaud the monotonous lie more than the melodious truth. But set the lie and the truth side by side upon fair terms, and the public becomes a critic." I wish Mr. Charles Reade could have been there to hear when the new actress began to chatter to her husband in the drama with that pleasant little coo with which fond wives tickle the ears of their mates. What with the pretty stage settings of the morning room and the refinement of the chirping wife, Mr. Hugh Hylton seemed a singularly inappropriate ornament for the hearthstone of an English manor, even to look upon. But when he spoke, ye gods! what a splutter of clipped consonants and badly snubbed vowels! while he simply sat upon our grammatical equilibrium, and crushed it to insignificance. It is rather staggering to present a public with this sort of hero—a public accustomed to its English novel, with hero, heroine, and all concerned cut upon the regulation type. I read somewhere the other day of some well-known English novelist who reels off her stories quite comfortably while she sits in her carriage on her way to the drawing-room. The longer the blockade, the longer her chapter. Does not all the world know just what sort of gentry we shall meet in this indefatigable creature's books? "Caryswold" itself might be one of them, and even though the hero be a villain, he should be a gentleman in the English acceptance of the word. Fastidious readers blackball anything less than an Oxford man nowadays. The common world may be introduced below stairs or upon the turf, but while all the interesting people in fiction live in halls, and granges, and abbays, and one thing or other, the fair-haired gentleness of England, and of books and plays, must be matched. Here is Elinor Hylton in the person of Miss Ward, a tall, slender, graceful woman, with straight-marked brows, a blonde, abundant *chevelure*, and a certain refinement of style typical of a race of fair young women on the sea-girt island. She has done all her English duties, married and buried a country gentleman, who lives in beautiful Caryswold, and not in plain, matter-of-fact number six hundred and ninety or four hundred and something. As a rich widow, with a young son whose handsome fortune she holds in trust, she is a welcome guest in the stately homes of England, preserves in which aristocratic game naturally abounds. She is won by a handsome, specious villain, whom she yet loves, and for this handsome specious villain the stage-manager gives her a McCloskey. Fancy a McCloskey browsing among the stately homes of England! But the new actress rose triumphant above the stage-manager's indiscretion. "Caryswold" is advertised as her own play. Perhaps it is, for everything but these two parts, husband and wife, is thrown very much in the shade. As for poor Elinor, her experience between the morning when she enters, fresh-hearted and voluble, after a gallop across country, embraces such a very storm of misfortune that there is really not very much room for the little troubles of any one else to slip in. Things are so delightfully prompt in the drama. Ordinarily when a man wants to put his wife in an insane asylum, he is deterred by the amount of bother involved. Men do not like bother. But in "Caryswold" the physician's certificate is signed and the straight-jacket men waiting below almost before the villain has matured his plot. This incarceration of sane women is a favorite subject with the dramatists, but their heroines usually come out of the experience as good as they went in. The screams and yells of the mad ones, the hopeless struggle against bars

and bolts, the contact with diseased wits, does not infect them as it does poor old Lear. They rise superior to all this sort of thing, and are ready for the fifth act at any moment. But poor Elinor Hylton, by the time the second act closes in wreaths of fire and pillars of smoke—a thrilling fire scene, truly—after a struggle almost to the death with her amiable husband; after coming unexpectedly upon her baby in the next room, and finding that her lord had given the child his soothing-syrup, made up of morphine; after finding herself in a burning building, with every door of escape locked, Elinor was at last a little "off." I do not think that the state of her mind concerned any of us so much as the manner of her escape. The curtain falls upon her, sinking into the calmness of despair, and the writhing flames coming, to say the least, unpleasantly near. How does she get out? People sunken into the calmness of despair lose their activity, and though she were a tight-rope walker there is no chance for her. "I decline to see the rest of the play," cries Amigo, "till I know what loophole was left her. So far as I can see she must have been caught by a high wind and blown up through the roof." But the stage-manager forbore to explain, and there she was as right as a trivet, in body at least, in the next act, which fortunately introduced us to some new people. The first hatch must have been pretty well worn out by this time. Here were all old friends in a pretty group, Bradley in his jolly old sea-dog humor, and Grismer in a beard and white gaiters, and Phoebe Davies in a quaint, pretty costume and an absurdly small part, and Miss Constance Murielle as a vivacious ingénue, when in upon them walks McCloskey Hylton, and makes downright love to Lillian, is, in fact, her betrothed. "My dear," she says, prettily, in that quiet way in which women make their most preposterous propositions. "My dear, if we are going to take our bridal trip in a yacht upon the Mediterranean I have a friend whom I should like, of all others, to take with us, a poor crazed woman who wanders about in rags, and in whom I have taken an unusual interest." O heavenly elastic drama, so abundant in possibilities, so utterly irrefutable in anything, for your dramatist, if you attempt to refute, will only smile pityingly upon you, and say "truth is stranger than fiction." No one ever tries to gainsay a well-established saying or a proverb, and yet what a jolly lark this, a bridal couple taking a howling lunatic upon a yachting excursion to the blue Mediterranean. "Certainly, my dear," says McCloskey Hylton, and promptly proceeds to embrace her rapturously before the whole family, as stage lovers always do, when hark! a cry, and enter the cindered wife, her poor wits astray. Quite an Ophelia scene this, with the poor creature fantastically trimmed in flowers, and singing snatches of song, and played with thorough understanding and considerable power. "Nevertheless," says Amigo, even while he joined heartily in the plaudits which followed her stormily awakened reason, "nevertheless these English actresses of this particular type always do mince a little when it comes to the strong parts. Something in their soft measured treble strikes me as dramatic weakness." "Out upon you for a vandal," say I; "would you have a British matron, even in a play, roar out stormy passion like a Phèdre or a Deborah? This is an emotional drama; this is not a tragedy." "Oh," cries Amigo, ruefully, and explained that the close of the second act had struck him as having, at least, approached the confines of tragedy. "For all that," he said, "I like your Miss Ada Ward very well, and I find myself being affected daily more and more by this English wave, which is sweeping over the land." "But this is not an English wave at all," I cry; "this is simply a sensational play of questionable merit, for although its interest is really quite intense, it is the fault of every single scene and dialogue in it that it is protracted a shade too far, being thoroughly well played in all parts but one, by a very good company and a very good star. True, the star is English, but she is not a part of the English wave." "And pray, what would you call the English wave?" asks Amigo, "for you imply that there is one." "Oh yes, all the world knows that Lester Wallack is importing young English actors by the hatch. Indeed the papers read as if they came twelve on a card, and were sent by express marked C. O. D. They drift this way now and then. We have had Montague, and Coghlan, and Tearle, and Eyre, and Harry Lee. Confess now, that if Lee, for example, could have taken the place of Colton, we should have had a more harmonious ensemble, and 'Caryswold' would have seemed a vastly better play." And Amigo did confess, and why not? If the specialists come to us now, as they do every day, with an Irishman in an Irish part, a Dutchman in a Dutch part, and a Jew in a Jewish part, why may we not have a gentleman villain in a villain part in a play cast in the upper stratum? Your lily-handed, courtly villains, like Grandcourt and a dozen others, are the sort of gentry we want. This Colton is really only half a bad actor according to his lights, but his lights are not the white, brilliant flash of drawing-rooms, but the yellow, murky glare of low life in the slums; of the undiscovered region which is the home of sensational melodrama. People sitting in high places do wrong, but they do it daintily, as they eat asparagus or tap

their egg-shells. In short, what we need upon the stage is gilt-edged villainy, a fine binding for a very bad article. And where are we to find it? All the handsome young men want winning parts, and decline to put themselves at odds with an audience. But how an actress will jump at a female villain part. Oddly enough, there is not a had woman in all "Caryswold." Ah, yes! I had forgotten Jory, the nurse; but she repents at the eleventh hour and sets all straight, so that although she does some pretty shocking things, it is a mere veneer of badness.

"Caryswold" is quite smoothly written, with an outburst of genuine eloquence, and an offsetting bit of weakness here and there as well. "Oh, heavens!" cries the persecuted Elinor every time she gets into a fresh box, and strangely enough, while "Oh, heaven" is a solemn invocation, "Oh, heavens!" is a vulgarity. Women say it testily when they prick their fingers with a cambric needle, or break a fractious button off their glove, but when they solemnly adjure, there is but one heaven to appeal to. Yet, for all, "Caryswold" is a strong and interesting play, and Miss Ada Ward a stronger and more interesting actress than has paced the Baldwin boards this long and many a day. BETSY B.

On the recent Saturday night that Mrs. Langtry appeared in her farewell benefit in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, there was present an audience of two thousand persons. At the end, the lady responded to the prolonged applause by the following speech:

I should like so much to tell you before I leave Edinburgh how grateful I am for the kind way in which you have received me—really so much more than I deserved or expected; because, of course, I am quite a novice, and all the great talent comes here from all parts of the world. I have only been on the stage a very short time—since January nineteen, so that this makes my nineteenth week. Now, it is impossible to learn to act in that short time, any more than to paint a picture. I am as much surprised to find myself standing here before you as you must be to see me. I have a great deal to learn; but I shall work very, very hard, in the hope that the next time I come here I may really merit your approval. I shall remember my first visit to Edinburgh with the greatest pleasure; and, indeed, I ought to feel quite at home here, for I am half Scotch. My mother is a Scotchwoman, and was born in this town. I am very proud of it. I can only repeat my thanks, and hope that it may not be long before I come back to this beautiful Edinburgh and "bonnie Scotland."

She was the subject of an ovation the next day, at her hotel, where over a thousand people assembled. The delicate artfulness of this farewell speech will place Mrs. Langtry in an exalted position among the clever impromptu speech-makers. We use the word "impromptu" because the Scotch papers claim that merit for the speech; but to have composed extemporaneously an address containing such graceful insinuation and charming flattery, Mrs. Langtry must be gifted with forensic ability that is only equaled by her reputedly supreme self-possession.

Henry Irving is under engagement to come to America a year from next fall, and in the mean time we shall be treated, says the *Sun*, no doubt, to a great deal of information about his greatness as an actor, and his popularity in England. Whatever may be the estimate of Irving's quality, there can be no doubt of his success; and he has not achieved it by advertising dodges. He went on the stage at eighteen, and for ten years played in traveling companies, at first very badly. Toward the latter part of that period he began to show improvement, doing best in comic characters. His first London opportunity was as Digby Grant, in "Two Roses," and his first hit in a serious part was as Mathias in "The Bells." He soon became manager of the Lyceum Theatre, and in that position, backed by a while by capital advanced by Lady Burdette-Coutts, was able to give himself every possible advantage in the way of able support and fine scenery. His conduct in private life, too, has been such as to win the countenance of cultivated people, and it is fashionable in London to admire him.

"That the summer season is upon us in New York," says the Boston *Gazette's* correspondent, writing from that locality, "is proved more by last Tuesday's *Herald* than by the state of the thermometer. There was not a single line of amusements in the body of the paper—not even the head-line occurred. The *Herald* notices every sort of performance given in the city, and out of it, for that matter, so the absence of the amusement column showed that there was nothing to chronicle. Monday night is the 'first night,' so Tuesday morning's paper is a record of hirings, and I have never before, except perhaps in July, seen the record blank."

At Haverly's California Theatre next week J. K. Emmet will continue in "Fritz in Ireland." Mr. Frohman will resume the management of the Baldwin Theatre on Monday week. Between to-morrow and that date Jay Rial's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company will hold the boards. The Bush Street Theatre is empty, although Emerson is negotiating for its lease. At the Standard, Mitchell's Surprise Party will present on Monday night a musical comedy, "My Brudder-in-law."

The auditorium of the New York Madison Square Theatre is nightly made ten degrees cooler than the air outside, so as to enable the management to keep the house open all summer. Nearly ten tons of ice a day are used in the process.

THE DIAMONDS OF THE STARS.

Fortunes which Actresses Flash Before the Public.

There are probably few New Yorkers, remarks a writer in the New York *News*, who do not recall the magnificent jewels worn by Kate Munroe in "Olivette" and other parts at the Casino last season. They aggregated in value something like a year's salary of the President of the United States. That busy *on dit*, which is ever winging its way from ear to ear, asserted that the most superb of the collection dated its presentation to the wearer from no less a personage than the heir apparent to the English throne. Another recent vocal star among us, who was credited with deriving her gems from a royal source, was Madame Ambre, who made such a failure as a member of Colonel Mapleson's aviary, and ended by running off to Paris with the tenor of her own troupe, leaving her manager and the tenor's wife to console the company whom her French leave had involved in the throes of dissolution. Previous to her coming here Madame Ambre had occupied relations which were by no means equivocal with the old King of Holland, and her departure from Europe was ascribed to the pressure brought to bear on her by her royal protector's connections. She owned a collection of jewels valued at two hundred thousand dollars, and among them were undoubtedly some of the jewels which had once adorned the Dutch crown. A specially magnificent feature of her collection was a floral necklace of diamonds, which cost alone over fifty thousand dollars. Many of these gems were left behind by Madame Ambre, in the hands of capitalists, who had advanced money to her for the prosecution of her disastrous independent season. Like that superb ruby which Lola Montez was once so fond of wearing in her abundant hair, and which is now part of the princely collection of Mrs. J. B. Haggin, the finest gems of this latter-day beauty now aid in adorning the society leaders in America.

Aimée had an abounding adoration for diamonds, and put every dollar she could save into them, except the quarter of a million francs she spent upon her Paris house. Her collection at one time was worth, with allowance for exaggeration, at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. She bought and was presented with jewels wherever she went. Some of her finest and most valuable gems were the fruits of her Brazilian tour.

Anna Louise Cary is said to own the largest and most perfect emerald in the world. It belonged to Queen Isabella, and was bought at the sale of that erratic Spaniard's jewels in Paris two years ago. It weighs twenty-three carats, and is set in a broad band of Roman gold, studded with twenty-four large diamonds. The value of the emerald alone is set at fifty thousand dollars.

From singer to circus-rider is a long descent, but it is worth making in this instance. The famous hareback rider of Paris, Madame Elise, now dead, who was a reputed daughter of the Emperor of Austria, became famous for riding in a costume in which diamonds took the place of spangles on her tarlatan skirt, and with an arched tiara of these blazing stones in her dusky hair. We have no stars in the equestrian circle here to equal her, but the collections of Madame Dockrell and other hippic artists range in value from ten dollars to fifty thousand dollars. The three largest diamonds sold at Tiffany's last year were to circus-riders and managers. Madame Selina Dolaro is the possessor of a fine collection of diamonds. The pearl of them is a necklace which encircles her throat in every part she plays with the white splendor of a serpent of electric flame. Madame Janauschek has become the owner of probably the finest collection of gems of any actress in America. Her diamonds are simply imperial in their magnificence. Among them are four which were presented to her by the Czar Nicholas of Russia and the Queen of Bavaria, and which are worth about twelve thousand dollars apiece. She owns a wonderfully beautiful set of turquoise, in which the stones number five thousand, and a set of caruncles presented to her by a Turkish ambassador who saw her play in Venice, and which are priceless by reason of their fine quality and the uniqueness of their shapes and settings. Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, and the other prominent actresses of our stage, all own fine and more or less valuable collections of gems.

Although actresses buy diamonds for ornament, there is always a prudential sentiment associated with the investment, too. The irregularity of their professional fortunes renders them alive to the value of an investment whose cost they can get back on an emergency. There is many a "star" who scintillates about the country during the season, whose diamonds are a better friend to her than her talent before her tour is over. Even when this emergency does not arise, diamonds are looked upon as a convenient investment. They are easy to carry, and do not deteriorate in value. "They don't eat anything" is a favorite remark in regard to them by their owners—a statement many a hotel-keeper who entertains the ambulant theatre at contract rates would doubtless like to make in application to the owners themselves.

On the third of July Ristori will play Lady Macbeth in English at the Drury Lane.

CCXXXV.—Sunday, July 2.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

French Vegetable Soup.
Fried Halibut, Broiled Chicken.
Potato Salad, Fried Egg Plant, Corn.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Raspberry Cream, Lady Fingers, Apples, Cherries, Figs,
Peaches, Pears, and Apricots.

RASPBERRY CREAM.—Dissolve three-quarters of an ounce of the best isinglass, and five ounces of loaf-sugar in three-quarters of a pint of new milk, by boiling it slowly for ten minutes; strain it into a basin, and add a pint of rich cream, with the juice of three-quarters of a pint of fresh raspberries, which have been cooked with three ounces of sugar for a quarter of an hour. Strain into the mixture, and turn rapidly with an egg-beater until it begins to thicken. Dip a mould in cold water, put in the cream, and place on ice till firmly set. Turn out carefully.

We have received from F. W. Helmick, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a piece of sheet-music entitled the "Verdict March." This production is garnished with the portraits of Corkhill and Porter, the attorneys who prosecuted Guitau, Blank *et al.*, the jury who tried him, and Cox the judge who condemned him to death. The person who wrote the "march" is one Eugene L. Blake. While there can be no question as to the necessity of hanging Guitau, there is much as to the expediency of doing it to music. We were at first surprised at the extreme vulgarity of this business, but when we reflect that it came from Cincinnati (which is in Ohio) our surprise is unwarranted.

—THIS TIME IT IS MRS. SUE S. FRACKELTON, "a native, and to the manner born," who achieves, in behalf of the Western American, a victory over foreign artists as well as those of the æsthetic East. For some years the lady, almost entirely self-taught, has devoted herself to ceramic art, especially delighting in the reproduction upon China of our beautiful California sea-mosses. Some of the lady's work in this line is of exquisite beauty; as delicate in its tracery as a spider's web, and as rich in its coloring as an Italian sun-set. At the opening of the new State Exposition Building of Wisconsin, at Milwaukee, Mrs. F. exhibited a China banquet set of six hundred and fifty pieces, the work of many weary months, decorated and fired by her own hand; the subjects all from American nature, animate and inanimate. The work was so rapturously applauded by the press, that she was encouraged to place it in competition with the best ceramic work of New York and Cincinnati at the great Atlanta exposition of last year. It carried off all the honors—the gold medal, the silver cup, and the artists' award—each by a unanimous verdict of the appropriate jury. Last fall, at the International Exposition, held at Orizaba, Mexico, the lady achieved a like complete triumph, receiving, for the same set, the gold medal of the first class, in competition with the work of the best foreign artists in ceramics. Declining the most tempting offers of a place at the head of the National School of Ceramic Decoration in Mexico, Mrs. F. retains her studio in Milwaukee, and has opened there an art-school, the attendance upon which shows that there is a field for every woman who can and will do worthy work.

Oscar Wilde ran across a lynching at Bonfouca, La. A negro assailant of a white woman had been taken out of jail by a mob, and Oscar saw the hanging from a car window. The negro was a preacher, and his wild, eloquent appeals for mercy moved the æsthetic traveler greatly, but did not affect the lynchers, who quickly suspended him from a railroad bridge.

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"We see that Congressman Aldrich wants the Government to spend one hundred thousand dollars in dredging the Calumet River. Please stop this nonsense at once."—*Many Bullfrogs.*

A Missouri judge has decided that a husband is responsible for what his wife says. If this ruling is sustained, there will not be over a dozen married men in Missouri by the end of the shooting season. —*Chicago Tribune.*

—THE PRESIDENT, SUPREME COURT JUDGES, and Members of Congress use German Corn Remover. 25c.

The inauguration of the St. Gothard tunnel nearly led to a squabble. Italy was offended because Switzerland sent her only fifteen tickets of invitation; but when she learned that her big neighbor, Germany, had not received more, her anger was appeased.

—CORNS CAUSE MORE SUFFERING THAN NEURALGIA. German Corn Remover easily cures them. 25c. Druggists.

A woman at Columbus, Ohio, ran to a fire with her baby in its carriage, and met not the slightest accident, while three drays were upset and two wagons demolished around her.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR REDDING'S RUSSIA salve. Keep it in house in case of accidents. 25 cts.

Guitau will spend the summer in Gehena. He has already secured rooms at the Hot Springs House, overlooking the lake.—*Peck's Sun.*

—THOUSANDS OF LADIES CHERISH GRATEFUL remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The last time George IV. appeared in London he drove gray cobs with red morocco harness.

—AMONG THE MANY DESIRABLE RESULTS OF pure blood are an elastic step, buoyant spirits, and clear complexion. The possessor of healthy blood has his faculties at command, and enjoys a clear and quick perception, which is impossible when the blood is heavy and sluggish with impurities. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and vitalizer known.

It is all humbug, says the Texas *Sittings*, about tramps being lazy and not willing to exert themselves. One of them, near Marshall, chased a farmer a mile and a half with a club.

JNO. LEVY & CO.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

Importers of DIAMONDS and other PRECIOUS STONES,
WATCHES, CLOCKS, and SILVERWARE,

118 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

(Of the late Firm of BRAVERMAN & LEVY.)

HOUSEKEEPERS!

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR GOODS AT AUCTION, but STORE THEM with H. WINDEL & CO., NO. 310 STOCKTON STREET. Furniture, Pianos, Household Goods, Paintings, Trunks, etc., well taken care of. We have three large, airy, brick buildings, and no rent to pay, and can store goods very moderate. Money advanced on goods at one per cent. per month. We guarantee against damage and moths, and can give references dating back 20 years.



A CELEBRATED JAPANESE ARTIST and TWO ART EMBROIDERERS have been secured for Ichi Ban, 22 and 24 Geary Street, and can be seen daily, dressed in their native costume.

Portraits and Decorations made to order. Dresses, Handkerchiefs, etc., embroidered with simple or elaborate designs. All executed quickly and cheaply. We cordially invite the public to call and see these artists at work. ICHI BAN, 22 and 24 GEARY STREET.

The Argonaut is printed with Shattuck & Fletcher's Ink.

"Why did Job wish that his enemy had written a book? Because the revengeful old foil master knew that the proof-reader would drive him mad."—*Burdette.* How Burdette must have ground his teeth when he saw the above. The intelligent compositor and the plodding proof-reader got in their work all the same. For "foil" read "boil."

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfume, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

A Children's Home, on the corner of Sansome and Pacific streets, was opened and dedicated on last Saturday evening. It is intended as a place of instruction for children in household duties, lessons, and religious themes, and is connected with the Young Women's Christian Association.

DR. C. T. DEANE HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE TO 131 Post Street, between Kearny and Dupont, over Samuel's. Hours, 9.30 to 10 A. M.; 1 to 3.30 P. M.

Thomas Hardy's new novel is "Two on a Tower." If he refers to a newly-married couple, his spelling is erroneous.—*Marathon Independent.*

—MR. A. J. KELLEHER DESIRES TO INFORM HIS pupils that he will resume tuition on July 10th. Apply at Gray's music store, 117 Post, or at his residence, 2324 Clay Street.

Billy Emerson's greatest hope for years was to be obliged to explain to every inquiring scientist that he was not a brother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, for which both were thankful.

—MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN THE world, 826 Market Street, (Phelan Block).

It is all very well for health journals to tell people who are restless, and unable to sleep at night, to place the head of their bed toward the north; but it does no good unless you take the baby to the other end of the house, and place his head toward the south.

—MR. LOUIS LISSE ARRIVES FROM NEW YORK on or about July 8th, and will resume the duties of his profession on July 10th.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery,

A LADY, FORMERLY PUPIL OF PROF. DE FILIPPE, desires a few more pupils in Spanish and French; teaches by the same method. Address M. L., box 81, Oakland, Cal.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.
FOURTH OF JULY HOLIDAYS

EXCURSION TICKETS

Will be sold on

July 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th,

Good to Return, until Wednesday, July 5th,

From San Quentin Ferry, Market Street.

Fares for the Round Trip: Olema, \$2.50; Tomales, \$3.50; Howards and Duncan Mills, \$4.

Tuesday, July 4th,

A SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAIN will leave San Francisco from San Quentin at 7.10 A. M. for OLEMA, TOMALES, HOWARDS, DUNCAN MILLS, and WAY STATIONS. Returning, will arrive in San Francisco at 7.30 P. M.

Tickets Good for this Day and Train Only. Fairfax, \$1; Olema, \$2; Tomales, Howards, and Duncan Mills, \$3. DAVID NYE, Gen. Supt. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,
Shipping and Commission Merchants

204 and 206 California Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Regular Dispatch line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

WM. G. ELLIOTT,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
Removed to 410 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. The Board of Directors have declared a dividend to Depositors at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32/100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 61/100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free from Federal Tax, for the half year ending June 30, 1882, payable on and after Monday, July 20, 1882. VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary

THE "DRESS REFORM" CORSET.
Specialty for Stout Figures, by mail, \$3.00. Send waist, hip, and bust measure. Also, Shoulder Braces, Union Under Flannels, Ladies' and Children's Comforts, Waists, Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc.
Send for Circular. The only Depot for these Goods.
Mrs. M. H. OBER & CO.,
Boston
Dress Reform,
326 Sutter St.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

An Elegant Corset to Order for \$4.

AMERICAN



BUNTING FLAGS!

A FULL ASSORTMENT of United States Regulation Sizes on hand, made of the celebrated

"STANDARD"

BUNTING. Private House Flags and Signals made to order. Bunting for sale. Send us for prices.

G. M. JOSSELYN & CO.,
38 and 40 Market Street, S. F.

PEBBLE SPECTACLES!



MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT
135 Montgomery St., nr. Bnsh,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.
Specialty Thirty-two Years.

COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES
Mounted to Order. Two Hours Notice.
The most complicated cases of defective vision thoroughly diagnosed, free of charge.

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR FURNITURE, PIANOS, and HOUSEHOLD GOODS, at auction sales, while you are boarding or out of the city, but

STORE THEM,

As well as your Trunks and Paintings, with

J. H. MOTT & CO.,
647 Market St.,

Nucleus Block. Second Floor.
Large, airy brick building, with elevator. MONEY LOANED on valuable goods. Terms moderate.

BUTTERICK'S

Patterns—Summer Styles.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.
AGENCY, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.
NEW TREATMENT BY INHALATION, for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. Prepared by DR. STARKEY & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa. Packages contain all directions, and are easily sent by express, ready for USE AT HOME. H. E. MATHEWS, Forwarding Agent, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. Send for Free Pamphlet.

G. N. WEST'S
ELECTRO-MEDICAL BELT
WEST'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT.—G. N. West's Electro-Medical Belts always have excelled all other electrical appliances. They have taken the premiums at all State Fairs. This new Belt excels every other that he has invented. Cures all diseases without medicine. Price, from \$5.00 to \$20.00. Warranted ten years. Patronized by the representative men and leading ladies of this and other States. Address or call on G. N. WEST, 652 Market Street, San Francisco.

TABER, HARKER & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE
GROCERS, 108 and 110 California St., San Francisco

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. For the half year ending June 30, 1882, the Board of Directors of the GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of 4 32/100 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 61/100 per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 10th day of July, 1882. GEORGE LETTE.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Medieval Bachelor.

"Trewly some men there be
That lyve always in great horreure,
And sayth it goth by destinye—
To hang or wed—both hath one houre;
And whether it be! I am well sure
Hanging is better of the twaine—
Sooner done and shorter paine."

A Piseatorial Poem.

Miss Polly Wog she had beau
Who, on her father's skate,
Would perch himself, and wouldn't go
Until leech night was late.
Once when the moon did sbiner light,
And halibut was still,
She mermaid, "I must say 'Cod-night,'
You muskallonge, dear Will."

"I'm mullet-tench-ion," sigbed the beau,
"Unto the words you drop;
But, oh, why mussel lover go
Just when he's going to pop?"
"Come minnow, come," at once she cried,
"This place is bleak to stay."
"Whale, if the dog-fish sure is tied,"
He said, "my sole, I may."

Now Polly's father had-dock club
With most ferocious pikes,
On porpoise for to whale this hub
Bass hard dace lightning strikes.
"Don't make an oyster wake your ma—
Her herring's good, you know;
And don't chub breathe, or else your pa
Eel kill me," said the beau.

As he ap-roach-ed the dory stoppe
As if he smelt a rat;
Then pa from out the shad-ows popped,
And fetched him there ray bat.
It was a bloater cuttle love
Quite short. The shark was great,
And sent him flying like cod dove
To flounder by the gate.

Ex-salmon him did doctors ten,
And could no sucker give,
But, when they had dolphin-ished, then
He knew hake couldn't live.
'Twas sardine deed for one so young
Turbot-tle there with death,
And bear his sturgeon sadness sung
While gasping for some breath.

Make clam-entations, lovers all,
But carp not at the fate
Of one who, when he made hake call,
Ventured into the gate.

—Detroit Free Press.

Egyptian Strategy.

In Egypt by the ancient Nile
Did France and England sit and smile,
When warned against the craft and guile
Of Cairo's subtle soldiery.

The gobbled up the customs dues,
Administered the revenues,
And gave the ministers their cues,
Exulting in their mastery.

But France and England stretched their eyes,
And glared about in great surprise,
When Egypt dropped her thin disguise,
And owned the sway of Arabi.

They bade their ships and sailors come;
But Egypt, neither deaf nor dumb,
Just snapped her fingers and her thumb
At all the solemn foolery.

Said France and England: "Wicked men,
If you will not submit, why, then
We drop the sword, and seize the pen,
To pay you for your treachery."

Then, in the early summer's heats,
In spite of all their guns and fleets,
A rain of blood in Cairo's streets
Defied their silly strategy.

So France and England both withdrew,
And ceased to find the revenue,
Or give the poor Khedive his cue.
"Farewell, dear foes!" said Arabi.

—N. Y. Sun.

Pyrotechnic Seven Ages of Man.

All the world's a Fourth of July,
And all the men and women are but fireworks.
They have their fizzes and explosions,
And one man in his time sees many stars.
At first the infant, with firecracker,
That burns the house and frightens all the women.
Then comes the pistol, when the boyish fiend
Shoots out the jackstones, marbles, junk, and nails;
Dislodges fingers; puts out people's eyes,
And maims for life a great part of his friends.
Then comes the lover, with his pulling crackers,
His mild torpedoes for the frightened girls;
And thus he plays his part.
Then comes the justice, with his pouch and gun,
Who tramps afield to shoot one little bird.
And then the soldier, with his rifled cannon,
His howitzer, petard, and bomb;
His Remington and Enfield, shot and shell,
And all the dread accoutrements of war.
And last of all, that ends this pyrotechnic history,
Comes second childhood's exhibition—
Its Roman candles, floods of colored light;
Its pin-wheels scattering fiery spray;
Its Bengal lights emitting fiery sheen,
Yet dim and shadowy in his fading sight.
Then disappears he in the realms of space,
Like some great rocket gone up to the sky
With dazzling train of many-colored fire,
His mind, his heart, his thoughts, his soul, are gone;
His body useless as a rocket-stick.

—New York Liar.

Sasperiller's Cream.

Every little rural drug-store has a soda-water fountain,
Which simply raises ructions with a fellow's bank account.
For he meets his girl at twilight, when he's coming home from biz,
A she has to sweetly ask her if she'd like to hear it
—Puck.



Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman.
Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and
harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and
firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the
eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh
roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely. It
removes faintness, flabbiness, destroys all craving
for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight
and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
For the cure of Kidney complaints of either sex
this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER
will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the
Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of
man woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared
at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of
either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form
of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box
for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of
inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness,
and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. (1)



AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, For Purifying the Blood.



This compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia, and Mandrake, with the Iodides of Potash and Iron, makes a most effective cure of complaints affecting the blood. It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions on the skin are the appearance of the surface of humors that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humors to some internal organ or organs, whose action they derange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the Skin, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility. With their departure health returns.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

British Medical Journal.

"Apollinaris Water is an article
which is produced by Nature and is
not the handiwork of man; it is a
Natural, and not an artificial Water."
U.S. Treasury, 28 Jan., 1882.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

Of Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOR SALE BY

RUHL BROTHERS

522 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free
Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free.
Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.



RUHL BROTHERS

AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST

522 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

ZEITSKA INSTITUTE

922 Post Street.

FRENCH, GERMAN AND ENGLISH

Day and Boarding School for young ladies and chil-
dren. KINDERGARTEN.
The twentieth year of this Institute will commence July
24, 1882. MADAME B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

CALIFORNIA

MILITARY ACADEMY, AT OAKLAND, CAL.

The Nineteenth Year will begin Monday, July
17, 1882.

REV. DAVID MCCLURE, Ph. D., Principal.

HOPKINS ACADEMY,

OAKLAND, CAL.

Rev. H. E. Jewett, Principal.
This institution, heretofore known as Golden Gate Acad-
emy, will open TUESDAY A. M., JULY 18, 1882. The
Building and Grounds are undergoing extensive improve-
ments. Classical, Literary, and English courses. Tele-
graphy taught. Boys and young men received. Send for
prospectus to H. E. Jewett, Principal.

ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the 10th day of June, 1882, an assess-
ment (No. 4) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the
capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 23, Nevada
Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the (18th) eighteenth day of July, 1882, will be delin-
quent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday,
the 16th day of August, 1882, to pay the delinquent assess-
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery

Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRAN-

CISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street,
corner Webb. For the half year ending with June 30,
1882, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four
and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100 %) per cent per an-
num on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths
(3 60-100 %) per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Fed-
eral Tax, payable on and after Wednesday, 12th July, 1882.
LOYELL WHITE, Cashier.

EXTRA QUALITY

RUBBER HOSE, BELTING AND PACKING.

CRACK-PROOF BOOTS.

GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. PEASE JR., S. M. RUNYON, Agents,

577 and 579 Market Street, S. F.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly
outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff,
vs. Superior Court,
THOMAS G. McLARAN, Late 23d District Court,
et als., Defendants. Order of Sale and Decree
of Lien.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien issued out of the
Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco,
State of California, on the nineteenth day of May, A. D.
1882, in the above entitled action, wherein D. Harney, the
above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of
lien against Thomas G. McLaran, George K. Porter, and
William Hollis, defendants, on the second day of April, A.
D. 1879, which said judgment and decree was, on the tenth
day of June, A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment Book D.,
of said Twenty-third District Court, at page ninety-two;
and whereas, on December 22, 1879, a stipulation was filed
herein to abide the final result in case No. 6374, of said
court, entitled Harney vs. Corcoran, et al., and whereas
the remittitur from the Supreme Court, in said last-named
case, was on May 15, 1882, filed in said Superior Court,
affirming the judgment and order therein appealed from, as
appears to us of record, I am commanded to sell all that
certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and be-
ing in the city and county of San Francisco, State of Cali-
fornia, and bounded and described as follows: Commenc-
ing at a point on the north line of Fourteenth Street, dis-
tant west three hundred and ninety-one and one-half feet from
the northwest corner of Fourteenth and Valencia streets,
and running thence east on the north of Fourteenth
Street one hundred and fifty-five and one-half feet; thence
at right angles north seventy feet; thence at right angles
west one hundred and forty-eight feet; thence south to a
straight line, seventy feet three inches to the point of be-
ginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE
TENTH DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock,
noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the
city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to
said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-
described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary
to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and
costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of
the United States.

San Francisco, June 17, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. M. Wood, Attorney for Plaintiff.

June 17 and 24, July 1 and 8.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff,
vs. Superior Court,
WILLIAM CORCORAN, Late 23d District Court,
et als., Defendants. Order of Sale and Decree
of Lien and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale, issued
out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City
and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the
10th day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action,
wherein D. Harney, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a
Judgment and Decree of Lien and Sale against Thomas
Kelly, George B. Knowles, A. Himmelmann, John B.
Lewis, A. W. Hanna, J. P. Dameron, Aug. Hemme,
John Tucker, William Klump, Kedon, John Brickett,
E. O. Devore, M. Kelly, S. F. Sinclair, T. G.
McLaran, J. Agnew, J. Dunne, E. Hogan, John Henry,
M. Hayes, J. Olwell, George Clark, L. B. Williams,
Charles Main, B. Kelsey, W. Bosworth, and G. K. Por-
ter, defendants, on the 17th day of April, A. D. 1879,
which said Judgment and Decree was, on the 7th day of
June, A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment Book C of said
23d District Court, at page 71, I am commanded to sell all
that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying,
and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of
California, and bounded and described as follows: Commenc-
ing at a point on the east line of Valencia Street, distant
125 feet from the northeast corner of Valencia and
Ridley Streets, and running thence north on the east line of
Valencia Street 25 feet; thence at right angles east 80 feet;
thence at right angles south 25 feet; thence at right angles
west 80 feet, to the point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 17th
day of July, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day,
in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of
San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and
decree of lien and sale, sell the above-described property, or
so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to
satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the
highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, June 24, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. M. Wood, Attorney for Plaintiff.

June 24, July 1, 8, 15.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff,
vs. Superior Court,
J. CALLAGHAN, et als., Late 23d District Court,
Defendants. Order of Sale and Decree
of Lien and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale, issued
out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City
and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the
27th day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action,
wherein D. Harney, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a
Judgment and Decree of Lien and Sale against George K.
Porter, T. G. McLaran, Jeremiah Callaghan, Daniel Cal-
laghan, B. F. Hilliard, Solon Pattee, W. W. Crane Jr., W.
B. Holcomb, R. McKeen, P. McAtee, E. R. Thomson, and
D. Jordan, defendants, on the 4th day of February, A.
D. 1879, which said Judgment and Decree was, on the
27th day of February A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment
Book B, of said 23d District Court, at page 764, I am com-
manded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land,
situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San
Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described
as follows: Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line
of Mission Street, distant 39 feet 5 inches north from the
intersection of the east line of West Mission Street with
the northwesterly line of Mission Street, and running thence
northerly on the northwesterly line of Mission Street 27 feet
and 10 inches; thence at right angles west to the east line of
West Mission Street; thence south on the last-mentioned line
27 1/2 feet; thence east in a straight line to the point of be-
ginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 17th
day of July, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day,
in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of
San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale
and decree of lien and sale, sell the above-described prop-
erty, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise suf-
ficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc.,
to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United
States.

San Francisco, June 24, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. M. Wood, Attorney for Plaintiff.

June 24, July 1, 8, 15.

SAMUEL P. MIDDLETON, AUCTIONEER

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,
Stock, Real Estate, and General

AUCTIONEERS,

116 Montgomery Street,
Occidental Hotel Block, SAN FRANCISCO.

R.H. McDonald, President.
Pacific Bank
 ESTABLISHED 1863
 Capital \$1,000,000.
 Surplus 460,759.
 San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1st, 1882.
 We take pleasure in presenting this our Semi-Annual Statement.

RESOURCES.

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 30
Other Real Estate.....	5,225 35
United States Bonds.....	626,977 35
Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198 35
Loans on other securities.....	577,443 96
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,437 61
Money on hand.....	398,609 34
LIABILITIES.	\$3,523,844 23
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
Due Depositors.....	1,888,655 07
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,370 53
Dividends unpaid.....	59 50

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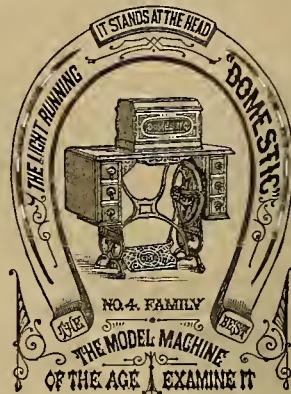
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Department No. 9—Probate.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of }
 WILLIAM W. JOHNSTON, }
 Deceased,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT Monday, the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court Room of said Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said William W. Johnston, deceased, and for hearing the application of Charles G. Johnston for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary. Dated June 22, A. D. 1882.

DAVID WILDER, Clerk.
 By D. H. SCHINDLER, Deputy Clerk.
 H. F. CRANE, Attorney for Petitioner.

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VOL. XI. NO. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 8, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE DIAMOND LENS.

An Extraordinary Story of the Wonders of the World of Microcosm.

From a very early period of my life the entire bent of my inclinations had been toward microscopic investigations. When I was not more than ten years old, a distant relative of our family, hoping to astonish my inexperience, constructed a simple microscope for me, by drilling in a disk of copper a small hole, in which a drop of pure water was sustained by capillary attraction. This very primitive apparatus, magnifying some fifty diameters, presented, it is true, only indistinct and imperfect forms, but still sufficiently wonderful to work me up to a preternatural state of excitement.

Seeing me so interested in this rude instrument, my cousin explained to me all that he knew about the principles of the microscope, related to me a few of the wonders which had been accomplished through its agency, and ended by promising to send me one regularly constructed immediately on his return to the city.

Meanwhile I was not idle. Every transparent substance that bore the slightest resemblance to a lens I eagerly seized upon, and employed in vain attempts to realize that instrument, the theory of whose construction I as yet only vaguely comprehended.

At last the promised instrument came. It was of that order known as Field's simple microscope, and had cost perhaps fifteen dollars. As far as educational purposes went, a better apparatus could not have been selected. Accompanying it was a small treatise on the microscope—its history, uses, and discoveries. I comprehended then for the first time the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The dull veil of ordinary existence that hung across the world seemed suddenly to roll away, and to lay bare a land of enchantments. I felt toward my companions as the seer might feel toward the ordinary masses of men. I held conversations with nature in a tongue which they could not understand. I was in daily communication with living wonders, such as they never imagined in their wildest visions. I penetrated beyond the external portal of things, and roamed through the sanctuaries. Where they beheld only a drop of rain slowly rolling down the window-glass, I saw a universe of beings animated with all the passions common to physical life, and convulsing their minute sphere with struggles as fierce and protracted as those of men. In the common spots of mold, which my mother—good housekeeper that she was—fiercely scooped away from her jam pots, there abode for me, under the name of mildew, enchanted gardens, filled with dells and avenues of the densest foliage and most astonishing verdure, while from the fantastic houghs of these microscopic forests hung strange fruits glittering with green, and silver, and gold.

Of course, like every novice, I fancied myself a discoverer. I was ignorant at the time of the thousands of acute intellects engaged in the same pursuit as myself, and with the advantage of instruments a thousand times more powerful than mine. The names of Leeuwenhoek, Williamson, Spencer, Ehrenberg, Schultz, Dujardin, Schact, and Schleiden were then entirely unknown to me, or if known, I was ignorant of their patient and wonderful researches. In every fresh specimen of cryptogamia which I placed beneath my instrument I believed that I discovered wonders of which the world was as yet ignorant. I remember well the thrill of delight and admiration that shot through me the first time that I discovered the common wheel animacule (*Rotifera vulgaris*) expanding and contracting its flexible spokes, and seemingly rotating through the water. Alas! as I grew older, and obtained some works treating of my favorite study, I found that I was only on the threshold of a science to the investigation of which some of the greatest men of the age were devoting their lives and intellects.

As I grew up, my parents, who saw but little likelihood of anything practical resulting from the examination of bits of moss and drops of water through a brass tube and a piece of glass, were anxious that I should choose a profession. It was their desire that I should enter the counting-house of my uncle, Ethan Blake, a prosperous merchant, who carried on business in New York. This suggestion I decisively combated. I had no taste for trade; I should only make a failure; in short, I refused to become a merchant.

But it was necessary for me to select some pursuit. My parents were staid New England people, who insisted on the necessity of labor; and therefore, although, thanks to the bequest of my poor Aunt Agatha, I should, on coming of age, inherit a small fortune, sufficient to place me above want, it was decided that, instead of waiting for this, I should act the nobler part, and employ the intervening years in rendering myself independent.

After much cogitation I complied with the wishes of my family, and selected a profession. I determined to study medicine at a New York college. This disposition of my future suited me. A removal from my relatives would enable me to dispose of my time as I pleased without fear of detection. As long as I paid my college fees, I might shirk attending the lectures if I chose.

My first step, of course, was to find suitable apartments. These I obtained after a couple of days' search—a very pretty second floor, unfurnished, containing sitting-room, bed-room, and a smaller apartment which I intended to fit

up as a laboratory. I furnished my lodgings simply, but rather elegantly, and then devoted all my energies to the adornment of the temple of my worship. I visited Pike, the celebrated optician, and passed in review his splendid collection of microscopes—Field's compound, Hingham's, Spencer's, Nacher's binocular, (that founded on the principles of the stereoscope,) and at length fixed upon that form known as Spencer's Trunnion Microscope, as combining the greatest number of improvements with an almost perfect freedom from tremor. Along with this I purchased every possible accessory—draw-tubes, micrometers, camera-lucida, lever-stage, achromatic condensers, white cloud illuminators, prisms, parabolic condensers, polarizing apparatus, forceps, aquatic boxes, fishing-tubes, with a host of other articles, all of which would have been useful in the hands of an experienced microscopist, but, as I afterward discovered, were not of the slightest present value to me. It takes years of practice to know how to use a complicated microscope. The optician looked suspiciously at me as I made the wholesale purchases. He evidently was uncertain whether to set me down as some scientific celebrity or a madman. I think he inclined to the latter belief. I suppose I was mad. Every great genius is mad upon the subject in which he is greatest. The unsuccessful madman is disgraced and called a lunatic.

For a long time half my apparatus lay inactive on the shelves of my laboratory, which was now most amply furnished with every possible contrivance for facilitating my investigations. The fact was, that I did not know how to use some of my scientific implements—never having been taught microscopies—and those whose use I understood, theoretically speaking were of little avail, until by practice I could attain the necessary delicacy of handling. Still, such was the fury of my ambition, such the untiring perseverance of my experiments, that, difficult of credit as it may be, in the course of one year I became theoretically and practically an accomplished microscopist.

During this period of my labors, in which I submitted specimens of every substance that came under my observation to the action of my lenses, I became a discoverer—in a small way, it is true, for I was very young, but still a discoverer. It was I who destroyed Ehrenberg's theory that the *volvox globator* was an animal, and proved that his "monads" with stomachs and eyes were merely phases of the formation of a vegetable cell, and were, when they reached their mature state, incapable of the act of conjugation, or any true generative act, without which no organism rising to any stage of life higher than vegetable is said to be complete. It was I who resolved the singular problem of rotation in the cells and hairs of plants into ciliary attraction, in spite of the assertions of Mr. Wenham and others, that my explanation was the result of an optical illusion.

But notwithstanding these discoveries, laboriously and painfully made as they were, I felt dissatisfied. At every step I found myself stopped by the imperfections of my instruments. Like all active microscopists, I gave my imagination full play. Indeed, it is a common complaint against many such, that they supply the defects of their instruments with the creations of their brains. I imagined depth beyond depth in nature which the limited power of my lenses prohibited me from exploring. I lay awake at night constructing imaginary microscopes of immeasurable power, with which I seemed to pierce through all the envelopes of matter down to its original atom. How I cursed those imperfect mediums which necessity, through ignorance compelled me to use. How I longed to discover the secret of some perfect lens, whose magnifying power should be limited only by the resolvability of the object, and which at the same time should be free from spherical and chromatic aberrations, in short, from all the obstacles over which the poor microscopist finds himself continually stumbling. I felt convinced that the simple microscope, composed of a single lens of such vast yet perfect power, was possible of construction. To attempt to bring the compound microscope up to such a pitch would have been commencing at the wrong end; this latter being simply a partially successful endeavor to remedy those very defects of the simple instrument, which, if conquered, would leave nothing to be desired.

It was in this mood of mind that I became a constructive microscopist. After another year passed in this new pursuit, experimenting on every imaginable substance—glass, gems, flints, crystals, artificial crystals formed of the alloy of various vitreous metals—in short, having constructed as many varieties of lenses as Argus had eyes, I found myself precisely where I started, with nothing gained save an extensive knowledge of glass-making. I was almost dead with despair. My parents were surprised at my apparent want of progress in my medical studies, (I had not attended one lecture since my arrival in the city,) and the expenses of my mad pursuit had been so great as to embarrass me very seriously.

I was in this frame of mind one day, experimenting in my laboratory on a small diamond—that stone, from its great refracting power, having always occupied my attention more than any other—when a young Frenchman, who lived on the floor above me, and who was in the habit of occasionally visiting me, entered the room.

I think that Jules Simon was a Jew. He had many traits of the Hebrew character—a love of jewelry, of dress, and of good living. There was something mysterious about him. He always had something to sell, and yet went into excel-

lent society. When I say sell, I should perhaps have said peddle; for his operations were generally confined to the disposal of single articles—a picture, for instance, or a rare carving in ivory, or a pair of dueling pistols, or the dress of a Mexican *caballero*. When I was first furnishing my rooms he paid me a visit, which ended in my purchasing an antique silver lamp, which he assured me was a Cellini—it was handsome enough even for that—and some other knock-knacks for my sitting-room. Why Simon should pursue this petty trade I never could imagine. He apparently had plenty of money.

On the present occasion, Simon entered my room in a state of considerable excitement.

"Ah! mon ami!" he cried, before I could even offer him the ordinary salutation, "it has occurred to me to be the witness of the most astonishing things in the world. I promenaded myself to the house of Madame—how does the little animal—*le renard*—name himself in the Latin?"

"Vulpes," I answered.

"Ah! yes—Vulpes. I promenaded myself to the house of Madame Vulpes."

"The spirit medium?"

"Yes, the great medium. Great heavens! what a woman! I write on a slip of paper many of questions concerning affairs the most secret—affairs that conceal themselves in the abysses of my heart the most profound; and behold! by example! what occurs? This devil of a woman makes me replies the most truthful to all of them. She talks to me of things that I do not love to talk of to myself. What am I to think? I am fixed to the earth!"

"Am I to understand you, M. Simon, that this Mrs. Vulpes replies to questions secretly written by you, which questions related to events known only to yourself?"

"Ah! more than that, more than that," he answered, with an air of some alarm. "She related to me things—but," he added, after a pause, and suddenly changing his manner, "why occupy ourselves with these follies? It was all the biology, without doubt. It goes without saying that it has not my credence. But why are we here, *mon ami*? It has occurred to me to discover the most beautiful thing as you can imagine—a vase with green lizards on it, composed by the great Bernard Palissy. It is in my apartment; let us mount. I go to show it to you."

I followed Simon mechanically; but my thoughts were far from Palissy and his enameled ware, although I, like him, was seeking in the dark a great discovery. (This casual mention of the spiritualist, Madame Vulpes, set me on a new track. What if this spiritualism should be really a great fact? What if, through communication with more subtle organisms than my own, I could reach at a single bound the goal, which perhaps a life of agonizing mental toil would never enable me to attain?)

While purchasing the Palissy vase from my friend Simon, I was mentally arranging a visit to Madame Vulpes.

* * * * *
Two evenings after this, thanks to an arrangement by letter, and the promise of an ample fee, I found Madame Vulpes awaiting me at her residence, alone. She was a coarse-featured woman, with keen and rather cruel dark eyes, and an exceedingly sensual expression about her mouth and under jaw. She received me in perfect silence, in an apartment on the ground floor, very sparsely furnished. In the centre of the room, close to where Mrs. Vulpes sat, there was a common round mahogany table. If I had come for the purpose of sweeping her chimney, the woman could not have looked more indifferent to my appearance. There was no attempt to inspire the visitor with awe. Everything bore a simple and practical aspect. This intercourse with the spiritual world was evidently as familiar an occupation with Mrs. Vulpes as eating her dinner or riding in an omnibus.

"You come for a communication, Mr. Linley?" said the medium, in a dry, business-like tone of voice.

"By appointment—yes."

"What sort of communication do you want?—a written one?"

"Yes; I wish for a written one."

"From any particular spirit?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever known this spirit on this earth?"

"Never. He died long before I was born. I wish merely to obtain from him some information which he ought to be able to give better than any other."

"Will you seat yourself at the table, Mr. Linley," said the medium, "and place your hands upon it?"

I obeyed, Mrs. Vulpes being seated opposite to me, with her hands on the table. We remained thus for about a minute and a half, when a violent succession of raps came on the table, on the back of my chair, on the floor immediately under my feet, and even on the window-panes. Mrs. Vulpes smiled composedly.

"They are very strong to-night," she remarked. "You are fortunate." She then continued: "Will the spirits communicate with this gentleman?"

Vigorous affirmative.

"Will the particular spirit he desires to speak with communicate?"

A very confused rapping followed this question.

"I know what they mean," said Mrs. Vulpes, addressing herself to me; "they wish you to write down the names of the spirits."

the particular spirit you desire to converse with. Is that so?" she added, speaking to her invisible guests.

That it was so was evident from the numerous affirmative responses. While this was going on, I tore a slip from my pocket-book, and scribbled a name under the table.

"Will this spirit communicate in writing with this gentleman?" asked the medium once more.

After a moment's pause, her hand seemed to be seized with a violent tremor, shaking so forcibly that the table vibrated. She said that a spirit had seized her hand, and would write. I handed her some sheets of paper that were on the table, and a pencil. The latter she held loosely in her hand, which presently began to move over the paper with a singular and seemingly involuntary motion. After a few moments had elapsed, she handed me the paper, on which I found written, in a large, uncultivated hand, the words: "He is not here, but has been sent for." A pause of a minute or so now ensued, during which Mrs. Vulpes remained perfectly silent, but the raps continued at regular intervals. When the short period I mentioned had elapsed, the hand of the medium was again seized with its convulsive tremor, and she wrote, under this strange influence, a few words on the paper, which she handed to me. They were as follows:

"I am here. Question me. * LEEUWENHOEK."

I was astounded. The name was identical with that I had written beneath the table, and carefully kept concealed. Neither was it at all probable that an uncultivated woman like Mrs. Vulpes should know even the name of the great father of microscopy. It may have been biology; but this theory was soon doomed to be destroyed. I wrote on my slip—still concealing it from Mrs. Vulpes—a series of questions, which, to avoid tediousness, I shall place with the responses, in the order in which they occurred:

I.—Can the microscope be brought to perfection?

SPIRIT.—Yes.

I.—Am I destined to accomplish this great task?

SPIRIT.—You are.

I.—I wish to know how to proceed to attain this end. For the love which you bear to science, help me!

SPIRIT.—A diamond of one hundred and forty carats, submitted to electro-magnetic currents for a long period, will experience a rearrangement of its atoms *inter se*, and from that stone you will form the universal lens.

I.—Will great discoveries result from the use of such a lens?

SPIRIT.—So great that all that has gone before is as nothing.

I.—But the refractive power of the diamond is so immense that the image will be formed within the lens. How is that difficulty to be surmounted?

SPIRIT.—Pierce the lens through its axis, and the difficulty is obviated. The image will be formed in the pierced space, which will itself serve as a tube to look through. Now I am called. Farewell.

I can not at all describe the effect that these extraordinary communications had upon me. I felt completely bewildered. No biological theory could account for the discovery of the lens. The medium might, by means of biological rapport with my mind, have gone so far as to read my questions, and reply to them coherently. But biology could not enable her to discover that magnetic currents would so alter the crystals of the diamond as to remedy its previous defects, and admit of its being polished into a perfect lens. Some such theory may have passed through my head, it is true; but if so, I had forgotten it. In my excited condition of mind there was no course left but to become a convert, and it was in a state of the most painful nervous exaltation that I left the medium's house that evening. She accompanied me to the door, hoping that I was satisfied. The raps followed us as we went through the hall, sounding on the balusters, the flooring, and even the lintels of the door. I hastily expressed my satisfaction, and escaped hurriedly into the cool night air. I walked home with but one thought possessing me—how to obtain a diamond of the immense size required. My entire means multiplied a hundred times over would have been inadequate to its purchase. Besides, such stones are rare, and become historical. I could find such only in the regalia of Eastern or European monarchs.

* * * * *

There was a light in Simon's room as I entered my house. A vague impulse urged me to visit him. As I opened the door of his sitting-room unannounced, he was bending, with his back toward me, over a carcel lamp, apparently engaged in minutely examining some object which he held in his hands. As I entered, he started suddenly, thrust his hand into his breast pocket, and turned to me with a face crimson with confusion.

"What!" I cried, "poring over the miniature of some fair lady? Well, don't blush so much; I won't ask to see it."

Simon laughed, awkwardly enough, but made none of the negative protestations usual on such occasions. He asked me to take a seat.

"Simon," said I, "I have just come from Madame Vulpes."

This time Simon turned as white as a sheet, and seemed stupefied, as if a sudden electric shock had smitten him. He babbled some incoherent words, and went hastily to a small closet, where he usually kept his liquors. Although astonished at his emotion, I was too preoccupied with my own idea to pay much attention to anything else.

"You say truly when you call Madame Vulpes a devil of a woman," I continued. "Simon, she told me wonderful things to-night, or, rather, was the means of telling me wonderful things. Ah! if I could only get a diamond that weighed one hundred and forty carats!"

Scarcely had the sigh with which I uttered this desire died upon my lips, when Simon, with the aspect of a wild beast, glared at me savagely, and, rushing to the mantel-piece, where some foreign weapons hung on the wall, caught up a Malay creese, and brandished it furiously before him.

"No!" he cried in French, into which he always broke when excited. "No! you shall not have it! You are perfidious! You have consulted with that demon, and desire my treasure! But I will die first!"

You can not make me fear!"

At this, uttered in a loud voice trembling with excite-

ment, astonished me. I saw at a glance that I had accidentally trodden upon the edges of Simon's secret, whatever it was. It was necessary to reassure him.

"My dear Simon," I said, "I am entirely at a loss to know what you mean. I went to Madame Vulpes to consult with her on a scientific problem, to the solution of which I discovered that a diamond of the size I just mentioned was necessary. You were never alluded to during the evening, nor, as far as I was concerned, even thought of. What can be the meaning of this outburst? If you happen to have a set of valuable diamonds in your possession, you need fear nothing from me. The diamond which I require you could not possess; or, if you did possess it, you would not be living here."

Something in my tone must have completely reassured him; for his expression immediately changed to a sort of constrained merriment, combined, however, with a certain suspicious attention to my movements. He laughed, and said that I must bear with him; that he was at certain moments subject to a species of vertigo, which betrayed itself in incoherent speeches, and that the attacks passed off as rapidly as they came. He put his weapon aside while making this explanation, and endeavored, with some success, to assume a more cheerful air.

All this did not impose on me in the least. I was too much accustomed to analytical labors to be baffled by so flimsy a veil. I determined to probe the mystery to the bottom.

"Simon," I said, gayly, "let us forget all this over a bottle of Burgundy. I have a case of Lausseure's Clos Vougeot down stairs, fragrant with the odors and ruddy with the sunlight of the Côte d'Or. Let us have up a couple of bottles. What say you?"

"With all my heart," answered Simon, smilingly.

I produced the wine, and we seated ourselves to drink. It was of a famous vintage, that of 1848, a year when war and wine thrived together, and its pure but powerful juice seemed to impart renewed vitality to the system. By the time we had half finished the second bottle, Simon's head, which I knew was a weak one, had begun to yield, while I remained calm as ever, only that every draught seemed to send a flush of vigor through my limbs. Simon's utterance became more and more indistinct. He took to singing French chansons of a not very moral tendency. I rose suddenly from the table just at the conclusion of one of those incoherent verses, and, fixing my eyes on him with a quiet smile, said: "Simon, I have deceived you. I learned your secret this evening. You may as well be frank with me. Mrs. Vulpes, or, rather, one of her spirits, told me all."

He started with horror. His intoxication seemed for the moment to fade away, and he made a movement toward the weapon that he had a short time before laid down. I stopped him with my hand.

"Monster!" he cried, passionately, "I am ruined! What shall I do? You shall never have it! I swear by my mother!"

"I don't want it," I said; "rest secure, but be frank with me. Tell me all about it."

The drunkenness began to return. He protested with maudlin earnestness that I was entirely mistaken, that I was intoxicated; then asked me to swear eternal secrecy, and promised to disclose the mystery to me. I pledged myself, of course, to all. With an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, he drew a small case from his breast, and opened it. Heavens! How the mild lamp-light was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose-diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder, and—must I confess it?—with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but, instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up, and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly, so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents, and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters are conveyed away safely. He added that, in accordance with oriental practice, he had named his diamond with the fanciful title of "The Eye of Morning."

While Simon was relating this to me I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light ever imagined or described seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of destiny seemed in it. On the very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite to him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken—to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man Simon was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws; why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay within my reach. There stood upon the mantel-piece a bottle half-full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him, that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in a profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the

inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was probable that the weapon, if leveled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air-bubble, sent up by a diver, when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half-round on his side, and, as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmodic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained boding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instantly.

There was yet something to be done. To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside*. How to do this, and afterward escape myself? Not by the window; that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows also should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long, slender hand-vise, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vise, through the keyhole, from the outside, and so lock the door. Previously, however, to doing this, I burned a number of papers on Simon's hearth. Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum in Simon's glass—having first removed from it all traces of wine—cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in the stomach, in case of a post-mortem examination. The theory naturally would be that he first intended to poison himself, but, after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger. These arrangements made, I walked out, leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vise, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered till nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning—the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door—gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

There was an inquest; but no clew to his death beyond that of suicide could be obtained. Curiously enough, he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that he "was tired of life." His landlord affirmed that Simon, when paying his last month's rent, remarked that he "should not pay him rent much longer." All the other evidence corresponded—the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination, brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

* * * * *

The three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had constructed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates—a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in lustre every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens—a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surfaces of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination, a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens, and, throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute bole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hair's-breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued, but as the lens approached the object a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly that, by the wondrous power of my lens, I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of infusoria and protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms of unknown

texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendant branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues, lustrous, and ever-varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms, animate or inanimate, were to be seen, save those vast aural copes that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves, and fruits, and flowers, gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of nature with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words can not depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globe? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say human, I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity; but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I can not, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long, lustrous hair, following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in the heavens by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors.

She swept out from between the rainbow-curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear, unruddled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail hubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. What cared I if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly—alas! As my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water. There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Gracilia (let me now call her by that name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing upwards. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. The agony of my sensations as I arrived at this conclusion startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I huddled against the fatal conclusion, but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true that, thanks to the marvelous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures, that live, and struggle, and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair, and delicate, and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy.

But it could not be. No invention of which human intellect was capable could break down the barriers that nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and, flinging myself on my bed, soothed myself to sleep like a child.

I rose the next morning almost at daybreak, and rushed to my microscope. I trembled as I sought the luminous world in miniature that contained my all. Gracilia was there. I had left the gas-lamp, surrounded by its moderators, burning when I went to bed the night before. I found the sylph bathing, as it were, with an expression of pleasure animating her features, in the brilliant light which surrounded her. She tossed her lustrous golden hair over her shoulders with innocent coquetry. She lay at full length in

the transparent medium, in which she supported herself with ease, and gambolled with the enchanting grace that the nymph Salmacis might have exhibited when she sought to conquer the modest Hermaphroditus. I tried an experiment to satisfy myself if her powers of reflection were developed. I lessened the lamp-light considerably. By the dim light that remained I could see an expression of pain flit across her face. She looked upward suddenly, and her brows contracted. I flooded the stage of the microscope again with a full stream of light, and her whole expression changed. She sprang forward like some substance deprived of weight. Her eyes sparkled and her lips moved. Ah! if science had only the means of conducting and reduplicating sounds, as it does the rays of light, what carols of happiness would then have entered my ears! what jubilant hymns to Adonais would have thrilled the illumined air!

How long this worship of my strange divinity went on thus I scarcely know. I lost all note of time. All day, from early dawn and far into the night, I was to be found peering through that wonderful lens. I saw no one, went nowhere, and scarce allowed myself sufficient time for meals. My whole life was absorbed in contemplation as rapt as that of any of the Romish saints. Every hour that I gazed upon the divine form strengthened my passion—a passion that was always overshadowed by the maddening conviction that, although I could gaze on her at will, she never, never could behold me.

At length I grew so pale and emaciated, from want of rest and continual brooding over my insane love and its cruel conditions, that I determined to make some effort to wean myself from it. "Come," I said, "this is at best but a fantasy. Your imagination has bestowed on Gracilia charms which in reality she does not possess. Seclusion from female society has produced this morbid condition of mind. Compare her with the beautiful women of your own world, and this false enchantment will vanish."

I looked over the newspapers by chance. There I beheld the advertisement of a celebrated *danseuse* who appeared nightly at Niblo's. The Signorina Caradolce had the reputation of being the most beautiful as well as the most graceful woman on the stage. I instantly dressed, and went to the theatre.

The curtain drew up. The usual semi-circle of fairies in white muslin were standing on the right toe around the enameled flower-bank of green canvas on which the belated prince was sleeping. Suddenly a flute is heard. The fairies start. The trees open, the fairies all stand on the left toe, and the queen enters. It was the signorina. She hounded forward amid thunders of applause, and lighting on one foot, remained poised in the air. Heavens! was this the great enchantress that had drawn monarchs at her chariot-wheels? Those heavy, muscular limbs, those thick ankles, those cavernous eyes, that stereotyped smile, those crudely-painted cheeks! Where were the vermeil blooms, the liquid, expressive eyes, the harmonious limbs of Gracilia?

The signorina danced. What gross, discordant movements! The play of her limbs was all false and artificial. Her bounds were painful athletic efforts; her poses were angular, and distressed the eye. I could hear it no longer; with an exclamation of disgust that drew every eye upon me, I rose from my seat in the very middle of the signorina's *pas de fascination*, and abruptly quitted the house.

I hastened home to feast my eyes once more on the lovely form of my sylph. I felt that henceforth to combat this passion would be impossible. I applied my eye to the lens. Gracilia was there—but what could have happened? Some terrible change seemed to have taken place during my absence. Some secret grief seemed to cloud the lovely features of her I gazed upon. Her face had grown thin and haggard; her limbs trailed heavily; the wondrous lustre of her golden hair had faded. She was ill!—ill, and I could not assist her! I believe at that moment I would have gladly forfeited all claims to my human hitherto if I could only have been dwarfed to the size of an animalcule, and permitted to console her from whom fate had forever divided me.

I racked my brain for the solution of this mystery. What was it that afflicted the sylph? She seemed to suffer intense pain. Her features contracted, and she even writhed as if with some internal agony. The wondrous forests appeared also to have lost half their beauty. Their hues were dim, and in some places faded away altogether. I watched her with a breaking heart, and she seemed absolutely to wither away under my very eye. Suddenly I remembered that I had not looked at the water-drop for several days. In fact, I hated to see it; for it reminded me of the natural barrier between Gracilia and myself. I hurriedly looked down on the stage of the microscope. The slide was still there—but, great heavens! the water-drop had vanished! The awful truth burst upon me; it had evaporated, until it had become so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye; I had been gazing on its last atom, the one that contained Gracilia—and she was dying!

I rushed again to the front of the lens, and looked through. Alas! the last agony had seized her. The rainbow-hued forests had all melted away, and Gracilia lay struggling feebly in what seemed to be a spot of dim light. Ah! the sight was horrible; the limbs once so round and lovely shriveling up into nothing; the eyes—those eyes that shone like heaven—being quenched into black dust; the lustrous golden hair now lank and discolored. The last throes came. I beheld that final struggle of the blackening form—and I fainted.

When I awoke out of a trance of many hours, I found myself lying amid the wreck of my instrument, myself as shattered in mind and body as it. I crawled feebly to my bed, from which I did not rise for months.

They say now that I am mad; but they are mistaken. I am poor, for I have neither the heart nor the will to work; all my money is spent, and I live on charity. Young men's associations that love a joke invite me to lecture on optics before them, for which they pay me, and laugh at me while I lecture. "Linley, the mad microscopist," is the name I go by. I suppose I talk incoherently while I lecture. Who could talk sense when his brain is haunted by such ghastly memories, while ever and anon among the shapes of death I behold the radiant form of my lost Gracilia!—From the *Works of Fitz-James O'Brien*.

LOST FOR LOVE.

By Joseph Medill, the Chicago "Tribune" Novelist.

CHAPTER I.—FROM A RACE THAT KILLS.

"So, Constance has given him the shake?"

"Yes."

"'Tis well the Lady Gertrude hath not heard of this, else were it better for Reginald that the broad demesne o'er which he rules so haughtily held lightly in its grass-covered hosom his pallid corse. The proud, vindictive spirit of the Mulcaheys will not brook an insult, and, by my halidom, 'twere well for the young lord of Tompkinsville that he wear a steel corselet o'er his perjured heart this night, ere the steel-shod hoofs of his palfrey are heard crossing the draw-bridge that leads to the Castle Mahoney. Mark you this, Wilfred, 'tis not a light offense that one, e'en though he be rich, and young, and handsome, step in between a Mulcahey and the one he loves."

CHAPTER II.—FOR A YEAR AND A DAY.

It was Miriam McCarthy, eighth Duchess of Connemara, who spoke these words, and Wilfred O'Brien gazed at her with a sad earnestness as she leaned gracefully over the back-yard fence, her sunny countenance flecked here and there by a dash of soap-suds, whose delicate whiteness brought out in bold relief the vivid colors of her roseate complexion. Wilfred was a pale, intellectual youth, and prided himself on his ancestry. Once he had said to the Jones boy, "I am the descendant of a noble race. The blood of three kings flows in my veins." But the Jones boy had only laughed in his coarse, brutal way, and replied that some day a man would come along with a flush, and capture the three kings. Wilfred had brooded over this and other evidences of the barbarism that was continually outcropping in the lives of the poor, plebeian Americans whom he was compelled sometimes to meet, and his naturally sunny disposition had become so soured that he would often put down the hood and mutter strange oaths to himself, taking no heed of aught that was passing in the busy world around him, until a chunk of plaster from the hand of the head bricklayer flew merrily in his direction, and he hastened to relieve the Duke of Galway, who should have been two places below him on the ladder. He loved Miriam McCarthy with a wild, passionate, soul-melting love that, like the mighty glacier of the Alps, bore on its outward surface no indication of the tremendous force within. Two years ago she had first seen him as he walked with his proud, County Antrim stride along the streets amid the blare of trumpets, the rattle of drums, and the graceful and fiery prancing of the temporarily-off-duty omnibus horses as the United Sons of Hibernia swept with stately grace past her ancestral home on the avenue. "I do not care," she said, softly, to herself, blushing as she spoke, "if he has got his grandfather's plug hat on; to me he is all that is noble, and manly, and pure, and good."

Two weeks later they had plighted their troth, and were now looking forward with all the rosy hopefulness of youth to the halcyon days when they would be forever bound together by the holy tie of matrimony, and a dimpled haire coo merrily forth its dulcet cries when the colic came like a thief in the night, and the paregoric hottle had vanished into the deep mystery of the Hereafter.

CHAPTER III.—THE RIVAL'S REWARD.

"Are you going to the wake this evening?"

It was thus that Pizarro McGinness, the young Earl of Ballyhooley, spoke to Miriam McCarthy two hours after the above conversation had taken place.

"Who's the corpse?" asked Miriam, a bright smile illumining her features at the thought of the unexpected society event which had come to her.

"Cecil Clancarty," replied Pizarro.

Miriam's heart beat a great throb. "So then," she thought, "this proud beauty who won my brother's love two summers ago, only to cast it aside when the picnic season was over as carelessly as papa slings his dinner-pail into the corner when he returns in the gloaming from the horse-railway harn, is dead. She did not care, when my golden-haired Rupert came home full as a tick, and carefully placed his boots on the *étage* before retiring. The poor boy's heart was breaking for love of her, but she laughed his suit to scorn; and now she has died amid all her follies, and sins, and six-hutton kid gloves." Then, mastering the emotion which had momentarily almost overcome her, Miriam turned to Pizarro and asked: "What happened her?"

"Aneurism of the heart, I believe," was the reply.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Miriam. "I always said she would kill herself some day, the way she powdered and painted."

"Well," said the young man, a trifle impatiently, "will you be there to-night?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"And may I escort you home?"

"I will see you later on that point," was the witty response; and with a light, merry ha-ha-villain-I-scorn-your-proffered-suit laugh on her lips, Miriam sprang lightly from the ash-barrel on which she was seated, and began to shoo the geese out of the front yard.

CHAPTER IV.—EVEN TO DEATH.

"I can not allow you to go home with me, Mr. McGinness," said Miriam, as she left the wake.

"Why not?"

"Because my betrothed, Mr. O'Brien, has told me that you are lacking in the *savoir vivre* which every truly cultured gentleman should possess; in other words, that you are a 'far-down.'"

"If I had him here," hissed the young man through his clenched teeth, "methinks my wealth of box-toed boot would toy with his custom-made pants awhile."

"Would it, indeed?" said a voice from the steps of a neighboring sour-mash emporium. "Then defend yourself as best you may."

Each man spat on his hands, and sailed in. As they rolled around on the side-walk, Miriam shrank in terror to the side of the building. The men fought as only those nerved by desperation can fight. Suddenly they disappeared from view, a dull thud being the only clew to their whereabouts. One glance, and the girl saw all.

They had fallen through a coal-hole.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, who have been at the Calaveras Big Trees since the middle of June, will leave for home next week. Hon. Leland Stanford returned from New York on Monday last. Mrs. Captain Goodall, accompanied by Mrs. Major Hayden McLellan, of Los Angeles, is spending a few weeks at Pacific Grove. Captain and Mrs. Newland and their three daughters, of Oakland, are at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Theodore Tracy, accompanied by her youngest son, is visiting friends at Portland, Oregon. Mrs. E. L. G. Steele, of Oakland, is at the Calaveras Big Trees. Mrs. Jennie Burnett is visiting her mother in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Pillsbury and daughter, who lately spent a week or two at the Calaveras Grove, have been at the Yosemite for the past eight or ten days. Mrs. Alice Driggs is visiting in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. E. O. F. Hastings, who have been spending the past two weeks at the Yosemite and at the Mariposa and Calaveras groves, returned home a day or two ago. Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Miss Amy, her daughter, after a year's sojourn abroad, are back again home at Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, and William H. Crocker, sail from New York for Liverpool to-day. Miss Minnie Peterson, of Sacramento, who has been visiting in the East, returned home a few days ago. Miss Mamie Wiseman, of Sacramento, is at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Decker, of Marysville, are in New York. Mrs. J. H. Carroll and the Misses Carroll, of Sacramento, are at Monterey; in a day or two they will go to Howell Mountain to stay until August. Robert Potts, of the navy, and family, arrived here from the East a few days ago. Mrs. F. A. McDougal and daughter, of Los Angeles, are at the Lick, where they will remain for a month. Mrs. G. L. Curtis, of Oakland, is visiting friends in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Bard, of Ventura, are at Tahoe. Mrs. A. F. Grant, of Healdsburg, is at the Grand. Mrs. N. Greene Curtis, of Sacramento, has returned from her Eastern trip. Miss Hattie Rice and Miss Barrows are at Mount Shasta. Miss Susie Russell, of Sacramento, has been visiting Miss Sue Wilkins, of Colusa. Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, of the Palace, are contemplating a trip to Monterey. Miss Sadie Jones and Mrs. Nellie Warner, of Sacramento, are at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor and daughters are at the McCloud River. Mrs. S. D. Hovey has been spending a few days at Santa Monica. Hon. B. B. Redding, W. E. Brown, President Reid, of the University, Governor Perkins, ex-Governor Booth, Albert Gallatin, Dr. Stebbins, and Rev. Mr. Barrows, who have been at the McCloud River, fishing, are expected to return to-day. C. F. Fargo and the Misses Fargo are at Santa Monica. Mrs. J. P. Carothers and Miss Carothers, of Oakland, returned from the East on Sunday last. C. L. Bowman, C. Blockinger, and H. Knox, U. S. N., were at the Baldwin on Sunday last. W. R. Ahern, U. S. A., was at the Palace on Sunday and Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holladay and daughter have returned to New York from Washington and Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, who are now in New York, will leave for home in a week or two. Miss Mabel Durkin is at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sloan, who were married in San Leandro on the twenty-third ult., and subsequently enjoyed their honeymoon at Monterey, have returned and taken up their residence in this city. Rev. Dr. Platt is contemplating an Eastern and Southern trip, and a return with Mrs. Platt, who has been visiting in the East several months, early in October next. Mrs. Pay-Director Schenck entertained a number of the officers of the *Iroquois*, at dinner on Thursday last; an evening before Mrs. Schenck gave a "Southern tea" to a number of ladies and gentlemen. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle are at Santa Cruz. Mrs. Joseph Austin is at the Geysers. Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan are at Santa Cruz. Mrs. Senator Fair and family have returned from the Geysers. Mrs. Edward Martin is visiting her brother, Hon. John G. Downey, at Los Angeles. Miss Minnie Mizner, of Benicia, who has been in the Eastern States on a visit since last autumn, will leave for home on or about the first of August. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue and Miss Donahue have returned from the Geysers. Mr. Joseph Donahue and his party of ten, who left here for the Yosemite and Big Trees on the twenty-sixth ultimo, have returned. Miss Ella Bovee is sojourning at Santa Cruz. Mrs. Judge E. D. Wheeler is at Etna Springs. Mr. J. P. Hoge and family have been spending some time at Etna Springs. Mrs. Colonel Withington has returned from San Mateo, where she had been visiting the Misses Corbett. Mrs. and Miss Daingerfield are at Etna Springs. Bishop and Mrs. Kip will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Booth during their brief sojourn in Alameda. Mrs. Lissak is ruralizing in Sonoma County. Rev. S. G. Lines, who lately resigned the pastorate of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, was very pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Whitney, at their residence, corner of Octavia Street and Pacific Avenue, on Thursday evening last. Lieutenant Mason, U. S. N., who left here with his wife about eight months ago for Annapolis, Maryland, is now in Washington on special duty. General Rufus Saxton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Saxton arrived here from the East a few days ago. Miss Mary Meares has returned from her short trip to the southern part of the State. Mrs. Matthew Crooks and her two daughters, the Misses Calla and Ida Crooks, who have been spending some months in New York and elsewhere in the East, were present at the late graduation hop at West Point. Jerome B. Lincoln Jr. and George Hooker are in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Crocker are at Coney Island for a few days. Miss Maggie Randolph spent the Fourth with Mrs. Lillie Coit, at Larkmead. Ormond Lissak, a son of A. H. Lissak, stood number eight in a class of thirty-eight at the last West Point graduating exercises. Rev. Doctor Scott and Mrs. Scott, after a month's recreation in the country, have returned to the city. Miss Crockett is visiting Mrs. Pay-Director Schenck. O. F. Giffin and family have been visiting the Geysers. Mrs. General Barnes has left the Palace and gone to housekeeping at No. 821 Sutter Street. Mrs. William M. Gwin, after the holiday rush is over, will go to Monterey with a number of ladies, and remain until the middle of August. After their arrival from Monterey Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller and daughters

will go to Tahoe for a few weeks. Mrs. George Hearst, who has lately arrived from Europe, and who was not only present at the marriage of Sir Sidney Waterlow and Miss Maggie Hamilton, but who accompanied Miss Hamilton to the scene of the wedding as her friend, says that Mrs. Waterlow has thirty-six servants; and she thinks that it must make the genial, rollicking California girl smile sometimes as the platoons of lackeys in livery respond to her every summons with systematic bendings, and fling "your ladyship" at her a hundred times a day. If Mrs. W. was not really a Cinderella among the society girls of San Francisco, her foot has exactly fitted the magic slipper, and a golden one at that. Miss Mamie Grayson is at Glenwood. Miss Fannie Boruck is enjoying the pastoral scenes of Marin County. Mrs. B. B. Redding, after having been entertained by Mrs. C. P. Huntington in New York, returned to Boston a couple of weeks ago, and is recreating "away down in Maine" at present. Miss Hattie Appell is not yet surfeited with Santa Cruz. Mrs. William B. Brown and the Misses Brown entertained a number of their friends at their summer place at St. Helena, on the evening of the Fourth; what with fireworks and the flashing eyes of pretty girls, the display of pyrotechnics was a beautiful and an animated one. On Saturday last Mr. Allen Knight, of the London and San Francisco Bank, and Miss Lillie Miller, of Oakland, were joined in marriage at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, and shortly after the ceremony left for Kellogg, where their honeymoon is to be enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, arrived here from New York a few days ago. D. O. Mills Jr. and his beautiful wife, after their return from Europe, and a short visit to Newport, will leave for the Pacific Coast, and join the family group at Milbrae, in about two months or less. Miss Belle Garvey is at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding celebrated the Fourth at Kellogg's; also, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook. Mr. and Mrs. John Cheny and the two Misses Cheny spent the Fourth at Santa Cruz. Major George W. Reed and Miss Lillie L. Bonte will be married at Berkeley, on Thursday, August 3d. Lieutenant C. P. Howell, U. S. N., left for the East a few days ago. Colonel and Mrs. Smedburg have returned from Santa Cruz. Miss Nannie Crane, of Oakland, who was considered one of the prettiest of the pretty girls at Monterey last summer, is at Santa Cruz. The genial Paymaster McDaniel, of the *Wachusett*, who has been at the Palace for three or four weeks, has returned to his vessel at Sitka. Mrs. A. A. Van Voorhies and her daughter, Miss Katie Van Voorhies, of Sacramento, have been spending a few weeks at the seashore near Santa Cruz. Commander Coffin, U. S. N., has been visiting his family, who are spending the summer at Soda Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Selfridge have returned from their country jaunt. Downey Harvey came up from Los Angeles a few days ago, on pleasure and business combined. Mrs. C. T. Hopkins, of Oakland, has returned from Monterey. Miss Hutchinson has returned from the Yosemite. Mr. Bliss Paxon, of this city, and Miss Bessie Emerson, of Healdsburg, will be married at the summer residence of Mrs. John Paxon, near Healdsburg, on the twenty-sixth. The marriage of William Moser Jr., of New York, and Miss Minnie Fox, of this city, will take place in a few days. Mrs. Lieutenant Greeley, wife of the Arctic explorer now taking meteorological observations in Franklin Bay, has been visiting friends in this city, and went to Soda Bay on Wednesday last to stay until September. George Graff, of the *Ranger*, has been at the Baldwin most of the week. B. T. Walling and G. H. Stafford, U. S. N., are at the Occidental. F. Palfrey, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas have gone to Europe, to remain away until October. Miss Susie Geller, of Los Angeles, is visiting a married sister in this city. Mrs. Captain Forney, who has been residing in Oakland for nearly two years, has moved to San Francisco. D. O. Lewis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lewis are at the Galindo Hotel, Oakland. Mrs. H. B. Francis is at Pescadero. Miss Jennie Clark is at the Big Trees. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Evans are at Santa Cruz. Miss Huhbell and Miss Marston, of San Diego, are visiting this city. Miss Alice White, of Oakland, is visiting in Sacramento. Miss May Stanley, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in Monterey County. Mrs. Peterson, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in this city. Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Chase, of Oakland, have returned from Etna Springs. Mrs. James Robinson, of Redwood, has been in the city during the week. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Davenport, Mr. Redding, Frank Comins, Leon Smith, and W. Hoehn have returned from Weber Lake with a splendid catch. Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Al. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook, Henry Reddington, and James Baker have returned from Howell Mountain. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilcutt have returned from the Yosemite. Mrs. Congressman Page has already taken up her residence at the Grand Union, Saratoga. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker and family spent the Fourth at Long Branch, and during the day Mr. C. telegraphed to his friends at the Del Monte that he was with them in spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Willard V. Huntington and party of friends have gone to the Geysers to spend a few days. Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid contemplate a visit to Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Callingham celebrated the Fourth in search of rural felicity in the vicinity of Hayward's. Mr. and Mrs. George R. Sanderson have returned from Southern California. J. W. Mackey, of the Bonanza trio, arrived here to-day. J. H. Boalt, wife and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Osborn are summering at Lake Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Captain and Mrs. Moore, Henry and Mrs. Wetherbee, and a number of young society ladies held a forest party in the Alameda Cañon on July fourth. General Stoneman came up from his orange groves yesterday, and is at the Palace. Captain and Mrs. J. T. Wright, of Oakland, who have been in the Eastern cities for the past five or six months, returned home on Thursday last, and will soon go to Monterey. General Kautz, of Angel Island, has been in the city for a few days. J. H. Glennon, U. S. N., is at the Occidental. Miss Fannie Houghton, who was one of the reigning spirits at Monterey last Fourth, and who left here for the East a few weeks ago, is summering in the White Mountains.

It has now been discovered that Billy Patterson was struck by lightning.

VANITY FAIR.

At a recent royal levée in London, gentlemen wearing ruffles of old lace—which, it seems, are a violation of the sumptuary laws of the court of Queen Victoria—were conducted by an official to a side-room where the obnoxious decorations were cut from their wrists before they were permitted to appear in the presence of royalty.

Mrs. Langtry says that she will not return to London till she has made fifty thousand dollars. She seems luxurious in her traveling, as a "special" is provided for her and her maid, at a cost of five hundred dollars. American ladies will be anxious to know where the Jersey Lily gets her clothes. Mrs. Mason, the modiste in Burlington Street, has the honor of supplying all her theatrical costumes.

A well-known New York lady the other day gave a very elegant German, which was attended by over one hundred guests. She had prepared a number of little satin caskets holding artistic filigree bracelets for the ladies in the cotillon, but when the fair dancers received their gifts the caskets were found to be empty. Some thief had made a clean sweep of their contents. The misadventure must have been a most vexatious one, especially to the hostess.

A most momentous question has been stirring the world of fashion in Paris. It is, in what colors a young widow, who remarries after two years' widowhood, should present herself at the altar? After due consideration, the oracle invoked has answered, and young widows in the above circumstance will please note that they can wear neither blue, nor pink, nor, in short, any showy color but lilac or pearl-gray, or some other neutral tint.

One of the principal objects of interest at the approaching coronation of the Czar will be the carriage of the Czarina, which is the same that was presented by Frederick the Great to the Empress Elizabeth. It is a sort of double throne upon wheels, and is hung, not upon springs, but upon huge bands of velvet. Within, it is upholstered with red velvet, and has a large mirror in front, facing the occupant, framed with white satin. The coachman's seat accommodates four persons. It is drawn by eight horses of purest white, wearing harnesses of crimson velvet encrusted with gold and precious stones. The cost of furnishing up the twenty-three vehicles of which the cortege is to consist has amounted to two hundred and thirty thousand rubles, or one hundred and seventy-two thousand five hundred dollars.

The height of the season, says a London correspondent, has not brought the usual amount of balls and parties, but still, wherever there is a gathering, the same parade of simplicity appears. Petticoats, if plain, are of the heaviest silk, dresses, if of cheap material, are trimmed with lace at five guineas a yard, or embroidery which is priceless. The whole costume is so craftily designed, and in its deceptive plainness it absorbs so many yards of stuff, that it requires the utmost skill of the dressmaker and unlimited pin-money in the wearer. Diamonds and precious stones ajure the regal traditions of tiaras, coronets, necklaces, and stars, to hide their intrinsic value in the shape of flies, spiders, beetles, lizards, and all shapes of transient and unlasting frivolity. Aestheticism is being laughed out, and is dying in a shroud of its own making—a long, shapeless monk's robe, confined at the waist, wherever that portion of the figure is supposed to be, by a sash; the whole tint a moldy, vault-like, worm-eaten green, savoring of decay.

A lady writing from London says: "All the beauties were present at Lord Carrington's ball, and an American girl, Miss Chamberlain, who is going out in London with her countrywoman, Mrs. Paget, (*née* Stevens), is having a good time, being much admired, and invited everywhere. She is always remarkably well dressed. Americans generally are, for they do not hesitate to send over to Worth for their clothes. Though I am bound to say that our London dress-makers often turn out costumes which would stand competition with any Paris creation, and many of them charge as high as any one in Paris. A court dress this year, without the lace, was sent home accompanied by a nice little bill of two hundred and seventy pounds—not bad for one frock. We are getting very proud of our British dress fabrics, and, under the auspices of Lady Bective, great impetus has been given in the home manufacture market, and the demand for English silks, satins, and all woolen materials is steadily on the increase. The Queen herself is patronizing English alpacas."

"The gilded youth of the day," says Labouchere in the *London Truth*, "wear exceedingly tight trousers, well-defined waists, slightly suggestive of corsets, hats with curved brims, very tall collars, very light ties, and a white flower placed very near their estimable chins. Their boots taper at the toes to points so sharp as to defy nature and encourage chiropodists. Ladies who adopt the straight skirt with no trimming, save a rather aggressive ruffle at the edge, should remember that this style of dress displays to advantage or otherwise the 'action' of the limbs. I had no idea until recently how many of my fair countrywomen are knock-kneed. And, ah me! how very few of them walk well. Will no professor arise and teach them that graceful, gliding motion that to some women comes by nature? He could show them how to avoid walking as though with each step the entire weight of the body was transferred from one foot to the other; and he might impress upon his pupils that it is much less fatiguing to walk well than to lounge and lurch along as some of our best-born maidens do. Some other philanthropic person might establish classes for the propagation of the ornamental art of holding a parasol properly. He might point out that it is unnecessary to prop up the right elbow with the left hand when the parasol is held open, or, when shut, to carry it as if it were a baby. It must not be held too high up the handle, for in this case the points threaten the eyes of passers. And, again, it should not be held too near the end, for this has an awkward aspect, causing the parasol to totter and wobble uneasily, after the fashion of the crinoline."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Patrick Hennessy, the Irish person removed by the commissioners from Golden Gate Park, communicates to the *Chronicle* his grievances in reference thereto, and the editor of the *Chronicle*, in an editorial note, states that the gentleman who succeeds Mr. Hennessy is a brother-in-law of Mr. Frank M. Pixley, one of the commissioners. Mr. Pixley has no living brother-in-law, or brother, or other male relative in California, save his brother's children, the oldest of whom is not yet fifteen years of age.

A war between England and Egypt is a conflict between civilization and semi-barbarism, in which the sympathies of all Christian nations will be enlisted on the side of Great Britain. There will be a nearly unanimous public opinion in the United States of America favoring the triumph of English arms; and if there is a want of sympathy upon the part of any class of American citizens, it will be entirely discreditable to them, and will serve to emphasize the feeling which order-loving citizens already feel toward them. A war of Englishmen against Egyptians or Arabs can have but one result. English arms will in the end be victorious. Intelligence must triumph over brute force. British valor, modern science, arms of precision, unlimited military resources, and national pride can not be conquered by anything that Egypt and her allied barbarians can bring against them. The conflict may be bloody, and even desperate, but it will be short and decisive. A war between Great Britain and Egypt will unite and consolidate all parties in England. Any faction in the English Parliament that will, in the interest of home politics, endeavor to embarrass the operations of her armies, pending the struggle, will lose the respect and moral support of all honorable men.

The older residents of the State will remember John F. McCauley, as occupying a very prominent position in public life, and taking an active part in political affairs. He was once connected with General James Estell in the management of the State Prison at San Quentin. Mr. McCauley is now a retired and wealthy citizen of San Joaquin County. At the recent Democratic State Convention in San José he came into prominent notice by his active opposition to ex-Chief Justice Wallace for member of Congress at large. In the most public manner, and everywhere on the street and in the public frequented places, he charged him with corruption on the bench, and, with particularity of detail, asserted that he—McCauley—had paid Lloyd Tevis the sum of five thousand dollars for Judge Wallace, with his privacy, in consideration of a certain decision to be thereafter rendered in his—McCauley's—favor. If there is nothing in this accusation more than the spleen of an angry politician, it is an unworthy exhibition of party passion for which Mr. McCauley ought not to be held excusable, and at which Messrs. Wallace and Tevis have a right to be justly indignant. If it be true, these gentlemen ought not to escape a just popular indignation. If it be true that Tevis received the money and did not divide it with the judge, the act is still open to criticism. In any event, this matter has gone so far that there ought to be a willingness on the part of Messrs. Wallace and Tevis to have an opportunity of giving it their indignant denial, and of stamping it out as a vile slander against two gentlemen whose reputations have been hitherto regarded as unassailable, and whose characters have been hitherto above reproach.

On Saturday, the second of July, Superintendent Henry L. Dodge, of the San Francisco Branch Mint, transferred to the new superintendent, Hon. E. F. Burton, over thirty-one million dollars, and his authority in connection with the establishment. It is unnecessary to state that in the final settlement made with the United States Government officials, every account, to the last dollar of expenditure, was found to be in satisfactory condition. Mr. Dodge brought business principles into the management of mint affairs. He brought order out of disorder, saved expenses, and turned the mint over to his successor with the reputation at Washington of having made the best administration of any superintendent ever in the mint service. In this instance an important branch of the public service has been conducted upon the principles of true civil service reform. Mr. Dodge has illustrated that business methods, perfect integrity, and thorough efficiency may be introduced into Government business without injury to the party or scandal to the administration. His employees, having been called into the disbursing-room to take leave of him, and to be introduced to the new superintendent, Mr. Dodge made a few appropriate remarks upon introducing Mr. Burton, to which the latter gentleman made a fitting response. Rev. Mr. Buckbee then stepped to the front, and in a neat speech presented, in the name of the officers and employees, the retiring superintendent with an elegant and costly punch-bowl of beaten silver with gold ladle, and a superb watch, chain, and locket. The affair was not one of those cut-and-dried exhibitions witnessed on similar occasions, but was an expression of the kind feelings that existed between the employees and their official head after so many years of intercourse. In the evening, by Mr. Dodge's request, nearly all of the employees paid their respects to him at his rooms at the Palace, and tested the capacity of the punch-bowl. Mr. Burton will be compelled to nerve himself to a determined resistance against the pressure of applicants for mint positions, and it will be well for politicians to remember that this is not a change of party administration, and that it is not a case of removing a Democrat to give place to a Republican. Few changes ought to be made, and few can be made with profit either to the public service or the Republican party. We so earnestly desire our friend, the Hon. Ned Burton, to make a success of his administration of mint affairs, that we wish he could be relieved from the pressure of place-hunters, and, like the late superintendent, be permitted to remember that he is engaged in the manufacture of money, and not in running the Republican machine.

Talmage says that nine out of ten business men do not scruple to lie for a sixpence. The lying sixpence is better than the slow shilling.

OLD FAVORITES.

Her Treasures.

I keep them in the old, old box
That Willie gave me years ago,
The time we parted on the rocks;
His ship lay swinging to and fro,
At waiting in the lower bay.
I thought my heart would break that day!

The picture with the pensive eyes
Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake,
Who took the West Point highest prize;
He went half crazy for my sake.
Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,
And here's a hutton off his coat.

Is this his ring? My dearest May,
I never took a ring from him!
This was a gift from Howard Clay.
Just see, the pearls are getting dim.
They say that pearls are tears—what stuff!
The setting looks a little rough.

He was as handsome as a prince—
And jealous! But he went to Rome
Last fall. He's never written since.
I used to visit at his home—

A lovely place beyond Fort Lee—
His mother thought the world of me!

Oh no! I sent his letters back.
These came to me from Washington.
But look, what a tremendous pack!

He always wrote me three for one.
I know I used to treat him ill—
Poor Jack! he fell at Chancellorsville.

The vignettes—all that lot—are scraps
I took in London, Naples, Nice,
At Paris, and among the Alps;
Those foreign lovers act like geese.

But, dear, they are such handsome men.
We go to France next year again.

This is the doctor's signet ring.
These faded flowers? Oh, let me see:
Why, what a very curious thing!

Who could have sent these flowers to me?
Ah! now I have it—Count de Twirl!
He married that fat Crosbie girl.

His hair was red. You need not look
So sadly at that raven tress.
You know the head that look forsook;
You know, but you could never guess!

Nor would I tell you for the world
About whose brow that ringlet curled.

Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child,
Because you like the man yourself;
But most because—don't get so wild!
I have not laid him on the shelf—

He's not a hygone. In a year
I'll tell you all about him, dear.
—Mary Ainge De Vere.

Telemachus Versus Mentor.

Don't mind me, I beg you, old fellow; I'll do very well here alone;
You must not be kept from your "German" because I've dropped in
like a stone;

Leave all ceremony behind you, leave all thought of aught but yourself,
And leave, if you like, the Madeira, and a dozen cigars on the shelf.
As for me, you will say to our hostess—well, I scarcely need give you
a cue.

Chant my praise! All will list to Apollo, though Mercury pipe to a few;
Say just what you please, my dear boy; there's more eloquence lies in
youth's rash

Outspoken heart-impulse than ever growled under this grizzling mous-
tache.

Go, don the dress-coat of our tyrant—youth's panoplied armor for
fight—
And tie the white neckcloth that rumples, like pleasure, and lasts but
a night,

And pray the Nine Gods to avert you what time the Three Sisters shall
frown,
And you'll lose your high-comedy figure, and sit more at ease in your
gown.

He's off! There's his foot on the staircase. By Jove, what a bound!
Really now
Did I ever leap like this springald, with Love's chaplet green on my
brow?

Was I such an ass? No, I fancy. Indeed I remember quite plain:
A gravity mixed with my transports, a cheerfulness softened my pain.
He's gone! There's the slam of his cab-door, there's the clatter of
hoofs and the wheels,

And while be the light toe is tripping, in this arm-chair I'll tilt up my
heels.

He's gone, and for what? For a tremor from a waist like a teetotum
spun?

For a rosebud that's crumpled by many before it is gathered by one.
Is there naught in the halo of youth but the glow of a passionate race—
Midst the cheers and applause of a crowd—to the goal of a beautiful
face?

A race that is not to the swift, a prize that no merits enforce,
But is won by some *faineant* youth who shall simply walk over the
course?

Poor boy! Shall I shock his conceit? When he talks of her cheek's
loveliness,
Shall I say 'twas the air of the room, and was due to carbonic excess?
That when walking she drooped on his breast, and the veins of her
eyelids grew dim.

'Twas oxygen's absence she felt, but never the presence of him?
Shall I tell him First Love is a fraud, a weakling that's strangled in
birth,

Recalled with perfunctory tears, but lost in unsanctified mirth?
Or shall I go hid him believe in all womankind's charm, and forget
In the light ringing laugh of the world the rattlesnake's gay castanet?

Shall I tear out a leaf from my heart—from that book that forever is shut
On the past? Shall I speak of my first love—Augusta—my Lalage? But
I forget. Was it really Augusta? No. 'Twas Lucy! No. Mary!

No. Di!
Never mind; they were all first, and faithful, and yet—I've forgotten
just why.

No, no. Let him dream on and ever. Alas! he will waken too soon;
And it doesn't look well for October to always be preaching at June.
Poor boy! all his fond foolish trophies pinned yonder—a how, from
her hair,

A few *billets-doux* invitations, and—what's this? My name! I declare.
Humph! 'You'll come, for I've got you a prize—with beauty and
money no end;

You know her, I think; 'twas on *dit* she once was engaged to your
friend;
But she says that's all over." Ah, is it? Sweet Ethel! Incomparable
maid?

Or what if the thing were a trick?—this letter so freely displayed.
My opportune presence! No! nonsense! Will nobody answer the bell?
Call a cah! Half-past ten! Not too late yet. Oh, Ethel! Why don't
you go? Well?

"Master said you would wait—" Hang your master! "Have I
ever a message to send?"
Yes, tell him I've gone to the German to dance with the friend of his
friend.
—Bret Harte.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Gustave Doré is sketching and painting scenes among the Alps.

The times are evidently brightening for royal claimants, once the most impecunious of men, for the Count de Chambord has just sent the Pope a largesse of ten thousand francs.

Arabi Pasha appears to divide his worship between Mars and Venus; for a few weeks ago, in the midst of his troubles with the Khedive, he added to his household a third wife, the daughter of one Mustapha Pasba, and a lady of rank and fortune.

The senior diplomat in the United States service, by consecutive years of duty at one post, is the Hon. George P. Marsh, minister to Italy, who was commissioned March 20, 1861, and has held the office ever since. He has never, it is said, even applied for a temporary leave of absence.

President Grévy of France has been invested with the Order of the Golden Fleece by the King of Spain, his neck being adorned by the same collar worn by the late Czar Alexander II. This Order is one of the most distinguished in all Europe, having been founded in 1429 by Philippe III., Duke of Burgundy.

When Queen Margherita of Italy visited the Roman Academy this summer the artists presented to her were all in evening dress, and wore their decorations. Mr. Randolph Rogers, the American sculptor, was the only exception. He had neither ribbon nor medal, but wore a couple of marguerites in his button-hole, with which silent homage her majesty was much pleased.

Mr. Fox, whose family have for generations acted as Consuls for the United States at Falmouth, England, comes of a most consular family. The firm of which he is a member were a few years ago, and probably are to-day, Consuls for the United States, Chile, and Turkey, and Vice-Consuls for Austria, Brazil, Bremen, Denmark, Greece, Guatemala, Hamburg, Lubeck, Mexico, Oldenburg, Peru, Bolivia, and Tuscany.

A letter written by Cavour was sold at a sale of autographs the other day for a large sum, in consequence of its containing some very unfavorable criticisms on the manners and customs of members of the French Jockey Club. It was somewhat ungrateful of Cavour to leave so bitter a censure on the club, considering that when he was an honorary member, during the congress of 1856, he won twenty thousand pounds sterling at whist there.

Mr. Lambart, of Beau Parc, Ireland, one of whose daughters is maid of honor to Queen Victoria, has had nine daughters, of whom eight survive. Lord Alfred Paget, Clerk Marshal to the Queen, has eight daughters, all unmarried. There is a prevalent feeling in England to-day that Protestant nannies must soon come into vogue. The Queen, meanwhile, shows her sympathy as best she can toward these quiversful, but maids of honor rarely marry.

The Marquis of Conyngham, who died lately, was grandson of the old marchioness, whose career was one of the scandals of the regency, and who is so often alluded to in Greville's memoirs. He married a daughter of a former Lord Harrington by Miss Foote, a beautiful actress. The regent's *chère amie* the marchioness was daughter of a self-made millionaire. She had a great fortune, and her only brother left about a million sterling to her second son, who was made Lord Londesborough.

The Duke of Richmond, who a few years since, to the disgust of Lord Huntley, representative of the direct male line of the Gordons, tacked the title of Gordon to that of Richmond, is also Duke of Aubigny, a title conferred with an estate of that name by Louis XIV. upon a notorious woman whom Charles II. created Duchess of Portsmouth. This title made the Dukes of Richmond peers of France, and they continued long after to hold seats in the French Parliament as such. The number of such peers was very limited, although the number of nobles was very large.

President Grévy, who comes from a family belonging to the lowest grade of French society, has not the personal bearing of a great ruler. He is short, dapper, and undignified, and has little magnetism or enthusiasm in his disposition. The secret of his success lies in his coolness and courage, his habit of working while his rivals are talking, and his clean, honest record. His wife was, some years before he married her, employed by him as a cook and laundress. She has never yet been "recognized by society"—that is, by the "society of nobility"—in Paris.

A Roman correspondent of *Figaro* relates a singular story, to the effect that the lady who is now known as the Countess Lambertini was, when only fifteen years old, frequently visited at the house of her mother, Madame Marconi, by Ricciotti Garibaldi. He became enamored of her, and wished to marry her, but Madame Marconi interfered, gave him his congé, and the intimacy was broken off. But the whirligig of time presents few more remarkable incongruities than the mere possibility of the marriage of a son of Garibaldi to the reputed daughter of Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State to Pius IX.

It is not generally known, even abroad, that the Countess of Charlemont, just deceased, who was a daughter of Sir William Summerville, for many years Chief Secretary for Ireland, and afterward created Lord Athlumney, was a convert to Judaism. Judaism has taken hold of many minds in England of late years. Lord Amberley, Earl Russell's eldest son, came to the conclusion before his death, and published it, that the New Testament was entirely apocryphal. Again, we find George Eliot making the exaltation of the Jewish race the key-note of her last great work of fiction. Lady Charlemont was quite consistent in her adherence to her adopted creed. She went to the Bayswater synagogue while she was in London. In Belfast she attended the Belfast synagogue. Her charities were Jewish, and her spiritual adviser was Chief Rabbi Addler. She is mourned by the whole Jewish community.

NEW YORK NABOBS.

Our Correspondent Details the Latest Gossip in New Amsterdam.

Everybody is going into the country. There is one sensation with which to end the season. A mysterious Marquis de Leuville, who arrived last year from England, is reported engaged to Mrs. Frank Leslie, the widow of the publisher. She was once considered a beauty, and is said to possess the handsomest foot in New York. Her property is estimated at three-quarters of a million. The marquis is a fat man, about forty years of age, with a straggling black beard, is slightly hald, wears Williams's shoes, high French heels, four or five rings, and full-dress vests constantly. He talks with an affected accent, which is partially English and partially French, and haunts Delmonico's and the Brunswick. He has not succeeded in getting into the best society; but was taken up rapturously when he arrived by the crowd of suspicious Bohemians belonging to the Pot-Luck Club. He was at all their entertainments, and at the end of the winter season gave a reception. He was assisted by Lady Duffus Hardy, whose title and antecedents are quite as shady as those of the marquis. After the marquis had been here some time, English visitors who saw him stopped, stared, and insisted that he was no marquis at all, but Jack Wilson, a would-be aristocratic son-in-law of Madame Tussaud, the famous wax-works exhibitor of London. The marquis frequently overheard these things, but stared at the Englishmen with blank unconsciousness, and pursued the even tenor of his way. Mrs. Leslie has never succeeded in getting into the best society in New York, but moved in the same sphere that the marquis gained entrance to. His engagement to her would seem to show that he did not marry Madame Tussaud's daughter; but the mystery of his antecedents is as great as ever. He has been refused by several of the clubs. His last experience at the Lotus Club dinner in May was talked of for some time. When he sat down to dinner, he spoke with so pronounced a foreign accent that his companions had difficulty in understanding him; but as dinner progressed he grew more and more intelligible, until, at dessert, he talked very plain English, and at coffee dropped into the pronounced aphorisms of the London cockney. After that he was not invited to the Lotus.

Mrs. Leslie usually goes to her country-place in Saratoga late in April or early in May, but has remained in the city this year in preference. Her place on Saratoga Lake is one of the sights of that watering-place. The barn is far more beautiful than the house, and the entire property is malarial. Frank Leslie spent a great deal of money on the place before his death, and kept eight or nine horses, steam and sailing-yachts, and made an incipient attempt at farming. When he died the property was in litigation so long that it ran down, and adjacent property-holders built fences between the road and the house on strips of land owned by them, which not only spoiled the view from the windows inland, but hid the house from people driving on the road. The grounds went to ruin. When Mrs. Leslie gained her suit, she seemed to have lost all interest in her property, but continued to go to Saratoga as formerly. The business of the old publisher was in a most disastrous condition. It was on the point of failure, when Mr. I. W. England took hold of it, and brought it up on a paying basis. Then he turned the property over to Mrs. Leslie. Instead of putting it in charge of some good business man, she insisted upon running the business herself. Every morning she drove down to the house in her hrougham at half-past nine o'clock, went to her office, preceded by a footman who took her wraps and arranged her chairs, and went to work. She has succeeded in muddling the business up so completely that if the late Frank Leslie could see it he would rise from his grave in anguish. Of late she has lost interest in the affairs of the house, which has probably helped to run it down, and devoted herself more to the understratum of society, where she met the marquis.

The most annoying thing about the marquis is that he pays his bills. He lives quietly in rooms—in Sixteenth Street, I think—and breakfasts at the Riccadona, mornings at ten o'clock. From that time on he devotes himself to walking on Fifth Avenue, and calling on friends. He has probably left more of his visiting cards, with an immense and gaudy coronet over his name, in New York, than any nobleman, alleged or otherwise, who ever visited this country. At the Charity Ball last season he approached several ladies and asked for dances without introduction. He was quietly bluffed in every case. Then he went to the manager's office, where there was a supper for newspaper men, and presented his card at the door, with the statement that he was New York correspondent for the London *World*. Walter Fanning, the resident correspondent of the London *World*, was within at the time. They took the card to him, and he said he had never heard of the gentleman before. This did not deter the marquis from entering, however, and enjoying a hearty supper. Later he introduced himself to several people, and was seen in a box with Mrs. John Bigelow, wife of ex-Secretary of State Bigelow, during the rest of the evening. He accompanied her to her carriage, and announced in a loud voice with a charming accent that he would call on her on the following day at five. Mrs. Bigelow made no response. However, the marquis called, as promised, the next day and found her out. This does not prevent him from greeting her affably whenever they meet, which is often, as Mrs. Bigelow is quite as much of a rounder in a social way as the marquis himself, and is to be found at every gathering, private, public, or otherwise, which she has time to attend.

She is, indeed, one of the social sights of the city. She has two hall dresses. One is green and the other is purple, both cut as low as possible, and fashioned after the style of many years ago, when Mrs. Bigelow's husband was United States Minister to Paris. Many amusing stories are told about her. She has an utter disregard for the social proprieties of life. Frenchmen never come over here without telling of the night when the emperor, wishing to show a compliment to America, sent the use of his private box at the opera to America's minister. The compliment was graceful and distinguished. Mrs. Bigelow did not feel well, and did not feel like going out, but she hated to see the box vacant, so she sent her maids and the footman to see the

opera. The effect of this can be imagined on a French audience. Servants of an American minister in the emperor's box! Every glass in the house was leveled at them, but they sat there until after the first act, when Mr. Bigelow, having heard of it, rushed frantically in and ejected them all, and sat down himself, looking very much embarrassed. Mrs. Bigelow herself tells the story, and considers it rather in the light of a joke. So do most other Americans. There is another story about Mrs. Bigelow which I do not believe. It is that while dancing with Mr. Victor Drummond of the British Legation, at Newport, she stopped for a moment at the supper-room, excused herself, took some crackers from the table, and continued her waltz with that gentleman, eating crackers at the same time. This is almost too much to believe, even of Mrs. Bigelow. Despite her peculiarities, she is one of the most popular society leaders in New York, and is particularly popular with young people. The party of young society men and girls that she took to the West Point hop Friday consisted of the best people in the city.

Mr. Bigelow lives two doors from Samuel J. Tilden, in Gramercy Park. He is a quiet old gentleman, with a fondness for trees and flowers. He and Mr. Tilden are together almost constantly when the latter is in the city. Mr. Tilden's new house is not yet finished. Mr. Tilden comes down every morning about ten o'clock from his country seat at Greystone, near Yonkers, to watch the builders. As soon as he arrives, he sends his card in to Mr. Bigelow, who issues from his house immediately afterward, and shakes hands gravely with Mr. Tilden, after which the two old men stand and stare fixedly at the house for half an hour at a time, never interchanging a word. I have seen them do this day after day for months, as my windows are opposite Mr. Tilden's new house. After standing about for some time, Mr. Tilden gravely invites Mr. Bigelow to enter, and they totter down the scaffolding to the basement, preceded by their obsequious secretaries, Messrs. Smith and Aymar, and wander through to the kitchen, which is the first apartment finished in the new house. Two easy chairs are arranged here, into which the two statesmen sink, and gravely discuss the new house. The architects bring their plans and suggestions to them, and, after submitting them, and gravely noting all the alterations that Mr. Tilden and Mr. Bigelow suggest, retire, and continue the work without the slightest regard to the changes. Mr. Bigelow looks upon his wife's vagaries as being comical in the extreme, and enjoys nothing better than retelling her various escapades, except when she is too conspicuous, when he promptly puts on his hat and goes home. It is a peculiar thing that there are no more well-bred and popular young men in New York than Mrs. Bigelow's sons. She must be nearly seventy years old, and looks about sixty, except when in full dress, when she looks eighty.

There is nothing new in the row in the Raquet Club. Messrs. José Aymar, Thomas Bach, and William S. Alley, of the Stock Exchange, who were arrested by Captain Williams's officers and held all night in jail, have not entered an action against the police, as they threatened to do. This has been a red letter year in clubs. When I made a recapitulation of the club rows in New York, in a letter or two ago, I did not think that I would have another one to add so soon to the list. The last is, by all odds, the most remarkable. It is difficult to understand on what principle the club men acted. Their servant was accused of theft. An officer, in the strict line of his duty, entered the club-house and arrested the servant, whereupon three members of the fastidious Raquet Club at once locked the officer in, and swore he could not take their servant from them. The officer threw up the window, and called for assistance. In a few minutes eighteen policemen came trotting round the corner at double-quick, burst in the doors, rescued their brother officer and his prisoner, and lugged off the three high-toned members of the club, and locked them up. All night long the station-house was besieged by excited club men, trying to get the release of their fellow-members, but Captain Williams refused even to allow them to be seen. Next morning they were lugged up in the dirty police-court, and fined by a police justice (a butcher by profession) ten dollars apiece, and discharged. They threatened vengeance, but have not sought it. Captain Williams has the sympathy of most of the citizens of New York, and so far seems to have the upper hand. It is difficult to see what the club men can do. Superintendent of Police Walling declared that the officer was fully justified in making the arrest in the manner that he did, and in condemning the action of the club men in resisting the officer, claims that they deserve no better treatment than any other class of citizens, which is strictly true. The club men make no coherent defense, but confine themselves to vituperative abuse of the police officials.

This row has been unfortunate for the Raquet Club. Vague rumors and wild stories have been whispered around for some time concerning the amusements of the gentlemen who compose the club. For instance, the story about Jerry Murphy and Tommy Kelly, who were seen to enter there one evening at nine o'clock, accompanied by Harry Hill, the well-known prize-fight referee, and to emerge some four hours afterward in a decidedly suspicious condition—in fact, one of the pugilists was borne to his carriage. Immediately afterward members of the club rushed forth into the street, very much excited, and talked loudly in the cafés and restaurants during the rest of the night, of a certain "mill" that had taken place that evening. Neither the pugilists nor referee would say anything about it; but it seems to be universally conceded that a prize-fight did take place in the Raquet Club that night; in fact, Captain Williams, in defending his conduct in breaking in their doors, alluded to this, and mentioned other practices that he claimed justified him in making the arrests.

NEW YORK, June 29, 1882.

General O. O. Howard, despite his austere reputation, heartily enjoys dancing, and improved his opportunities during the recent gayeties at West Point. An officer who was with him in the Indian country says that he has seen General Howard in an Indian village join in a dance with the squaws with all the zest of a young man.

Shakespeare at the picnic—"A man may smile and smile, and be a fillin'!"—*Hawkeye*.

LITERARY NOTES.

Several months ago Robert Ingersoll was interviewed by a reporter of an Eastern journal on the subject of Talmage's attacks upon him. These "interviews" are now republished in book form, together with a "catechism" which the eminent infidel has prepared as a sort of commentary on Presbyterianism in general. Published and for sale by C. P. Farrell, Washington, D. C.

S. A. Drake's "Heart of the White Mountains" appears in a new and revised edition. Many of the sketches in this volume first appeared in *Harper's Monthly*, and were subsequently issued in a large and complete form, with rich binding. Realizing that the volume was frequently used as a sort of guide-book, the publishers publish it in a cheaper and more convenient form. It will now, however, probably be purchased as much for the library as for the tourist's purposes, by reason of its excellent illustrations. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$3.

The second number of the "Literary Life Series," edited by William Shepard, is "Pen Pictures of Modern Authors." It is a rather curious medley of much that is excellent. The editor has procured a large number of interviews with English and American authors which have appeared in various newspapers and periodicals during the last two decades, and now reprints them with connecting comments. Some of the sketches have been written by such writers as G. W. Curtis, Justin McCarthy, and others of equal note; but many are merely the descriptions of newspaper correspondents, and are consequently either flippantly "gossipy," or else totally inadequate. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, \$1.25.

Announcements: Osborne H. Olbroyd, of Springfield, Ill., is reported to be the possessor of the most complete and valuable collection extant of the private and public souvenirs of Abraham Lincoln. It is this gentleman who has compiled the Lincoln Memorial Album, which is shortly to be published—a volume containing papers by Garfield, Whittey, and many other noted Americans.—M. D. Conway has prepared, under the title "Travels in South Kensington," a volume of notes on decorative art and architecture in England. The Harpers will publish the work, which is to be illustrated.—Count von Beust is intending to add himself to the list of garrulous diplomatic veterans. He will devote himself, on his retirement from political life, to preparing his memoirs for publication.—A new monthly magazine, which is heralded as the best of its class, and one which is to cast all others into the shade, is to appear in England in the autumn. Longman & Co. are to be the publishers, and Professor Tyndall, Mr. Huxley, and Mr. James Payn are among the contributors already secured.—Another novel of Björnsterne Björnson, "The Bridal March," will be published this month, with four illustrations.—Mrs. Ole Bull is writing a life of her husband, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in the autumn.—D. Lothrop & Co. are preparing a subscription edition of Paul H. Hayne's complete works. The Southern poet is both ill and impoverished.—The Comte de Paris has nearly completed the third volume of his "History of the Civil War in America," which will probably be published before the close of the present year. Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, the young English poet, is writing for *Harper* an article on Dante-Gabriel Rossetti. It will contain numerous authentic biographical facts, and two portraits—one of the painter-poet and one of his sister.

Doctor George Beard, of New York, who last year published a work of great interest on "American Nervousness," has just written a little volume in which he discusses "The Psychology of the Salem Witchcraft Excitement" of 1692, and its practical application to our own time in the matter of executing insane murderers. As may easily be guessed, he mainly treats of Giteau's case. It may perhaps be remembered that Doctor Beard and Miss Chevalier, (Secretary of the National Insane Society, who, by the way, was once in an asylum herself for assault to murder while temporarily insane,) a few weeks ago made vigorous intercession with President Arthur, for the life of the late murderer. The author in this book states his reasons in full for his advocacy of Giteau's plea of insanity. In the case of the Salem witchcraft, the convictions of the English judges were, according to Doctor Beard's views, the result of an entire ignorance of nervous diseases; in the case of Giteau it was ignorance of insanity. He then goes on to compare the evidence of the insanity of Maclean, the Queen's assassin, and that of Giteau, and seeks to show that the evidence by which the English jury acquitted the former in five minutes, was "not one thousandth part as much evidence of insanity as in the case of Giteau." He then arraigns this country for its savage display of revenge, designating the Americans as fifty millions of despotic czars, and characterizing in bitter terms the cowardice which prevented many journals from acknowledging Giteau's insanity. There is no doubt that Doctor Beard does the people and the press an injustice in his severe strictures. There were many individuals throughout the Union who regarded Giteau as insane, and newspaper readers will recall the numerous and frequent articles in which the daily papers referred to that "miserable, half-crazed creature." Indeed the press dispatches, after the trial, referred to his outbreaks and vagaries as something not feigned, but natural. But one and all, with very few exceptions, thought, and still think, that it was a kind of insanity that is much better exterminated, and put where it can accomplish no further outrages on humanity and civilization. "Half-crazed creatures" must have an example before them that will deter them from any endeavor to imperil the affairs of a nation, and strong measures are a necessity where the safety of the guide of a great people is in question. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The following quotation from James Parton's recent "Life of Voltaire," volume I, page 567, will show the source of Owen Meredith's well-known poem, "The Portrait." In fact, the exclamation, "One nail drives out another" is made use of in a verse of the poem: "From the meriment of the supper-table Voltaire, the husband, (the Marquis du Châtelet), and all the guests, upon hearing the awful and unexpected tidings, ran to the chamber. The conversation was such as we should imagine. To sobs and exclamations of grief and horror a mournful silence succeeded. M. du Châtelet was led out, the other guests went away; and finally the two men who had most reason for emotion remained alone by the side of the bed, speechless and overwhelmed. Voltaire staggered out of the room like a man stunned and bewildered, and made his way, he knew not how, to the great door of the chateau, at the head of the outside steps. At the bottom of those steps he fell headlong, close to a sentry box, and remained on the ground insensible. His servant, who had followed him, seeing him fall, ran down the steps and attempted to lift him up. He recognized St. Lambert, and said to him sobbing, as Longchamp reports: 'Ah, my friend, it is you who have killed her for me. Then suddenly coming to himself, as if from a deep sleep, he cried, in a tone of mingled despair and reproach: 'Oh, my God, sir, what could have induced you to get her into that condition?' St. Lambert said nothing, and Voltaire was led away to his room. Among the crowd of distracted persons who had rushed into the chamber on the first alarm was Madame de Bufflers. As she was going out, half an hour later, she took Longchamp (Voltaire's secretary) aside, and told him to see if the deceased had upon her finger a corneal locket-ring; and if she had, to take it off, and keep it until further orders. He obeyed, and the next day gave the ring to Madame de Bufflers, who picked out of the locket, with a pin, a portrait of St. Lambert, and then gave back the ring to Longchamp, to place it among the other effects for the Marquis du Châtelet. Two or three days after, Voltaire, being a little calmer, asked Longchamp for the same ring, which, he said, contained his own portrait. The secretary informed him that his portrait was not in the ring at the time of madame's death. 'Ah!' exclaimed Voltaire, 'how do you know that?' Longchamp related what had passed. 'Oh, heavens!' cried Voltaire, rising to his feet and clasping his hands, 'Such are women! I took Richelieu out of the ring; St. Lambert expelled me. That is in the order of nature—one nail drives out another. So go the things of this world!'

WHAT THEY THINK OF HER.

Pro.

Confucius : Woman is the masterpiece.
Herder : Woman is the crown of creation.
Voltaire : Women teach us repose, civility, and dignity.
John Quincy Adams : All that I am my mother made me.
Lessing : Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece.
Lamartine : There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

Whittier : If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restores it.

E. S. Barret : Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

Richter : No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.

N. P. Willis : The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

Voltaire : All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.

Beecher : Women are a new race, re-created since the world received Christianity.

Leopold Schefer : But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.

Shakespeare : For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?

Micbelet : Woman is the Sunday of man ; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli : Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.

Louis Desnoyers : A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly, and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.

Lord Langdale : If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.

Malherbe : There are only two beautiful things in the world, women and roses ; and only two sweet things, women and melons.

Bulwer-Lytton : O woman, in ordinary cases so mere a mortal, how in the great and rare events of life dost thou swell into the angel !

Saville : Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments.

Emerson : A beautiful woman is a practical poet ; taming her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope, and eloquence in all whom she approaches.

Anna Cora Mowatt : Misfortune sprinkles ashes on the head of the man, but falls like dew on the head of the woman, and brings forth germs of strength of which she herself had no conscious possession.

Thackeray : Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again in that conversation, and renew their own early time. Men are not quite so generous.

Samuel Smiles : The women of the poorer classes make sacrifices, and run risks, and bear privations, and exercise patience and kindness to a degree that the world never knows of, and would scarcely believe even if it did know.

Contra.

Franklin : He that takes a wife takes care.

La Fontaine : Foxes are all tail, and women all tongue.

Boucicault : I wish that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.

Victor Hugo : Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.

Eugène Sue : There is something still worse to be dreaded than a Jesuit, and that is a Jesuitess.

Fielding : In the forming of female friendships, beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.

Socrates : Trust not a woman when she weeps, for it is her nature to weep when she wants her will.

Mary Wollstonecraft : As a sex women are habitually indolent, and everything tends to make them so.

Rocbebrune : It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.

Ben Jonson : A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.

Soutbey : There are three things a wise man will not trust : the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and woman's plighted faith.

Swift : The love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves ; in women, from the contrary.

Lady Montagu : It goes far toward reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one.

Swift : The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Alphonse Karr : A woman who writes commits two sins : she increases the number of books, and decreases the number of women.

Douglas Jerrold : What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows ! What poor defenseless creatures they would be !

Charles Buxton : Juliet was a fool to kill herself, for in three months she'd have married again, and been glad to be quit of Romeo.

Chesterfield : Women are much more alike than men ; they have, in truth, but two passions, vanity and love ; these are their universal characteristics.

Bishop Signori : Do not allow your daughter to be taught letters by a man, though he be a St. Paul or St. Francis of Assisi. The saints are in heaven !

De Maistre : It is not the mediocrity of women's education which makes their weakness ; it is their weakness which necessarily causes their mediocrity.

Réfit de la Bretonne : The life of a woman is a long dissimulation. Candor, beauty, freshness, virginity, modesty—a woman has each of these but once. When lost, she must simulate them the rest of her life.

E. Lynn Lynton : There is scarcely a woman who does not think herself a minor St. Peter, with the keys of heaven and hell at her girdle ; and the more conscientious she is, the narrower the door she unlocks, and the smaller the number of those that are allowed to enter.

AMBAGIOUS VERSE.

We've Always Been Provided For.

" Good wife, what are you singing for ? You know we've lost the hay, And what we'll do with horse and kye is more than I can say ; While like as not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat : " She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet : " There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, hut cannot see ; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He turned around with a sudden gloom. She said : " Love he at rest You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best. That was your work ; you've naught at all to do with wind and rain, And do not doubt hut you will reap rich fields of golden grain ; For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, hut cannot see ; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

" That's like a woman's reasoning—we must, because we must." She softly said : " I reason not ; I only work and trust ; The harvest may redeem the day—keep heart whate'er betide ; When one door shuts, I've always seen another open wide ; There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, hut cannot see ; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face ; gone was his restless pain. She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane, And went about her household tasks full of a glad content, Singing to time her husky hands as to and fro she went : " There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, hut cannot see ; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

Days come and go—'twas Christmas tide, and the great fire burned clear. The farmer said : " Dear wife, it's been a good and happy year ; The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought the hay, you know." She lifted then a smiling face, and said : " I told you so ! For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, hut cannot see ; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be." —Anon.

Christian Roth's Story.

[Stuttgart, May, 1882.]

I've called, Mr. Consul, this morning to ask, if you please, your advice.

On a matter that gives me great worry—" Let's hear it (wants money, I know)."

Here's my citizen paper—" (All right ")—I was born in the Schwarzwälder Kreis, At Schramberg, and went to America forty-five years ago.

Yes, I'm near seventy now, and you see that my step is unsteady—Plenty of trouble, I tell you—I settled in North Illinois, And there, ever since, I've been working and saving up, so that already I've got a nice farm, Mr. Consul, that goes hy-and-hy to my hoy.

How many children ? There's four—three hoyes and a girl. We've had seven ;

But when the war came along, my William and Carl marched away. Both of them fell on the field, and last winter the good Lord in heaven Called home our dear little Minnie—she's twelve years old to-day.

Yes, the old woman is living. She's there with the hoyes on the place, And our Lina keeps house for them all. Next spring she'll be just twenty-four.

She's the handsomest girl in the county ; there's sunshine all over her face ;

I can hear even now her sweet voice as she told me farewell at the door. Why I left ? Well, perhaps, Mr. Consul, 'twere better the truth weren't told.

But no matter—it wasn't my fault. My old woman and I had a fight. She is sick and can't work any more, and she's idle. We're both getting old ;

So she's cross, and will have it that I'm always wrong, and that she's always right.

It hasn't been always that way. In the days when we worked for our bread,

And hadn't a dollar laid by in the bank, she and I were all good And happy together ; hut since we began to be getting ahead She has tried to be boss over me, and I didn't intend that she should.

And when our poor dear Minnie died, I had hoped that the fight would die, too ;

But no ! it lived on just the same, and one day, about four weeks ago, The old woman sent out for a lawyer, and then, for the first time, I knew

That she wanted to separate from me—from me, who have borne with her so.

And the boys they all tried to make peace ; she would listen to naught that they said,

But my Lina stood up by my side—though she spoke not, 'twas easy to see,

As she put her sweet arms round my neck, and rested her beautiful head

On my breast, that her dear heart was full of the tenderest pity for me.

And I said : " My Christina, we've labored and struggled together till now ;

Our children are grown, and you want us to separate, now we are old ; No lawyer can part us, Christina, no lawyer can sever our vow, But I'll leave you and go forth alone on my way through the rain and the cold."

Then my poor Lina cried, and she had me reflect, and the hoyes they said " Stay !"

And I paused for a moment and I looked at Christina—she said not a word.

One word would have kept me. But no, it came not, and I hurried away,

And my Lina's sweet voice " Oh, dear father, come back," was the last that I heard.

And so I have wandered hack here to the scenes of my childhood and youth ;

Have stood by the grave of my father and mother—have seen the old home

On the hillside at Schramberg—and yet Mr. Consul, to tell you the truth,

I find that I can not be happy while far from the loved ones I roam.

For my sweet Lina's words, " Oh, dear father, come back," always ring in my ears,

And I'm going this day ; hut for fear there should come on the journey some ill,

There's no telling, you know, what might happen, perchance, to a man of my years,

I have come, Mr. Consul, this morning to ask you to draw up my will.

And I want you to make my old woman entitled to all that I've got In case of my death. After all I can trust her to do what is fair

By the children in case she survives me. Just say that I, Christian Roth—" What !

Is your name Christian Roth ? Here's a letter addressed to you here in my care."

A letter ! My Lina's handwriting, and postmarked at Scott, Illinois ; Here, quick, let me read it : " Dear father, my mother implores you to come.

She tenderly asks your forgiveness ; and now, she and I and the hoyes Are lovingly waiting your coming, and eager to welcome you home."

—George L. Catlin.

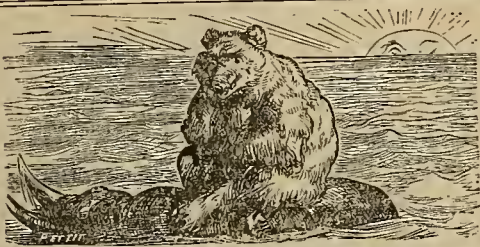
COUCHES AND COVERLIDS.

Modern Fashions and Tendencies in the Matter of Beds and Bedding.

Within this century, says the *New York Times*, the fashion in beds has undergone a complete revolution. The four-poster gave way to a less cumbersome construction known as the Elizabethan bed, which, having only two upright posts at the head and none at the feet, left the greater portion of the bed exposed. Enlarged ideas of the necessity of cleanliness next induced the adoption of white curtains, and bed furniture changed in character. The patch-work quilt of the industrious period of Queen Anne's reign was replaced by the dimity and magella counterpanes of our own time. These, however, in the general sweep of the modern revival are again falling into disfavor, and in the fashionable home to-day the white quilt is superseded by a piece of decorative work, or at least by decorative material. Pillow-shams are essentially American. The pillow-case, with its rich lace trimming and embroidery, is sufficient in English and French bed-rooms ; it was reserved for the American housewife to provide an extra adornment in the shape of movable shams, their name being the most honest thing about them. These also, are retiring before enlightenment. " Shams " are not to be tolerated in the face of devotion to art, the soul of which, our latest sear has informed us, is " reality," so that in a few more years pillow-shams, with their mottoes, and embroidery, and lace, will perhaps be sought for in museums. When we come to a consideration of the latest fashions in bedsteads and their belongings, we find much that is an evident move in the right direction. Foremost among modern innovations is the spring mattress. The old unwieldy, upholstered spring, which originated in France and about which there was so much amusing discussion when it first found its way into English homes, and then to the States, is likely to be entirely displaced by the sensible, cleanly spring frame of American manufacture. This, whether of slats or of spiral springs, has everything to recommend it ; it is clean, can be washed, and is open to a current of air, and so entirely free from all the objections to the old spring mattress. It can not be too highly recommended either for single or double beds. Small spring frames of the kind are now provided for the little cot beds which are so very prettily made for children in wrought iron and brass. The introduction of the brass bedstead into modern homes is, perhaps, the greatest revolution that has been attempted. A few years ago these bedsteads were entirely unknown in America. Now one house alone exhibits twenty different styles, and there is little doubt that they will meet with increasing favor. They are so very handsome in appearance, are so light, and so easily moved from one side of the room to the other, and, above all, they are so free from all impurities, as no dust collects upon them, that probably in time they will entirely supersede those of wood. It has taken time to prove that they do not lead to increase of work in the need of constant polish, but a wash has recently been invented which renders the metal impervious to the influence of moisture, and so does away with the principal objection to their universal adoption. It is unnecessary to speak of the marvels of decoration and carving which are introduced into the modern bedstead by the fashionable decorator. Unlimited command of money can secure any amount of it, but it is not altogether to be deplored that very few persons after all are in this blissful position. Beds, like other matters, are often the better for being simple, and the house-keeper who sighs with envy for the ebony bedstead inlaid with ivory or silver may be comforted by the reflection that a handsome brass bedstead that fulfills the intention of its construction, is more appropriate in homes where dollars are not counted by thousands than the magnificence of carving and silver would be. A curious novelty was announced the other day in connection with some new houses which are being erected in New York with all the modern improvements. It must be a strange brain that originated the idea of beds supplied with pipes for steam heat instead of slats, so that the tenants of these domiciles can warm their bedsteads at will. How much the comfort of the bed depends upon its ventilation few people stop to consider. Yet every one knows how important it is for health to keep the atmosphere of a room pure and free for exhalation. The bed in which so many hours are passed receives the emanations given off more freely from the body in sleep than at any other time, and both bedstead and mattresses should be of such a nature that they can be constantly cleansed and exposed to the fresh air. Iron bedsteads have a good deal to recommend them, but they are not nearly so handsome as those of brass, while those made of cane or rattan, while they are cool and pleasant looking in summer, have not the cozy and comfortable appearance of a well-made, substantial brass bedstead. There is no limit to the variety that the latest fashion allows to coverlids. Beds in handsome houses are covered with quilts of exquisite rose-color, a pale-blue, or cream-colored satin embroidered in silver thread, while others again have centres of satin and deep borderings of plush. Expense is the only limit to the expression of individual taste in this direction. It is impossible, in considering beds, to avoid some notice of the many now popular as folding ones, which take the guise of different articles of furniture, and only play the part of beds at night. There is absolutely one thing only to be urged in their favor, and that is the necessity of their adoption in cases where room is so precious that a bed-room is impossible, and yet even in these cases it is generally a clear sacrifice of health to appearance to adopt them. Under the most favorable conditions they are objectionable, and where conditions are so little favorable that space is the main reason for their use, they are less so than ever. A close, shut-up bedstead in a close, pent-up room suggests a multiplicity of objections which it is useless to attempt to cope with. If people must have shut-up bedsteads, let them, at least, be of a nature to admit of ventilation, and not a mass of upholstered material, which is the receptacle of dust and every possible impurity. Of the two evils—a room with a bed in it, or a bed turned into a table, a bureau, or a washstand—we should say choose the least, and prefer the possibility of cleanliness and freshness with an acknowledged bed to the certainty of stuffiness and impurity in a shut-up bedstead.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY Editor.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1882.

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On the Fourth of July just past were gathered together the citizens of all our different States, parts of a national union only recently rent by civil war. It was a good day for the men of the North and those of the South to forget the causes that produced the war, the passions that stirred to arms, the bloody history of that dark day of our nation's life, and to remember only that the war is ended, the day has passed, and that in celebrating the birthday of our nation's liberty we are citizens of the same united commonwealth, gathered together under the starry splendor of the same flag that was unfurled by our heroic sires when they flung it to the breeze in challenge of their right to become a free and independent commonwealth, and to take their rightful stand among the self-governing nations of the world. There were gathered together, too, members of different political parties, just entering upon a State campaign which is destined to be both active and earnest, and if there is any day in the year when partisan resentments and party feelings are to be forgotten that day is the Fourth of July. Avoiding, therefore, all unpleasant reference to politics, religion, and such national questions as we may hold different opinions upon, let us review those topics which, as Americans, we hold in common sympathy and as citizens of the same country—some by birth and some by adoption.

Let us congratulate ourselves on the age in which we live, the country in which we are all proud to be dwellers, and the State in which our destinies are cast. We can favorably contrast this our nineteenth century era with any that have gone before—with the ages of stone, and iron, and bronze. This age of ours is a golden one—golden, not with reference to its metallic wealth, but golden in the sense that it is an age of civilization and of law; of intelligence and progress; an age of personal liberty, in which conscience is free, and property respected; an age whose institutions are based upon the recognition of natural rights, and the reciprocal obligations which men and women owe to each other; an age which, while it encourages the ambition of honorable men, and permits the accumulation of vast wealth, yet recognizes the restraints of society, and imposes limitations upon the exercise of power attending exalted position and the possession of great riches; an age of constitutional government—one in which imperial and royal forms are subjected to the restraints of form-

ulated codes and common laws; an age in which there is no existing civilized community in which the will of the people is not a potent factor, and in which the tendency toward an equal enjoyment of political power by all the people is a growing sentiment, and fast approaching universal recognition and practical realization. The growth of our institutions has been so easy, so natural, and so healthy, that we look with alarm upon the efforts of other communities to obtain for themselves the privileges which we have inherited without a struggle from our honored and wise forefathers. We see the nihilist struggle going on against the Romanoff dynasty; we hear of assassinations, secret conspiracies, and what seems to us most revolting crimes. While we may not excuse crime, justify conspiracy, or palliate political murders, we must not misunderstand the struggle that is going on in Russia. It is a rude and barbarous revolt of a rude and barbarous people against insufferable wrongs otherwise irremediable. It is the desperate venture of a desperate people to escape a prison of utter despair. It is the effort of slaves to wrench themselves from their manacles, though in the effort they die. Rude, barbarous, and desperate as this effort may seem to us, it is, after all, but a struggle for liberty and for constitutional law. Give to the nihilists in Russia the privileges and the protection we enjoy under our constitutional form of government, and the Czar might he safely crowned at his capital, and safely sleep under the jeweled haube of his imperial diadem. Who shall say that we enjoy privileges to which we are not entitled, and who shall say that the Russian serf or citizen is not entitled to equal liberties with us? Socialism in Germany, communism in France, agrarianism in Ireland, and labor strikes all over the world, are evidences of a popular unrest that is chafing against the tyranny of kings, the entrenched power of dynasties, the abuse of traditional customs, the wrongs and encroachments of governmental authority.

The time is coming when everywhere the lowly are to be lifted up, the ignorant are to be better informed, and human rights are to be more fully recognized. The two extremes of society are to be brought nearer upon a common level, privileged classes are to come down, and it will be the fault of the intelligent, wealthy, and favored few if they await the time when they shall be dragged down in violence rather than to hasten the period when by their aid the lower class shall be lifted up to a position where all may repose in safety. It will be the fault and the misfortune of the rich and wealthy few, if by their greed and their exactions they permit the contest between capital and labor to be carried to extremes; for as sure as God lives there is a coming adjustment of the inequalities of social life, such a striking of balances as will not permit one class to live in idleness and luxurious ease, while the other, and larger, and stronger class starves, and struggles, and toils in poverty, destitution, and crime. Of all the nations and all the peoples where this contest will come last, and where it ought not to come at all, is in this country of ours. In the United States there is and there can be no evil that may not be remedied by law. There can be no oppressive political power, no abuse of governmental authority, no combination of individuals or corporations, no illegal accumulation of wealth that can not be restrained and regulated by the people themselves in a legitimate, peaceful, and legal way. In a country where the people make the laws there can be no excuse for any other attempt at reforms or for the remedy of wrongs than through the law. In a country where every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years is clothed with the elective privilege, is eligible to executive, judicial, and legislative office, has the right to hear arms, has access for his children to public schools, has unrestricted freedom of conscience and unrestrained personal liberty within the law, there is no excuse for any act of illegal resistance to legal authority, because the people have in their own hands the power to make, interpret, and enforce the laws. From the people come the legislators, the judges, and the executive officers. There is no conceivable wrong that can not be remedied by the people themselves. Resistance to Chinese invasion; the destruction of valley lands, navigable streams, and harbors by hydraulic mining; exactions by corporations as to fares and freights on railroads, gas and water charges; monopoly of lands; excessive taxation through corrupt rings; evils resulting from combinations of financial syndicates; ecclesiastical interference with our system of non-sectarian education; the dangerous growth of colossal fortunes—all these things and all kindred wrongs can find their corrections, remedies, and preventions through the law, and by the processes of the courts. Vigilance committees, Lynch-law tribunals, squatter riots, popular excitements, Mussel Slough and sand-lot uprisings, are inexcusable crimes within the jurisdiction of a government like ours, and however they may be excused or palliated as the acts of good citizens, compelled by seeming necessities to have recourse to extraordinary measures for the prevention of wrongs or the vindication of rights, they are not to be defended upon any principle, and they are not the acts of good and wise citizens. At the bottom of all such movements there is some criminal mind agitating and setting the law at defiance for some selfish and dishonest purpose.

Labor strikes, properly conducted, are defensible upon the highest principles of morals. It is the prerogative of any citizen, or association of citizens, to strike for higher wages and to refuse to work until all their legal demands are complied with. Labor strikes, which through terrorism prevent any other class who are rightfully entitled to labor from going to work for the employers whom the strikers have left, are illegal combinations as cowardly as they are criminal, and if capital was not—as it always is—selfish, cowardly, and conscienceless, it would never yield to criminal demands made in the interest of workingmen. Trade unions, organized for the encouragement of labor and for its protection from the aggressions of capital, are as ancient as the trade guilds out of which came the ancient and honorable order of speculative Masonry, and they are honorable, and to be encouraged if honorably conducted. But the trade union which will by illegal acts prevent a boy from learning a trade, and will, in order to preserve the labor rights of present members, deprive the rising generation from acquiring an occupation and becoming skilled laborers in any pursuit their tastes or opportunities may incline them to, is a cowardly monstrosity having its foundation in ignorance and its growth in haste and criminal selfishness.

While all the world is enjoying the triumphs of steam and electricity, gas and iron, the railways, the commerce, the industry, the appliances, and the conveniences of this age of marvelous progress, and while art, science, literature, and learning are everywhere making giant strides, and everywhere contributing to the elevation and happiness of the human family, we may rejoice that we are keeping fully abreast with the advancement of the age. And may we not here indulge in the selfish hope that for us and our children we may preserve this splendid inheritance without being in haste to divide it with the over-thronged hordes of China and India from across the Pacific, or the redundant populations from over the Atlantic? God has planted in the breast of all his children a love for home, family, and kin. He has imparted to all the instinct of a selfish desire to keep the home free from the encroachment of the stranger; to preserve hearth, and wife, and little ones who come to bless the marriage relation, from contact with the intruder. As we would not divide our acres, however broad, with the tramp that passes our gate, nor share our house, though spacious, with those who are not akin to us, nor divide our substance, though ample, with the idler who wants, or make our domiciles the asylum for all who suffer, are we not permitted to extend this instinct of self-preservation to our country, and not be over anxious to invite to its enjoyment the unworthy or the unfortunate of other lands? Assuredly we may not desire to so extend the invitation of foreign immigration as to admit to our shores the criminals, paupers, and idlers of other countries. We may not blame an ancestry of generous Argonauts if they threw wide open the doors to indiscriminate hospitality; remembering their conditions and the conditions of the country, we may accredit them with a wise prudence in advertising America as the home of the oppressed, the asylum of the persecuted, the sanctuary and city of refuge of all who would seek a home in America, and share the toils and dangers of its subjugation from the savage, and its reclamation from forest and prairie. Then none came, none could come, but the strong, the young, the prudent, and the enterprising. Then came the resolute and virtuous; earnest men for the enjoyment of religious freedom; proud men for the indulgence of personal liberty; able men to escape political persecution; ambitious men to build up fortunes in a new world, and all toilers in the fields of intellectual and physical development. But now, with a population of fifty millions, is it not time to consult reason and prudence somewhat? Is it not time to think of closing the flood-gates of an indiscriminate immigration? We have reason to believe that more than one of the governments of the European world are sending to us their paupers, and that some are sending to us their criminals. Whenever this fact shall be demonstrated it will become the duty of our government to arrest this class of people, and to declare, with an emphasis that will command attention, that the United States is not to be made a penal colony, or lazaretto, or hospital for crime, pauperism, or disease. The time has already come when it is the apparent duty of Congress to amend our immigration laws so that this evil shall be arrested.

It is in the same line of argument that there should be a prompt reformation of our naturalization laws to the end that ignorance, bigotry, and crime should be prevented from having political voice or influence in the making or execution of our laws. The elective privilege is the dearest prerogative of a free people. Upon its proper exercise rests the safety of the republic, and while we recognize the difficulty of taking this privilege from any who are now clothed with it, there can be no question that it is a duty most imperative and immediate that we should withhold it from any further extension. This is native Americanism, but it is that generous Americanism that would permit all the better class of foreigners to come to our country, and would preserve

the political control of the government to those who are born upon its soil. Thus, and thus only, can we preserve inviolate the splendid institutions that we have received as an inheritance from our ancestry: thus only can we transmit this inheritance unimpaired to our posterity; thus only can we demonstrate to the coming ages that intelligent men are capable of self-government. A government, republican in form, can, in the very nature of things, be only maintained by an intelligent and prosperous people. Intelligence secures prosperity. Let us therefore be willing to take a new departure in those things that are essential to the preservation of American liberty. Let us restrict foreign immigration to the intelligent, law-abiding, and self-supporting. Let us withhold the right of the elective franchise from all foreigners as a matter of right, and only confer it upon the deserving as a matter of favor, to be granted by legislative act to the exceptionally deserving individual. Let us educate all our children at the public expense in the rudimentary elements of an English education, and thus remove the question of intellectual fitness from the field of discussion by making all our citizens intelligent. Let us keep our public institutions free from all ecclesiastical interference. Let there be no union of church and state, to the end that both may be free. Let no laws of primogeniture or entail ever grow up in our land, so that there may be no dangerous accumulations of property; for what may be acquired under the operation of equal laws will be distributed by operation of natural laws.

Passing out from under the shadow of these more serious reflections, let us consider ourselves and our California home. There are grander monuments of art and more costly architectural structures in foreign lands; there are temples, cathedrals, and palaces, evidencing wealth, magnificence, and power. But everywhere grim-visaged, hollow-eyed poverty travels the traveler. It is one of the penalties of foreign travel that one is never beyond the outstretched palm that begs for charity; that one is never beyond the sight of distress and poverty that he can not alleviate. In the great cities of the old world one does not escape, day or night, the observation of scenes that wound the feelings and arouse the sensibilities. We do not now speak of the oppressions of political power; the ever-present military display, of forts, and guns, and frowning authority, that are necessary to keep in subjection classes that would be driven by poverty to revolution and crime, if they were not repressed by the fear of the military arm—we speak of the swarming mass of destitute, hopeless poor. Contrasting this with the ease and plenty, the overflowing abundance that in this State is within the reach of every man, woman, and child who is in health, and willing to labor, one feels upon his return from abroad like kneeling down upon the green sod and furrowed earth, and thanking the good God that his destiny is cast in this happy land; that by birth or adoption he is an American citizen. With these scenes in memory, and reflecting that our land is not broad enough to receive all the poor of God's earth, we are not one of those who are anxious to throw open our country to the evils of a redundant population. There is not a farmer who sits upon his vine-covered veranda, and, looking over his fields, thinks them too broad of acreage for himself and children. We think the valleys of this State are not too broad nor the hillsides too wide to furnish the grains and fruits, the wine and wool that our children will need in the coming future. If we persevere, this inheritance for them is a princely one, for nowhere else in all God's world is there a land so delectable as this; a climate so genial, and a soil so rich; a land so literally flowing with milk and honey; where the fields so bend with the ripening grain, with fruits so plenty and flowers so rich; hillsides with their clustering grapes; mountains covered with flocks of snowy fleece and herds of lowing kine; a State within whose broad borders there is not one honest beggar in health, and wherein no man, woman, or child need go supperless to bed. When we hear of violent uprisings in other lands; lands rent with social feuds; people standing in awe of vast armies for whose support their labor is taxed, let us contemplate our own peaceful homes where plenty reigns, and Peace, the blue-eyed goddess, smiles upon us; a country whose only political danger lies in the fact that our revenues so exceed our necessary expenses of government that our otherwise honest politicians are tempted to steal. Let us contrast this, our State, with our Eastern homes; their shivering winters, where it demands the courage of an Arctic voyager to go from the hearth to the wood-pile of a winter's day; their summer heats and sun-strokes; their terrible cyclones that tear up forests and villages, scattering death in their dreadful march of ruin; their destructive storms of thunder and lightning; their epidemic and contagious diseases, and their mad dogs—let us contrast these with our mild winters, with their genial rains; our soft summers, with their generous breezes which fan us of nights; our absence of lightning-strokes, of epidemics, and the fact that we have no sun-strokes, and that dogs never run mad. A land of peace, of plenty, of safety, and of beauty; of splendid mountain scenery; great hills reaching to eternal snows, clad in grand old primeval forests; chasms into which great

rivers leap; hills hiding vast wealth of gold and silver; little hills, on whose sunny slopes vineyards and orchards thrive, where villages and hamlets cluster, and where school-houses and churches nestle. Great, rich, broad valleys, through which broad, deep rivers run, hearing commerce on their hosoms, bordered by vast farms, and bristling with towns; great hays where commerce thrives, and great cities send up the hum of their industries; wharves at which great ships unburden themselves of Oriental bales, to become higgledy with grain, and fruit, and wine for foreign lands. Looking out of a summer's eve across the bright waters of our beautiful bay, watching through our Golden Gate the glorious sunset painting with gorgeous colors our western sky, our hill-tops gilded with the expiring glory of departing day, we need not feel that there is less of beauty because it does not linger on ruined castles, or frowning battlements, or monuments of past or present power. In this land of peace, plenty, safety, and beauty; under a government that gives liberty and individual freedom under the law; that guarantees freedom of religious opinion and its exercise; that provides education for all, and clothes all adult males with equal political power; that keeps no standing army to oppress; that has no ruling class, no dynasty to inherit kingly authority; that has no laws binding church to state; no laws of primogeniture or entail to tie up landed property; no cold winters, nor hot summers, nor cyclones, nor epidemics, nor lightning-strokes, nor sun-strokes, nor mad dogs—there seems to be no reason why the people should not be content.

We are apt to make life altogether too serious. If we should wake up in the next world and find there was none, we should have occasion to reproach ourselves for many neglected opportunities for a good time lost. We are too ambitious to get rich. And if there is another and a hotter world than this, those of our restless, over-reaching, toiling rich men, who find themselves where their gold is melting and water is scarce, may regret that they did not make better use of their money in a country where it was current, and at a time when it was at par. It was the evident intention of the Creator to make the life of His creatures an enjoyable and pleasant one. To birds, and beasts, and fishes He gave the air, and earth, and water for their enjoyment; to them He gave but one care—that of procuring food for themselves and for their young—and the young are not too long permitted to depend upon the parents' care. To man He gave dominion over the earth; and, through art and science, skill, labor, and industry, he is to subject it to his use. That use is for the advancement of his pleasure, for healthful, rational enjoyment. The man or woman who does not make that use of life is as unnatural and ungrateful, as wicked and absurd as the well-fed bird who sits in the sun and will not sing. And the parent who does not delight in seeing children enjoy themselves is as unnatural as the austere sheep who sulks and frowns when lambskins sport upon the meadow in the sunlight. There is more sunshine than shadow, if we only look for it; there are more gay than grave things; there is more of music, and melody, and joy, and gladness in the natural universe than there is of sad and solemn sound and gloomy sight. The bright and glorious orb around which our earth revolves has only here and there a dark spot upon its shining surface; the moon is always half in light, and reflects more of sunshine than shadow; the stars are ever bright, and when hidden by the darkness of intervening clouds, these are silver-lined. There are

Books in the running brooks;

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

There is music in the rustling wind, the habbling stream, the insects' breathing hum, the song of birds, and the whirr of cities; solemn anthems sung in forest leaves, and sublimest melody from the ocean's wave. There are grand paintings by the Master hung upon the arching vault as the sunset lingers on our western sky; scenes upon our hills as they change from emerald green to russet brown; more gorgeous landscapes in our valleys than Claude Lorraine could paint; more beauties in the heart of mountains than the glowing pencil of artist can catch and transfer to canvas. This is a jolly world of ours if we would make it so. It is a glorious life spread out for our enjoyment for the three-score years and ten of our allotment, if with happy hearts and cheerful minds we would make it so. Too many of us, ambitious for power, eager to grow rich, annoyed by small vexations, make life a constant battle from the cradle to the grave.

The recent decision by the Supreme Court of the question of free water sets at rest a long vexed controversy—a controversy in which all the equities were on the side of the Spring Valley Water Company, but which the *Bulletin* and *Call*, with great ingenuity and pertinacity, have dragged into municipal politics, and with great insincerity have colored with passion and misrepresentation. It has been apparent to every intelligent and honest man who knows anything about the rules that govern business affairs, that the Spring Valley Company could not afford to supply San Francisco with water unless it was paid for it a remunerative price;

unless the company could earn fair interest above expenses on the capital invested, it would be wronged, and its stockholders would have been unjustly and dishonorably dealt with. Admitting that the revenues of the company must be sufficient to pay current running expenses, necessary improvements, and proper dividends, then it is manifest that somebody must pay for all the water consumed. It is equally apparent that just exactly to the extent that the municipal government should be relieved from paying for the water used in parks, on streets, in sewers, and for extinguishing fires, and for public buildings, just to that extent the burden would be placed on the private consumer. It came to this, that all the water used by the public, and in the interest of the public, for protection against fires and for the convenience and protection of property, was charged to private consumers, and was to them a grievous burden. The *Bulletin* and *Call*, having constituted themselves the especial organs of free water, claimed that Spring Valley was, under an old franchise, compelled to supply water to everybody except the private consumer for nothing. Under pretense of being the people's free-water advocate, they practically relieved the great property-owners, the non-improving lot-owners, the speculators in real estate, non-residents, and the owners of merchandise and personal property from paying any water-tax, and devolved the whole load upon individual consumers. In the meantime these journals encouraged the sinking of artesian wells, which come into direct competition with the company, without being compelled to contribute anything for protection against fire, or for the adornment, comfort, or health of the city. This whole water business has been an outrage, costly and vexatious. The cost has fallen upon water-consumers, the vexation upon the water company's managers and stockholders. The Supreme Court has, in a decision too long for us to review or analyze, determined that under the provisions of the new constitution the city shall not have free water, but must pay for it; that the new constitution, in taking from the company any voice in fixing the rates of water, relieved it thereby from the duty of supplying water to the city for any purpose free of charge. Those non-resident speculators in real estate, those who carry great stocks of merchandise, those who drive their carriages in the park and enjoy its splendid drives, and appreciate the blessings of flushed sewers, and all at somebody else's expense, may be selfish and mean enough to regret this decision, but every business man, property-owner, and tax-payer who has intelligence enough to know what is right, and honesty enough to admit it, will congratulate the some eighteen thousand water consumers on their emancipation from an unjust, unequal, and illegal municipal burden. We congratulate the water company on what we hope is a final triumph over personal malignity and demagogism. We congratulate the manufacturers who use water, the men who keep stables, the men and women who are householders and have bath-tubs, those who sprinkle their lawns, wash their children's faces, and drink water, that they do not have to bear all the burdens of protecting a great city from fire, disease, dirt, and discomfort, by the use of water. The decision, as we understand it, is that the Board of Supervisors is compelled to fix the rates of compensation to be collected for the use of all water supplied to the city and county of San Francisco, as well as to the inhabitants, and it is also decided that the company is not obliged to furnish water for any municipal use whatever free of charge. The practical result of this decision ought to be, and doubtless will be, first to remove the water question from politics. It will no longer be necessary to run party primaries, party conventions, and demand pledges from candidates to the Board of Supervisors and to the Legislature on the question of water rates. It will be the duty of the board at proper times, as required by law, to fix a tariff of water rates upon business principles, giving fair remuneration to the company for the water used. As our city increases in population, and as manufacturing industries multiply, the supplying of water will become more easy and more economical, and in time ought to be brought to something like the prices of Eastern and European cities. The Spring Valley Company will have an abundant and never-exhaustible supply of the best and purest water when they shall add the Calaveras scheme to their present system. It is distributed in quantities to our highest points, and there is no reason, when the works are ultimately completed, that we should not have a perfect system, and at the minimum of expense to the city and to private consumers.

The class of Republicans who have occupations other than political, do not desire an early State Convention. Give us a short campaign, and we will make it hot and decisive. The Democracy are now shelling the woods, while the Republicans are in their rifle-pits along the skirmish line, with their sharpshooters doing effective service. We hope the State Central Committee will not heat the tattoo for roll-call sooner than the thirtieth of August. Then let the order go out for an advance along the whole line. We are prepared to do our duty, unless we have unworthy candidates imposed upon us, in which event we will BOLT.

THE LARKS O' LONDON.

Manners of the Native and Imported English Aristocracy.

Thus far, we have got pretty well beyond the middle of the London season of 1882. So far as the help of the aristocracy is concerned, it has been a painfully tame one. The balls have been, with few exceptions, "chalk balls," as the slang of the day designates second-rate entertainments of the sort. It's true we had a royal wedding as a kind of fillip; but its effect was but for a day, and its grandeur quickly died out, and went honeymooning with Prince Leopold and his young bride, and the balls and parties promised the happy pair when they get tired of billing and cooing down at Claremont, have got to take place.

In the meantime, instead of grand affairs, such as the Duke of Northumberland used to give at his town residence, Northumberland House, before its site, facing Trafalgar Square, was wanted for the Grand Hotel; the Duke of Westminster, at Grosvenor House, before he became a widower; and the Duke of Devonshire, at Devonshire House, ere the Dublin assassins plunged the family into mourning, the gist of entertaining is done by rich parvenus like the Brassys, Sassoons, Bonsors, and Carterwoods—people who a few years ago no one even so much as heard of, but who now, thanks to the patronage and free-and-easy happy-go-lucky social tastes of the Prince of Wales, are among the most prominent of ball-givers this season, their entertainments, however, smacking more of ostentatious display and vulgar expenditure of money than the attendance of blue blood. It is an unquestionable fact that the people who used to keep up the season in its greatness and dignity have certainly drawn in, and not alone in the giving of entertainments, but in other respects is this observable. Footmen are so rarely seen standing behind carriages now that when a well-appointed carriage (such as one knows, from well-groomed horses and smartly liveried servants, must belong to the stables of a great house) passes through the streets, people turn round and stare after it. Once upon a time the servants' bouquets were features at a drawing-room. Now they are small and not too choice. In many instances they are altogether omitted. Liveries have a second-best sort of look, and there is a decided falling off in harness. The explanation of much of it lies in the fact that in the present time people go to court who in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign would only have looked in at the gate of Buckingham Palace, and for which fact, in a great measure, is the Prince of Wales to blame.

On the Queen's "retirement from public life," (as her seclusion is called,) upon the death of the Prince Consort, twenty years ago, the Prince of Wales was forced to the front as the active head of the court, and he has since continued to wield unhampered the social sceptre. Sometime his august mamma pulls herself together, and puts on the brakes, as she did about the professional beauties, ladies against whose appearance at court she has unrelentingly set her face. But as a general thing Albert Edward does pretty much as he likes about the place. His fitness, however, for the position of head of the English court even his friends can not support. Beginning with his false marriage in Ireland to an innocent and confiding girl, when he was quartered at the Currough Camp with the Grenadier Guards, away back in '62, and following his career through the Lady Mordaunt episode, to his pranks with every married beauty who has an indifferent husband, his record is scarcely clean enough to expect encouragement at his hands of a state of moral excellence around about him. As a consequence, instead of his court and followers being composed of the highest, purest, and best in the kingdom, he is surrounded by a mixed assemblage, whose chief recommendation to his favor consists in their ability to amuse him. "The Prince's set" are well known in England for a rapid, flashy, borsey, slangy lot, and while his station as heir apparent to the throne makes it a nominal honor to be considered one of them, the really best people shrink from the association. I am sorry to say I don't think the Princess exerts herself as much in the shape of a check upon him as she might, and rather goes in for the same style of thing herself in a quiet way. I heard the other day something about her that will show somewhat the kind of person she is. There is a young man belonging to the suite of one of the princes, Lord somebody or other's son, I forget the name, who is afflicted with a very bad heart complaint, so bad in fact that his physicians warn him that any physical exertion, dancing in particular, may cause his instant death. Well, you know the court etiquette is that the Princess of Wales asks her partners to dance; no one can ask her. She knows quite well the precarious condition of the young man, yet she never sees him at a ball, where he goes to quietly stand and look on, but she goes up and asks him to dance. He can't refuse, of course, and away he has to go at the risk of his life. She thinks it good fun, and "a lark."

There has been quite a flight of Americans from the colony in London for visits home, the Mandevilles, Randolph-Churchills, and Pagets, among the number. I suppose you know that Mrs. Paget's mother, Mrs. Paran Stevens, does better in New York, a good way, than in London. You see the Pagets belong to the "Prince of Wales's set," and though it is looked down upon by the heavy swells, and consists chiefly of people who are not shocked at a small divergence from the paths of propriety now and then, it is yet composed of persons who know how to speak and dress properly, and conduct themselves, when on their good behavior, with propriety and good breeding. Therefore, a woman of Mrs. Stevens's *calibre*, who thinks nothing of wearing a dozen or two gigantic lockets strung round her neck at a ball, and calls ladies "us feminines," is not exactly the sort of person to make her daughter comfortable in princely society. I heard a good story of Mrs. Stevens the other day. It was before Captain Paget, with his Angleseyan blood and empty pockets, captured the American heiress to so many hotels, and when the young Duke of Montrose was the *parti* in demand. They were at a pigeon-match at Hurlingham, given by the officers of the Fifth Lancers, of which dashing regiment the young duke was a gay lieutenant—that is to say, Mrs. Stevens, Miss Minnie, and the duke. Now it is a sort of hallucination with many

Americans who have been to Paris, and there picked up a smattering of the language, that no one away from that famous capital either speaks or understands French but themselves. Mrs. Paran Stevens possesses this delusion. She had been so intently watching the shooting that she had not observed that Miss Minnie had wandered away around the grounds with a plain young "Mr.," when she should have been interestedly counting the birds that fell to the gun of his grace. Making chase with as much agility as her velvets and lockets and her sixty odd years would permit, she bore down with ruffled front upon the hapless girl. What she said was said in French, easier of liberal and general translation than literal repetition, the gist of it being a good rating for thus neglecting her chances with the duke, coupled with peremptory orders to return and appease him by compliments on his shooting. Turning, they found that the duke had joined them unobserved—an unintended, but none the less painfully conscious listener to the tirade. Of course his good breeding enabled him to conceal from the mother the smile that showed the daughter he had heard all. But he did not say much, except that he had come to wish them goodbye, having an engagement in town. And that was the last of the Duke of Montrose, so far as the Stevens were concerned. People wondered, of course, and all sorts of reasons, ill-natured and otherwise, were given for the sudden breach but the right one, among them that the duke's mamma (now the wife of Crawford, the great racing man) had made inquiries in America concerning the Stevens's condition, both social and financial, in their native land, which she did not consider as turning out sufficiently satisfactory to allow her sanction to the bestowal of her son's strawberry-leaved coronet in the Stevens's direction. It was rather hard lines upon poor Minnie, who is as nice a girl as you would wish to see; "free from affectation, and a lady *au fond*," as I heard an officer in the Blues say about her at a ball one night. Of course there are lots of things laid at her door that she never says, among them that when Captain Paget proposed to her at Cannes, where they were staying at the time, she replied: "Do you mean biz or spangles?"

I do not begin to know how long the Mandevilles will stay—probably as long as it takes the Duke of Manchester to float his land scheme. I hardly think Lord Mandeville is a success, socially or otherwise, in London, though his wife certainly is. Sir John Lister-Kaye, who married the other sister, is back in London again. Lord Randolph Churchill has also returned. Lord Randolph is looked upon now as a political failure. Do you know that before he met Miss Jerome, of New York, and made her Lady Randolph, he proposed for an heiress, the daughter of a brewer living near Oxford, and was refused. He had an easier game with your republican seekers after titles, and made old Jerome settle the Union League Club in New York on his daughter before he'd put the ring on her finger. I was told not very long ago by a friend who made the passage with the young couple from New York, when they came over to England just after their marriage, that the way Lord Randolph treated and neglected his young bride was disgraceful. However, things seem to get on all right now.

One doesn't hear or see so much of the Thornburg-Croppers this season. Mrs. Cropper is the lady whom certain representatives of the American press delight in styling "Lady Cropper." Why or wherefore no one on this side, where titles are not picked up in the street, has the faintest idea. I have no doubt it must annoy her tremendously, and that she gets pretty well chaffed about it there can be no question. One or two of our society papers here—and London is flooded with such literature at present—tried rather hard to elevate Mrs. Cropper into a professional beauty, but I don't think she ever quite achieved that questionable distinction. Her husband's father, old Mr. Cropper, had a very pretty villa down near Penshurst, in Kent—that garden county of England. The place was called Swaylands, and this is probably where Mrs. Thornburg got her idea of "Narrowlands" as a name for her California ranch. Well, when old Cropper died, Swaylands was put up at auction in the mart at Tokenhouse Yard in 1878, and sold for twenty thousand pounds sterling. I don't know where the Cropper seat is now.

By the Duke of Grafton's death another comparatively poor man finds himself elevated to a dukedom, with fine estates and a large rent-roll. Lord Augustus Fitzroy, the late duke's brother, who now succeeds to the title, was a plain colonel in the army, and content to receive the small emoluments that flow from the position of equerry to the Queen. There is one unfortunate circumstance connected with his succession, however. His eldest son, who now becomes the Earl of Euston, did, while he was simple Mr. Fitzroy, an officer in the Rifle Brigade, so silly a thing as to go and marry a young woman of the lowest character, who distinguished herself at their first meeting in a London public house (as we call our drinking saloons) by throwing a tumbler at his head. The marriage took place some years ago, and there is a said to be a thriving family as the fruit of it. The shady woman's appearance among the nobility as a full-fledged countess is therefore not hailed with the delightful enthusiasm an event of the sort would otherwise be supposed to create. Particularly trying is it, as it is said the young Earl of Shrewsbury has just transformed his *chère amie*, the divorced Mrs. Mundy, into a countess also. There are people who say we must not judge the aristocracy at large by the acts of the few. Perhaps not. But the noble black list seems decidedly on the increase, all the same. And more's the pity.

LONDON, June 21, 1882.

Miss Lizzie Sargent, daughter of the newly appointed Minister at the Court of Potsdam, is going to study medicine at the University of Heidelberg, while her papa attends to his diplomatic duties in Berlin. The lecture-room and the exposition of gray-haired professors have more charms for this strong-minded young lady than the gilded salons of the Embassy, and the insipid compliments of budding diplomats.

A Texas man of sixty-two who lately took a second wife is now cutting six new front teeth. He's grandpa and baby combined.—*Free Press*.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little girl was promised by her grandmother her gold watch when she should die. The child appreciated the delicacy of the situation, but after some hints the grandmother was prevailed upon to show her the watch. "I wonder," said the little one to her mother, as they were leaving the grandmother's house, "if I shall get the watch in time to wear it at the funeral."—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

Samuel Randall says he doesn't want to be Governor of Pennsylvania. A beautiful girl looked out of her window one day, and saw her rude brother out on the sidewalk, walking about on his hands with his feet dangling up in the air. "Tom," she said, reprovingly, "don't, Tom; I wouldn't do that, Tom—indeed I wouldn't." "Wouldn't?" replied the rude boy, looking up and speaking with marked and malicious emphasis, "Wouldn't? By Jocks, you *couldn't*!"—*Hawkeye*.

An Illinois girl lately called at a coroner's office, and addressing the solitary occupant of the apartment, said: "Be you the coroner?" "I guess you'd think so if you ever see an undertaker shake hands with me," blandly answered the official. "You ain't going anywheres for a day or two, be you?" "Not that I know of." "Well, I'm glad to hear it," continued the maiden, with an air of much encouragement. "Johnnie Bowles has been keepin' company with me since Christmas, but I hear that he's going to take another girl to the circus to-night, and if he does, I'll swaller pisen."

As the majority of the Highland clergy belong to the strictest sect of the Calvinists, Professor Blackie admits that their teaching tends to make the people too grave and austere; and one of his stories illustrates very well the extraordinary strictness with which "the Sawbath" is still observed. A young man going to church one Sunday with an old gentleman in Syke ventured to remark, after they had walked some miles in silence, that it was "a beautiful day." "Yes, indeed, young man," answered his companion; "it is a very beautiful day; but is this a day to be talking about days?"

Peter Cooper and his air-cushion, says the *American Queen*, have furnished a subject over and over again. They figured in a new and amusing rôle of 'late. It seems the old gentleman was placidly sitting on his cushion riding up town in a horse-car one morning. A large and fashionably dressed lady came in suddenly and sat down beside him. As she did so a hissing sound was heard. Mr. Cooper seemed to be sinking down into nothingness, and the lady fled, shrieking, from the car. A pin concealed somewhere in her dress had punctured the air-cushion.

Ballentine tells a story of Sir Charles Wetherell, that he escaped from the fury of the Bristol mob in a clean shirt and a pair of braces. Now, Sir Charles, in a momentary fit of weakness, might have been induced to put on a clean shirt, but nobody could ever have persuaded him into braces. He was a most effective and violent speaker in the House of Commons, and owing to his exertions there was usually a wide gap in his habiliments. The Speaker said the only lucid interval he had was between his waistcoat and breeches. Some lawyers went one morning to his chambers for a consultation. They were ushered into a room, and after waiting a considerable time they rang the bell for the servant, and on his appearance asked when Sir Charles would be ready? "Oh, I think it will be very soon," was the answer, "for he has just put his razor in his teapot."

Jesse Collins had the reputation of being the biggest liar in seven counties, and was never known to come out behind. One hot day Bill Hawkins sat on the shady side of his barn. After dinner he saw Jesse riding in great haste toward town. Bill bailed him and went to the gate. Jesse asked what he wanted. "Stop and tell us a big lie," said Bill. "No time for lying now," said Jesse; "your Uncle Sol died suddenly an hour ago, and I am going for the corner and a coffin." And on he went. Bill ran to the house and told his wife. She gathered up the children. He hitched the horse to the wagon, loaded in his family, and posted off, four miles through heat and dust, to Uncle Sol's. On arriving, he found the family and two neighbors in the large kitchen, Uncle Sol buried to the eyes in half a big watermelon. The surprise was mutual, and explanations followed. "Well," said Bill, "I asked Jesse for a big lie, and not only got it, but was fool enough to believe it. I wouldn't believe him again if I knew he was dying."

A few days ago Mrs. Paymaster Tucker, *née* Logan, was in the members' gallery, viewing the Senate proceedings, while directly in front of her sat two ladies, one evidently a Washingtonian, and the other a stranger. The native was taking unusual pains to make herself agreeable, and as Mrs. Tucker was about to sit down, said to her friend: "There, you see that large man sitting in the centre of the chamber, with the jet black hair and large moustache?" "Yes," "Well, that is General Logan, of Illinois. It isn't generally known, but he is half Indian." At this point Mrs. Tucker could contain herself no longer. So gently tapping the lady on the shoulder, she said: "Excuse me, madam, but you are mistaken when you say that Senator Logan is half Indian." "Well, I guess I ought to know," warmly responded the stranger; "I have lived in Washington all my life, and the fact of his Indian blood has never been questioned before." "I think I ought to know something about the matter, too," quietly answered Mrs. Tucker. "I am General Logan's daughter." As Dundreary says, "The conversation is ended," and with a let-go-of-my-hair-look at Mrs. Tucker, the stranger and her companion flounced out of the gallery.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In a Dairy.

"Excuse me," he said to the girl in the army-blue dress with the lavender bows; "I would not for the world interrupt you or disturb your gracious equanimity; but I feel it incumbent on me to remark that although your hair is undoubtedly of that rich, warm, golden hue, with tender auburn shades in it that poets have loved to sing and painters have made a specialty of limning, yet that is not bringing me that cold oatmeal and milk, and a glass of cream, and two Graham rolls that I asked you for about half an hour ago."

"No," he said, "you are entirely mistaken. I do not mean to insult you. Homage to beauty is never an insult. It is one of the purest outpourings of the natural heart; and if I call your attention to the fact that you have a shell-like ear, which even the perfect diamond pendant from the mines of Golconda would but mar, it is only that I may the better incline that beautiful organ to listen to my plaintive moan for one cold oatmeal and milk, one glass of cream, and two Graham rolls."

"I was just thinking," he said, "that those eyes of yours, in their blue and crystalline depths, hold something of the mysterious secret of the sea, and that if I had time I would hire a seat for the day, and a telescope, and bask in their pure translucency until my soul melted away in a cerulean bliss. But at present I have leisure only to call your attention to the fact that the hot wheaten-grits and strawberry short-cake with which you have furnished me can not readily be regarded in the light of one cold oatmeal and milk, a glass of cream, and two Graham rolls."

"Do you know," he said, "that you have a mole on your chin which most effectively sets off the pure alabaster of our complexion, and may be called an ornament to the basement of your face? The famous Madame de Pompadour had a mole like that, only not so well situated. Its beauty was frequently remarked on in the court of Louis the Fourteenth. And yet I will wager all I have of the red, red gold that if Madame de Pompadour had taken the contract to furnish me with my modest midday meal, she wouldn't have kept me waiting three-quarters of an hour, and then brought me a piece of pie and a cup of tea for one cold oatmeal and milk, a glass of cream, and two Graham rolls."

"Your voice is most wondrous sweet," he said; "it is not like most women's voices which I hear—the limp, languid, lily voices which the Metropolitan Telephone Company posts at New, Spring, Pearl, and its other street-stations; but those ancient damocles are kinder to me than you, cruel beauty. And when I shout: 'Why on earth can't you connect 786 Law with 41,144 Twenty-first Street?' they answer, blandly: 'We ain't got no such number.' Now, why can't you say—even be ungrammatical, to ease my suspense—say: 'We ain't got no cold oatmeal and milk, one glass of cream, and two Graham rolls.'"

"No," he said to the cashier, as he paid his check on his way out of the dairy, "I admire beauty—no one admires beauty more than I do; but if you think that beautiful young ladies who are too proud to serve the casual customer are either an attraction to a dairy or a substitute for a square meal, you are mistaken. Beauty is a wonderful thing. It has led some of the world's greatest heroes in flowery fetters; but it isn't one cold oatmeal, a glass of cream, and two Graham rolls. Good P. M.!"

And he lit out.—Puck.

Variegated Dogs.

"How do you and your pa get along now?" asked a store-keeper of the bad boy, as he leaned against the counter instead of sitting down on a stool, while he bought a bottle of liniment.

"Oh, I don't know. He don't seem to appreciate me. What he ought to have is a deaf and dumb boy, with only one leg and both arms broke. Then he could enjoy a quiet life. But I am too gay for pa, and you needn't be surprised if you never see me again. I talk of going off with a circus. Since I played the variegated dogs on pa there seems to have been a coldness in the family, and I sleep on the roof."

"Variegated dogs," said the store-keeper, "what kind of a game is that? You have not played another Daisy trick on your pa, have you?"

"Ob, no, it was nothing of that kind. You know pa thinks he is smart. He thinks because he is forty-eight years old that he knows it all; but it don't seem to me as though a man of his age, that had sense, would let a tailor palm off on him a pair of pants so tight that he would have to use a button-hook to button them; but they can catch him on everything, just as though he was a kid smoking cigarettes. Well, you know pa drinks some. That night the new club opened he came home pretty fruitful, and next morning his head ached so he said he would huy me a dog if I would go down town and get a bottle of polly nurious water for him. You know that dye house on Grand Avenue where they have got the four white spitz dogs? When I went after the penurious water I noticed that they had been coloring their dogs with the dye stuff, and I put up a job with the dye man's little boy to help me play it on pa. They had one dog dyed pink, another blue, another red, and another green, and I told the boy I would treat him to ice cream if he would let one out at a time, when I came down with pa, and call him in and let another out, and when we started to go away to let them all out. What I wanted to do was to paralyze pa, and make him think he had got 'em, got dogs the worst way. So about ten o'clock, when his head got cleared off, and his stomach got settled, he changed ends with his cuffs, and we came down town, and I told him I knew where he could get a splendid white spitz dog for me for five dollars, and if he would get it I would never do anything disrespectful again, and would just set up nights to please him, and help him up stairs, and get seltzer for him. So we went by the dye house, and just as I told him I didn't want anything but a white dog, the door opened and the pink dog came out and barked at us, and I said, 'That's him,' and the boy called him back. Pa looked as though he had the colic, and his eyes stuck out, and he said, 'Hennery, that is a pink dog,' and I said, 'No; it is a white dog, pa; and just then the green dog came out, and I asked pa if it wasn't a pretty white dog, and pa be turned pale, and said: 'Hell, boy, that's a green dog. What's got into the dogs?' I told him he must be color-blind, and

was feeling in my pocket for a strap to tie the dog, and telling him he must be careful of his health, or he would see something worse than green dogs, when the green dog went in, and the blue dog came rushing out, and barked at pa. Well, pa leaned against a tree-box, and his eyes stuck out like stops on an organ, and the sweat was all over his face in drops as big as kernels of hominy. I think a boy ought to do everything he can to make it pleasant for his pa, don't you? And yet some parents don't realize what a comfort a boy is. The blue dog was called in; and just as pa wiped the perspiration off his forehead, and rubbed his eyes, and put on his specs, the red-maroon dog came out. Pa acted as if he was tired, and sat down on a horse-hock. Dogs do make some people tired, don't they? He took hold of my hand, and his hand trembled just as though he was putting a gun-wad in the collection-plate at church, and he said: "My child, tell me truly, is that a red dog?" A fellow has got to lie a little if he is going to have any fun with his pa, and I told him it was a white dog, and I could get it for five dollars. He straightened up just as the dog went in the house, and said: "Well, I'm dem'd"; and then the boy let all the dogs out, and sicked them on a cat, which ran up a shade-tree, right near pa, and they rushed all around us, the blue dog going between his legs, and the green dog trying to climb the tree, and the pink dog barking, and the red dog standing on his hind feet. Pa was weak as a cat, and told me to go right home with him, and be would buy me a bicycle. He asked me how many dogs there were, and what was the color of them. I sposed I did awful wrong; but I told him there was only one dog, and a cat, and the dog was white. Well, sir, pa acted just as he did the night Hancock was beat, and he had to have the doctor to give him something to quiet him, (the time he wanted me to go right down town, and buy a hundred rat-traps, but the doctor said never mind, I needn't go.) I took him home, and ma soaked his feet, and gave him some ginger tea, and while I was gone after the doctor he asked ma if she ever saw a green dog. That was what made all the trouble. If ma had kept her mouth shut I would have been all right, but she up and told him that they had a green dog, and a blue dog, and all colors of spitz dogs down at the dyers. They dyed them just for an advertisement, and for him to be quiet, and he would feel better when he got over it. Pa was all right when I got back and told him the doctor had gone to Wauwatosha, and I had left an order on his slate. Pa said he would leave an order on my slate. He took a harness-tug, and used it for breeching on me. I don't think a boy's pa ought to wear out a harness on his son, do you? He said he would learn me to play rainhow dogs on him. He said I was a liar, and he expected to see me wind up in Congress. Say, is Congress anything like Waupun or Sing Sing? No, I can't stay, thank you, I must go down to the office and tell pa I have reformed, and freeze him out of a circus ticket. He is a good enough man, only he don't appreciate a boy that has got all the modern improvements. Pa and ma are going to enter me in the Sunday-school. I guess I'll take first money, don't you?"

And the bad boy went out with a visible limp, and a look of genius cramped for want of opportunity.—Puck's Sun.

Advice to a Young Man.

My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets two hundred dollars a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets two hundred dollars a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because Francis Murphy's paid one hundred and fifty dollars a week for temperance work, seems to think it is all right when the barkeeper takes in twice as much money in a single day. The laborer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as he is upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity as the bartender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad? Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring-water costs less than corn whisky. A box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years. A State election costs more than a revival of religion. You can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you are mean enough to dead-heat your lodging in that way; but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars every time. Fifty cents for the circus, and a penny for the little ones to put into the missionary-box; one dollar for the theatre, and a pair of old trousers, frayed at the ends, haggly as to the knees, and utterly hurst as to the dome, for the Michigan sufferers. The dancing lady who tries to wear the skirt of her dress under her arms and the waist around her knees, and kicks her slipper clear over the orchestra chairs every night, gets six hundred dollars a week, and the city missionary gets five hundred dollars a year. The horse-race scoops in two thousand dollars the first day, and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out forty dollars in debt. Why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark, and feel ashamed of yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the world, my boy; and when the money it does get is flung into its face, like a hone to a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and certainly should not, be grateful. It is insulted.—R. J. Burdette

The Bishop of Peterborough, England, met at dinner the other day a rich, benevolent, but somewhat brainless millionaire, who boasted that he gave away two thousand pounds to the poor regularly every year. He said: "I think it's right, you know; a sort of duty in my position. I can't say what becomes of it, but it's given away in charity, that's all I know, and that's all I care about two thousand pounds every year." "What!" said the bishop, "do you really mean to say you pay away two thousand pounds to the poor every year as a religious duty?" "I assure you, my lord, that is so," replied the wealthy man, with careless complacency. "Well," said the witty bishop, "that's the largest insurance against fire I ever heard of!"

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FESTIVITIES OF THE FOURTH.

LETTERS FROM MONTEREY, THE GEYSERS,
SANTA CRUZ, AND SAN JOSE.HOW THE FUGITIVE SAN FRANCISCO-
CANS AMUSED THEMSELVES.Monterey—The Fair Swimmers—The Ball—The
Geysers—Fun and Fireworks—Nature's Pyro-
technics—A Masqued Ball—Santa
Cruz—The Beach—The Hops
—The Camp at San José.

"TRISTRAM" AT MONTEREY.

Fourth of July has come and gone, and with the day came that vast crowd from San Francisco who have made the Hotel del Monte their Mecca during the annual independence advent of our country cousins into the metropolis, and who are only too glad to get rid of the small boy and his toy pistol, and his other multiplicity of ferocious means of patriotic turmoil and display. Beside, there is a growing tendency on the part of society people to make this place the *ne plus ultra* of Occidental shrines; and if it did not compete an ideal summer hotel scene during the last holiday, with its glare of lights, its flash of jewels, the rush and rustle of soft fabrics, and the merry hum and laughter of throngs of enjoyable people, then I am mistaken. And there was never a prettier day. The sun shone with more than its accustomed brilliancy, and there was a mellow haze in the atmosphere that was only vexed by chance zephyrs from a placid sea. It was a day, too, opportune to that multitude of permanent summer patrons to enliven their daily routine, and to participate in the pomp and circumstance of that dazzling phalanx whose "sound of revelry by night" is not at all limited to nocturnal hours, and who came here to enjoy that golden mean, in which the bustle and care of the metropolis and the dead stagnation of the country have no conspicuous part; but where contentment and comfort, good-will and wholesome food surround a person, and where a renewed lease of life is given in a link well welded and long drawn out. And when one tires of swimming, boating, howling, dancing, hilliards, and cobbles; and when a drive to the Mission or to Cypress Grove has lost its flavor; and when there is no further zest in the "walk homeward in the gloaming," we may return to the city with the satisfaction that we have inhaled some little share of the ozone of life, and have thrown some physic to the dogs, at least.

Companies F and G, who encamped on the hotel grounds, and who treated us to dress-parades and other entertainments during the two past Fourth's, were not with us this year; but in their stead the cadets of a San Francisco educational institution went through their drills and parades in front of the veranda, mornings and evenings, for several days, and stationed their fine band at the pavilion during the bathing hours, so that the monotonous of the wild waves were ever and anon drowned in the harmony of notes from the music on shore.

The beach is the place, after all; and the same girls who are seen gliding through the picturesque figures of the German, receiving and bestowing favors with a hidden, coquettish meaning, go down regularly to the beach to attend the natorial matinees that are held from half-past ten o'clock until twelve, and to enjoy the other exhilarating pastime of plunging, and screeching, and pulling, and swimming, and floating in the surf, or of sitting in the sand and poking fun at all who dare appear publicly in Neptune's attire. The vista of delight which a gaily-thronged beach opens to the beholder is a physical and anatomical study as well as an ethnological review, as all nationalities, all sects, all social strata, all sizes, and all shades meet harmoniously in one lavatory, just as a collection of unhappy animals meet happily together in the same cage of the menagerie—indeed it might be termed a terrestrial glimpse of that innumerable caravan of Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

We have escaped accidents this year, and nothing has occurred to mar the pleasure of the guests; but there have been several incidents which have added interest. The following notice was posted on the bulletin board on the morning of the 3d:

"The remains of Padre Junipera Serra and three others will be disinterred to-day, at the old Carmel Mission, at three p. m. sharp. The St. Patrick Cadets and the Third Regiment band will be in attendance, and the guests of the Hotel del Monte are cordially invited to be present."

We all went over, of course, and the incident proved very interesting. Before the digging began Father Cassanova explained that the floor of the ruin had been covered for many years with the debris of the fallen roof. Last January this was removed, and in the pavement three stone slabs, covering three burial vaults, were discovered. The records of the mission were searched, and it was found that these vaults held the remains of Padre Junipera Serra and three others. It had always been supposed that those of Junipera Serra had been carried to Spain, but here was evidence to the contrary. One of the vaults was opened, and the records verified, but the others were left for the public examination of Monday. The records said that there were two coffins in one vault, containing Padres Lopez and Junipera Serra, and that the latter was beneath the former. This proved to be true in fact, and no doubt remains in the minds of the priests that the relics recovered, and parts of which were generally and generously distributed, are those of the founder of the mission.

The Carmel ruin is the finest in this country, and one of the most picturesque in the world, being built of stone after the Moorish pattern, and the best of it is still well preserved. The group which gathered there on Monday was varied and picturesque, and when the ceremonies were over, and the go-as-you-please procession filed out of the inclosure, it was made up of six-in-hands, four-in-hands, teams with liveried attendants, and teams without, buggies, phaetons, hay-wagons, and carts; also swells of both sexes in fashionable riding-babits, mounted on thoroughbreds, grangers on crosses, vaqueros on mustangs, and Indians on mules, while there followed on foot, in clouds of dust, a motley crowd of Mexican and Indian mothers with gangs of barefooted children.

The warm baths this year are more popular than ever before. The senseless objection to the tanks

seems to have given way to the desire for comfort, and there are none who do not enjoy them. The lady pupils of this season are very apt, and "Boss Charley," the teacher, speaks very highly of their efforts. Mrs. Breckinridge, Miss Hull, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Tallant, the Taylor and Miller girls, showing special progress. Others are beginning to develop fins, and will soon go alone. Miss Anna Head, Miss May Friedlander, and her niece, Miss Bessie Bowie, are only prevented by maternal restraint from swimming to Santa Cruz every day, and venturing far out as they are allowed. Of those who steal down quietly at unknown times, and practice by themselves I can not speak; but wet tresses tell tales. At the howling alley there is little cessation of the rumble of the big balls. Mrs. Fletcher has made the most remarkable progress for a beginner, and counts with the best. Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. J. W. Brown, Miss Head, Miss Friedlander, Miss Tubbs, and Miss Hull lead the old players, and vanquish nearly all the gentlemen whom they meet in the game. Ten-pins is too simple for these skilled ones now, and they affect the more scientific games of "cocked hat," and nine-pins. I do not suppose you are much interested in the gentlemen, still I will explain that Charles Walcott Brooks, is the cyclopaedia. Judge Hoffman, Mr. Boyd, Captain Hooker, Mr. Hull, and George Crocker furnish the dignity and gravity. The Tubbs family furnish an example of pleasant enjoyment of the family circle which is charming. Austin Tubbs, Carey Friedlander, and Will Brown are crazy on shooting, and are trying to turn the lake into a lead mine in their frantic efforts to learn to shoot as well as one of the ladies. Dick Hammond is constantly in demand, and is master of every situation; but then that is to be expected—because he stays here all the time, and never misses an opportunity. Early after sunset on the Fourth fireworks were burned in front of the hotel, which were quite as extensive and nearly as expensive as the display furnished by the Fourth of July Committee for those who remained in the city. Besides the general display furnished by the hotel, there were private hursts of patriotic enthusiasm which ended in smoke, notably the wholesale cracker racket on the croquet ground by J. W. Brown, and George Hearst's contribution to his son Will's fun, and that of his youthful friends—an incident which gave manager Schonewald more anxiety than all the rest of the celebration. The scene on the hotel grounds was peculiarly picturesque about half-past eight o'clock. Trees were lit up with blue-lights, rockets shot up at intervals, bombs thundered, pinwheels sizzled, the hand played, and ladies and gentlemen, dressed for the ball, stood about in groups out of doors, and expressed their admiration of the scene and of each other.

Dancing began at half-past nine, and the hall-room was not only filled, but there were more dancers than opportunities. The toilets worn by the ladies were superb, although where there were so many pretty costumes it is difficult to make any special selection. Still the most striking ones were worn by the following ladies:

Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. J. W. Brown, Mrs. Doctor Whitney, Mrs. Rutherford, Miss George Kilburn, Misses Adeline and Lillian Jones, Miss Trowbridge, Mrs. W. S. Keyes, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Miss Little Hastings, Mrs. Breckinridge, Mrs. Horace Fletcher, Miss Nellie Joffie, Mrs. Colonel Savage, Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. Charles Miller, Mrs. Tubbs, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mrs. George Hearst, Mrs. Reddington, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. J. W. Brown, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. E. F. Arey, Miss R. Downing, Miss E. Goodall, H. Cordes and wife, Miss K. Kennedy, J. W. Stanford, J. Stanley, A. Jenks, Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Miss Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, G. Hearst and wife, James Phelan, George D. Korts, O. C. Pratt, W. F. Reddington, S. M. Fielding and wife, W. B. Fielding, Mrs. S. L. Meyer, D. McKee, J. D. Nutting Jr., W. C. Murphy, M. R. Roberts Jr., D. C. Reddington and wife, W. S. Beaves, J. M. Stafford, W. R. Sherwood, M. E. Garcia and wife, W. H. Taylor, H. Carolan, John Lee, J. S. Cameron, C. W. Whitney and wife, Miss Whitney, C. H. McCurrie and wife, C. W. R. Ford, George Crocker, J. Leroy Nickel, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease Jr., D. Murphy, C. Frolich Jr., Mrs. E. Hopkins, Miss E. Hopkins, F. R. Wells, Miss N. R. Craven, Miss E. P. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller, W. B. Tubbs, A. C. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Moody, W. F. Whittier and wife, Miss J. Whittier, Colonel and Mrs. Fletcher, George E. Gray, Miss A. S. Gray, W. P. Morgan, J. T. Haviland, W. T. Coleman and wife, J. D. Whitney and wife, W. S. Keyes and wife, Miss L. Hastings, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, W. R. Hearst, H. Wheeler, Judge O. Hoffman, James T. Boyd, S. H. Cowell, J. N. S. Williams, James Hetrick, George V. Gray, Edward Curtis, H. J. Crocker, W. K. Ball, J. Cotta, and others.

TRISTRAM.

"AGAMEMNON" AT SAN JOSE.

It was just on the verge of Sunday morning when the First Regiment reached this city. I think that we would have all been pretty sleepy, if it had not been for the bustle and crowding manifested on the train. For although the S. P. R. had provided a splendid train, it was not sufficient to comfortably accommodate all hands. There was a decided ovation at the depot. All of our Garden City friends had turned out to meet us, and although we saw none of the feminine element until next morning, I think a majority of San José's population must have been present.

We were quickly in line, and ready to foot it to Agricultural Park, where Camp Sheehan is situated. Company B, Fifth Infantry, under Captain Adell, headed by their band and followed by a host of "cits" and gamins, acted as escort, and we made things rather lively as we marched through the town. The camp had already been constructed, and long rows of tents invited the wearied warriors to repose. But if any of us cherished ideas of immediate repose,

they were quickly dispelled; for the friendly citizens crowded in, and for the next two hours it was a scene of lively confusion.

The camp has been divided very systematically into sections. A wide street—Main Avenue—runs through the middle. Parallel with this street, and ranged on either side, are eight other and smaller avenues. These divisions mark the quarters of the different companies, beginning with Company H, Captain Bush, on the extreme south, and Company C, under Captain Templeton on the northern boundary. Colonel Dickinson's headquarters are at the head of Main Avenue, and in a position to command the entire camp. The tents are all comfortably furnished, and at night each hangs out a brilliant Japanese lantern.

The next morning, as soon as possible, all of us who were not on duty started off, each armed with a gaudy Chinese fan and sun-umbrella, on a sortie. We divided into small squads, and prepared to capture feminine San José.

The girls in the town are *sui generis*. They do not display the frank and demonstrative self-possession of the Sacramento maidens, nor yet do they preserve the dignified decorum of their San Francisco sisters. But they possess a fascinating half-coyness, half-coquetry which is very damaging to the heart of a San Francisco warrior. I say that this is their characteristic as noted by an outsider; but I must confess that their demeanor toward the home humanity is not equally gracious—at least it was not during our stay. We were treated by the young ladies somewhat as public guests, and it was edifying to witness the ease and rapidity with which we made ourselves acquainted and at home. Three pretty maids came slowly driving by in a phaeton before we were two streets from the camp. A violent desire immediately arose in the breasts of three of our number to learn the localities of certain objects of interest in the city. Here was an opportunity not to be lost. Three volunteers, with alacrity and raised caps, walked up to the passing vehicle. The hushing charioteers pulled on the reins with one accord, and their steed stood still. Were the young ladies about to visit the camp? Well—ah—yes—not exactly—they did not know that they had thought of going in, but were just going to—drive round. Oh, well, they might just as well inspect the whole thing while they were about it; and here were willing guests. And thus it was that our little company lost three of its gallant members. Further on, where several of us were discussing the situation with another *galaxy*, there chanced to pass a pair of San José youths, evidently friends of the charming fair ones whom we were just then interviewing. The two "cits" greeted the girls with effusive cordiality. A Siberian plain in winter would not give one an adequate idea of the concentrated polar frost that permeated the howl with which the intrusive San Joséans were dismissed. We inwardly chuckled over their discomfort.

Every morning a routine of drill and dress-parade is observed, after which one and all spend the time in social enjoyment. On the Fourth we had a torch-light procession, which was very brilliant, followed by a crowded reception, and then dancing was the order. Again on Wednesday there was another reception, followed by dancing, which was even more enjoyable than the first, owing to the fact that there was more room on our dancing-stand. Every one down here says that there never was as gentlemanly a body of men in San José, and all parties are equally delighted.

July 6, 1882.

"TOM" AT THE GEYSERS.

People who leave town to escape the noisy demonstrations of patriots on the Fourth of July must look for a lodge in some vast wilderness. The watering place is fast becoming more patriotic than in the city itself. At the Geysers, stage load after stage load has been rolling in for the past four days, and we have even been awakened several times after midnight by hands of people who had come over the grade from Cloverdale by the light of the moon. Notwithstanding the recent improvements, and the enlargement of the premises, there is not room for many who apply, and it is a puzzle to discover where many of those are stowed away who have come. I discovered one of their resources last night myself, when moved at a late hour to try the great luxury of the place, the steam bath. It is not easy to find this popular pavilion unoccupied. People are saying to each other at all reasonable and unreasonable hours of the day and night, "Let's go take a steam." But after the celebration was over—for the guests determined to celebrate the Fourth on the third, as many were leaving on the afternoon of the national holiday—I wound my way down the romantic path which leads to the cañon to take a solitary steam. All the little world at the Geysers had gone to rest, and stillness ought to have brooded over the scene. But it did not. From out the open doors of the steam-house came a chorus familiar to the dwellers in cities and hotels—the resounding, all-pervading snore. Mine host had put the overflow of the last stage to sleep on the Turkish couches, where we take a quiet nap after a prolonged steam. I took a cigar instead, and retraced my useless steps.

On the night of the second, or rather the morning, we were awakened by such a thunderstorm as is not usual in California. The great bolts launched up the cañon woke every one in the house, and terrified the ladies. The lightning did some damage. We heard it crashing among the timber on the hillside, and it rendered the Geyser telephone useless on the busiest day of the year. It also alarmed some of the guests for the fate of the fireworks. They had collected quite a valuable lot of them together by subscription—some two or three hundred dollars' worth—and while they were willing to spend the Fourth on the third, they were not willing to have the fireworks go off prematurely. We heard them prowling around for some time, and by the time we had all turned over and composed ourselves for a fresh nap, some enthusiasts began setting off bombs.

Beside the immense number of transient guests, who have come only for the Fourth, there are many families here either spending the summer or several weeks of it. Among them are Mr. Peter Donahue and family, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Griffin, Mrs. Con Sullivan and family, Mr. and Mrs. Con O'Connor and family, quite a delegation from the Board of Brokers, including Walter Turnbull, H. P. Wakefield, James Hawkins, Charles Kenney, H. H. Noble, Joseph Marks, and their respective families. Also

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Grant, Mrs. Joseph Austin, Frank Locan and family, Sam Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rose, and many more. These people all seem to be having a merry time of it, and have a programme which they carry out scrupulously each day. Every one manages to have breakfast by nine, and then they sit in groups upon the broad verandas and gossip peacefully till half-past ten, when they all adjourn to the steam baths. The ladies come straggling up from the baths with all the freshness of their summer finery gone, their wet locks hanging in the sun to dry. Lunch at one, followed by more gossip on the veranda; the stage at three or thereabouts, and when they see who has come there is a wild shout from every one, and ho! for the swimming-baths. There are more expert lady swimmers at the Geysers than at any of the seaside resorts, the smooth water inviting to greater confidence than the breakers. After the swim, dinner, and after dinner there is usually an amateur concert in the parlor. The programme was little broken on the third, the day of the celebration, until after dinner. During the day some of the more enterprising of the guests had set up the frames for the fireworks on the hill opposite the hotel, and at night they went over, and set them off. The guests congregated upon the lawn, and cheered the amateur fireworkers heartily. After the close of the pyrotechnic display, there was a sudden scattering from the verandas, which was explained half an hour later, when the ladies all appeared in pink dominoes and black masks, and adjourned to the dining-room, where a champagne punch was served. The dance was a brief one, as it was a pretty warm night for a masquerade, and the attractions of the supper, which had been laid in the parlor, were more potent. The parlor itself eventually became transformed into a ball-room, and the last I saw of the dancers they had adjourned to the yard, where a bonfire had been kindled, and, joining hands, they danced around to the tune of all the minstrel melodies. All the fire-crackers that remained in the house were thrown upon the fire, and there was not so much as a torpedo left to disturb the peace of Fourth of July morning. The day passed uneventfully, except for the gathering on the lawn of the guests to be photographed—a form of entertainment which seems to be exceedingly popular, as there are photographs innumerable extant of many successive groups of Geyser tourists. The tourist proper, who rushes pell-mell up the cañon by way of Cloverdale one day, goes through the Geysers, and is off by the Calistoga route the next, is a familiar phantom; but the hotel is no longer exclusively the resting-place of the tourist, it has become a popular resort for many who find the mountain air a necessary change from the sea. On the afternoon of the Fourth two stages full of people, consisting almost entirely of the heads of families who had left their wives and children for a longer stay, were rushing off to reach San Francisco by business hours next morning. A reaction after the merry-making was inevitable; but every one seemed to be devoutly grateful that the Fourth was over. So am I, for now most of the men are gone, and I am alone.

July 5, 1882.

TOM-ALL-ALONE.

"STELLA" AT SANTA CRUZ.

It is difficult for any one who has visited Santa Cruz frequently to avoid feeling vexed at the sluggishness of its inhabitants. I have been there many times—the first as long as ten years ago—and I fail to detect any improvements. There are the same tumble-down bath-houses, the same difficulty for us to make our way from them to the beach, the same impertinent loungers commenting freely upon us as we pass, the same dusty roads, (except the Felton road), the same overcrowded hotels and poor fare, the same lumbering husses plying to the beach, and—I was going to say the same ramshackle cars, but they are only four or five years old. One would think, though, they were a hundred. What changes there are in Santa Cruz are not for the better. There are more of the children of Israel there; there are more brazen women there, whose conduct is such that a modest girl is continually annoyed by young men leering at her with silly smiles; there is more carousing, and sometimes not of a decorous kind; there are greater crowds.

But that is all. *En revanche*, the sky is as beautiful, the hay as blue; the woodland drives are as lovely as ever; the surf-bathing as delightful. In point of natural advantages there is no place in California that can compare with Santa Cruz; it is far and away beyond Monterey—there is absolutely no comparison. In point of artificial advantages, however, Santa Cruz is far behind the other. I can not help wishing that I were a man, and a rich one at that—I should be tempted to exploit Santa Cruz, and make it what it ought to be—one of the prettiest watering-places in the world. And I should begin by barring the doors of my caravansary to loose women, and I—well, it seems ill-natured, and I won't say it, but I think it all the same.

There has been what the reporters call "a round of gayeties" during the past four or five days. The presence of the soldiers at Camp Dimond has had a good deal to do with it. On Saturday before the Fourth two hops were given to the battalion—one at Pope's, the other at the Ocean House. The warriors were conspicuous by their absence at the latter place, I am told—why I do not know. I was not there myself. At Pope's it was crowded, and unpleasantly warm; dancing was difficult. I left in disgust when I saw the appearance of a certain person upon the arm of another whom I had previously supposed to be a gentleman. Why do young men think that when they are away from the city they can associate publicly with characters whom in the city they do not dare to recognize? They are wrong. They will find that some of their respectable lady friends will not dare to recognize them.

On Sunday there was a clam-bake at Camp Felton which was largely attended by guests from Santa Cruz. To those who like clams and green corn it was doubtless pleasant. I like neither. Nor do I like the attentions of young gentlemen who have been drinking too much wine—of which heverage there seemed to be a plenitude at the camp, such as it was. So I did not enjoy the clam-bake.

On Monday evening the troops at Camp Dimond gave a dress-parade, which was followed by gymnastic exercises, fencing, etc., and that by a "ball." This latter took place upon a platform in the centre of the camp. I did not take part in the "hall." The camp was very handsomely illuminated with Chinese and Japanese lanterns, and at the corners of the camp

four bonfires blazed. The scene was a very pretty one indeed.

On Fourth of July night there was a hop given at the Ocean House, either by or to the battalion, which was really a pleasant affair. The ball-room and the dining-room were both filled, and objectionable characters were kept out by an ingenious yet effective arrangement on the part of the sentries. The two rooms giving ample space, the unpleasant crowding of previous affairs was avoided.

After all, I don't think I enjoyed anything at Santa Cruz but the bathing. That was delicious. It is the fashion to go to the ocean beach in the morning, and to the river in the afternoon. The scene is always an animated one. By the way, it seems to me as though the bathing-dresses at Santa Cruz were growing scantier every year. They are diminishing at both ends. I am no prude, but I should certainly object to wearing a sleeveless, tight-fitting dress, cut very low, with tight *culotte* reaching only half-way to the knee, and stockings suggestively short, reaching to the swell of the calf. As I said, I am no prude, but I would not wear such a dress around the beach and in the water among a lot of men whom I do not know, and who are much more profuse in offering to handle me than they need be. Some of them are perfectly odious.

I am afraid I have been writing a rather cross letter. But since I am in that vein I am going to relieve my mind about the narrow-gauge road. There can be no comparison between the two roads as regards scenery. The narrow-gauge runs through wild and picturesque mountains, and the broad-gauge through flat and uninteresting plains; the narrow-gauge is direct; the broad-gauge is round-about and tiresome. But the latter consults the comfort of its patrons, while the former carefully provides for their discomfort. The idea of running but one parlor car in a train of thirteen or fourteen! There are probably a hundred people willing and desirous to pay for such accommodations, and thus avoid the company and the odors of the populace. But they can not secure such accommodations. Why, I do not know. Can it be possible that the company have only one parlor car? If so, they ought to get up a subscription and buy another. But what is worse, they have not even ordinary accommodations for their passengers. On one train I was on there were about sixty or seventy people standing. Think of standing for a four hours' ride! After a weary passage through the entire train, my escort succeeded in finding a seat for me. Presently along came a *lame woman*. Not a man around me moved. I impulsively jumped up and gave her mine, which the poor creature accepted thankfully. And then I had the pleasure of hearing the bores around me sneer at my "putting on airs," and so forth. Oh, I could have boxed their ears.

No, I shall never ride on the narrow-gauge again. I am superstitious, and I fear that this road is fated to disaster. From its very beginning it has been unfortunate. Heaven knows how many laborers were killed in those gloomy tunnels through the mountains, by caves, blasts, and oil explosions. And then, almost after it began running, came that dreadful accident two years ago, at which so many people were killed and maimed. Perhaps I am superstitious, but I fear a terrible accident on that road some day. I shall never ride over it again. STELLA.

July 5, 1882.

CCXXXVI.—Sunday, July 9.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Asparagus Soup.
Baked Rockfish. Stewed Pigeons.
Mashed Potatoes. Lima Beans. Baked Bell Peppers.
Roast Veal. Currant Jelly.
Vegetable Salad.
Frozen Peaches and Cream, Apples, Pears, Peaches, Apricots, Plums, Nectarines, and Figs.
Stewed Pigeons.—Knead together three ounces of butter, desertspoonfuls of dried fine crumbs of bread, a grain of cayenne, a third of a teaspoonful of salt, the same of pepper, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a little grated nutmeg, and one small onion, finely chopped. Have three pigeons, stuff, and roast ten minutes. Peel twelve button-onions, and fry them until slightly browned in an ounce of butter, dredge in a tablespoonful of flour, stir until well mixed, then add half a pint of stock, a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, a teaspoonful of soy, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a saltspoonful of anchovy sauce, and two table-spoonfuls of port wine. Put in the pigeons, and simmer gently for half an hour. Serve very hot.

"Fritz in Ireland" ends at Haverly's California Theatre this evening. Next Monday night will begin a season of Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels. At Emerson's Standard Theatre "My Brudder-in-Law" will continue to hold the boards. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is finished at the Baldwin Theatre this evening, and next Monday night Miss Ward, the English actress, supported by the Baldwin company, will open in a new play entitled "American Born."

—THE HANLON-LEES TROUPE, WHICH IS TO open at the Baldwin Theatre on the seventeenth instant, in "Le Voyage en Suisse," have, during the past year, been making a successful tour through the Union. The stage-carpenter and scenic artist of the Baldwin are now very busy making preparations for this combination of drama, comedy, and pantomime. The plot is full of amusement and absurdity.

Henry Heyman has returned to the city, after spending his summer vacation at Lake Tahoe. He resumes his instruction on the violin as before. Address, 206 Ellis Street.

AMONG ALL OUR HOTELS

The Occidental enjoys an enviable reputation for the superiority of its table. Visitors from the East notice it and speak in terms of highest praise. Mr. Wertheimer, mine host, who is a man of good judgement, and a good caterer, does not hesitate to tell the reason of the excellence of the bread and pastry. He says it is simply owing to the New England Baking Powder, which he has now been using for over a year. He finds it not only peerless in quality, but also the most economical.

—A LADY, FORMERLY PUPIL OF PROF. DE FILIPPE, desires a few more pupils in Spanish and French; teaches by the same method. Address M. L., box 81, Oakland, Cal.

We learn from an exchange that a Welshman's oath is "Ymw llyng wggil." This is too awfully awfully awful, and it looks like a fish-worm.—Der-rick.

—REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE HAS PROVED ITS efficiency by a test of 75 years constant use. Try it.

—BEFORE STARTING OFF FOR THE SUMMER GET a bottle of German Corn Remover. It will pay you. 25c.

Girls, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

—COMELY! ATTRACTIVE! WINNING!—THESE expressive words are often and properly applied to the fair ladies of our favored land who keep their hair abundant, and natural in color and lustre by the timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The Vigor is safe and agreeable, and its effects are very lasting, making it the most economical, and at the same time the most beneficial and elegant of toilet preparations.

At Lord Macaulay's funeral a person unknown deliberately walked up and spat on the coffin at the conclusion of the service.

—WHY IS MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE Compound like the Mississippi River in a spring freshet? Because the immense volume of this healing river moves with such momentum that it sweeps away all obstacles, and is literally flooding the country.

—IF YOU COME HOME LATE BRING YOUR WIFE A bottle of German Corn Remover. Result: happiness.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL remember that the place to buy cologne, perfume, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

DR. C. T. DEANE HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE TO 131 Post Street, between Kearny and Dupont, over Samuel's. Hours, 9.30 to 10 A. M.; 1 to 3.30 P. M.

A cable dispatch that "a mine was discovered in a street in Moscow, Russia," was headed by an innocent journalistic head-writer as "a bonanza in Moscow."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

—MR. A. J. KELLEHER DESIRES TO INFORM HIS pupils that he will resume tuition on July 10th. Apply at Gray's music store, 117 Post, or at his residence, 2324 Clay Street.

—MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN THE world, 826 Market Street, (Phelan Block).

—MR. LOUIS LISSER ARRIVES FROM NEW YORK on or about July 8th, and will resume the duties of his profession on July 10th.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—GO TO Bradley & Rulison's, 429 Montgomery.

Bret Harte's New Serial, "Flip."

A Story of California Life.

Next week the "Argonaut" will begin the publication of this serial. It is to appear simultaneously in four papers. The "Algemeine Zeitung" has purchased the right for the continent, the Glasgow "Herald" for Great Britain, and the New York "Sun" for America. By arrangement with the "Sun" publishers, who own the American copyright, the "Argonaut" has also purchased from Mr. Bret Harte the right to publish the story. These are the only two American journals in which it will appear.

BALDWIN THEATRE.

THE HANLONS

Monday.....July 17th

In their laughable Parisian Absurdity, entitled

"LE VOYAGE EN SUISSE."

The Boston Herald says: "These gentlemen allow trunk-lids to fall on their necks; tumble from the roof of a stage-coach; fall through ceilings, and go through hosts of similar experiences with a rapidity, clearness, and precision that is simply marvelous."

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PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

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Portraits and Decorations made to order. Dresses, Handkerchiefs, etc., embroidered with simple or elaborate designs. All executed quickly and cheaply. We cordially invite the public to call and see these artists at work. ICHI BAN, 22 and 24 GEARY STREET.

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Send for Circular.

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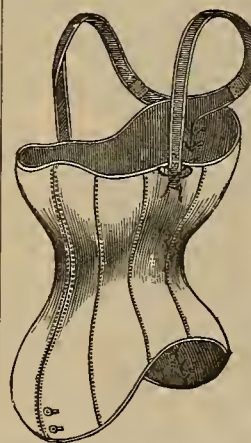
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WEST'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT.—C. N. West's Electro-Medical Belts always have ex-

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cances. They have taken the

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This new Belt excels every other

that he has invented. Cures

all diseases without medicine. Price, from \$5.00

to \$20.00. Warranted ten years. Patronized by the repre-

sentative men and leading ladies of this and other States.

Address or call on C. N. WEST, 652 Market Street, San Francisco.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Muse-Sick.

We met by chants, the usual way,
One Sunday in the choir;
I liked hymn for his tenor voice,
Which none could help admire;
Sue Frano tried to thwart my love;
She acted very bass,
And meanly told him he were wise
My image to efface.
But I was mirrored on his heart,
Indelible and pure;
He said he ne'er could duet,
Solo, I've got him sure.

—A Musical Liar.

The Lightest Thing.

Pray what is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in dryest weather.
What's lighter than the dust, I pray?
The wind that wafts it far away.
Pray what is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind.
And what is lighter than the last?
Nay, now, my friend, you have me fast!

—Robert B. Thomas.

Her Letter.

Oh, the envelope is square;
On its fold
Is her monogram *bicorne*,
Stamped in gold.
From across the wide Atlantic
Come these hieroglyphs gigantic;
T'bis brings something real romantic,
So I'm told.
She is sweeter than the pink,
Full in bloom,
That she puts into ink
To perfume
Each gay curve and line gymnastic,
Though she sometimes seems sarcastic;
Just to please her taste fantastic,
I presume.
She's a tender Tuscan now,
Getting tanned,
With the sunshine on her brow,
But her hand—
See, it takes the pen a minute!
Folds the note, (a kiss within it!)
Oh, that I might hope to win it
On demand.

—Yale News.

All der Times.

Der world id vos grow older,
All der times;
Mineself I don't got younger,
All der times;
Mine wife she vos got truer,
But mine children dey got fewer,
Und mine old pants don't got newer,
All der times;
Der sun id vos grow older,
All der times;
Mine heardt, id vos grow older,
All der times;
I no more cares for dancing,
Or eyes mit schweetness glancing,
For life is less entrancing,
All der times;
Ah! how sad to look before me,
All der times;
Und sadder still behind me,
All der times;
Vhen der blossoms all are faded,
Und mine gray hair don't vos praided,
For mine paid headt gots more shaded,
All der times!

—At anta Constitution.

"So Lonely."

There is something in the good man's face
It is very rare to see—
On his brow is throned a certain grace
That tells us he is free.
Why these smiles and a slight smirking
Where once there was a frown?
Oh, what strange influence is working?
Ah, his wife is out of town.
He was ne'er disposed to cavi,
And when he bade her leave,
To the sea-shore for her health,
She said, "Won't you be lonely?"
Then he mournfully looked down—
"I shall miss you dearest only"—
And his wife went out of town.
Foolish women, pray take warning
From these lines so sadly true;
Though he writes you every morning,
And swears he pines for you,
He's a giddy, giddy masher,
And he's doing things up brown
In a friskier way and rasher
Since his wife is out of town.

—Eugene Field.

How He Made It.

One sweltering day in hot July
A beer saloon he wandered by;
And finding that he was not seen,
He entered at the swinging screen;
And to rebuke the drinking men,
Whom he observed around him then,
He ordered, as he knew he'd oughter,
A glass of pure, clear crystal water.
He set it down. "Ah, ha!" said he,
"Cold water is the drink for me!"
And so, to make it cold and nice,
He pounded in a little ice.
Healthful and good, sliced very thin,
He dropped a little lemon in;
And then he said: "Sweets to the sweet!"
And stirred some sugar in the treat.
To kind of brace the mixture up
He dashed some bitters in the cup;
Then just a lee-lee whisky—well,
Say twenty lines of "bonpareil";
And while he stirred it with a spoon,
He sang, in gleeful tones, the tune:
"Water, cold water, pure and free—
Water is the drink for me!"
He raised his head; loud, loud he laughed,
And to the dregs the goblet quaffed.
"This is the New Amendment plan,"
Remarked the temperate Kansas man;
Then set his course, and held that day
Due West his calm, imperial way.

—Unknown Liar.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]



Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst forms of female diseases."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only \$1. per bottle or six for \$5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as an almost testimonial show. "Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills" says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity. I must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others."

Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR,

For Restoring Gray Hair to its Natural Vitality and Color.



Advancing years, sickness, care, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition, all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by long and extensive use, has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately; often renews the growth; and always restores its color when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthy activity, and preserves both the hair and its beauty. Thus brassy, weak, or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable, and strengthened; lost hair regrows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and established; thin hair thickens, and faded or gray hairs resume their original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heats all humors, and keeps the scalp cool, clean, and soft—under which conditions, diseases of the scalp are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair,

the VIGOR is praised for its grateful and agreeable perfume, and valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

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DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

Department No. 9—Probate.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT
In and for the City and County of San Francisco,
State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of
WILLIAM W. JOHNSTON,
Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT
Monday, the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court Room of said Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said William W. Johnston, deceased, and for hearing the application of Charles G. Johnston for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary. Dated June 22, A. D. 1882.

By D. H. SCHINDLER, Clerk.
H. F. CRANE, Attorney for Petitioner.



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The twentieth year of this Institute will commence July 24, 1882. MADAME B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

CALIFORNIA

MILITARY ACADEMY,
AT OAKLAND, CAL.

The Nineteenth Year will begin Monday, July 17, 1882.

REV. DAVID McCURE, Ph. D., Principal.

HOPKINS ACADEMY,

OAKLAND, CAL.

Rev. H. E. Jewett, Principal.

This Institution, heretofore known as Golden Gate Academy, will open TUESDAY A. M., JULY 18, 1882. The Building and Grounds are undergoing extensive improvements. Classical, Literary, and English courses. Telegraphy taught. Boys and young men received. Send for prospectus to H. E. Jewett, Principal.

ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 10th day of June, 1882, an assessment (No. 4) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 23, Nevada Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the (18th) eighteenth day of July, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 16th day of August, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, July 1, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 43, of Seventy-five cents per share was declared, payable on Wednesday, July 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York.

W. L. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE CALI-

FORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. The Board of Directors have declared a dividend to Depositors at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free from Federal Tax, for the half year ending June 30, 1882, payable on and after Monday, July 10, 1882.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-

man Savings and Loan Society. For the half year ending June 30, 1882, the Board of Directors of the GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of 4 32-100 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 60-100 per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 10th day of July, 1882. By order.

GEORGE LETTE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRAN-

CISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with June 30, 1882, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free from Federal Tax, payable on and after Wednesday, 12th July, 1882.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

EXTRA QUALITY

RUBBER HOSE,
BELTING AND PACKING.

CRACK-PROOF BOOTS.

GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. PEASE JR., S. M. RUNYON, Agents,

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Machines, Horse Forks, Dricks,
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Runs in the Fork Spoils, repairs for all kinds of
Agricultural Machinery, Hay, Hide, Hop
Entirely reliable and Wool Presses. Steam Engines,
ble in repairs. Threshing Machines, Wind Mills,
JACKSON & TRUMAN, 625 Sixth St., San Francisco.

All Tractors ordered filled promptly at the lowest
San Francisco market rates.

Write for our New Catalogue.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff,
vs.
THOMAS G. MCLEERAN,
et als., Defendants.

Superior Court.
No. 6399.
Late 23d District Court.
Order of Sale and Decree
of Lien.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the nineteenth day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein D. Harney, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of lien against Thomas G. McLeeran, George K. Porter, and William Hollis, defendants, on the second day of April, A. D. 1879, which said judgment and decree was, on the tenth day of June, A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment Book D., of said Twenty-third District Court, at page ninety-two; and whereas, on December 22, 1879, a stipulation was filed herein to abide the final result in case No. 6394, of said court, entitled Harney vs. Corcoran, et al., and whereas the remittitur from the Supreme Court, in said last-named case, was on May 13, 1882, filed in said Superior Court, affirming the judgment and order therein appealed from, as appears to us of record, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the north line of Fourteenth Street, distant west three hundred and ninety-one and one-half feet from the northwest corner of Fourteenth and Valencia streets, and running thence east on the north of Fourteenth Street one hundred and fifty-five and one-half feet; thence at right angles north seventy feet; thence at right angles west one hundred and forty-eight feet; thence south in a straight line, seventy feet three inches to the point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE TWENTH DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, June 17, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. M. WOOD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

June 17 and 24, July 1 and 8.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff,
vs.
WILLIAM CORCORAN,
et als., Defendants.

Superior Court.
Department No. 3.
Late 23d District Court.
Order of Sale and Decree
of Lien and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale, issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein D. Harney, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment and Decree of Lien and Sale against Thomas Kelly, George B. Knowles, A. Himmelman, John B. Lewis, A. W. Hanna, J. W. Hammer, Aug. Hemme, John Tucker, William Klump, M. Kedon, John Brickell, B. O. Devoe, M. Kelly, D. Sweet, S. F. Sindair, T. G. McLeeran, J. Agnew, J. Dunne, E. Hogan, John Henry, M. Hayes, J. Olwell, George Clark, L. B. Williams, Charles Main, B. Kelsey, W. Bosworth, and G. K. Porter, defendants, on the 17th day of April, A. D. 1879, which said Judgment and Decree was, on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment Book C of said 23d District Court, at page 71, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the east line of Valencia Street, distant 130 feet north from the northeast corner of Valencia and Bridge Streets, and running thence north on the east line of Valencia Street 25 feet; thence at right angles east 80 feet; thence at right angles south 25 feet; thence at right angles west 80 feet, to the point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien and sale, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, June 24, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. M. WOOD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

June 24, July 1, 8, 15.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff,
vs.
J. CALLAGHAN, et als.,
Defendants.

Superior Court.
Department No. 3.
Late 23d District Court.
Order of Sale and Decree
of Lien and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale, issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 27th day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein D. Harney, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment and Decree of Lien and Sale against George K. Porter, T. G. McLeeran, Jeremiah Callaghan, Daniel Callaghan, H. F. Hilliard, Solon Pattee, W. W. Crane Jr., W. B. Holcomb, R. McKee, P. McAtee, E. R. Thomson, and D. Jordan, defendants, on the 4th day of February, A. D. 1879, which said Judgment and Decree was, on the 25th day of February A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment Book B, of said 23d District Court, at page 764, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Mission Street, distant 39 feet 5 inches north from the intersection of the east line of West Mission Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street, and running thence north on the northwesterly line of Mission Street 29 feet; thence at right angles west to the east line of West Mission Street; thence south on the last-mentioned line 27 1/2 feet; thence east in a straight line to the point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien and sale, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, June 24, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. M. WOOD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

June 24, July 1, 8, 15.

SAMUEL P. MIDDLETON, AUCTIONEER

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

Stock, Real Estate, and General
AUCTIONEERS,
116 Montgomery Street,
Occidental Hotel Block, SAN FRANCISCO.



San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1st, 1882.
We take pleasure in presenting this our
Semi-Annual Statement.

RESOURCES.

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000	36
Other Real Estate.....	5,225	35
United States Bonds.....	626,977	35
Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868	00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198	35
Loans on other securities.....	577,443	96
Loans on personal security.....	1106,004	27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,457	61
Money on hand.....	398,669	34

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000	00
Surplus.....	460,759	13
Due Depositors.....	1,888,655	07
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,370	83
Dividends unpaid.....	59	50
Total	\$3,523,844	23

R. H. McDonald, President.

NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER

NO

Alum.
Flour
Starch
Ammonia
Phosphates
Tartaric Acid

Cream Tartar and Bi-Carb. Soda
NOTHING ELSE
Newton Bros. & Co.
SAN FRANCISCO

When ordering wine, don't call for "California Champagne" merely, but state the brand, "Charles Heidsieck," Extra Dry, or the brand on this cork.

Charles Heidsieck & Co.
530 WASHINGTON ST. S. F. CAL.

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U.S. Treasury, 28 January, 1882.

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Of all Grocers, Druggists, and Mineral Water Dealers.

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PIANOS, OF BOSTON,

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INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL,	\$750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1881,	\$1,240,000

D. J. STAPLES, President.
ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President.

WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.
E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

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Tents let by the Week or Month. AMERICAN FLAGS, BUNTING.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

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Liquor Dealers. 322-324 FRONT STREET
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COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

PRICE REDUCED

FOR

SEATTLE COAL

ALL DEALERS KEEP IT.

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NOTICE—THE TRADE AND THE

Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRA & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

C. P. SHEFFIELD, N. W. SPAULDING, J. PATTERSON



17 and 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

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MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT
135 Montgomery St., nr. Bush,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.
Specialty Thirty-two Years.

COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES
Mounted to Order. 48 Two Hours Notice.
The most complicated cases of defective vision thoroughly diagnosed, free of charge.

ART-PAINTED, PLAIN and GLAZED

TILES

For Decorations.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
110 to 118 Battery Street.

CRUSHED INDIAN.

A NEW AND DELICIOUS PREPARATION
FROM CORN, FOR BREAKFAST. IT COOKS
THOROUGHLY IN A FEW MINUTES.

TRY IT.
For Sale by all
GROCERS.

The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 15, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

BRET HARTE'S NEW STORY.

"Flip"—A California Romance.

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PART I.—CHAPTER I.

Just where the red track of the Los Gatos streams on and upward like the sinuous trail of a fiery rocket, until it is extinguished in the blue shadows of the Coast Range, there is an embayed terrace near the summit, hedged by dwarf firs. At every bend of the beat-laden road the eye rested upon it wistfully; all along the flank of the mountain, which seemed to pant and quiver in the oven-like air, through rising dust, the slow creaking of dragging wheels, the monotonous cry of tired springs, and the muffled beat of plunging hoofs, it beld out a promise of sheltered coolness and green silence beyond. Sunburned and anxious faces yearned toward it from the dizzy, swaying tops of stage-coaches, from lagging teams far below, from the blinding white canvas covers of "mountain schooners," and from scorching saddles that seemed to weigh down the scrambling, sweating animals beneath. But it would seem that the hope was vain, the promise illusive. When the terrace was reached it appeared not only to have caught and gathered all the beat of the valley below, but to have evolved a fire of its own from some hidden crater-like source unknown. Nevertheless, instead of prostrating and enervating man and beast, it was said to have induced the wildest exaltation. The beated air was filled and stifling with resinous exhalations. The delirious spices of balm, bay, spruce, juniper, *yerba buena*, wild syringa, and strange aromatic herbs as yet unclassified, distilled and evaporated in that mighty heat, and seemed to fire with a midsummer madness all who breathed their fumes. They stung, smarted, stimulated, intoxicated. It was said that the most jaded and foot-sore horses became furious and ungovernable under their influence; wearied teamsters and muleteers who had exhausted their profanity in the ascent drank fresh draughts of inspiration in this fiery air, extended their vocabulary, and created new and startling forms of oburgation. It is recorded that one bibulous driver exhausted its description and condensed its virtues in a single phrase—"Gin and ginger." This felicitous epithet, flung out in a generous comparison with his favorite drink, "rum and gum," clung to it ever.

Such was the current comment on this vale of spices. Like most human criticism, it was hasty and superficial. No one yet had been known to have penetrated deeply its mysterious recesses. It was still far below the summit and its wayside inn. It had escaped the intruding foot of hunter and prospector, and the inquisitive patrol of the County Surveyor had only skirted its boundary. It remained for Mr. Lance Harriott to complete its exploration. His reasons for so doing were simple. He had made the journey thither underneath the stage-coach, and clinging to its axle. He had chosen this hazardous mode of conveyance at night, as the coach crept by his place of concealment in the wayside brush, to elude the Sheriff of Monterey County and his posse, who were after him. He had not made himself known to his fellow-passengers; as they already knew him as a gambler, an outlaw, and a desperado, he deemed it unwise to present himself in his newer reputation of a man who had just slain a brother gambler in a quarrel, and for whom a reward was offered. He slipped from the axle as the stage-coach swirled past the brushing branches of fir, and for an instant lay unnoticed, a scarcely distinguishable mound of dust in the broken furrows of the road. Then, more like a beast than a man, he crept on his hands and knees into the steaming underbrush. Here he lay still until the clatter of harness and the sound of voices faded in the distance. Had he been followed it would have been difficult to detect in that inert mass of rags any semblance to a known form or figure. A hideous reddish mask of dust and clay obliterated his face; his hands were shapeless stumps exaggerated in his trailing sleeves; and when he rose, staggering like a drunken man, and plunged wildly into the recesses of the wood, a cloud of dust followed him, and pieces and patches of his frayed and rotten garments clung to the impeding branches. Twice he fell, but maddened and upheld by the smarting spices and stimulating aroma of the air, he kept on his course.

Gradually the heat became less oppressive. Once, when he stopped and leaned exhaustedly against a sapling, he fancied he saw the zephyr he could not yet feel in the glittering and trembling of leaves in the distance before him. Again the deep stillness was moved with a faint sighing rustle, and he knew he must be nearing the edge of the thicket. The spell of silence thus broken was followed by a fainter, more musical interruption—the glassy tinkle of water. A step further, his foot trembled on the verge of a slight ravine, still closely canopied by the interlacing boughs overhead. A tiny stream that he could have dammed with his hand yet lingered in this parched red gash in the hillside, and trickled into a deep, irregular, well-like cavity, that again overflowed and sent its slight surplus on. It had been the luxurious retreat of many a spotted trout; it was to be the bath of Lance Harriott. Without a moment's hesitation, without removing a single garment, he slipped cautiously

into it, as if fearful of losing a single drop. His head disappeared from the level of the bank; the solitude was again unbroken. Only two objects remained upon the edge of the ravine—his revolver and tobacco-pouch.

A few minutes elapsed. A fearless blue-jay alighted on the bank, and made a prospecting peck at the tobacco-pouch. It yielded in favor of a gopher, who endeavored to draw it toward his hole, but in turn gave way to a red squirrel, whose attention was divided, however, between the pouch and the revolver, which he regarded with mischievous fascination. Then there was a splash, a grunt, a sudden dispersion of animated nature, and the head of Mr. Lance Harriott appeared above the bank. It was a startling transformation; not only that he had, by this wholesale process, washed himself and his light "drill" garments entirely clean, but that he had, apparently by the same operation, morally cleansed himself, and left every stain and ugly blot of his late misdeeds and reputation in his bath. His face, albeit scratched here and there, was rosy, round, shining with irrepressible good humor and youthful levity. His large blue eyes were infantine in their innocent surprise and thoughtlessness. Dripping yet with water, and panting, he rested his elbows lazily on the bank, and became instantly absorbed, with a boy's delight, in the movements of the gopher, who, after the first alarm, returned cautiously to abduct the tobacco pouch. If any familiar had failed to detect Lance Harriott in his hideous masquerade of dust, and grime, and tatters, still less would any passing stranger have recognized in the blonde faun the possible outcast and murderer. And when with a swirl of his spattering sleeve he drove back the gopher in a shower of spray, and leaped to the bank, he seemed to have accepted his felonious bidding-place as a mere picnicking bower.

A slight breeze was unmistakably permeating the wood from the west. Looking in that direction, Lance imagined that the shadow was less dark, and although the undergrowth was denser, he struck off carelessly toward it. As he went on, the wood became lighter and lighter; branches, and presently leaves, were painted against the vivid blue of the sky. He knew that he must be near the summit, stopped, felt for his revolver, and then lightly put the few remaining branches aside.

The full glare of the noonday sun at first blinded him. When he could see more clearly, he found himself on the open western slope of the mountain, which in the Coast Range was seldom wooded. The spiced thicket stretched between him and the summit, and again between him and the stage road, that plunges from the terrace like forked lightning into the valley below. He could command all the approaches without being seen. Not that this seemed to occupy his thoughts or cause him much anxiety. His first act was to disencumber himself of his tattered coat. He then filled and lighted his pipe, and stretched himself full-length on the open bill-side, as if to bleach in the fierce sun. While smoking he carelessly perused the fragment of a newspaper which had enveloped his tobacco, and being struck with some amusing paragraph, read it half aloud again to some imaginary auditor, emphasizing its humor with an bilious slap upon his leg.

Possibly from the relaxation of fatigue and the bath, which had become a vapor one as he alternately rolled and dried himself in the baking grass, his eyes closed dreamily. He was awakened by the sound of voices. They were distant; they were vague; they approached no nearer. He rolled himself to the verge of the first precipitous grassy descent. There was another bank or plateau below him, and then a confused depth of olive shadows, pierced here and there by the spiked belms of pines. There was no trace of habitation, yet the voices were those of some monotonous occupation, and Lance distinctly heard through them the click of crockery and the ring of some household utensil. It appeared to be the interjectional, half listless, half perfunctory domestic dialogue of an old man and a girl, of which the words were unintelligible. Their voices indicated the solitude of the mountain, but without sadness; they were mysterious without being awe-inspiring. They might have uttered the dreariest commonplaces, but in their vast isolation, they seemed musical and eloquent. Lance drew his first sigh—they had suggested dinner.

Careless as his nature was, he was too cautious to risk detection in broad daylight. He contented himself for the present with endeavoring to locate that particular part of the depths from which the voices seemed to rise. It was more difficult, however, to select some other way of penetrating it than by the stage road. "They're bound to have a fire or show a light when it's dark," he reasoned, and, satisfied with that reflection, lay down again. Presently he began to amuse himself by tossing some silver coins in the air. Then his attention was directed to a spur of the Coast Range which had been sharply silhouetted against the cloudless western sky. Something intensely white, something so small that it was scarcely larger than the silver coin in his hand, was appearing in a slight cleft of the range.

While he looked it gradually filled and obliterated the cleft. In another moment the whole serrated line of mountain had disappeared. The dense, dazzling white, encompassing host began to pour over and down every ravine and pass of the coast. Lance recognized the sea fog, and knew that scarcely twenty miles away lay the ocean—and safety! The drooping sun was now caught and bidden in its soft em-

braces. A sudden chill breathed over the mountain. He shivered, rose, and plunged again for very warmth into the spice-laden thicket. The heated balsamic air began to affect him like a powerful sedative; his hunger was forgotten in the languor of fatigue; he slumbered. When he awoke it was dark. He groped his way through the thicket. A few stars were shining directly above him, but beyond and below everything was lost in the soft, white, fleecy veil of fog. Whatever light or fire might have betokened human habitation was bidden. To have pushed on blindly was madness; he could only wait for morning. It suited the outcast's lazy philosophy. He crept back again to his bed in the hollow, and slept. In that profound silence and shadow, shut out from human association and sympathy by the ghostly fog, what torturing visions conjured up by remorse and fear should have pursued him? What spirit passed before him, or slowly shaped itself out of the infinite blackness of the wood? None. As he slipped gently into that blackness he remembered, with a slight regret, some biscuits that were dropped from the coach by a careless luncheon-consuming passenger. That pang over, he slept as sweetly, as profoundly, as divinely, as a child.

CHAPTER II.

He awoke with the aroma of the woods still steeping his senses. His first instinct was that of all young animals; he seized a few of the young, tender, green leaves of the *yerba buena* vine that crept over his mossy pillow, and ate them, being rewarded by a half berry-like flavor that seemed to soothe the cravings of his appetite. The languor of sleep being still upon him, he lazily watched the quivering of a sunbeam that was caught in the canopied boughs above. Then he dozed again. Hovering between sleeping and waking, he became conscious of a slight movement among the dead leaves on the bank beside the hollow in which he lay. The movement appeared to be intelligent, and directed toward his revolver, which glittered on the bank. Amused at this evident return of his larcenous friend of the previous day, he lay perfectly still. The movement and rustle continued, but it now seemed long and undulating. Lance's eyes suddenly became set; he was intensely, keenly awake. It was not a snake, but the band of a human arm half hidden in the moss, groping for the weapon. In that flash of perception he saw that it was small, bare, and deeply freckled. In an instant he grasped it firmly, and rose to his feet, dragging to his own level as he did so the struggling figure of a young girl.

"Leave me go," she said, more ashamed than frightened.

Lance looked at her. She was scarcely more than fifteen, slight and lithe, with a boyish flatness of breast and back. Her flushed face and bare throat were absolutely peppered with minute brown freckles, like grains of spent gunpowder. Her eyes, which were large and gray, presented the singular spectacle of being also freckled—at least they were shot through in pupil and cornea with tiny spots like powdered allspice. Her hair was even more remarkable in its tawny, deerskin color, full of lighter shades, and bleached to the faintest of blondes on the crown of her head, as if by the action of the sun. She had evidently outgrown her dress, which was made for a smaller child, and the too brief skirt disclosed a bare, freckled, and sandy desert of shapely limb, for which the darned stockings were equally too scant. Lance let his grasp slip from her thin wrist to her hand, and then, with a good-humored gesture, tossed it back to her.

She did not retreat, but continued looking at him in half-silly embarrassment.

"I ain't a bit frightened," she said. "I'm not going to run away—don't you fear."

"Glad to hear it," said Lance, with unmistakable satisfaction; "but why did you go for my revolver?"

She flushed again, and was silent. Presently she began to kick the earth at the roots of the tree, and said, as if confidentially to her foot:

"I wanted to get hold of it before you did."

"You did? and why?"

"Oh, you know why."

Every tooth in Lance's head showed that he did, perfectly. But he was discreetly silent.

"I didn't know what you were hiding there for," she went on, still addressing the tree, "and"—looking at him sideways under her white lashes—"I didn't see your face."

This subtle compliment was the first suggestion of her artful sex. It actually sent the blood into the careless rascal's face, and for a moment confused him. He coughed.

"So you thought you'd freeze on to that six-shooter of mine until you saw my hand?"

She nodded. Then she picked up a broken hazel branch, fitted it into the small of her back, threw her tanned bare arms over the ends of it, and expanded her chest and her biceps at the same moment. This simple action was supposed to convey an impression at once of ease and muscular force.

"Perhaps you'd like to take it now," said Lance, banding her the pistol.

"I've seen six-shooters before now," said the girl, evading the proffered weapon and its suggestion. "Dad has one and my brother had two derringers before he was as big as me."

She stopped to observe in her companion the effect

capacity of her family to hear arms. Lance only regarded her amusedly. Presently she again spoke abruptly:

"What made you eat that grass, just now?"

"Grass!" echoed Lance.

"Yes, there," pointing to the *yerba buena*.

Lance laughed. "I was hungry. Look," he said, tossing some silver into the air. "Do you think you could get me some breakfast for that, and have enough left to buy something for yourself?"

The girl eyed the money and the man with half-hashful curiosity.

"I reckon dad might give ye suthing if he had a mind ter, though ez a rule he's down on tramps ever since they run off his chickens. Ye might try."

"But I want *you* to try. You can bring it to me here."

The girl retreated a step, dropped her eyes, and with a smile that was a charming hesitation between bashfulness and impudence, said: "So you *are* hidin', are ye?"

"That's just it. Your head's level. I am," laughed Lance, unconcernedly.

"Yur ain't one o' the McCarty gang—are ye?"

Mr. Lance Harriott felt a momentary moral exaltation in declaring truthfully that he was not one of a notorious band of mountain free-booters known in the district under that name.

"Nor ye ain't one of them cbicken-lifters that raided Henderson's ranch? We don't go much on tbat kind o' cattle yer."

"No," said Lance, cheerfully.

"Nor ye ain't that chap ez heat his wife to death at Santa Clara?"

Lance honestly scorned the imputation. Such conjugal ill-treatment as he had indulged in had not been physical, and had been with other men's wives.

There was a moment's further hesitation on the part of the girl. Then she said, shortly:

"Well, then, I reckon you kin come along with me."

"Where?" asked Lance.

"To the ranch," she replied, simply.

"Then you won't bring me anything to eat here?"

"What for? You kin get it down there." Lance hesitated. "I tell you it's all right," she continued. "I'll make it all right with dad."

"But suppose I reckon I'd rather stay here," persisted Lance, with a perfect consciousness, however, of affectation in his caution.

"Stay away then," said the girl, coolly; "only as dad permitted this yer woods—"

"Pre-empted," suggested Lance.

"Per-empted or prem-empted, as you like," continued the girl, scornfully, "ez be's got a holt on this yer woods, ye might ez well see him down thar ez here. For bere he's like to come any minit. You can bet yer life on that."

She must have read Lance's amusement in his eyes, for she again dropped her own with a frown of brusque embarrassment.

"Come along, then; I'm your man," said Lance, gayly, extending his hand.

She would not accept it, eyeing it, however, furtively, like a horse about to shy. "Hand me your pistol first," she said.

He handed it to her with an assumption of gayety. She received it on her part with unfeigned seriousness, and threw it over her shoulder like a gun. This combined action of the child and heroine, it is quite unnecessary to say, afforded Lance undiluted joy.

"You go first," she said.

Lance stepped promptly out, with a broad grin. "Looks kinder as if I was a prisoner—don't it?" he suggested.

"Go on, and don't fool," she replied.

The two fared onward through the wood. For one moment he entertained the facetious idea of appearing to rush frantically away, "just to see what the girl would do," but abandoned it.

"It's an even thing if she wouldn't spot me the first pop," he reflected, admiringly.

When they had reached the open hillside Lance stopped inquiringly. "This way," she said, pointing toward the summit, and in quite an opposite direction to the valley where he had heard the voices, one of which he now recognized as hers. They skirted the thicket for a few moments, and then turned sharply into a trail which began to dip toward a ravine leading to the valley. "Why do you have to go all the way round?" he asked.

"We don't," the girl replied, with emphasis; "there's a shorter cut."

"Where?"

"That's telling," she answered, shortly.

"What's your name?" asked Lance, after a steep scramble and a drop into the ravine.

"Flip."

"What?"

"Flip."

"I mean your first name—your front name."

"Flip."

"Flip! Oh, short for Felipa."

"It ain't Flipper—it's Flip." And she relapsed into silence.

"You don't ask me mine," suggested Lance. She did not vouchsafe a reply.

"Then you don't want to know?"

"Maybe dad will. You can lie to him."

This direct answer apparently sustained the agreeable homicide for some moments. He moved onward, silently exuding admiration.

"Only," added Flip, with a sudden caution, "you'd better agree with me."

The trail here turned again abruptly, and reentered the cañon. Lance looked up, and noticed that they were almost directly beneath the hay thicket and the plateau that towered far above them. The trail here showed signs of clearing, and the way was marked by felled trees and stumps of pines.

"What does your father do here?" he finally asked. Flip remained silent, swinging the revolver. Lance repeated his question.

"Burns charcoal and makes diamonds," said Flip, looking at him from the corners of her eyes.

"Makes diamonds?" echoed Lance.

Flip nodded her head.

"Many of 'em?" he continued, carelessly.

"Lots. But they're not big," she returned, with a sidelong glance.

"Oh, they're not big," said Lance, gravely.

They had by this time reached a small, staked enclosure, whence the sudden fluttering and cackle of poultry welcomed the return of the evident mistress of this sylvan retreat. It was scarcely imposing. Further on, a cooking stove under a tree, a saddle and bridle, a few household implements scattered about, indicated the "ranch." Like most pioneer clearings, it was simply a disorganized raid upon nature that had left behind a desolate battle-field strewn with waste and decay. The fallen trees, the crushed thicket, the splintered limbs, the rudely torn-up soil were made hideous by their grotesque juxtaposition with the wrecked fragments of civilization, in empty cans, broken bottles, hattered hats, soleless boots, frayed stockings, cast-off rags, and the crowning absurdity of the twisted wire skeleton of a hooped-skirt hanging from a branch. The wildest defile, the densest thicket, the most virgin solitude was less dreary and forlorn than this first footprint of man. The only redeeming feature of this prolonged hivouac was the cabin itself. Built of the half-cylindrical strips of pine bark, and thatched with the same material, it had a certain picturesque rusticity. But this was an accident of economy rather than taste, for which Flip apologized by saying that the bark of the pine was "no good" for charcoal.

"I reckon dad's in the woods," she added, pausing before the open door of the cabin. "O dad!" Her voice, clear and high, seemed to fill the whole long cañon, and echoed from the plateau above. The monotonous strokes of an ax were suddenly pretermitted, and somewhat from the depths of the close-set pines a voice answered her. There was a pause of a few moments, with some muttering, stumbling, and crackling in the underbrush, and then the sudden appearance of "dad."

Had Lance first met him in the thicket, he would have been puzzled to assign his race to Mongolian, Indian, or Ethiopian origin. Perfunctory but incomplete washings of his hands and face, after charcoal burning, had gradually ground into his skin a grayish slate-pencil pallor, grotesquely relieved at the edges where the washing had left off with a border of a darker color. He looked like an overworked Christy minstrel with the briefest intervals between his performances. There were black rims in the orbits of his eyes, as if he gazed feebly out of unglazed spectacles, which heightened his simian resemblance, already grotesquely exaggerated by what appeared to be repeated and spasmodic experiments in dyeing his gray hair. Without the slightest notice of Lance, he inflicted his protesting and querulous presence entirely on his daughter.

"Well! what's up now? Yer ye are, calling me from work an hour before noon. Dog my skin if I ever get fairly limbered up afore it's 'dad!' and 'O dad!'"

To Lance's intense satisfaction the girl received this harangue with an air of supreme indifference, and when "dad" had relapsed into an unintelligible, and as it seemed to Lance, a half-frightened muttering, she said coolly:

"Ye'd better drop that ax, and scoot round gettin' this stranger some breakfast, and some grub to take with him. He's one of them San Francisco sports out here trout-fishing in the branch. He's got adrift from his party, has lost his rod and fixin's, and had to camp out last night in the Gin and Ginger Woods."

"That's just it; it's allers sutbin' like that," screamed the old man, dashing his fist on his leg in a feeble, impotent passion, but without looking at Lance. "Why in blazes don't he go up to that there blamed hotel on the summit? Why in thunder—?" But here he caught his daughter's large freckled eyes full in his own. He blinked feebly, his voice fell into a tone of whining entreaty. "Now, look yer, Flip, it's playing it rather low down on the old man, this yer running in o' tramps, and deserted emigrants, and cast-ashore sailors, and forlorn widders, and ravin' lunatics on this yer ranch. I put it to you, mister," he said, abruptly turning to Lance for the first time, but as if he had already taken an active part in the conversation—"I put it as a gentleman to yourself, and a fair-minded sportin' man, if this is the square thing?"

Before Lance could reply Flip had already begun. "That's just it! D'ye reckon being a sportin' man, and an A1 feller, he's goin' to waltz down into that hotel, rigged out ez be is? D'ye reckon he's goin' to let his partners get the laugh on him? Do ye reckon he's goin' to show his head outen this yer ranch till he can do it square? Not much! Go 'long, dad; you're talkin' silly."

The old man weakened. He feebly trailed his ax between his legs to a stump, and sat down, wiping his forehead with his sleeve, and imparting to it the appearance of a slate with a difficult sum partly rubbed out. He looked despairingly at Lance. "In course," he said, with a deep sigh, "you naturally ain't got any money. In course you left your pocket-book, containing fifty dollars, under a stone, and can't find it. In course," he continued, as he observed Lance put his hand to his pocket, "you've only a blank check on Wells, Fargo & Co. for a hundred dollars, and you'd like me to give you the difference?"

Amused as Lance evidently was at this, his absolute admiration for Flip absorbed everything else. With his eyes still fixed upon the girl, he briefly assured the old man that he would pay for everything he wanted. He did this with a manner quite different from the careless, easy attitude he had assumed toward Flip; at least the quick-witted girl noticed it, and wondered if he was angry. It was quite true that ever since his eye had fallen upon another of his own sex its glance had been less frank and careless. Certain traits of possible impatience which might develop into man-slaying were coming to the fore. Yet a word or a gesture of Flip's was sufficient to change that manner, and when she had, with the fretful assistance of her father, prepared a somewhat sketchy and primitive repast, he questioned the old man about diamond-making. The eye of dad kindled. "I want ter know how ye knew I was making diamonds," he asked, with a certain bashful pettishness not unlike his daughter's.

"Heard it in 'Frisco," replied Lance, with glib mendacity, glancing at the girl.

"I reckon they're gettin' sort of skeert down there—the jewellers," chuckled dad; "yet it's in water that their figures

will have to come down. It's only a question of the price of charcoal. I suppose they didn't tell you bow I made the discovery?"

At any other time Lance would have stopped the old man's narrative by saying that he knew the story, but he wished to see how far Flip lent herself to her father's delusion.

"Ye see, one night about two years ago I had a pit o' charcoal burning out there, and tho' it had been a-smoldering, and a-smoking, and a-blazin for nigh onto a month, somehow it didn't charcoal worth a cent. And yet, dog my skin, but the heat o' that er pit was suthin' hidys and frightful; ye couldn't stand within a hundred yards of it, and they could feel it on the stage road three miles over yon—t'other side the mountain. There was nights when me and Flip had to take our blankets up the ravine and camp out all night, and the hack of this yer hut shrivelled up like that hacon. It was about as nigh onto hell as any sample ye kin get here. Now, mebbe you think I built that air fire? Mebbe you'll allow the heat was just the nat'ral burning of that pit?"

"Certainly," said Lance, trying to see Flip's eyes, which were resolutely averted.

"That's whar you'd be lyin'! That yar heat kem out of the howels of the yearth—kem up like out of a chimbley or a blast, and kep up that yar fire. And when she cools down a month after, and I got to strip her, there was a hole in the yearth, and a spring o' bilin', scaldin' water pourin' out of it ez big as your waist. And right in the middle of it was this yer." He rose with the instinct of a skillful *raconteur*, and whisked from under his hunk a chamois leather bag, which he emptied on the table before them. It contained a small fragment of native rock crystal, half-fused upon a petrified bit of pine. It was so glaringly truthful, so really what it purported to be, that the most unsentient woodman or pioneer would have understood it at a glance. Lance raised his mirthful eyes to Flip. "It was cooled suddint—stunted by the water," said the girl eagerly. She stopped, and as abruptly turned away her eyes and her reddened face.

"That's it—that's just it," continued the old man. "Thar's Flip, thar, knows it; she ain't no fool!"

Lance did not speak, but turned a hard, unsympathizing look upon the old man, and rose almost roughly. The old man clutched his coat. "That's it, ye see. The carhon's just turning to di'mens. And stunted. And why? 'Cos the heat wasn't kep' up long enough. Mebbe yer think I stopped thar? That ain't me. Thar's a pit out yer in the woods ez hez been burning six months; it ain't, in course, got the advantages o' the old one, for it's nat'ral heat. But I'm keepin' that heat up. I've got a hole where I kin watch it every four hours. When the time comes I'm thar! Don't you see? That's me! That's David Fairley—that's the old man—you bet!"

"That's so," said Lance, curtly; "and now, Mr. Fairley, if you'll hand me over a coat or a jacket till I can get past these fogs on the Monterey road, I won't keep you from your diamond pit." He threw down a handful of silver on the table.

"There's a deerskin jacket yer," said the old man, "that one o' them vaqueros left for the price of a bottle of whisky."

"I reckon it wouldn't suit tbe stranger," said Flip, dubiously producing a much-worn, slashed, and braided vaquero's jacket. But it did suit Lance, who found it warm, and also had suddenly found a certain satisfaction in opposing Flip. When he had put it on, and nodded coldly to the old man and carelessly to Flip, he walked to the door.

"If you're going to take the Monterey road, I can show you a short cut to it," said Flip, with a certain kind of shy civility. The paternal Fairley groaned. "That's it; let the chickens and the ranch go to thunder as long as there's a stranger to trap round with; go on!"

Lance would have made some savage reply, but Flip interrupted. "You know yourself, dad, it's a blind trail, and as that 'ere constable that kem out here hunting French Pete couldn't find it, and had to go round by the cañon, like ez not the stranger would lose his way, and have to come back." This dangerous prospect silenced the old man, and Flip and Lance stepped into the road together. They walked on for some moments without speaking. Suddenly Lance turned upon his companion.

"You didn't swallow all that rot about the diamond, did you?" he asked, crossly.

Flip ran a little ahead, as if to avoid a reply.

"You don't mean to say that's the sort of hog-wash the old man serves out to you regularly?" continued Lance, becoming more slangy in his ill-temper.

"I don't know that it's any consarn o' yours what I think," replied Flip, hopping from boulder to boulder, as they crossed the bed of a dry water-course.

"And I suppose you've piloted round and dry-nussed every tramp and dead-beat you've met since you came here," continued Lance, with unmistakable ill-humor. "How many have you belped over this road?"

"It's a year since there was a Chinaman chased by some Irishmen from the crossing into the brush about yer, and he was too afeered to come out, and nigh most starved to death in thar. I had to drag him out, and start him on the mountain, for you couldn't get him back to the road. He was the last one but you."

"Do you reckon it the right thing for a girl like you to run about with trash of this kind, and mix herself up with all sorts of roughs and bad company?" said Lance.

Flip stopped short. "Look! if you're goin' to talk like dad, I'll go back."

The ridiculousness of such a resemblance struck him more keenly than a consciousness of his own ingratitude. He hastened to assure Flip that he was joking. When he had made his peace they fell into talk again, Lance becoming unselfish enough to inquire into one or two facts concerning her life which did not immediately affect him. Her mother had died on the plains when she was a baby, and her brother had run away from home at twelve years of age. She fully expected to see him again, and thought he might some time stray into the cañon. "That is why, then, you take so much stock in tramps," said Lance. "You expect to recognize him?"

"Well," replied Flip, gravely, "there is suthing in *that*, and there's suthing in *this*: some o' these chaps might run across brother, and do him a good turn for the sake of me."

"Like me, for instance?" suggested Lance.

"Like you. You'd do him a good turn, would you?"

"You bet!" said Lance, with a sudden emotion that quite startled him; "only don't you go throwing yourself around promiscuously." He was half-conscious of an irritating sense of jealousy, as he asked if any of her protégés had ever returned.

"No," said Flip, "no one ever did. It shows," she added, with sublime simplicity, "I had done 'em good, and they could get on alone. Don't it?"

"It does," responded Lance, grimly. "Have you any other friends that come?"

"Only the postmaster at the Crossing."

"The postmaster?"

"Yes; he's reckonin' to marry me next year if I'm big enough."

"And what do you reckon?" asked Lance, earnestly. Flip began a series of distortions with her shoulders, ran on ahead, picked up a few pebbles and threw them into the wood, glanced back at Lance with swimming, mottled eyes, that seemed a piquant incarnation of everything suggestive and tantalizing, and said: "That's telling."

They had by this time reached the spot where they were to separate. "Look," said Flip, pointing to a faint deflection of their path, which seemed, however, to lose itself in the underbrush a dozen yards away, "there's your trail. It gets plainer and broader the further you get on. But you must use your eyes here, and get to know it well afore you get into the fog. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Lance took her hand, and drew her beside him. She was still redolent of the spices of the thicket, and to the young man's excited fancy seemed at that moment to personify the perfume and intoxication of her native woods. Half-laughingly, half-earnestly, he tried to kiss her; she struggled for some time strongly, but at the last moment yielded with a slight return and the exchange of a subtle fire that thrilled him, and left him standing confused and astounded as she ran away. He watched her little, nymph-like figure disappear in the chequered shadows of the wood, and then he turned briskly down the half-bidden trail. His eyesight was keen, he made good progress, and was soon well on his way toward the distant ridge.

But Flip's return had not been as rapid. When she reached the wood, she crept to its beetling verge, and, looking across the cañon, watched Lance's figure as it vanished and reappeared in the shadows and sinuosities of the ascent. When he reached the ridge the outlying fog crept across the summit, caught him in its embrace, and wrapped him from her gaze. Flip sighed, raised herself, put her alternate foot on a stump, and took a long pull at her too-brief stockings. When she had pulled down her skirt, and endeavored once more to renew the intimacy that had existed in previous years between the edge of her petticoat and the top of her stockings, she sighed again, and went home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When the Queen conferred the Order of the Garter upon the Earl of Beaconsfield, Sir Richard Wallace presented him with a magnificent diamond star of the Garter, originally belonging to the Marquis of Hertford, said to have been one of the finest ever made, on the understanding that it should be made an heirloom. From an omission in Lord Beaconsfield's will this was not done, and after his death the star was sold by his executors to a firm of goldsmiths and jewelers in the Haymarket. After having retained it for some months in the hope of disposing of it, but failing to do so, they have taken out all the diamonds—three hundred and ninety stones—and remounted them into single-stone and gem rings of different sizes, each inscribed with the word "Beaconsfield," and the memorials are now extensively advertised.

Fashionable English country life does not begin until August, Parliament generally adjourning the latter part of July. Lawn tennis has almost entirely crowded out croquet as the summer game. The latter became too "common." Archery, though, is still more in favor than tennis. Every county has its archery club, some two or three, and though there is practice at home, the show shooting is done at the club meetings, which are usually held once a fortnight while the fine weather lasts. Each club has its special costume. If the day is fair luncheon is set out on a long table *à la fresco*, and the archery ladies and gentlemen seated around it, with their liveried servants in waiting behind them, form pretty tableaux.

The Grand Jury in Chicago, the other day, refused to indict the members of a wholesale grocery firm for libel on complaint of General B. F. Butler. The firm extensively advertised a baking powder, and published a large number of pictorial posters, conspicuously displayed, representing General Butler as a baker preparing dough. A silver spoon projects from his pocket. This latter display is supposed to be the ground on which the indictment was asked.

A handy new garment for travel in sleeping-cars is a very thin but all-enveloping cloak, buttoning up from chin to toes. When ready to retire for the night the woman puts it on, and then undresses under it, safe from those prying eyes which abound in sleeping cars, and which curtains can not effectually shut out. She uses it for a night-gown, too, and in the morning dresses herself safely beneath its kindly folds.

The Bishop of Melbourne, Australia, has declined to grant the petition of some of the people of his diocese to direct prayer for rain. He says that material phenomena are under the control of laws which will not be changed or interrupted in answer to prayer, and that prayer should be a request for spiritual blessings only.

Twenty-three convicts of the State Prison at Frankfort, Ky., professed conversion under the revivalism of Barnes, and were taken to the river for baptism. The warden, though protesting that he did not doubt the sincerity of their repentance, escorted them with a strong guard armed with rifles.

Purloiners of umbrellas in clubs and other places of the kind may find some interest in the fact that a man has been recently sentenced, at the Middlesex Sessions, to eighteen months' hard labor for stealing an umbrella.

IN THE HARBOR.

Go for a sail this mornin'—This way, yer honor, please. Weather about? Lor' bless you! only a pleasant breeze. My boat's that there in the harbor, and the man aboard's my mate. Jump in, and I'll row you out, sir; that's her, the Crazy Kate.

Queer name for a boat, you fancy; well, so it is, may be, But Crazy Kate and her story's the talk o' the place, you see; And me and my pardner knowed her—knowed her all her life—We was both on us asked to the weddin' when she was made a wife.

Her as our boat's named arter was famous far and wide; For years in all winds and weathers she haunted the harbor side, With her great wild eyes a-starin' and a-strainin' across the waves, Waitin' for what can't happen till the dead come out o' their graves.

She was married to young Ned Garling, a big, brown fisher-lad; One week a bride, and the next one a sailor's widow—and mad. They were married one fearful winter, as widowed many a wife; He'd a smile for all the lasses; but she'd loved him all her life.

A rollickin', gay young fellow, we thought her too good for him; He'd been a bit wild and careless—but, married all taut and trim. We thought as he'd mend his manners when he won the village prize, And carried her off in triumph before many a rival's eyes.

But one week wed and they parted—he went with the fisher fleet— With the men who must brave the tempest that the women and bairns may eat; It's a rough long life o' partin' is the life o' the fisher folk, And there's never a winter passes but some good wife's heart is broke.

We've a sayin' among us sea folk as few on us dies in bed. Walk through our little churchyard, and read the tale of our dead; It's mostly the bairns and the women as is restin' under the turf, For half o' the men sleep yonder under the rollin' surf.

The night Kate lost her husband was the night o' the fearful gale. She'd stood on the shore that mornin', and had watched the tiny sail As it faded away in the distance, bound for the coast of France, And the fierce wind bore it swiftly away from her anxious glance.

The boats that had sailed that mornin' with the fleet were half a score, And never a soul among 'em came back to the English shore. There was wringin' o' hands and moanin', and when they spoke o' the dead

For many a long day after the women's eyes were red.

Kate heard it as soon as any—the fate of her fisher lad— But her eyes were wild and tearless; she went slowly and surely mad. "He isn't drowned," she would murmur; "he will come again some day."

And her lips shaped the self-same story as the long years crept away.

Spring, and summer, and autumn, in the fiercest winter gale, Would Crazy Kate stand watchin' for the glint of a far-off sail; Stand by the hour together, and murmur her husband's name; For twenty years she watched there, for the boat that never came.

She counted the years as nothin'; the shock that had sent her mad Had left her love forever, a brave, young, handsome lad.

She thought one day she should see him, just as he said good-bye When he leaped in his boat and vanished, where the waters touched the sky.

She was but a lass when it happened—the last time I saw her there, The first faint streaks o' silver had come in her jet-black hair; And then a miracle happened—her mad, weird words came right, For the fisher lad came ashore, sir, one wild and stormy night.

We were all of us watchin', waitin', for at dusk we heard a cry, A far-off cry, round the headland, and strained was every eye— Strained through the deepenin' darkness, and a boat was ready to man, When, all of a sudden, a woman down to the surf-line ran.

'Twas Crazy Kate. In a moment, before what she meant was known, The boat was out in the tempest—and she was in it alone. She was out of sight in a second—but over the sea came a sound, The voice of a woman cryin' that her long-lost love was found.

A miracle, sir; for the woman came back through the ragin' storm, And there in the boat beside her was lyin' a lifeless form. She leapt to the beach and staggered, cryin', "Speak to me, husband, Ned!"

And the light of our lifted lanterns flashed on the face o' the dead.

It was him as had sailed away, sir—a miracle sure it seemed.

We looked at the lad, and knowed him, and fancied we must ha' dreamed—

It was twenty years since we'd seen him—since Kate, poor soul, went mad.

But there in the boat that evenin' lay the same brown, handsome lad.

Gently we took her from him—for she moaned that he was dead—

We carried him to a cottage, and we laid him on a bed; But Kate came pushin' her way through, and she clasped the lifeless clay.

And we hadn't the heart to hurt her, so we couldn't tear her away.

The news of the miracle traveled, and folks came far and near,

And the women talked of spectres—it had given 'em quite a skeer;

And the parson he came with the doctor down to the cottage quick—

They thought as us sea-folks' fancy had played our eyes a trick.

But the parson, who'd known Kate's husband, as had married 'em in the church,

When he seed the dead lad's features he gave quite a sudden lurch,

And his face was white as linen—for a moment it struck him dumb—

I half expected he'd tell us as the Judgment Day was come.

The Judgment Day, when the ocean, they say, 'ull give up its dead; What else meant those unchanged features, though twenty years had sped?

That night, with her arms around him, the poor mad woman died,

And here in our village churchyard we buried 'em side by side.

'Twas the shock, they said, as killed her—the shock o' seein' him dead.

The story got in the papers, and far and near it spread;

And some only half believed it—I know what you'd say, sir; wait—

Wait till you hear the finish o' this story o' Crazy Kate.

It was all explained one mornin' as clear as the light o' day,

And when we knowed we were happy to think as she'd passed away,

As she died with her arms around him, her lips on the lips o' the dead—

Believin' the face she looked on was the face o' the man she'd wed.

But the man she'd wed was a villain, and that she never knew—

He hadn't been drowned in the tempest; he only of all the crew

Was saved by a French ship cruisin', and carried ashore, and there

Was nursed to life by a woman—a French girl, young and fair.

He fell in love with the woman—this dare-devil, heartless Ned,

And married her, thinkin' the other had given him up for dead.

He was never the man—and we'd said so—for a lovin' lass like Kate;

But he mightn't ha' done what he did, sir, if he'd known of her cruel fate.

'Twas his son by the foreign woman, his image in build and face,

Whose lugger the storm had driven to his father's native place—

'Twas his son who had come like a phantom out of the long ago;

On the spot where Kate had suffered, God's hand struck Ned the blow.

We learned it all from the parson when Ned came over the waves

In search of the son he worshiped—and he found two fresh-made graves.

Dang! what was that? Sit steady! Rowed right into you, mate?

I forgot where I was for a moment—I was tellin' the gent about Kate.

—George R. Sims.

CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

By Joseph Medill, the "Tribune" Novelist.

"I should smile."

As Bertha Redingote spoke these words she lay coquetishly in a hammock that had been swung between two giant oaks that reared their tall heads aloft in the broad lawn, at the edge of which stood her father's stately mansion. A little foot, enmeshed in a silken stocking, whose delicate texture displayed to advantage the trim ankle within, peeped out from beneath a fleecy white dress, while the laughing eyes and fair forehead of the girl were surmounted by a coronal of sunnily-gold tresses of which any hair store might have been proud.

"So you like ice cream?" said Harold McIntyre, bending over the hammock, and looking tenderly into Bertha's blue eyes.

"I should smile," said the girl again, getting ready to put on her slipper and start.

"You are right," said Harold; "ice cream is a good thing. Perhaps some day next week I will buy you some."

The look of happy expectancy faded from the girl's face. "What time is it?" she asked.

"Ten minutes to six," replied Harold.

"Then," said Bertha, "if you start right away you will get home in time for supper."—From "Bluffing Back."

"I do not believe you."

Ethelbert McGuire winced as Myrtle Hatbaway spoke these words—cruel, bitter words, that seemed to sear his very soul as he stood there in the gloaming, the time of silence and shadows. The swallows were twittering among the leaves in their noisy way, the ice-cream lairs were casting their baleful light across the broad thoroughfare.

"You can not mean it, Myrtle," the young man says, his voice choked with emotion. "You surely can not doubt my word—the word of one to whom you have plighted your troth, and in whose life your future is bound up."

"But I do mean it," replies the girl; "although, God knows, my life would be brighter, better, bappier were it not so. I have loved you with a strong, country-butter love that has become a part of my very existence. And it is when I have taught my heart to beat responsive to your every word, when I have come to believe in you with all the passionate trustfulness of a woman's nature, that you come to me, and here, on this beautiful June evening, when the heavens are panoplied with stars and the air is balmy with the perfume of roses, you say to me that you have never bet on a horse-race—you tell me this solemnly and earnestly, knowing that my heart will not let me judge harshly any action of yours. No, Ethelbert; I love you with a maddening, ninety-days-or-ten-per-cent-off-for-cash trust that is beyond compare, but I can not let you abuse that trust. I am but a girl—a sensitive, passionate, one-bustle-and-a-four-dollar-bang girl—but I am not a chump," and sticking her chewing-gum on the door-post, Myrtle turned to enter the parlor.

"But I swear it," exclaimed Ethelbert. "I swear to you that I would not bet four dollars against ten that Maud S. could beat three minutes."

"You would not?" asked the girl.

"No," was Ethelbert's reply. "I would not bet on anything."

"Then," said the girl, speaking slowly, and with grave tenderness, "you had better head for the gate. I can never place my happiness and chances for spring bonnets in the hands of a man who would let as sure a thing as that get away."—From "My Summer in Kenosha."

"Can you not answer me, Gwendolen?"

Up from the meadows the soft breezes of a perfect June evening were wafting the faint perfume of the cowslip and a dead horse, and as George W. Simpson and Gwendolen Mahaffy stood near the gate whose decrepit appearance told with more eloquence than could mere words of the deathless passion that enslaved their souls, both felt that a crisis in their lives had arrived. Secure in the consciousness of of his own merit—that sterling merit which always lies in a strong arm, clear brain, and large feet—and yet with a modest diffidence concerning his own worth, the young man stood there in the gloaming with a half reluctant cat-on-the-back-fence expression that lent an added beauty to his pure young face, and made more pleadingly tender the earnest, father-is-coming-up-the-front-steps look with which he regarded the beautiful girl who stood by his side. He had asked her to be his wife—to leave parents, sisters, brothers, and all the endearing influences of a happy, Christian home where two girls are kept, and go out with him into the wide world as a helpmeet and companion. He had told, in fervid sentences, of the great love he bore her—a love that would ever be the guiding-star of his life he said, cheering him when the black clouds of adversity and despair hung heavily in the horizon of his hopes, and without which his whole existence would be one arid, trackless waste, on which lay the white skeletons of Ambition and Hope—ghastly remnants of a life whose final wreck was all the more sad because of the happiness which it might have held had Love not flown away with mocking laugh when pleaded with so passionately.

[When it came to ornamental lying, with two rows of fluting up the back, George took first money.]

Gwendolen had stood in graceful poise as he spoke, one ear thrown slightly forward, and her right foot covering the door-mat, and now that he had finished, was looking down in maiden shyness. But no words came from her lips—those rosy-ripe portals that opened with such languid grace when there was pie in the house—and George began to fear that perhaps he had talked her to sleep. Presently, however, she drew quite close to him, put her hand in his, and resting her cheek upon his shoulder, said: "Yes, George, I will marry you."

"But when?" asked the young man, a horrible fear that his bluff was to be called chilling his very blood.

"I will marry you," repeated Gwendolen, "when a bicycle-rider is elected president."

Turning away to hide his emotion, George muttered in low, piratical tones: "Thank Heaven, I am safe!"

"Grabbed at the Brink."

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, who have been recreating in the sunny climate of Southern California during the past three or four weeks, have returned. Miss Anna Sullivan, of Virginia City, is visiting Miss M. Mannings, at Sacramento. General O. H. La Grange, who has been visiting this coast on business and pleasure combined, has returned to New York. Judge Wilson has been spending the week in Santa Cruz. Mr. J. W. Moore, of Oakland, is at Bartlett Springs. Among the guests at Santa Cruz the present week are Mayor Robinson, of Oakland, and Mrs. Robinson and the Misses Robinson. Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Middleton have returned from Napa Soda Springs. Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples and Miss Kittie Staples have returned from Etna Springs. Mr. and Mrs. George Turner have returned from Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Charles Reddington has returned from Southern California. J. J. Brice, U. S. N., is at Etna Springs. Mrs. J. W. Mastick, of Oakland, is at Cloverdale. Miss Ivy Wandesforde returned from Portland on Monday last. Mrs. Captain Kohl and Miss Kohl, of San Mateo, have been spending a few days in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Shiley Severance have been whiling away a week or two at Santa Monica, and at other pleasant places in Los Angeles County. Miss Hill, accompanied by her father, Thomas Hill, the artist, who went to the Yosemite in May last, will return to Oakland early next month. Mrs. Doctor Bird and Miss May Miller are at the Yosemite. Mrs. and Mrs. A. P. Williams are at Webber Lake. Mrs. Sam D. Mayer has sailed for Europe. Miss Lizzie Crocker has returned from Sacramento. Mrs. Judge Hyde and daughters are spending a few weeks at Santa Clara. Mrs. J. L. Requa, of Piedmont, is at Santa Monica. Mrs. S. D. Hovey, who has been dividing her time between Santa Monica and the Sierra Madre Villa for the past two months, has returned to the Palace. Sir Thomas Hesketh and party are at the Salmon River. Hon. B. B. Redding, W. E. Brown, and the Rev. Mr. Barrows have returned from McCloud River. J. G. Eastland and family are summering in Santa Clara County. Miss Bessie Sedgwick has returned from Monterey. Gordon Blanding and W. Tevis are at Scott Mountain. Frank Cummins and George Redding leave for the McCloud River to-day. Rev. Dr. Stebbins and family have returned from the McCloud River. Major and Mrs. Sanger have returned from Soda Bay. Miss Sutherland has returned from McCloud River. Miss Fannie Stegman is at the Yosemite. Judge and Mrs. Sanderson are at Paraiso Springs. Miss Mamie Sampson has gone East, to remain for eight or nine months. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Applegate are at Lake Tahoe. Miss Hattie Sharp, of Carson, is visiting Mrs. R. C. Miller and her daughters. Mrs. A. H. Cunningham has returned from her visit to Mare Island. Miss Sallie Swearingen has returned from Lake County. Justice and Mrs. Field have returned from Belmont. Mrs. J. R. Watson, who has been visiting in this city, has returned to Sacramento. Mrs. Lillie Coit, who has been spending a few days with Miss Jennie Flood, at Menlo, returned to Larkmead on Wednesday last. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jencks and Miss Nellie Trowbridge, who have been spending a few weeks at Monterey, have returned and gone to Tahoe. Mrs. Major E. B. Stonehill is at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Senator Farley leaves Washington for home during the last week in July. General T. J. Wood, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wood and her two children, arrived here from the East on Wednesday last. A. K. P. Harmon and his bride, who left Oakland for the East some four or five weeks ago, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. Miss Shirley, of Martinez, has been at the Lick most of the week. Chief-Engineer Fletcher, U. S. N., has been ruralizing in Napa County. Miss Hattie Rice returned from McCloud River on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Dickson have returned from New York, and taken up their permanent residence at the Grand. Miss Hawley, of Oakland, is visiting in Sacramento. Miss Fannie Beach has returned from Duncan's Mills. Mrs. McNeal, of Sacramento, after spending a few days at the Grand during the early part of the week, has gone to Monterey for a short time. Mrs. James Crittenden will remain at Bartlett's Springs until August. Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Burns have returned from the country, and taken up their permanent residence at the Grand. Mrs. John H. Wise and her son, Henry E. Wise, have gone to Santa Cruz to stay a few weeks. Mrs. C. J. Hoyt, of Oakland, is at Highland Springs. Mrs. Doctor Harney has taken up her permanent residence at the Grand. Mrs. Colgate Baker has returned from the Yosemite. Mrs. Doctor Burgess has returned from Santa Cruz. Judge Waymire is spending a few weeks at San Rafael. H. L. Tatum and a party of four friends are doing the Yosemite. Mrs. Gilson and son have returned from the country, and taken up their residence at the Palace. D. E. Allison and family have taken up their permanent residence at the Palace. A. Halsey, accompanied by two ladies, is at the Yosemite. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown are at the Big Trees. Earl Hopeton, of Scotland, is at the Palace. Judge Parker and a friend, and Mr. and Mrs. Taher and a party of three others, left here for the Yosemite Valley on Saturday last. Colonel and Mrs. Eyre and their two daughters contemplate a sojourn of a week or two at Monterey. Walter A. Hawley, Theodore S. Hawley, and Miss Jennie Hawley went to the Yosemite on Monday last. Mrs. T. H. Selby and daughter returned to San Francisco on Thursday last. J. W. Mackey says that he will remain on the Pacific Coast till next winter, and declares that he will take no hand in the coming political campaign in Nevada. W. Geary, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Thursday last. The Count and Countess Telfener are at Wormley's Hotel, Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Holladay Jr. are at Cohn's Island, but go to the Adirondacks early in August. Mr. and Mrs. John Russell Young were very handsomely entertained while in Japan. Mrs. Senator Jones, of Nevada, has gone to Seaciff, Long Island, to spend the summer. George Atkinson and family, of Oakland, have returned from Santa Cruz. Miss Belle McDonald, of Marysville, is visiting at Dr. Glenn's, in Oakland. Mrs. George Harrington, of Oakland, is visiting in Sacramento. E. E. Ames and family, of Sacramento, have gone to Monterey. C. T. Mills, of Oakland, has been spending a few days in Southern California. Miss Jennie Gallatin, of Sacramento, who has been spending some time at Mon-

terey, has returned home. Miss Mattie Clarke has returned from Santa Cruz. Major Charles A. Kenny has been whiling a short time at the Geysers. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, of Sacramento, gave an elegant reception to about five hundred of their friends at their residence in that city on Monday evening last, in honor of the crystal anniversary of their wedding. Mrs. Edwards has returned from the Napa Soda Springs. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Stevens, of Sacramento, have gone to Monterey, to stay a short time. Miss Kate Mitchell, of Sacramento, leaves for the East in a few weeks, to remain away a year. Mrs. C. S. Foltz has returned from Washington Territory and Oregon. Mrs. L. A. Sanderson and family have returned from Santa Cruz to their home, No. 1970 Washington Street. Mrs. D. E. Allison has returned to the city, and taken up her permanent residence at the Grand Hotel. Mr. Fred Queen, of Peoria, Ill., is visiting his brother at Duncan's Mills.

SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

I found at one of our leading jewelry establishments yesterday some pretty novelties in jewelry and other bijouterie. The rope bracelet, which is still much in vogue, is somewhat changed, inasmuch as the coil now makes only one turn instead of several, as was formerly so very fashionable. There are also new designs in these bracelets, the most beautiful being of Roman gold alone, or mixed with platinum, and instead of being finished with snakes' heads or the heads and claws of other reptiles, have no particular finish. They are flexible, and many are shown in polished faceted beads. I saw also some pretty hat-pins, with heads of hammered gold. Lace-pins are now made much shorter, although as beautiful and serviceable as ever. I learned, too, that there is a decided change in ladies' watch-chains. The long neck-chains are passing away, and short ones taking their place, the most elegant being not over eight inches in length. But the very latest in this line are the ribbon fobs for ladies. They are in appearance the same as the gentlemen wear, with the usual huckle and seal attached. The watch is slipped in the front of the waist, about four or five buttons down from the neck, and when the hodge is fastened it keeps the watch in position. Hoop earrings are gaining in favor, and as to precious stones, the sapphire and ruby will undoubtedly take the lead, especially the ruby, which is becoming scarce, and steadily rising in value. The craze recently for gentlemen's jewelry displays silver in everything in the ornamental line, such as locketts, collar and cuff-buttons, studs, and chains, especially the double cable, or, to use the jeweler's term, the Dickens chain. These things are all shown in the hammered silver. A rather novel fashion which was started in New York last winter, but which reached here too late for the season, are pencils with chains, for gentlemen to use in the hall-room. The chain is hooked to the suspender, and hangs from there under the vest, and goes into the left pocket of the trousers. This innovation was hailed with satisfaction by the gentlemen in the East as being most convenient, since there is no danger of losing them or of their being borrowed by a neighbor. These chains are also of hammered silver. A new design for cane-heads is being shown. It consists of a crane's head and beak of silver, also hammered and slightly oxidized. Among other fashions the nursery has not been forgotten. A novelty in this department is the new porringer. The very latest style is a heavy, crude-looking bowl, representing a small stew-pan of pewter, with a spoon to correspond, when in reality they are of the finest silver, blocked out in an exceedingly rough manner. It is becoming quite the fashion to give these articles at christenings or birth-day parties: price being from thirty dollars upward. The new silver cups are oxidized in various natural colors. In design they show the Kate Greenaway and Walter Crane figures. These handsome articles are selling at from fifteen up to thirty-five and forty dollars. The new French traveling clocks are quite beautiful, and are becoming all the rage. A feature of these time-pieces is the ornamentation, the sides and dial being exquisite hand-painting, representing heads and figures of the fourteenth century. They are double repeaters, and so small and delicate that it is no inconvenience to carry one about when traveling. Although many new styles in writing materials are promised for the early fall, nothing of a novelty is shown at present, except new wedding envelopes. The change in these articles is the hand of satin ribbon half an inch wide, which runs diagonally across the flap, and is of a delicate tint, either pearl, white, or cream-tinted. Some new dress goods have just been received by one of our leading importers. The fabric is pongee, and the designs are dots, a little larger than a ten-cent piece. One piece has blue dots on a white ground, another has white ground with red dots. These goods measure thirty inches, and sell at one dollar and fifty cents a yard. When made up in combination with some plain material, the effect will be exceedingly stylish. Some of the new cloak goods for fall and winter wear have already been received. Matelasse will doubtless take the lead. What I saw was of the most elegant description, very thick and heavy, showing designs in fruits, flowers, and large palm leaves. About six yards will be required for a cloak, and when lined with brilliant Roman striped silk, can not fail to be greatly admired. Of course other linings may be employed more subdued in color; but the Roman stripes are sure to take the lead, the stripes running lengthwise. *De Peau* satin is another new fabric just brought into the market. It resembles the surab satin, but is much softer, and has more body. It is selling at two dollars per yard. "Matinées" are as fashionable as ever; the most sought after are those made of satin foulard, and cut like a Japanese overdress, with loose square sleeves. They are generally worn over short, ruffled skirts. Pomegranate-red and porcelain-blue are the favorite colors for the gown, and the skirt of white surah. Then there is the casaque, resembling more a Jersey than any other garment. It is made of elastic cloth, fitting the form very trimly. It has a stand-up collar and reverse, like a gentleman's coat. The skirt is draped over the hips in much the fashion of a polonaise, and is made quite hunchy at the back. The cuffs and pockets are generally made of black velvet or watered silk, and the sash at the back must correspond with the cuffs and pockets.

July 11, 1882.

HELENA.

THE SPHINX REDIVIVUS.

The events of the past few days are rapidly unraveling the Egyptian tangle. Notwithstanding the voluminous dispatches regarding it, a pen-picture of the Turkish view of the crisis will be interesting. The following is from the Constantinople correspondent of an Eastern paper: "Egypt has been for a long series of years a privileged province, ruled by an hereditary governor on an autonomous basis. The province pays an annual tribute to the Sultan; but that tribute was long ago set apart as interest on a loan of which the Sultan enjoyed the proceeds. The tribute, therefore, instead of being paid to the Turkish treasury, is paid to the Bank of England, and the finances are under the control of European officials. The present Turkish policy, for powerful reasons, aims at changes in the present state of the province of Egypt. First, it seeks to break up the European financial control in Egypt, in order again to find the mouth of the Egyptian money-bag; second, it contemplates the substitution of the direct rule of the Sultan in that country for the indirect and unsatisfactory arrangement of an hereditary governor who is allowed a large independence in consideration of a state tribute of which the Sultan never sees a cent. On the other hand, the Egyptian national party, (of which Arabi Bey is the leader,) restive under the burden of paying the enormous debt of the last Khedive, Ismail Pasha, desires, first, to break up the European control of the finances of the country in order to repudiate the debts of a tyrant; and second, to establish a free and independent Egyptian government by Egyptians and for Egyptians. England and France have undertaken to thwart the aims of both Turks and Egyptians by maintaining the joint control of the finances of the country, and by consolidating the power of the Khedive as a semi-independent tributary of the Sultan. Just now Turkish diplomacy has succeeded at every point. England and France are foiled. The Khedive is standing firm. Arabi Bey is the undaunted leader of a powerful faction at open war with the Khedive. Everything goes to show that unless Europe is ready to unite for war on Turkey, the Sultan's troops will have to be called in to pacify the ebullition in Egypt. Once in Egypt the Sultan's troops hope to be able to find means of staying there, Arabi Bey's national party, the Khedive, England, and France, to the contrary notwithstanding. The whole plan at this point turns on the inability of Europe to unite to coerce Turkey. The shrewd diplomatists of the Porte believe that they are safe in counting such a union of Europe out of the question. It seems very difficult to believe that instructions from Constantinople have repeatedly strengthened the hand of Arabi Bey in Egypt. Yet I have been assured again and again from the very best sources that such is the case. The official orders from the Porte go to the Khedive and sustain him in his position. The orders to Arabi Bey commonly go through the religious hierarchy, and insure the continued resistance of the national party to the will of the Khedive. Thus the situation that demands Turkish intervention and the intervention itself will be found to have issued from the same source. The diplomacy of the Turks is a tangled web, and unravelling of it is extremely difficult. The various phases of the conflict look like child's play—a boy's game with boys. But the game is terribly dangerous, and Europe may at any moment have the whole Eastern question again begging for solution. To so grave a crisis has grown the petty clamor of a few Egyptian officers about their promotions and their pay. The government in Constantinople is becoming very strict in its censorship of the press. No book can appear which has not first been read and approved by the officials of the Bureau of Public Instruction. These officials are as deeply buried in rejected manuscripts as the hardest-hearted editor of a great magazine. But the censorship extends over the sale of books and the use of them, and hardly a week passes without the seizure of books by the police because the censorship has changed its mind after authorizing a publication. The control extends to illustrations, and books are taken from the hands of school children if they contain pictures which the ingenuity of the police can transform into seditious suggestions. At an exhibition of oil paintings held here lately, two pictures were removed by the police as seditious. One of them was a hunting piece, and represented two eagles in conflict with a wounded lion. This picture was finally restored on the assurance of its owner that the scene was a *bona-fide* attempt to delineate nature, and had no reference to any nations who have adopted the eagle as an emblem in their arms. A Turkish editor was so luckless as to print a picture of the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, with an explanation of its history, and the tyranny of Venetian secret tribunals. Soon after his paper was suspended, and the editor found himself arrested, with the request that he would explain what he meant to insinuate by publishing a picture which referred to tyranny and secret tribunals. On his assuring his interlocutors that he did not refer to them, he was dismissed, with a warning never to do so again.

"The *Levant Herald*, the oldest and only English newspaper in this city, has lately gone through a most curious experience. It carelessly admitted, in an article of a series on French influence in the East, a vain attempt at calculating the amount of the blood of Osman which runs in the veins of the imperial family of Turkey after four centuries of admixture with the mongrel blood which makes up every harem. It was instantly suppressed, without the form of a decree from the Bureau of the Press, by a very severe gentleman in the uniform of the palace. After a week or two it reappeared under the name of the *Constantinople Messenger*. Three days later a long decree from the Press Bureau formally suppressed the *Messenger*. The next week a French paper, the *Temps de Constantinople*, suddenly enlarged its form and announced that it would be served to the subscribers of the *Levant Herald*. At the same time it adopted the type and the advertisements of the *Levant Herald*. The next day the *Temps de Constantinople* was suppressed. The editor of the *Levant Herald*, nothing daunted by these two mishaps, addressed himself directly to the household of the Sultan, using such good arguments that in a week he was able to issue, by special authorization, a new paper, announced to take the place of the *Levant Herald*, and called the *Eastern Express*."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

General Stoneman says of himself that he "sprung from the people, was born among the lowly, and grew up a stalwart farmer lad in the wilds of Western New York." The writer, whose home was in Genesee County, Western New York, always looked upon Steuben, Cattaraugus, and Chautauqua as outlandish counties. The principal traffic of those counties was in hemlock bark for tanning. We used to call it "Cattaraugus Currency." It is reserved for the Democratic candidate to give away his birth-place by styling it "wilds." But then General Stoneman sprang from the people, and his parents were "lowly." As General and Mrs. Stoneman are no better born than their parents, how would they like their sons, when grown, to declare that they were "lowly," and apologize for their humble birth to a mob of Irish and American Democrats? Of course General Stoneman "sprang from the people." Where should he spring from?—an owl's nest or woodchuck's hole? Does not everybody spring from the people? The fact is, General Stoneman was well born, in one of the most highly cultivated parts of New York State, is thoroughly educated, being a graduate of West Point, and is in his feelings and associations what every gentleman ought to be, viz., an aristocrat, who prefers the association of cultivated and intelligent people to that of the ignorant and vulgar. But it is a part of the political education of the time for candidates to hog-wallow. If a man feels that he is a gentleman; if his parents were respectable; if he is not a *filius nullius*, and born on a dung-hill, he thinks he must apologize for it. Hence those vulgar expressions so freely used in biographies: "Born of poor but honest parents," "a self-made man"—as though poverty and honesty were so rarely found in combination that they must be apologized for; and the vain assumption that the self-made man was an improvement upon God's handiwork. When General Stoneman prates about the "dignity of labor and the nobility of the working man," he is flinging acorns to the pigs from an oak he has not climbed. The dignity of labor sounds wonderfully sarcastic to the nobleman of the shovel when it comes from a gentleman educated by the government, all his life in paid government employment, holding two offices, and now seeking for a third. Labor is the curse of disobedience, and the penalty for sin. It is the primal and eldest curse of man. No living man would work if he could be as well paid for doing nothing. There is no dignity in perspiration. Nobility never sweats. We work because we can not help it. We work for bread.

Inquiry has been made of us as to why the *Call* has begun to print Bret Harte's new serial, "Flip," the first installment of which appears in this number of the *Argonaut*. The reason is because the *Call*—being a large and prosperous daily—has preferred to copy it, without money and without price, from the New York *Sun*, rather than do as the *Argonaut*—a small weekly—has done: namely, pay for it. If we always did business the same way we should probably one day be as prosperous as the *Call*. However, the matter is a trifling one to us. It is not probable that many of our readers ever see the weekly *Call*—it is at least to be hoped they do not read it. It is not so trifling a matter to the *Call*, however. By their action its editors have infringed upon the copyright of the New York *Sun*, have infringed upon the right we purchased, and have violated the author's right to compensation for the product of his brains.

We recall the early history of the Republican party in California. It was a manly and courageous party, composed of brave and earnest men. Its leaders were men of conscience and brains. They were eloquent. It was a treat to attend a Republican State Convention in those early times, when there was no man in it who ever dreamed of the possibility of a party triumph during his life-time. Then the delegates were not sent from the slums of cities and from under the eaves of a county court-house. In that early organization there was no machine, and no hired manipulators of primaries. There were no slaves to capitalists, and no fawning sycophants to political power. To not less than three conventions held at Sacramento there came on foot a Scotchman from Kern County, a sheep-herder, a scholar, and eloquent in the cause of Republican principles, and from all parts of the State its best and most intelligent men. Then Frederick P. Tracey was our chief, with the brains of Webster, the eloquence of Clay, and a moral courage that no man questioned. Then Leland Stanford and the two Crockers were captains of fighting bands, doing splendid service in the ranks of the Republican army. This was when Stanford ran for Treasurer, inviting defeat for an office he did not want, in order to keep up the organization. Then Judge E. B. Crocker was on the stump, and Oscar and Jim Shafter. We recall the names of Tingley, Father Cummings of Butte, Churchman of Nevada, with Sargent, and Waite, Weeks of Sacramento, Folger, Matbewson, Nunes, Fred Low, Conyngham of Marysville, Harlow Love, and ever so many of us lesser men, then cadets, fighting for our spurs. Those conventions were models of forensic eloquence. No "Siskiyou to San Diego, Sierra to the sea" rot; but bold, eloquent declaration of great principles. Afterward there fell into line another band of men, such as Colonel Edward Baker, Starr King, Fred Billings, and others. And again, when the war came, another, and not so disinterested a band of allies came forward to fight under the Republican banner. The Northern or Douglas Democracy rallied to the standard with a splendid fighting force, but unfortunately brought along its camp-followers, and then, when victory came, the Republican organization experienced the fate of all triumphant and majority parties. So many loafers and political vagabonds joined its ranks, that, except on the question of loyalty, there was at times little to choose between it and the Democracy, and frequently nothing. As the Democracy strengthens, the Republican party improves. Democracy has had enough successes in California, and its chances of triumph now are sufficient to invite the office-seekers and party vagabonds to gravitate back to it, for it is their natural place. Once the Republican party had quite a following of the Pope's political Irish. They have now all,

save a few, gone back to the Democracy, where they belong, and the *Argonaut* is earnestly endeavoring to drive the balance out of the Republican ranks. Now that the war is over, and the negro out of politics, the *Argonaut* would be willing to exchange two of the Pope's ignorant political Republican Irish for one Southern gentleman. We would exchange on favorable terms for intelligent foreigners of other nationalities, and we will, on the most favorable conditions, give the whole batch in exchange for a reasonable number of select and well-chosen native-born Americans who have heretofore been Democrats. In fact, we shall be glad to get rid of the last man of the kind we have in mind for nothing, and may the Democracy take them. We should then have restored the Republican party to something like its original purity. We should be able to meet in convention, and deliberate in the interest of good government, and for the advancement of honorable, high-minded, and intellectual men to office, instead of the men who now intrigue for place, and by their nominations determine the question whether respectable men are in a majority in California.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Upon hearing a short time ago that it was stated on the streets that I had received money, and undertaken to corruptly influence the action of a judicial officer, or had allowed myself to be used for that purpose, I promptly denounced the statement as false, and thought then to take no further notice of it. Your particular reference to it, however, in your last issue of the eighth inst., lends it more apparent importance, and renders it in my judgment proper that I should again, and in this public manner, as I now do most emphatically, state that the charge is absolutely untrue, and without the slightest foundation in fact. Respectfully,
SAN FRANCISCO, July 12, 1882. LLOYD TEVIS.

The foregoing note, in reply to and denial of the rumor which the *Argonaut* gave circulation in its last issue, was anticipated. It justifies, as we think, the publication. It would be a reproach to the judiciary and to the profession of law if such a statement against men so prominent should go uncontradicted. From the conversation that occurred upon the delivery of this note for publication, we have no hesitation in declaring that there is no truth in the charges, and that Mr. Tevis's denial is entitled to the fullest credence. P.

England's iron-clad fleet, with its tremendous guns, has rained a storm of death and destruction upon Egypt's commercial emporium. The Egyptian forts are ruined and silent, her palaces are aflame, men and women are murdered, criminals are let loose to rob and plunder, the city is destroyed, and statecraft says this is not war. Egypt has borrowed money of England and France till five millions of people have a bonded debt of five hundred million dollars. The English and French have forced their tax-collectors upon the government to collect this revenue and disburse it to the creditors. The Suez Canal, largely constructed by the financial aid of Egypt, belongs to English and French stockholders. It is the highway of the world's commerce, and must not be interfered with; it is England's gate to India, and must not be closed. The Arab toilers of Egypt are slaves to a financial condition for which their government—and not themselves—is responsible. Arabi Bey is making an ineffectual protest against wrongs his people can neither endure nor remedy. Under the interpretation of modern diplomacy this endeavor of an outraged people to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of foreign oppressors will be condemned as the inexcusable revolt of a semi-barbarous power against a better and higher because a Christian civilization. If we were Egyptians we would be in favor of killing Englishmen and Frenchmen, and destroying the Suez Canal. But as we are Americans, we must either be in sympathy with England and her ironclads or hold our peace. Hence the *Argonaut* has determined to keep out of the fight, and say nothing. We shall remain neutral. We look forward with anxiety to the position Colonel Jackson of the *Post* will take in this conflict.

Those who know William R. Garrison as a former resident of San Francisco, son of Commodore Garrison, our early mayor, will deeply regret his death. A death by violence, sudden and dreadful, is calculated to shock with greater force than after a lingering illness. Mr. Garrison was thus killed by a railroad accident in returning from Long Branch to New York. His wife was Miss Betty Estell, daughter of General Estell, who is well remembered by early San Franciscans.

Mr. W. W. Foote is a promising young Democrat, from Tennessee, we think. If he is not, we apologize to Virginia and Kentucky for not accrediting to them the honor of being his birthplace. He is young, and youth is zealous. He is ambitious, and ambition sometimes overleaps itself, and falls upon the other side of the railroad track. He is fearless, and does not care for cow-catcher or engine; but he is rash, and in his earnest desire to become railroad commissioner he is rashly impetuous. How is this for a judicial candidate, one who is to patiently hear, calmly consider, and impartially determine between conflicting interests: "I am a lawyer. I know what is required in a judicial office. The railroad companies have pleaded guilty to the charges made against them, and I will render a verdict against the companies accordingly. I don't think twenty per cent. on fares and freights too much of a reduction. I believe fifty per cent. is nearer the mark, and I will vote that way every time. Six per cent. profit is too much for railroad companies to make on their invested capital." We raise no question about fares or freights, or to what extent railroads should be regulated, what percentage of reduction they can stand, what rate of interest such enterprises should earn, how capital may be controlled by political parties, or what may be the result of subjecting the business of a new country to the direction of dishonest and impecunious party loafers. The point to which we direct our readers' attention is the position assumed by W. W. Foote toward a question which he, if elected, is called upon judicially to determine. Is his attitude an honest one? We do not ask whether Mr. Foote is an honest man, for he would justly resent the implication; but if this is the proper attitude for a judicial candidate to take in soliciting votes for election, we ask what position would the demagogue or knave assume in his endeavor to outbid Mr. Foote for the popular vote?

THE "BELGIC" AFFAIR.

Some Facts and Conjectures Concerning this Peculiar Business.

That a serious outrage has been perpetrated by our health officials against the steamer *Belgic* very few people now doubt. That this outrage has been the result of ignorance, money, greed, and political corruption is being strongly suspected. We have but scant sympathy with the charterers of an ocean tramp, who, for a speculative purpose and in defiance of the popular wish, would bring Chinese to our harbor. The legitimate steamer lines engaged in commercial intercourse between Asiatic countries and ours are entitled to more generous treatment. There are five great competing Oriental routes of travel, of which the American overland by way of San Francisco is one. The *Belgic* is one of the Occidental and Oriental line. It comes to our port laden with white passengers, with merchandise, and with tea of the new crop. It is important, if we would maintain our Oriental trade, that there should be no delays or annoyances to passengers, and no hindrances to the prompt transmission of merchandise, except that which is indispensable. If, in the protection of the health of our citizens, it is found necessary to quarantine a vessel, then the comfort of travelers and the profits of commerce must not be considered. We understand that in the case of the *Belgic* a great mistake has been perpetrated, either through the ignorance or the malevolence of certain doctors; that a Chinese boy found with a harmless skin disease has been declared to have confluent smallpox; that similar ignorance was displayed in converting a ring-worm into a case of leprosy; that twenty-six Chinese have been sent to the smallpox hospital, and found not to have the disease, been discharged, and are now at liberty in the city—presenting this anomaly, that while Sir William Eden and other white passengers are confined in quarantine, the Chinese causing the quarantine are enjoying the freedom of the town; and this also, that the twenty-six Chinese, having been some days in a smallpox hospital, are liable to have contracted the disease, and are now abroad to distribute it. There is now lying upon our table a communication which is libelous if untrue, but which we believe to be true. It charges Doctor Murphy with lacking intelligence and professional standing to justify his appointment, and with being personally interested in the May-Lawlor intrigue, by which May was bought off and Lawlor appointed quarantine officer. It asserts that Murphy caused one Stambaugh to be appointed police-surgeon, because Doctor Clarke would not submit to certain pecuniary exactions. It accuses Murphy of having appointed his nephew to act as assistant, and Doctor Stanton to vaccinate upon Chinese ships. It states that large amounts of disinfectants are required to be purchased at Slaven's drug store at an exorbitant price. The community that has not yet quite lost confidence in Doctors Simpson, Gibbons, and Douglas, will look to them, to Mayor Blake, and the Board of Supervisors, to see to it that this most suspicious and questionable business is fully and exhaustively examined into. If the commerce of our port is being imperiled; if humanity has been outraged by the imprisonment of Christian travelers; and if the Occidental and Oriental line has been subjected to pecuniary loss through the ignorance, malice, or greed of a band of medical conspirators, who have crawled to places of position through party intrigue, and by buying their way for coin to positions where they can levy blackmail and steal, then the community ought to know it. So far as we know, Doctors Murphy, Lawlor, Stambaugh, Stanton, Faye, and the rest of this medical squad may be as learned as we think President Garfield's physicians were, and as honest as they ought to be; but we hope the investigation will be bad, and that no nonsense of "medical courtesy" will prevent it from being a searching one. The commerce of the port is of importance, and it ought not to be imperiled by political doctors who are pandering to the prejudice of the mob on the Chinese question. The importance of this commercial question will be better appreciated by reading the following statement of Mr. Stubbs, secretary of the Occidental and Oriental Company. He says:

The company has suffered a great and permanent injury by the detention of the *Belgic*. We have been endeavoring to secure the tea-carrying trade for this port, and beat out the Suez Canal route. To enable us to do this we must have extra fast ships, such as the *Belgic*, on this side. We make the run from Hongkong here in fifteen days, twelve days to cross the continent, and eight days to cross the Atlantic. This beats the Suez route nine or ten days, and makes the tea far more valuable in England. When I tell you we carry the tea from here to New York for two cents a pound, you will see that we mean business. It is therefore a serious blow to us to have our fastest steamer detained just as the new tea crop is about ready to be shipped. We make no money on the tea trade, but we are building up a business, and one which adds something to the wealth and prosperity of San Francisco. We therefore think that we ought to receive fair treatment, and not be persecuted on account of any feeling that may exist in the community.

Mr. Charles Sumner, who is something near fifty years of age, styles himself a "boy," and calls himself by the pet name of "Charlie." He is running for Congress on the social issue. He is determined not to stretch his limbs under the polished mahoganys of Nob Hill. He is resolved that he will "never, no never, wet his moustache in Nob Hill soup or champagne." Of course we do not know to what extent Mr. Sumner has been importuned by Mr. Tobin of the Hibernia Bank, Mr. De Young of the *Chronicle*, Major Dickinson, and the other nobles of the bill, to partake of the generous hospitalities of their palatial mansions; but we fully appreciate the patriotic resolve that, before he will wet his moustache in their rich soups and delicious wines, he will cut it off. This resolve seems the more heroic in being announced to an audience of "chivs," who never pay a cent or miss a meal; men with crook-headed canes hanging on their arms, to give them the freedom of both hands at the free-lunch tables, and those other Democrats who congregate at the corner of California and Montgomery streets, and hang over the iron railing of the Nevada Bank in search of employment. Mr. Sumner, in his Union Hall speech, also said if he was elected to Congress he would see that the rates of transportation by rail across the continent should be reduced one-half. Now this is specific. If the Democracy could elect two "Charlie Sumners," we would have a free ride from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

VANITY FAIR.

"Having diamond monograms put on the clasps of garters," said a New York jeweler the other day to a reporter, "is done to identify them in case they are lost anywhere. Then by their description they can in that way be distinguished from all others. A young lady who resides on Lexington Avenue purchased a fine pair of these about two weeks ago through having lost one, which was afterward restored to her, and has got a party of well-known members of one of the clubs, not far from Madison Square, christened the 'Knights of the Garter.' The way it happened was this: The young lady, who is rather pretty, was getting in a Fifth Avenue stage in front of the club. A crowd of members, like Lorillard's 'old hens of the Union Club,' who were sitting at one of the windows, saw her, and noticed as she entered the omnibus something like a blue ribbon fall from beneath her dress. When the stage was away on its journey one of the members remarked that the blue object that the lady dropped had something valuable attached to it, for he saw it shine. After all had passed their opinion as to what the thing might be, one member said it looked more like a lady's garter to him, and he was going to get it to make sure of it. He started to go for the object, but at that moment three or four other members jumped up and pulled him back so that they could get out and secure the trophy before him. Then a regular scrimmage took place to see who could get the garter first. They holted out of the door helter-skelter, but a more quick-witted member leaped out of a front window, and scaling the low railing that extends around the grass plot, secured the garter before any of the rest. The young lady came to me for another garter, but we advised her to advertise for the one she lost. An advertisement was put in calling for the lost 'blue hand,' and a few days after the gentleman who got it came here and inquired for the owner. He at first refused to give up the garter until he was introduced to or told who the owner was, so that he might see and present it to her himself. We gave him her name, and he handed over the 'blue band,' not caring after that to see or hear any more in relation to it, for it turned out the lady was no other than the wife of a prominent banker, and one of the most honored members of the same club in front of which the garter was at first dropped. These gentlemen have since that little affair been called nothing in the club but the 'Knights of the Garter,' and there is one particular member who wants to know 'How that English-sounding title came to be placed on members of a New York club?'"

All the new stuff employed for covering and draperies in the decoration of Claremont, the Duke of Albany's residence, is of English manufacture. The duchess's boudoir is a sumptuous apartment, decorated in two shades of peacock blue and gold, the darker of the two shades employed on the wall being repeated on the frame of the mirror, and the reverse of a superb screen embroidered in gold and colors on a satin ground. Among the pictures are the Duke's portrait and Sarah Bernhardt's "Palm Sunday"—a picture that Clairin had more to do with painting than the fair Sarah, it is said.

A London correspondent writes: "In the French regalia there is a belt which I remember seeing on her Imperial Majesty the only time she ever put it on. Its history shows in what subtle way the influence of mean people may operate upon the highest, and through them dominate rank and fashion everywhere. The Empress went—I forget exactly in what year—to see Marc Fournier's astounding féerie, 'La Biche au Bois,' played at a boulevard theatre. There was a bewildering display of feminine loveliness on the stage, and fairest of the fair was Mademoiselle Delval. She wore a *paste ceinture*, which was magnificently bright, and a cause of Gaulois wit to theatrical critics. As she had a fine figure and a bold air, she looked superb in it. None of the court ladies understood the allusion of the critics, and the Empress least of all. She admired the belt immensely, and was determined to have one like it in real diamonds. All the poor dainty little ornaments of the regalia on which jewelers had expended taste and ingenuity to please king's favorites were sacrificed. The parures of the Duchess de Berry were alone respected. What the holocaust was may be inferred from the intrinsic value of the *ceinture*, which is composed of small brilliants set in patterns around large diamonds. It was at a *fête* given by the Princess Clotilde that the resplendent girdle was donned. Its sheen was so powerfully striking that I imagine that I still see it and its imperial wearer. The Empress was in bright green—the color of a chestnut leaf in June—tea-roses, and the 'Biche au Bois' *ceinture*. But the effect was not what had been anticipated, because her majesty wore a voluminous crinoline, and Mademoiselle Delval scorned all such aids to beauty. Chance glances at mirrors bring home the most truthful impressions. Her majesty caught one of herself in the hall-room. She saw what she had not before perceived—that she was 'cut in two' by the hazing belt, which also scratched her arms badly. This put her out of conceit with it, and she relegated it to old Thedy, the custodian of the state jewels. Philistia, however, did not know this, and went into raptures about the girdle, which was called 'la ceinture Eugénie.' Manufacturers of articles of Paris copied it in jet, hughes, chrysoscale, garnet, false pearls, and other glittering substances. It became the rage in Europe, and doubtless in the United States, for American ladies are never backward in adopting a striking fashionable novelty."

The crinoline, says the London *Medical Press*, can not, with propriety, be called the thin edge of the wedge of crinoline, but it may, perhaps, be correctly described as the first elevation on the ascent of that mountain of absurdity which was such a nuisance twelve or fifteen years ago. The crinoline is simply a ludicrous excrescence which gives an English woman the outlines of a Hottentot, and must be highly inconvenient, being something in the nature of a bird cage stuffed under the dress and fixed in the region of the arched hump; but it does not in any way interfere with functional activity nor endanger health. With crinoline, however, the case is far different. That was not only a social vexation of the first magnitude, tending to the dissemination of nervous

irritation by universal ruffling of temper and creation of embarrassment, but it was a cause of disease and a danger to life. By exposing the lower half of the body to currents of cool air and chilling, it helped to set up various disorders and to induce general debility, and by spreading out the inflammable materials of clothing in such a way that they were beyond control and almost beyond cognizance, it kept up a constant risk of conflagration whenever an open fireplace was approached. Many lives were sacrificed, owing to crinoline-inflated skirts catching fire. It behooves all sensible women firmly to set their faces against any attempt at the reintroduction of this pernicious fashion. Our modern culture is not good for much if it is not strong enough to put its foot down, (to speak metaphorically and in mixed metaphor, too,) and to hush once for all this big, silly hubbub of crinoline. Let the crinoline change its name, and be popularly spoken of as the Hottentot, and we predict that it will speedily cease to offend the eyes of those who, without any Grosvenor Gallery proclivities to the love of leanness, still admire the human form divine when unmillinered, and detest unsightly protruberances.

Strap-sleeves are disappearing in England. The rarely-heard voice of the Princess of Wales has been raised against them. Yet it is not more than ten years since a society at Nice was disporting itself without either sleeve or strap. It was thought quite *collet monté* to have any hand at all over the shoulder, in those sprightly days and in that frisky town.

The Duchess of Fernan-Nunez caused considerable sensation the other night, (says a recent number of the London *Figaro*), at the Spanish ambassador's reception, by appearing with a most realistic-looking hat surmounting the tiara of diamonds she wore in her hair. Every eye was turned upon this strange and daring "last new thing" in hair-dressing, the puzzle evidently being why her grace had fixed on such a creature as a hat for her purpose. But her selection was natural enough, seeing that the bat happens to be the heraldic emblem, or crest, as we should call it, of the Fernan-Nunez family. Those who have accepted the duke and duchess's splendid hospitality know very well that the bat is rampant—I am using the term in a literal, and not heraldic, sense—throughout her house. It is seen on the plate, on the china, on the glass, the linen, the walls—in short, everywhere; and her grace, in effect, only revived in a qualified way the usage of the days of chivalry, when knights went into battle with their crests upon their helms. Whether the fashion thus set will be followed remains to be seen. It certainly is one which would have most picturesque and curious results, as a study of the crests claimed by our noble families will soon convince you. Grand dames would go into society with griffins, lions, unicorns, and all kinds of queer heraldic beasts and devices. And, after all, it is not a very great innovation. Ladies have long worn birds in their bonnets; why should they not wear beasts in their hair?

An engagement hook, says the Boston *Gazette*, now forms a part of the summer impedimenta. Every girl who falls upon Saratoga and Newport this season, takes with her a mysterious little volume, in which are entered, not her expenses, but the names of eligible parties who are or who are not of the marrying sort, with their reported fortunes in round figures opposite them. This is thought to be necessary caution, as some terrible financial errors have lately crept into the matrimonial ring, whereby several gushing engagements are now "off," when they never should have been "on."

The height of vulgarity was proudly reached by the "lady" who carried a parasol on which was painted a pack of cards to the Jerome races.—Mr. Lahouche says that until the straight skirt appeared he had no idea of how many of his fair countrywomen were knock-kneed.—Orchard parties are among the newest out-of-door entertainments. But first catch your orchard.—The London *Queen* has decided that it is unparadiseable for young women, married or single, to walk out alone.—We think we go in for pretty costly trousseaux, but they are nothing compared with those provided among Parisian swells in the last century. That of Mademoiselle de Maignon, who in 1786 married the Baron de Montmorency, cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. It included twelve hundred shifts.—Froggings are becoming exceedingly popular, either for dresses or jackets; in black they form the prominent ornament of the fashionable tailor-made costume called the *veston militaire*, of navy blue cloth, so serviceable for traveling and every-day wear.—A wedding occurred in St. Louis last week which was truly æsthetic. The bride wore a Directoire costume, the little hoy attendants wore black velvet Oscar Wilde suits, and the altar was decked with daisies, and "soulful-eyed lilies."—Strawberries can be served in a large strawberry made of ice-cream, tinted the natural coloring of the fruit.—Baskets of artistic and rustic shapes are much used now on the table for fruits or cake. It is a convenient idea for people who do not wish to take their silver-ware or valuable china into the country.—One of the belles of Paris, who is said to be very attractive, is a lady whose complexion is described as chocolate. She comes from Havana, and has Monte Christo funds of cash to spend.—President Arthur is said to have a weakness for silk stockings. Those included in the wardrobe which he takes to Long Branch are embroidered in lilacs and sunflowers, and in every touching shade known to the hosier's art—rayons de soleil, clair de lune, fond du lac, prairie du chien—all dreamy, suggestive, and full of the poetry of color.—A London paper says: The pathos of the sale which ruthlessly breaks up the historic gallery of the Duke of Hamilton is perhaps best brought out by a miniature portrait of "A Knight of the Garter," attributed to Holbein. "This," says the catalogue, "was presented by Charles I. to the Marquis of Hamilton, and bears the king's hand both as king and prince."—At a recent wedding in New York the bridal cake was put up in white boxes in the shape of horse-shoes. On the icing which ornamented the top of each box were the words, "Merrie Wedding Day" in old English, and each one was finished by a how of white satin ribbon, tied in a true-lover's knot, with the monogram of the bride and groom on the ends.

LITERARY NOTES.

"A Sane Lunatic," the fourth number of the "Hammock Series," is by Clara Louise Burnham, author of "No Gentleman," a story which received moderate comment from the press a year ago. The present novel possesses the flavor of Chicago. While rather brightly written in parts, it teems with solecisms in taste and everything else. The author has employed dialogue on every possible occasion. It is flippant, and continuously absurd. Published by Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

The first book that Mark Twain has issued through the regular channels of trade is "The White Elephant." This is a collection of tales and sketches, headed by the extravaganza which bears the title name. Most of the contents consist of articles which appeared for several years in the *Atlantic*, such as "An Idle Excursion," "Paris Notes," and others. The first story is one which was omitted in "A Tramp Abroad." All of them contain much that is very amusing, and they repay a second perusal. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Geographical Reader," compiled by James Johnnot, is one of the most sensible works of the kind that has been published for many years. Probably Marcus Wilson's series are the best set that were ever compiled, and the present volume more nearly approaches those admirable readers than anything else. As its name signifies, it pertains to the descriptions of various cities, peoples, countries, and localities of interest. The selections chosen are all by various standard English and American authors, and are printed in large, clear type, with numerous illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White, 32 Dupont Street.

Edward Garret is one of the most pleasing and wholesome religious novel-writers that England possesses. For many years the *Sunday Magazine*—the English, and not the American travesty that masquerades under the same name—has published his successive stories serially, until he has attained great popularity among the mass who follow after Norman McLeod, George McDonald, Kingsley, Meade, the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," and the many other lights of the church. Mr. Garret's latest novel is "Family Fortunes." It is a Scotch story, and one of the writer's best efforts. The plot is striking, and of great interest. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

One of the first biographers of America's late poet laureate in the field is Mr. Richard H. Stoddard, who issues a volume entitled "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: a Medley in Prose and Verse." As is natural, Mr. Stoddard adopts more the style of a running criticism of the poet's works than a simple biography. He takes successive poems and sketches in their order, and not only gives their contemporary criticisms, but also many interesting and just comments from his own pen. It seems a pity, however, that Mr. Stoddard should allow his rancor and enmity against Edgar Poe to so get the better of his moderation that he should continually go out of his way in order to abuse him. Published by G. W. Harlan & Co., New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The latest number of the "New Plutarch Series" is "Victor Emmanuel," by Edward Dicey, M. A. The author states in the beginning that while many of the fellow-workers of this monarch in his life's labor were men whose ambitions were loftier, whose characters were more noble, and whose careers were more blameless, yet, with all these differences, while these others failed, Victor Emmanuel succeeded; and although this success may by some be attributed to the accident of his position, nevertheless the fact still remains that by him and him alone was success achieved. The volume, in a clear and unprejudiced manner, gives a concise sketch of Victor Emmanuel's career, together with brief reviews of those connected with him. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Announcements: A biography of President John Tyler is to be prepared by his son, Lyon Gardiner Tyler.—The next publication on the list of Henry Holt & Co. is Heine's "Romantic School and Suiabian Mirror."—Menotti Garibaldi is said to contemplate the publication of his father's memoirs, which were written by the old Italian hero with the intention of contradicting the many silly stories—"tante scischezze" as he himself termed them—told about him.—Mr. Longfellow's last volume, "In the Harbor," is issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It contains a number of poems never before printed, as well as the verses published since the appearance of the last collection.—Mr. Aubrey de Vere's new volume of poems is a versification of Irish legends, entitled "The Foray of Queen Meane."—Charles Reade's new story has the Bunyan-like title of "Singleheart and Doubleface." A dramatic version of the story bearing the same title has just been produced in Edinburgh on one night only, in order to secure Mr. Reade's stage right to the novel.—Mr. Wilkie Collins is just now deserting literature for the stage. He is writing a play dealing with the contrasts of high and low life, entitled "Lady Clarissa." It is to be performed first in the German language.—Mr. Swinburne's new novel, "Tristram of Lyonesse, and Other Poems," is going through the press in London.—That indefatigable scholar, Herr Budden-sieg, has in the press a new publication concerning Wycliffe, founded on manuscripts he has discovered at Olmütz.—M. Louis Blanc is engaged in preparing for publication a complete edition of his works.

Miscellany: We have received from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, the following four juvenile serial publications for July: *Wide Awake*, *The Little Folks' Reader*, *Babylond*, and *The Pansy*. All are handsomely printed and illustrated. For sale by news agents and booksellers; J. H. Doherty, agent for the Pacific Coast.—Our *Continent* begins its second volume with a change of form, and will appear hereafter as a thirty-two-page quarto. The first number in the new form is noteworthy, as it contains the first installment of Judge Tourgée's new story, "Hot Plowshares," which opens with a picture of country life in New York State thirty-five years ago.—"The New Fifth Avenue," the leading article in *The Critic* of July 1, is a study of the change that has come over that monotonous brown-stone street within the past ten years.—Colonel Higginson's collection of essays under the title of "Common Sense About Women," has fallen under the talons of the *Saturday Review*, with what result may easily be conjectured. The satirical skips and dances of the critic about the unhappy book are calculated to fill the impartial reader with awe and amazement.—Mr. Spurgeon has come to the honor of having his works translated into strange tongues. Some of them have lately been turned into the Lettish dialect of Northern Russia; and his book, "Evening by Evening," is to be translated into Tamil.—Heine's only and much-loved sister, the "Lotte" to whom he addressed that dainty "Idyll": "My child, we two were children"—is still alive at the age of seventy-eight. She has a great deal of her brother's brilliancy and cleverness. He often submitted his compositions to her censorship before publication.—One of the most amusing book-sales of the season in London was the recent one of the library of the whole literature of tobacco, collected during many years by Mr. Bragg, tobacco in all forms being treated in all styles and in almost all languages.—Next year the French Institute will, for the first time, award the prizes founded by Thiers and by the widow of Jules Janin. Each is of the value of three thousand francs, and is to be awarded triennially, the former for an historical work, the latter for a translation from the Latin.—Sismondi, the historian, received at the rate of about one cent a line for each article he contributed to the *Biographic Universelle*. A few years later George Sand got two hundred dollars for articles in reviews. As much as three hundred and seventy-five dollars has been paid by Murray for articles in the *Quarterly*.

ASCOT HEATH.

Our London Correspondent Tells How Foxhall Won the Race.

The Ascot week marks the height of the London season every year, just as the Eaton and Harvard cricket-match virtually terminates it. It is one of the oldest racing meetings in England, and has a continuous record from 1727. Not that races were run there annually, but it has been shown that Ascot Heath has been the known home of racing, off and on, since that year when those horses that had hunted the stags in Windsor Forest in the previous season tried conclusions for a piece of plate. In 1732 royalty, in the person of that famous turfite, the Duke of Cumberland, specially interested itself in the race; and in 1753 a regular course was laid down. It is quite of a different complexion from Epsom, not only by reason of its being graced by royalty and the aristocracy in abundance, but as wanting that crowd of "nobody knows who" which must be encountered on a Derby day. It is likewise more out of reach of London ruffians, and the strictness of the police makes the pick-pockets scarcer than they are on Epsom Downs. But the charms of Ascot, even to those whose interest is chiefly in the horses, consists in the promenade on the course between the various races. "Society" finds there, under the shadow of royalty, its own enclosure. The racing is always good and full of surprises, the prizes are valuable, and last, though not least, the ladies are some of the prettiest in England, and vie with each other in showing off the sweetest costumes and the latest triumphs of their milliners' ateliers. You can go by rail or road, according to taste. "You pay your money and takes your choice," is an axiom necessarily reversible on the occasion, for your choice precedes the payment. All who can of course go by road, and make one of the long variegated serpent of equipages that worms its way between the green hedge-rows—a serpent composed of drags, wagonettes, dog-carts, mail phaetons, pony carriages, landaus, victorias, and T-carts, with an occasional interspersing of cabs, flies, and country carts, as a contrast to the well-appointed coaches whose horns enliven the air with sounds with which Wagner could have more sympathy than Strauss or Offenbach. Who comes by road must leave his nerves behind, and care not for wheel-scrappings or post-rubbings. Happily for myself, I was on the top of a coach that would satisfy the most exigent, and behind a veteran whip.

The two great days at Ascot are the Procession Day and the Cup Day. The procession means the arrival in state of royalty on the first day of the meeting. Time was when it was conducted with much pomp and paraphernalia, but that was in the days when kings sat on England's throne. Now, like lots of other things of a like character, the grandeur of the exhibition is dying out, and what was once a great sight to behold is now become a sad effort to keep up a custom for custom's sake alone. Let me describe the procession this year. First came the Earl of Cork, in a green uniform, as master of the queen's hucknobs; following him were two rangers in green, and four huntsmen in scarlet and gold—all mounted; and then came eight open carriages, four of which were drawn by hay and four by grey horses. In the first carriage was the Prince of Wales, (who does the royalty business almost exclusively nowadays,) the Princess of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Duchess of Edinburgh were in the second carriage, the other carriage containing less prominent members of the court and suite. Such was the "procession." It came in at the gate, and filed up the course to the royal enclosure, acknowledging by bows the cheers of the crowd as it went along, and then the first race began. But you will naturally take more interest in the Cup Day, seeing that America carried off the cup.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, and a falling off in consequence of the comers by train, the course was well covered, and the attendance large. The coaches mustered in full force, the four-in-hand teams of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, Sir Henry Meysey Thompson, Sir Blanche Payton, and the Duke of Portland attracting the most notice, while the greys of the Marquis of Waterford were greatly admired. The Prince of Wales strolled in and out through the carriages and drags, and nodded here and there. He twice passed the coach on which I sat, and each time I chanced to hear not only his voice, but what he said to his companions, Lord Suffield and Lord Lonsdale. The first time it was, "What a pooty gal!" (I give the pronunciation), and the second: "Let's take a liquor." Neither remarks are remarkable for originality, and would be unworthy of repetition, but that they may serve to show people whose ideas of princes are got from Shakespeare and nursery rhymes what princes of the present day talk about. The Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, too, went about among the ladies, chatting, and booking glove bets on their wristbands.

The doubtfulness of the weather of course had much to do with the dearth of millinery triumphs and the prevalence of black. There were some exceptions though, and among them were the Princess of Wales, in a cream-colored dress with a Zouave jacket of a darker shade, and the Duchess of Edinburgh, in plain color, trimmed with black velvet. Lady Castlereagh was in French gray, and Lady Ribblesdale in green. Mrs. Wheeler, who of late has rather fallen out of line with the professional beauties, wore a strawberries-and-cream dress. I don't know how else to describe it. Of course the Prince of Wales's "set" were numerously represented. Mrs. Paget (Minnie Stevens) wore a white short costume, and had under her charge Miss Chamberlain, an American young lady whom she is chaperoning about a good deal just now. Miss Chamberlain is called pretty, and the peculiar yellow color of her hair awfully raved about. However, as her papa is supposed to be rich, the peculiar yellow of the coin in his pockets may cast an upward shimmer on his daughter's tresses.

It is useless to disguise the fact that the winning of the cup by Foxhall was a decidedly unpopular event. Mr. Keene's horse has therefore come in for such an amount of faint praise as never was known, and the disposition to pick holes in him, and belittle his achievement, has been most marked. Of course the usual cheers, more marked from habit than good will, greeted Foxhall as his jockey, Cannon, rode him slowly from the winning post to the scales; but it

was plain that had it been Petronel, the favorite, with Archer on top, the applause would have been an ovation. Perhaps had Mr. Keene been there himself to lead back the winner, as did the Duke of Westminster with Shotover, after the Derby, it would have had a better effect. However, the American colony did its best to get hoarse. I hardly think either Lorillard or Keene do the proper thing—I mean in sending over their horses to win big English races, and never coming themselves to see their horses do it. It looks too much like "business" to suit the tastes and ideas of the better class of English turfmen, and it seems to me a different plan would be more popular. At the outset, Foxhall was not even thought dangerous, especially as he had been beaten by Retreat in the race for the Ascot Stakes. However, there's no question he made the running with a vengeance, and half a mile from home held such a long lead that cries of "He'll never catch him!" were heard from Petronel's backers in despairing tones from the grand stand, and all over the place. Right they were, for neither Petronel nor Faugh-a-ballagh did catch him, and Cannon landed him a winner, heating Faugh-a-ballagh by a neck. There may be something in claiming that Foxhall had but two competitors in the race, for the very next day he was badly beaten by six lengths by Fiddler for the Alexandra plate, being quite done up at the end. But Mr. Keene can be satisfied, even though we're not, for his horse has won as a decoration for his sideboard, a trophy which is part of the racing plate of many a noble house in England.

Poor Mrs. Langtry!—she who used to be one of Ascot's most prominent lions. While the papers are sounding her praises and heralding her successes before the footlights all through the provinces, one can not but reflect on what time has done for her. Once the favored guest, the admired centre of attraction within the charmed circle that radiates from Marlborough house, how is it with her now? I mean, of course, socially. After doing an enormous business at Liverpool, the wife of the lessee of the Alexandra Theatre has just entertained her at an afternoon tea, to which between three and four hundred invitations were issued. I suppose that two years ago, or less even, Mrs. Saker (for that is the name of the lessee's wife) would about as soon have thought of asking the Jersey Lily to tea as the Princess of Wales. It is possible the princess would have gone the sooner of the two if she had.

LONDON, June 21, 1882.

Concerning the Guiteau execution, a correspondent writes:

Sane or insane? That is the pregnant question. So-called progress has this week called medical experts, claiming to be learned scientists, to a most novel experiment—to ascertain the seat of insanity in a man's remains. They are offering by acts, if not by positive assertion, that madness is a disease of the flesh, ascertainable after death, and the departure of the spirit that with life and motion animated the upright man. The assassin of President Garfield, imprisoned for three hundred and sixty-four days—two days less than a circling year—was throughout subjected to the most searching investigations—moral, religious, and legal. His guards were men of at least ordinary intelligence; lawyers of differing degrees of common sense and criminal law; a judge of great patience and forbearance—all and each were persistently working to ascertain the impelling power of the crime of Guiteau. "Sane or insane?"—that was the knotty question. Among them all no one man reasoned more earnestly than the assassin himself. Authorities, dictionaries, and hundreds of volumes were examined, as explainers of the physical and intellectual calibre of intellect that is restrained, or lovable, in the spirit of man's life. They were at fault. The opinion of the majority, and of the prisoner, was that he was sane at the time of the murder. Guiteau was hanged. He was no longer a man. He was called "The remains." All power of resistance was destroyed in him. The flesh was, in all other cases, on the swift road to decay, when a batch of learned, or supposed to be learned, doctors, made their unlooked-for appearance, and with all the apparatus for microscopic investigation, took out the brains and the intestinal portion of Guiteau's body to find, through the inanimate soulless frame, how far his intellect was disordered. Perhaps if there had been a little more medical learning in the case of President Garfield—that most patient, yielding sufferer—there would, while his life lasted, have been less blundering, and less flesh-cutting. However, there was in his case a medical necessity to cut the dead flesh. They were searching for the bullet, and in that search discovered that they had never known its location, until it fell from its place of concealment. Now they are carving up his dead assassin to find the demon of disordered intellect, or to assume from the inanimate flesh the derangement or the perfection of the soul's action while it tenanted what they are cutting into.

This whole affair of the assassination and death of Garfield, and the trial and execution of Guiteau, has proved a miserable business—miserable from beginning to end. It was pitiable to observe the ignorance and jealousy of the physicians around the dying bed of the man they were murdering. It was disgusting—that drunken frolic of high officials from Elheron to Cleveland. Disgraceful is the present struggle of greedy, avaricious doctors, asking for pay when they ought to be on trial for malpractice. Infinitely disgraceful was the long and absurd trial of the vicious mountebank, as he masqueraded in the court with profane and insolent vanity, claiming that he was the agent of an avenging God. Quite as disgraceful were the scenes at the Washington jail, where photographers were invited to take Guiteau's ugly mug, and reporters to note his well-acted imitation of insanity for sensational and pictorial journals; where morbid women and men were permitted to secure his autograph; and where he was watched that he might not kill himself, and fed on rare beefsteaks that he might have the weight to break his neck in the dead-fall. Quite as disgusting was the mob of male and female cranks and crank doctors who, for the sake of a nasty notoriety, clamored around the executive mansion to save his wretched and worthless life. When the carcass was buried in the jail-yard, we had hoped this miserable play would have ended, and that the worms would have enjoyed their feast; but now come the fool doctors of that altogether worthless and extravagant National Museum, and secure the assassin's "remains," to boil, wire, and preserve; to keep on exhibition—for what? Not for purposes of scientific instruction, but as a sensational show. A National Museum! Where poor Lincoln was murdered; where the vertebrae of Garfield is preserved, and where the anatomy of Guiteau is to be shown—a rival to Madame Tussaud's chamber of waxwork horrors. There is a church vault in Rome where the bones of dead monks are used to fresco walls and ceilings. This National Museum ought to be devoted to preserving all that is valuable of the doctors, members of Congress, and government officials who do not think that the remains of Guiteau and the National Museum ought to be buried in a common grave with quick-lime.

WHAT IST O'CLOCK?

Ancient and Modern Fashions in the Making of Clocks and Watches

The time of the invention of wheel-clocks moved by weights, says a writer in the New York Times, is uncertain. Some enthusiasts are found to assert that two hundred and twenty years before Christ such a clock was made—in the time of Archimedes—but there is no evidence to support such a belief. The first unquestionable fact that can be stated upon the subject is that Pope Sylvester II. did construct a wheel-clock, with weights, at Magdeburg in 996, and it is just possible that this was only a revival of an earlier invention, and that Boethius was the originator of the mechanical wheel-clock in A. D. 510. One thing, however, is certain, namely, that clocks were in ordinary use in the monasteries of Europe in the eleventh century, and no doubt the monks, who had plenty of leisure and ample means for the cultivation of experimental science, perfected them, and in a large measure contributed to the perfection of their machinery as we know it. In 1370 a clock was made in France which was considered a marvel of accurate time-keeping, and which may have had a pendulum, but we can not find positive evidence of the discovery of the use of the pendulum until the days of Galileo, although ancient astronomers are said to have used them in computing the duration of eclipses. When we come to a consideration of modern clocks we find a variety, limited only by length of purse and purpose for which they are intended, from the little time-piece costing less than a dollar, suitable for shipboard and traveling, to the exquisite horologe in marble and gold, with its cameos and statuettes, costing its hundreds of dollars. Musical and chiming clocks play an important part in modern households as surely as they are losing favor in church-steeple. They were invented in Germany, and we read of them in 1580. As adapted to rooms, they are sometimes exceeding sweet in tone, and sometimes a very great nuisance. However, chime-clocks are favorites in many homes, and what is known as the Westminster chime is as popular as the cuckoo clock of German origin was a while ago. Clocks are of course adapted in style to the rooms for which they are intended, and certainly no room is complete without one. It is becoming more and more usual to increase their number, and as every one nowadays carries a watch of some sort or other, so every room, however humble, has its clock. In France notably, and in England usually, it is the fashion to have mantel-shelf sets, including the clock and candelabra of the same style, and very handsome such sets often are. For dining-rooms they would be in marble, or bronze, or dark carved woods; in the drawing-rooms, of ornolu or gilt, beautifully decorated, very often with medallions painted by hand, and frequently covered by glass shades. Very handsome stands are made in Dresden china, the value of the clock depending, after a certain moderate sum for the works, entirely upon the material and workmanship of the case. The latest improvements in horology have been mainly in the adaptation of electricity to the working of the mechanism. The French some time ago introduced the invisible stem-winder, which obviated the necessity of the use of any key, upon much the same principle as the stem-winding watches, and by an ingenious use of electricity a clock is now made to repeat in the same manner as a repeater watch, by simple pressure upon a hall attached to the works by an electric hand. Quite recently an inventor has perfected three methods of setting the machinery of a clock in motion by means of electricity, which are known respectively as the papillomone, asteriome, and commutator escapement methods, in each of which electricity is the motive power, which, acting upon the pendulum, impels the machinery to keep in motion as long as the electric current is supplied. The little batteries which furnish the electricity, and which send the current through the coils of the electro-magnet, are concealed in a drawer fitting into the base of the clock, and are stated to contain sufficient carbon to last for two years, during which time the clock will require no attention and will not stop. If the inventor is correct in his statements, he has more nearly discovered the secret of perpetual motion than anybody else, for if a clock can go for two years without stopping, who, in these days of gigantic enterprise, will stop short of making one that will never stop? Among other novelties in the line of clocks we hear of the calendar clock, which keeps the correct date always in view, regularly producing a new one as it passes the old card out of view, and in connection with it, a new case for a clock, which ceases to be a case, and becomes a stand for the clock at the earliest possible notice. With this we have little sympathy, but we confess to an immense admiration for some of the latest fashions in the stands for clocks. In one, two female figures in gilt uphold high above their heads a bronze globe, which forms the clock, while upon it, perched as lightly as a fairy, a laughing Cupid points with dimpled finger to the hour. So much depends upon the case of a clock to-day that individual taste alone can select a fitting one. We must not omit to mention a curious controversy between the townsfolk of Beauvais, in France, and those of the famous German towns with regard to the respective merits of their celebrated clocks. The townsfolk of Beauvais claimed that besides recording calendar days of the week, month, year, zodiacal signs, eclipses, phases of the moon, etc., their clock indicated events occurring not oftener than once in four hundred years; for example, in three centuries out of four the last year leaps its hissextile, and the clock leaps from February 28 to the first of March, a movement occurring once in four hundred years. A Strasburger, not to be outdone, claimed that his town's clock not only did all that the Beauvais clock could accomplish, but in addition to them contained an ecclesiastical computator, and gave all its indications, golden numbers, solar cycles, etc., and wound up by asserting that "the Beauvais clock makes a change every four centuries. But ask an astronomer what is meant by the precession of the equinoxes. He will tell you that it is a movement of the stars describing a complete revolution round the earth in the space of twenty-five thousand to twenty-six thousand years. In our Strasburg clock there is this movement which receives only one revolution in twenty-five thousand years. As this whole thing," adds the apologist of the Strasburg clock, "can be measured and indicated, it is unnecessary to await its accomplishment."

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The League of Freedom is an organization of liquor-dealers, corner grocers, brewers, and lager-beer venders. It is composed of men who manufacture and sell alcoholic drink. The "Sunday Law" is an act of the legislature restraining the sale of drink on Sunday. This law was passed by the Legislature of California, after deliberation, by a majority of its properly elected members. The constitutionality of its provisions having been questioned, it was finally decided by the Supreme Court of California to be in accordance with our organic law. An endeavor having been made by temperance organizations for its enforcement, the league is organized to defeat it. Hence we see two contending organizations, one composed mostly of native-born Americans, to uphold and sustain the law, the other composed mostly of foreign-born citizens, to defeat the law. We are not discussing the temperance question, the Sunday question, or the native-American question. But no good citizen, who is intelligent and disinterested, can doubt that the League of Freedom is wrong, and the temperance people right. The league members are law-breakers, and whatever anybody may think of prohibitory liquor laws, of Sabbath observances, of the wine interests of the State, or any of the kindred questions that are allied to this one, there ought to be, and there can be, no honest difference of opinion as to the attitude of this league to the law. In a country where all are electors, and have an equal voice in making, interpreting, and executing the laws, there is no possible justification for an organization for the avowed purpose of setting a law at defiance. The Democratic party in convention has bid for this liquor-vending and law-breaking interest. It will get it. The Republican party will not bid for it, and if it does, the temperance and Sabbatarian people will run an independent ticket, the result of which would be to enable the Democracy to carry the State. If the Argonaut were a mere partisan organ, it would advise a patched-up compromise platform, so artfully arranged and carefully worded that it would catch the lager-drinking German, and not offend the water-drinking American. But as it is not, it recommends the Republican party to openly declare an honest resolution upon the Sunday law that would preserve this day as a day of rest; a day upon which all laboring men can find remission from toil; a day for innocent recreation, and for church worship. There are certain questions within the larger one that we would leave open, as ones upon which honest differences of opinion may be entertained, and which pertain more to the counties where legislative members are elected than to the executive and administrative officers of the State. But when a law is fairly passed by the Legislature, and fully decided

by the courts, we would have the Republican party resolve that that law should be rigidly enforced and fully obeyed so long as it remained upon the statute-books unrepealed; and we would do this if we knew that every German in California would vote the Democratic ticket. The party that dares not avow itself as the advocate of law, and that dares not denounce as un-American all organizations of law-breakers, had better be in the minority than the majority. The class of Germans who allow their bellies to control their brains, make their allegiance to the law subservient to their stomachs, and float their political principles in schooners of lager, may be very good citizens, but they are not good enough to entrust with the dictation of a policy to the Republican party, or with the control of the affairs of a Republican government. It is a mistake on the part of politicians to think that the respectable German vote will go to the Democracy on this question. Those of our German citizens engaged in the more important industries, who have property to tax and wealth to protect, who would find exemption from labor on one day in seven, and who have not subrogated all the traditions of Christian civilization to the beer-mug, will vote as usual with the Republican party. When the brewer and saloon-keeper undertake to declare the opinions of Germans, it may be well to remind them that in the flowing lager glass the froth comes to the top, and if this class prefers to take its political association with the whisky-drinking Irish, instead of Americans, may the devil smile his blessing on the unholy alliance. And now, let us be distinctly understood. We mean to say in this article just this, and this only: When in a Republican government a law has been fairly enacted and judicially determined, it ought to be accepted by all good citizens. Any other rule leads to anarchy, and finally to destruction. This can be accepted by the reader who is not a church-goer, who does not profess religion, and who finds his Sunday's rest not within sound of the church-bell. It can be accepted by the man who bates "blue" laws, sumptuary laws, and all sorts of laws restraining personal liberty, and interfering with the freedom of his conscience. It can be accepted by the man who does not favor prohibitory liquor laws, and by the vine-grower who conscientiously believes that the very best way to solve the temperance problem and the saloon problem is to place a bottle of pure California wine on the dinner-table or with the outgoing dinner-pail of every working man in California. It can be accepted—this proposition to obey the law, for it is that and nothing more—by every man and woman who has been reared to an observance of the Sabbath as God's holy day, to every total-abstinence temperance man who sees in the liquor traffic the greatest evil that curses humanity. If the Sunday law is wrong, let it be repealed; but until it is repealed let it be obeyed and respected as the law of the State.

The Democratic party, in resolving for a repeal of the Sunday law, has made a fatal mistake. It is an appeal to the immoral, the vile, and the irreligious for votes. It is a bid to the liquor manufacturer and whisky vender for their votes, and the votes of such of their victims as they can control. It is done in the belief that the class who make of Sunday a harvest-day from the sale of drink are more active than the great intelligent force of working and business men, who look to Sunday as a day of rest and recreation, and the great force of religious men and women who look to the Sabbath as a time set apart by divine authority, and consecrated to the worship of God. It is a fatal political mistake, because among the one hundred and sixty thousand voters in this State there are one hundred thousand to whom the law gives a protection they would not otherwise enjoy. It gives rest to mind and body, and to brain and muscle. They know that it is necessary for their physical health; they know that it is sanctified by custom, law, and tradition as old as civilization; that exemption from labor one day in seven is the key-stone of the arch of Christian civilization. The laboring man knows that it is the one law which gives his class universal protection from the exacting greed and the unrelenting tyranny of capital. To be entitled by law to have one day set apart from secular pursuits is the born prerogative of every man, woman, and child who lives under a free, republican government. We would have no man who makes the law, or priest, or preacher compel us to observe the Sabbath according to the exactions of his faith, in opposition to our own judgment. But when the law-making power has enacted a statute which has the support of physical science and the sanction of a common law, against which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; when the civil law enacts the code which the Divine finger wrote upon the tablet of stone, that upon that day "thou shalt not do any work—thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates"; and when we know that that law is to protect us from the greed of wealth and the tyranny of power; when it is equally applied, and makes the court close its portals and the lawyer his office; a day upon which civil arrests shall not be made, and civil writs shall not run; a day on which the clinking

coin shall not be heard in bank, or the din of the anvil and hammer in the shop—then we would not permit the criminal to run his dead-fall in the interest of the devil, or any other association of law-breakers to league together in defiance of the Sunday law. Let the Democracy make this issue. Let the Republican party accept it—not in a half-bearded way, but in the defiance of a full challenge let the appeal be made to the sense of an intelligent people. Let this be the issue of the campaign. Let the clergy of all denominations turn out, and with the zeal of Peter the Hermit or the mad Savonarola, preach for the preservation of God's Sabbath from the iconoclasm of the gin industry; and let the ten thousand clerks, mechanics, and toilers, with their ten thousand wives and their thirty thousand children, who go out to groves, ocean shore, and brook side on Sunday, become the Salvation Army to rescue one day in seven from whisky.

Just twenty years ago Mr. Justice Field of the Supreme Court of the United States, then Chief-Justice of California, wrote a dissenting opinion sustaining a Sunday law like the present. This most admirable analysis of the law is approvingly commented upon by Professor Pomeroy, of the Hastings Law College, in a recent work edited by him, entitled "The Legislative and Judicial Work of Judge Field." Justice Field says:

In its enactment, the Legislature has given the sanction of law to a rule of conduct which the entire civilized world recognizes as essential to the physical and moral well-being of society. Upon no subject is there such a concurrence of opinion among philosophers, moralists, and statesmen of all nations, as on the necessity of periodical cessation from labor. One day in seven is the rule, founded in experience, and sustained by science. There is no nation possessing any degree of civilization where the rule is not observed, either from the sanctions of the law or the sanctions of religion. This fact has not escaped the observation of men of science, and distinguished philosophers have not hesitated to pronounce the rule founded upon a law of our race.

The Legislature possesses the undoubted right to pass laws for the preservation of health and the promotion of good morals, and if it is of the opinion that periodical cessation from labor will tend to both, and thinks proper to carry its opinion into a statutory enactment on the subject, there is no power outside of its constituents which can sit in judgment upon its action. It is not for the judiciary to assume a wisdom which it denies to the Legislature, and exercise a supervision over the discretion of the latter. It is not the province of the judiciary to pass upon the wisdom and policy of legislation; and when it does so it usurps a power never conferred by the constitution.

It is no answer to the requirements of the statute to say that mankind will seek cessation from labor by the natural influences of self-preservation. The position assumes that all men are independent, and at liberty to work whenever they choose. Whether this be true or not in theory, it is false in fact; it is contradicted by every day's experience. The relations of superior and subordinate, master and servant, principal and clerk, always have and always will exist. Labor is in a great degree dependent upon capital, and unless the exercise of the power which capital affords is restrained, those who are obliged to labor will not possess the freedom for rest which they would otherwise exercise. The law steps in to restrain the power of capital. Its object is not to protect those who can rest at their pleasure, but to afford rest to those who need it, and who, from the conditions of society, could not otherwise obtain it. Its aim is to prevent the physical and moral debility which springs from uninterrupted labor; and in this aspect it is a beneficent and merciful law. It gives one day to the poor and dependent, from the enjoyment of which no capital or power is permitted to deprive them. It is theirs for repose, for social intercourse, for moral culture, and, if they choose, for divine worship.

Professor Pomeroy comments as follows:

Indeed, every one can see that the only chance for rest to the overworked laboring classes in our factories and workshops, and in the heated rooms of our cities, is in a law compelling cessation from secular pursuits at regular intervals. Without it there would be for them only ceaseless toil. To them, therefore, such a law is a great blessing. It enables them, one day in a week, to be with their families; to seek with them the pure air of the country; to visit gardens, and places for quiet enjoyment; to exchange courtesies with friends and relatives, and to be free from the perpetual din of the shops, and the ever-present thought that only by the sweat of their brow they can earn their daily bread.

To the objection that Sunday is a day of religious observance by certain sects, Judge Field replies as follows:

The power of selection being in the Legislature, there is no valid reason why Sunday should not be designated as well as any other day. Probably no day in the week could be taken which would not be subject to some objection. That the law operates with inconvenience to some is no argument against its constitutionality. Such inconvenience is incident to all general laws. A civil regulation can not be converted into a religious institution because it is enforced on a day that a particular religious sect regard as sacred. The fact that the civil regulation finds support in the religious opinion of a vast majority of the people of California is no argument against its establishment. It would be fortunate for society if all wise civil rules obtained a ready obedience from the citizens, not merely from the requirements of the law, but from conscientious and religious convictions of their obligations. The law against homicide is not the less wise and necessary because the Divine command is, "Thou shalt do no murder." The legislation against perjury is not the less useful and essential for the due administration of justice because the injunction comes from the Most High, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." The establishment by law of a day of rest from labor is none the less a beneficent and humane regulation because it accords with the Divine precept that upon that day "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates."

Both these gentlemen are learned in the law, and both are Democrats. This Sunday law was passed by a Democratic legislature. It was affirmed by a Democratic Chief Justice. In the recent convention the resolution for its repeal would have been voted down by a decisive majority if the delegation from San Francisco, which was put up in the back-room of an Irish whisky saloon, had not voted solidly for it. We say the Democratic party has made a fatal mistake in its assault upon the Sunday law, and upon the truth of this assertion we invoke the verdict of all honest men who toil.

Cowardice and indifference are the banes of our political life. With courage and attention to our public affairs, all the evils of which we now complain can be immediately and permanently corrected. If the business men and property-owners of this State will at this time take an active interest

in the coming Republican convention, they can secure State officials, members of Congress, and a State Legislature which will perform their duties conscientiously and in the direction of economy and good government. The people of this State are paying to their officials, and for the maintenance of State and municipal governments, some ten million dollars annually. Nearly every official in the whole catalogue of office-holders is over-paid. In nearly every office in this State there are extravagances of expenditure and money-leaks that can be corrected with benefit to the conduct of affairs. We are not now considering criminal peculations or malfeasance in office. We simply declare that for the capacity engaged and the labor demanded in nearly all the offices the officials are overpaid, and there is waste, growing out of inattention, that can be avoided. The evidence of this is the fact that for every position, from pound-master to the chief-justice, there are scores of candidates, all clamoring for positions for the money that is in them, and because they are places of little labor. The Chief-Justice of this State, the Honorable Robert Morrison, and each and every one of the associate justices, receive more money than any one of them ever did at his profession, and more than they could earn if they should retire from the bench to private practice. The same sweeping declaration holds good of every judge of the Superior Court throughout the State. From the writer's knowledge of the profession and the practice of law in California, he declares, without fear of successful contradiction, that there is no judge in California who is not better compensated on the bench than he would be at the bar. If it were not so, the judges would resign; but they never do resign, except when they know they can earn more money, and no attorney in successful practice is ever willing to go upon the bench. We recall two resignations from the Supreme Court—those of Crocker and Sanderson—to take employment from railroads. We recall the resignation of Alexander Campbell from a District Court, and Mr. Hayne recently from the Superior Court, one to earn more money at the bar, and the other because of his wife's health, and because he had become wealthy. We recall the names of prosperous, money-making, and talented lawyers, such as Hoge, Wilson, McAllister, Lake, and many more who have declined judicial positions because they were not well enough paid. Then, says the reader, we should give higher judicial salaries, and get better talent. There is an argument in this direction; we are not making it. What we now say is this: the judges are paid more than they can earn out of office. Not one would resign if his salary were reduced, and for every vacancy there would be ten applicants. The office of governor is overpaid. There are one thousand farmers, and as many more merchants, mechanics, and business men who have the ability and all the qualifications to fill the gubernatorial office, who in their pursuits do not earn half the money paid to the governor. From the time of Bigler down to the nomination of Stoneman, there has been no governor who has sought the nomination for the money that is in it, who could not have been replaced by a better man at half the salary. There have been governors—men of wealth—who through ambition, or for the honor, have filled this honorable place. We may mention Latham, Stanford, Low, Booth, and our present governor, Perkins, who would have sought the office if there had been no salary attached to it. We sum up this statement by saying there are a thousand gentlemen in this State who would make good executives, each of whom would gladly be governor at half the present salary. The same is true of nearly all the State officials. There are clerks in the Nevada Bank and Bank of California earning one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars per month, whose financial ability would qualify them for Treasurer or Controller, who would gladly take these offices, and who, holding them, would at least do the work of one deputy. There are a thousand school-masters in the State who would be induced at the same salary to become Superintendent of Education. Mrs. Carr once filled this position, and filled it well. There are seven hundred school-maids in San Francisco, earning less than seventy-five dollars per month, who would have performed the duties better. The office of Sheriff is expected to bring a fortune to the incumbent every term. In every county there are hundreds of competent men who would gladly take the place for two hundred and fifty dollars per month, with all its responsibilities. There is not an intelligent young man twenty-one years of age, graduate of a high-school, who could not fill the office of County Clerk, and who would not gladly do it for one hundred dollars a month in any county in this State, San Francisco included. There are a hundred gentlemen in San Francisco who would take the office of Mayor or Supervisor, as they do in England and in many Eastern cities, without pay. Our County Clerk, Wilder, was an under-paid mining secretary; our Recorder, Cherry, was a sign-painter; our Superintendent of Streets, Graham, was a drayman; our Assessor, Badlam, was a house-broker; our Tax-Collector, O'Brien, was a lawyer's clerk; the Auditor, Brickwedel, was a merchant, who took the office not for its salary; Widber was a corner druggist; Walter Leman, Public Administrator, was an actor

without an engagement; Pratt, the District Attorney, was a lawyer without practice. On the Democratic ticket, General Stoneman is a vine-grower; the Lieutenant-Governor is a miner. Of the candidates for Congress there is but one of the six who has, during any year within the last ten, earned as much money as his mileage to Washington. There is not a single name on the Democratic ticket, after we pass the Lieutenant-Governor, who has the assurance of earning, in any legitimate pursuit, one-half the amount of his salary and perquisites in office. The farmer, the merchant, the mechanic, and the professional man of the classes competent to hold office, do not, on an average, earn half that is paid officials. Many talented clergymen are glad to earn less than two thousand dollars per annum. Good lawyers, and plenty of them, are seeking places as salaried attorneys at less money. The best-paid editorial writer in this State gets three hundred and thirty-five dollars a month salary, while many good writers, educated, and with experience, are working for twenty dollars a week. The very best of mechanics do not average twenty-four dollars per week. Clerks, educated, and of good deportment, required to be well dressed, and with a knowledge of their business, are easily found at twenty-five dollars per week—and so on through all the departments of business. Because of these over-paid salaries, there is an increasing struggle for place. Civil service reform will never prevent political idlers from struggling for positions of independent leisure. This is it that makes of politics a profession. This, and what these people can steal, makes the machine. It is these prizes in the lottery of political life that keep the whole mob of office-seekers on a continual strain for nomination. Thus politics becomes a money-making industry, and has enlisted in its ranks every idle vagabond who would rather hold office than work. The man of easy conscience will pay more money for a place than it is worth, and take the chances of a criminal recoupment. Except in the case of ambition for an office of honor, it is hard to explain why men will spend so much energy, time, and money to acquire an official position, unless they intend to make criminal use of official opportunity. An industrious Governor could do all his own work with one competent secretary; but he must have a private secretary, a Governor's clerk and assistant, a messenger, and a porter. An industrious Secretary of State can get on with one competent assistant; the Controller, except when the Legislature is in session, with two. The Treasurer needs only one book-keeper and a deputy. The Attorney-General can get on with the aid of a clerk to do his writing. The Adjutant-General should do all his own work with an aid. The State Librarian should be a woman, and her assistants should be women. Half the deputyships and clerkships of all the offices in the State ought to be filled by women, instead of great, lunk, idling he-clerks, who loaf, talk politics, whittle, and smoke half their time, and the majority of whom hold their over-paid places as compensation for the dirty work they do in politics. There are ten thousand farmers in this State, intelligent, well-educated men, who work all day in the field to save the cost of a Chinaman, who would do more work for one dollar, and at every county court-house in the State, (except one,) there is a ring of idle, loafing politicians, smoking, drinking whisky, and laughing at the farmer for "being such a d—d fool of a granger"; calling him "Old Hayseed," and turning up their noses at the smell of the stable and barnyard. There are ten thousand intelligent mechanics and working men in the State, who are the slaves, peons, and born thralls of these small party pot-house Cedrics, who wear the chain and brand of the political Saxon, and are proud to be the swine-herds of a party-master.

These farmers, mechanics, and working men occasionally see these things, and every once in a while the mud-turtles of toil feel the fire on their backs, and threaten to roll over. Now and then the business men and tax-payers begin to feel the burden of this Old Man of the Sea, and they come down to the State or county convention with a full resolve to pitch him off. Freight-payers, merchants, and producers complain of the railroads; corporations have grown insatiate; the politicians are more corrupt; the lobby is more greedy; taxes increase, and the people resolve to call a State Convention. Reform is the slogan; retrenchment is the watchword. The politicians scent danger, and they say to themselves, "Old Hayseed is up; how shall we get him?" And all at once, all over the State, in the cities, and around the corner groceries; at the country cross-roads, and around the county court-houses there goes up the cry of "Anti-monopoly!" In San Francisco and Vallejo every Irish, whisky-vending patriot scents the chance to win an election for the "grand old party." He shouts, "Anti-monopoly!" "Down with the railroad!" The ward orator takes his cue from Buckley, Kearney, Brady, Mannix, or Bill Carr, and he rushes to his club with a speech denouncing monopoly. The clubs send anti-monopoly delegates to an anti-monopoly convention, pass anti-monopoly resolutions, make anti-monopoly speeches, and nominate a man for governor who went to the convention on a free pass, went home on a free pass, and was nominated through the influ-

ence of a railroad political manager. Then "Old Hayseed" throws up his hat, and cheers for the "grand old party," upon which he has rested his hopes of reform. He goes home, and dreams of anti-monopoly, while at the court-house, cross-roads, Buckley's saloon, the corner grocery, and all through official circles is heard a broad guffaw over the way business men, mechanics, laborer, and farmers have been fooled by a trick of party management. This thing goes on, and keeps going on, year after year. The politician plays on the fears of the people. The Republican says: "I should like to have Jim Shafter, or John F. Swift, or Charley Felton, or some strong, brainy, independent man for Governor, or for Congress. But we can't elect him; he is not popular; he has offended the Irish, or the water company; he has said something, or done something; he has expressed some unpopular opinion; he is a good man, and would make a good officer, but he is not available; he slops over; he is not a true party man; he is eccentric and unreliable; he is not popular; he could not get the Irish vote, the German vote, or the Jewish vote. How is he on slickens, and the Sunday law? Has he ever hired a Chinaman?" This is the cowardly and contemptible ordeal that every proud, honest, and capable man must go through to get office. He must be born a brainless idiot, without an opinion, or he must be a politic, cowardly, skulking knave, and hide his thoughts. He must be a plausible, sniveling, politic, senseless thing, promising everything to everybody, in order that he may be available enough for a nomination, and popular enough for an election. The man who will do this; who had not rather be in private life, and who, in event of a nomination, would not be more proud of defeat with self-respect, than with victory at the expense of his personal pride, is one who, in office, will lack the nerve and moral courage to do his duty. So far as we are concerned, we are weary of popular men; we are tired of available men; we always did hate a coward, and we have no respect for a fool. We should be glad if the Republicans, without the aid of any manipulators, would send independent delegates to a State Convention who would have the courage to give us an unpopular ticket. Just for once, as in the early days of the Republican party, let us have for Governor a man of brains and courage without any pledges. Let us send men to Congress who are eloquent, and intelligent, and industrious. Let us elect judges who are independent, courageous, and learned in the law, like Jackson Temple, who had the courage to make a decision in the face of a coming convention before which he was a candidate. Give us for Railroad Commissioners and Boards of Equalization men who would have the courage to do their duty in the face of a brainless, conscienceless, howling mob. Such a ticket the Republican party can elect. It would sweep the State like a cyclone across Iowa. But if we are to consult the narrow-minded, one-idea people, avoid everybody's prejudices, stand in fear of everybody's opposition, consult General Miller, Frank Page, and all the Federal officers, conciliate the Irish, the Germans, and the Jews, pass meaningless resolutions to secure temperance-folk and lager-beer drinkers, and put as candidates on the ticket a set of cowardly, popular, brainless idiots, who may be chosen by the secret machinations of corporation agents, corporation managers, and Republican machine hirelings, we will be beaten, and will deserve to be beaten.

A native-born American citizen keeps a store for the retail of shoes at Nos. 777 and 779 Market Street. He purchases articles manufactured by Chinese. These foreigners are here under the law, entitled to its protection, and have the same right to manufacture and sell shoes as the citizen who is native-born or adopted from any other country. The Irish, inspired by a feeling of opposition to the Chinese, thinking in their ignorance and stupidity that by ruining this American merchant's business they can prevent other citizens from employing Chinese, have determined to boycott him. A mob has paraded itself before this merchant's store, with offensive speech and cards, to warn people not to trade with the offending establishment. The result could have been anticipated by any but an Irishman. Every American-born man or woman, and every foreigner of sense, is so outraged by this illegal and impudent conduct, that he or she is at once inspired by a determination to purchase a pair of shoes at Butterfield's. The result is that Butterfield is getting rich by selling Chinese shoes, and the Irish are getting poorer by wearing out their brogans on the pavement in front of his door. Boycotting is an un-American and cowardly Irish device. It won't work in this country, and if it does, two can play at the game. If we should print in our columns the names of the Irish shoe-dealers in San Francisco, and ask our readers to avoid their establishments, we should not applaud ourselves for the motive suggesting the act. But we very respectfully state to those few Irishmen who have any sense, that their countrymen are, by their outrageous conduct, making themselves conspicuously contemptible, especially to that large class of Americans who think the Chinese possess some virtues which some Irishmen might profitably imitate.

ATHENIAN THEATRES.

How Greek Royalty Attends a Play at the Phalerum Beach.

"Civilization again," I may well say, as I step from the elegant two-horse landau which has brought me from the railway station, after having come from the Piræus on the only railway—six miles long—in Greece. The Athenian hackney carriages are the finest in Europe. There is nothing but the number painted on the back to denote that they are not private carriages. My driver is in livery. He has read my name on the Greek-written label of my luggage, and as he opens the carriage door, with his hat off, cunningly addresses me by name, and thus producing a pleasant sensation of celebrity, gets something over his proper fare of one drachma. "Luxury again," as I mount the marble steps of the hotel, after having had my boots swept clean of dust by two dexterous whisks of a feather-brush, by a boy dressed in a neat livery, who stands at the door for this purpose. The steps bring me to a large marble-paved square hall, supported by beautiful columns. At the further end is a large fountain—all marble—its jets of water spraying over the water-lilies and marine plants in the basin beneath. At the head of the steps stands Kerios Stampulopolos, beau-ideal of hotel-keepers. On the strength of my having passed a few nights at his hotel some two nights previously, he gives me a cordial but dignified reception, and tells me that my old room—the one facing the palace, from balcony of which I can hear the military band which plays in the square every afternoon—is ready for my accommodation. I have never seen a duke receiving his guests. Stampulopolos, in his former capacity of courier, often has, and has evidently profited thereby. Before going to my room I must join him in drinking a little glass of Martel brandy in iced soda water, which is brought to us as we sit on the divan opposite the fountain. I presume most people can soon enwrap themselves in the dignity pertaining to a high position, if suddenly exalted to it; but to a position which some might consider a higher class of servitude, and give it a rank of elevation, is a difficult task, which Stampulopolos has most admirably succeeded in accomplishing. He has been chief in many princely houses, and is well acquainted with the habits and manners of English and continental aristocracy. I have never seen Greek adaptability so well illustrated as in his behavior to each individual who presents himself at his hotel. Natives of any nation find in him a compatriot in language and acquaintance with their habits; members of any rank the respect they are entitled to. Withal, he is a pure republican, and all under his roof meet with the same respectful eagerness to supply their wants. The way he extinguishes a vulgar-looking man, belonging to a Cook's party evidently, is very amusing. "Garçon, very here. Appeley vous this filthy stuff cuffy?" shouts a little fellow, who has a very pronounced checked suit of clothes, and a helmet hat with several yards of muslin wound round it, the ends of which hang a long way down his back. Stampulopolos, heaving my pardon for the interruption, rises, and placing himself beside the waiter, who has answered the impatient call in English, says: "Why is this gentleman dissatisfied?" "He asked for Greek coffee, and it appears does not like it," replied the waiter. "Explain to the gentleman that he can have coffee prepared in any manner. Be careful in future to state to all wishing Greek coffee that it is served with the grounds." Stampulopolos has not once looked at the choleric Cookite, who now says: "All right; bring me cuffy alley franky. 'I don't think.' Stampulopolos remarks to me, as he resumes his seat, 'that when that gentleman is at home, at his lodgings in Islington, he troubles himself much about any kind of coffee after dinner.' The charges at this hotel are about three dollars for breakfast, lunch, dinner of five courses and wine, room, and service. Excellent French and Rhine wines are kept, costing what good wines must cost.

I am going this afternoon to revel in the delights of the capital, doubly enjoyable as they will be in strange contrast with my late wanderings. I am going where all the Athenian world goes in the summer afternoons—to Phalerum Bay, leaving the scorching, dusty city, to enjoy the cool sea-breeze, the baths, the promenade, the dinner in the open air, and finally the French vaudeville in the uncovered theatre. The Piræus train leaves me, with some five hundred others, in a garden, from which a few paces bring us to the promenade. The hard, sandy beach is crowded already with the wealth and fashion of Athens. The king is here, and I almost knock against him as his majesty passes, accompanied by sweet-looking Queen Olga. The king walks fast, a few feet ahead of the queen, who must find it hard work to keep only this distance between them. Two of the maids of honor and the king's aide-de-camp, on duty for the day, follow. The king lives at Phalerum for part of the bathing season, having accepted the loan of the villa belonging to the president of the national bank, situated a little past the promenade along the beach. The neighboring villas accommodate the suite. Another is rented by the bank president, to enjoy the daily sight of his royal guest, and to be at hand to receive any court favors which, under the circumstances, will naturally be offered to him and his family. As I have not a fine villa to lend to a sovereign, I think sarcastically of this way of getting asked occasionally to cut one's mutton at the royal table.

Tricoupi, the prime minister, walks slowly along with a slight limp, listening with his usual solemn look to his companion, Lomhardos, minister of public instruction, as he speaks in an excited manner with much gesticulation. Lomhardos is just now the prime minister's great friend and supporter. Next week the Lomhard clique in the Greek chambers may be strong enough to nominate their head prime minister, which will cause Lomhardos sorrowfully to quarrel with Tricoupi, for the nation's good. This idea may also have occurred to Coumondouros, the late—very late—premier, for he smiles when he bows his sharp, twinkling-eyed, white-moustached face as Tricoupi walks past. Coumondouros has quite a group with him, for there can only be one minister of instruction, but there are many who ardently pant for its emoluments, and a government with a majority of ten (including the cabinet) can not last long.

In my drive through Athens this morning, I had passed two beautiful marble palaces. The one, with its flat roof

crowded with the statues of the Trojan heroes, is owned by a gentleman personally well known and respected in San Francisco, and famous all over the world—Dr. Schleiman. His wealth, gained by business enterprise, has been greatly increased by the proceeds of his works on the Trojan and Mycenaean discoveries. The other palace belongs to the terribly stout gentleman who now approaches, walking with great difficulty. Schleiman's classical researches must have occupied years before he was able, among the hundreds of acres of ruined Mycenæ, to fix on the few square yards containing the golden treasures of the supposed tomb of Agamemnon. The classical studies of the gentleman consisted in the following paragraph, met by chance in a classical dictionary:

"LAURIUM: A place of Attica where were silver mines, from which the Athenians drew considerable revenues, and with which they built their fleets by the advice of Themistocles. These mines failed before the age of Strabo."—*Thucyd.* 2; *Paus.* 1., c. 1; *Strabo*, 9.

"These mines failed before the age of Strabo," I think Il Signor Thucydides was slightly mistaken," says the stout Italian gentleman, Mr. Serpieri. "Some years ago I got the idea of getting a concession from the Greek government to work for what I could find. I really don't know how many millions of francs I am worth. We continue to ship thousands of tons of lead, mixed with silver, to England."

I do not see a single Greek dress; I do not hear much Greek spoken. Those who are able to speak in French or English to each other, do so. Those who are not, put as many English or French phrases into their conversation as they can. It is fashionable not to speak Greek. The *élite* are the wealthy families, who have made their fortunes in England and France, and are much envied and disliked by their less fortunate countrymen. *Omogenis* (same birth) is the term for those born or brought up abroad. This is changed by the scornful to *vromogenis* (badly smelling horn).

It is a gay scene. As a background on one side (as a freshman might say) is the deep, blue *Ægean* Sea. The hay near us has some dozen ironclads—English, French, and Russian. The uniforms of many of the officers mingle here and there in the crowd. The Acropolis, to the left, stands sharply out from the dark purple haze now creeping over Hymettus at its back. It is time to dine, as the theatre will commence in an hour, and I accordingly dine *à la table d'hôte* at one of the many tables in front of the large hotel, not at all discomposed that I am so near the crowd that the waiters have scarcely room to pass on the outside of the tables they serve, since every one is doing the same about me. The king has also gone to dinner. I can hear the hand playing before his villa, where there is a crowd not yet satiated with gazing on royalty, waiting to see their majesties come out shortly to the theatre.

Night is coming on; the electric lamps along the beach and in the theatre are lit. I hear the first strains of "Barbe Bleu" from the orchestra, so I rise and join the throng now pouring into the arena, filled with benches divided off for each sitter, each bench a little higher than the one in front, so that some two thousand people can be well accommodated. Only the stage, orchestra, and a space at the side, where there are two boxes for their majesties and attendants, are covered. All the audience are sitting in the open air. The king and queen shortly come into one box; aide-de-camp and maids of honor in the other. Between the acts we all go out on the beach, (including king and queen,) and walk about till the performance again commences. I do not re-enter the theatre, as I wish to avoid the crush which will take place a little later on in the cars for Athens, when every individual of the two or three thousand people will rush to go by the first train after the curtain drops. The train in question will only accommodate eight or nine hundred; but as all are allowed an equal chance on the platform, there will be a wild scene of confusion, pushing, and scrambling; gentlemen losing their wives, wives losing their husbands—both losing their tempers. It will be far into the morning before fashionable Athens, with its equanimity rather ruffled, will arrive at home.

To avoid this scrimmage I take an early train, as I also wish to drive round the columns of the Temple of Jupiter, and pass near the Acropolis, as the moon now shines through the Parthenon. "How beautiful!" "How classic!" you will say. Wait a minute; the columns of the temple come in sight. As we turn a curve of the road the brazen clangor from the orchestra of an open-air Greek theatre, opposite the temple, blow away all classic thoughts. Further on—next door to the temple, in fact—is a French *café chantant*. The singer, a woman, can be seen from the road as she shrieks out a song from a sixteenth-rate *café chantant* repertoire. Next to this is a garden, where a troupe of Eoëbian girls are each alternately singing a song. After each song the singer goes round with the plate for coppers. Other singing-gardens are near by; more *cafés chantants*, the whole coming to a climax at the "Garden of the Nymphs," near the entrance to the ancient Stadium. On one side of the way there is an Italian opera company; on the other negro minstrels, with another *café chantant* next door, in opposition. We are now in the midst of a stream of carriages taking to or from these resorts the Athenian public. My ears are stunned with music and singing of all kinds; Renato, in "Ballo in Maschera," is using all his voice to make "Eri tu" heard above the negro song and accompanying hanjo, and "Dormez, dormez, ma helle," from a shrill Marseillaise voice. The different orchestras, playing with the opposition music to guide them as to time, accomplish only one mingled, shuddering shriek of agony. Do you feel that you are on classic soil now? To relieve you somewhat, I will take you into Athens by the other side of the Acropolis, where all is dark and silent, though here is also a theatre—one of the ancient theatres of Athens. Curious thought: Athens gave the plays of *Æschylus* to the civilized world, and receives in return a *café chantant*. ALEITHEIA.

ATHENS, June 7, 1882.

The authorities of New College, Oxford, caused some jackdaws, who had confidently built upon their chapel walls, to be bricked up, failing in other means of dislodging them, because the cawing of these birds interfered with their most Christian service. The congregation heard the cries of these unfortunate creatures daily grow less and less, till on the fifth day death came to their release.

THE TALMAGIAN CATECHISM.

By Robert G. Ingersoll.

Question.—Do you think that Lot's wife was changed into salt? Answer.—Of course she was. A miracle was performed. A few centuries ago the statue of salt, made by changing Lot's wife into that article, was standing. Christian travelers have seen it.

Q.—Why do you think she was changed into salt? A.—For the purpose of keeping the event fresh in the minds of men.

Q.—Do you believe that Elijah went to heaven in a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire? A.—Of course he did.

Q.—What was this miracle performed for? A.—To convince the people of the power of God.

Q.—Who saw the miracle? A.—Nobody but Elisha.

Q.—Was he convinced before that time? A.—Oh, yes; he was one of God's prophets.

Q.—Suppose that in these days two men should leave a town together, and after a while one of them should come back having on the clothes of the other, and should account for the fact that he had his friend's clothes by saying that while they were going along the road together a chariot of fire came down from heaven, drawn by fiery steeds, and thereupon his friend got into the carriage, threw him his clothes, and departed, would you believe it? A.—Of course things like that don't happen in these days; God does not have to rely on wonders now.

Q.—How do you account for the fact that the heathen were not surprised at the stopping of the sun and moon by Joshua? A.—They were so ignorant that they had not the slightest conception of the phenomenon. Had they known the size of the earth, and the relation it sustained to the other heavenly bodies; had they known the magnitude of the sun, and the motion of the moon, they would, in all probability, have been as greatly astonished as the Jews were; but being densely ignorant of astronomy, it must have produced upon them not the slightest impression. But we must remember that the sun and moon were not stopped for the purpose of converting these people, but to give Joshua more time to kill them. As soon as we see clearly the purpose of Jehovah, we instantly perceive how admirable were the means adopted.

Q.—Do you think that Christ knew the Jews would crucify him? A.—Certainly.

Q.—Do you think that when he chose Judas he knew that he would betray him? A.—Certainly.

Q.—Did he know when Judas went to the chief priest and made the bargain for the delivery of Christ? A.—Certainly.

Q.—Why did he allow himself to be betrayed, if he knew the plot? A.—Infidelity is a very good doctrine to live by, but you should read the last words of Paine and Voltaire.

Q.—If Christ knew that Judas would betray him, why did he choose him? A.—Nothing can exceed the atrocities of the French Revolution—when they carried a woman through the streets, and worshiped her as the Goddess of Reason.

Q.—Would not the mission of Christ have been a failure had no one betrayed him? A.—Thomas Paine was a drunkard, and recanted on his death-bed, and died a blaspheming infidel besides.

Q.—Suppose Judas had understood the divine plan, what ought he to have done? Should he have betrayed Christ, or let somebody else do it; or should he have allowed the world to perish, including his own soul? A.—If you take the Bible away from the world, how would it be possible to have witnesses sworn in courts; how would it be possible to administer justice?

Q.—Is it not wonderful that all the writers of the four gospels do not give an account of the ascension of Jesus Christ? A.—This question has been answered long ago, time and time again.

Q.—Perhaps it has, but would it not be well enough to answer it once more? Some may not have seen the answer. A.—Show me the hospitals that infidels have built; show me the asylums that infidels have founded.

Q.—If Joseph was not the father of Christ, why was his genealogy given to show that Christ was of the blood of David? Why would not the genealogy of any other Jew have done as well? A.—That objection was raised and answered hundreds of years ago.

Q.—If they wanted to show that Christ was of David, why did they not give the genealogy of his mother, if Joseph was not his father? A.—That objection was answered hundreds of years ago.

Q.—How was it answered? A.—When Voltaire was dying, he sent for a priest.

Q.—Do you think that Christ was actually God? A.—Of course he was.

Q.—Then why did Luke say that "Jesus increased in favor with God"? A.—I dare you to go into a room by yourself, and read the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

Q.—Did God always know that a Bible was necessary to civilize a country? A.—Certainly he did.

Q.—Why did he not give a Bible to the Egyptians, the Hindus, the Greeks, and the Romans? A.—It is astonishing what perfect fools infidels are.

Q.—Why do you call infidels "fools"? A.—Because I find in the fifth chapter of the gospel according to Matthew the following: "Whosoever shall say 'Thou fool!' shall be in danger of hell fire."

Q.—What do you consider is the strongest argument in favor of the inspiration of the scriptures? A.—The dying words of Christians.

Q.—What do you consider the strongest argument against the truth of infidelity? A.—The dying words of infidels. You know how terrible were the death-bed scenes of Hume, Voltaire, Paine, and Hobbes, as described by hundreds of persons who were not present; while all Christians have died with the utmost serenity, and with their last words have testified to the sustaining power of faith in the goodness of God.

Q.—What were the last words of Jesus Christ? A.—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—*From Ingersoll's New Book.*

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An unwilling juror in New Hampshire told Chief Justice Doe that he was deaf. Quick as a flash the Chief Justice turned to the clerk, and said: "Dismiss him. If he is deaf, we don't want him; if he lies, we don't want him."

Some years ago a young man, imbued with an iconoclastic spirit, as also with a high sense of his own abilities, wrote a critical essay upon Plato, wherein he rather pecked at the old philosopher, and sent it to Ralph Waldo Emerson, asking him to read it, and give him his candid opinion concerning its merits. Mr. Emerson, on returning the essay, made only the remark: "When you strike a king you must kill him."

At a recent trial in Paris, Madame Judic, who appeared as a witness, gave her age as "almost thirty-two." This reminds us once upon a time Mademoiselle Mars made her appearance before the court at Rouen as a witness, and was asked the customary question. "Ahemy years!" mumbled the star. "She says fifty," remarked the judge to the clerk. "Forty! Put it down forty!" screamed the actress, with no hesitation or whispering this time.—*Le Figaro*.

It sometimes happens that impertinence is paid back in its own coin. Once when John Randolph was leaving a country tavern, the landlord said, "Mr. Randolph, which way are you going?" The gruff Virginian replied, "I've paid my bill, and it's none of your business." Half an hour later, Randolph came to a cross road, and not knowing which way to take, sent his servant back to inquire. The landlord replied, "Tell Mr. Randolph he has paid his bill, and he can take which road he pleases."

On the occasion of Sarah Bernhardt's return to London, the *Times* said she looked "worse, and even thinner than before." This reminds us of the German workman who was conducting one of his overtures. As the horns played too loud, he told them repeatedly to play softer, and softer they played each time. At the fourth repetition, with a knowing wink at each other, they put their instruments to their lips, but did not blow at all. The conductor nodded approvingly: "Very good, indeed. Now one shade softer, and you'll have it."—*New York Evening Post*.

They were engaged to be married, and called each other by their first names, Tom and Fanny, and he was telling her how he had always liked the name of Fanny, and how it sounded like music in his ear. "I like the name so well," he added, as a sort of clincher to the argument, "that when sister Clara asked me to name her pet terrier, I at once called it Fanny, after you, dearest." "I don't think that was very nice," said the fair girl, edging away from him; "how would you like to have a dog named after you?" "Why, that's nothing," said Tom, affily; "half the cats in the country are named after me." They don't speak now.

Madame C.'s present husband has a copious beard and moustache, and the gentleman who would probably be her husband should the divorce act be passed, wears a moustache only. She has long importuned her husband to cut off his beard, and in order to give her a joyful surprise on the anniversary of their wedding-day he does so, and appears in her presence. With a little scream of pleased astonishment she rushes into his arms and prints two grosses of chaste kisses upon his face, exclaiming, "Oh, you darling!" "You do find me handsomer, then, with my beard off?" says the husband, as soon as he has recovered his breath. "Oh, horror, is it you?" she screams, and faints. Should the divorce act be passed—*French Foke*.

"Have you got a twenty that you'd like to double in three minutes?" asked a well-dressed young man of a middle-aged citizen, last night; "it's a dead sure thing." "I've got the twenty; what's your scheme?" "I feel it in my bones that I could put ten on the ace to take the tray, and copper the king, and go the jack straight up, and scoop the game." "Oh, you do?" said the middle-aged citizen. "I do." "Will you oblige me by feeling the top of my head?" asked the middle-aged man, removing his hat. "How does it feel?" he continued, when the young man had obliged him. "Hard," said the young man, puzzled. "Now feel your cheek," said the middle-aged man, walking off.

Among the attendants at a recent children's party, given at the residence of the Secretary of State, in honor of Nellie Arthur, the President's little daughter, were Bancroft Davis, grandson of Secretary Frelinghuysen, and Blanche Emory, daughter of Lieutenant Emory. They are about four years old, and as the little girl has been taught to speak French to the exclusion of English, she consequently finds it difficult to speak with other children. But the little boy did not seem to realize any difficulty in this difference in language. Miss Frelinghuysen said: "Bancroft, how can you make Blanche understand you when she can not speak English?" He replied with the gravest innocence: "Oh, I kiss her, and she knows what I say."

Charles Dickens used to delight in describing the way in which Samuel Rogers, the poet, told dinner-table stories when grown old and feeble. A manservant stood behind Mr. Rogers's chair, and at appropriate intervals would thus admonish his master: "Tell Mr. Dickens, sir, the story of the Hon. Charles Townshend and the beautiful Miss Curzon." The old poet would start in a slow, almost Gregorian tone, and in a curious, old-fashioned phrase: "The Hon. Charles Townshend became enamored of Miss Curzon. She was hee-yewful. He berihed her maid to conceal him in her chee-amber, and when she arrived to dress for a ball, emerged from his hiding-place. She looked at him fixedly, then said: 'Why don't you begin?' She took him for the 'air-dresser.'"

It was a superstition in the good old times, remarks the *New York World*, that if one could secure a lottery ticket the number of which had been selected by a madman, it would infallibly prove a winning one. Once upon a time Madame de Pompadour secured the numbers of all the unsold tickets in Paris, and having inscribed each upon a piece of paper, set

forth for the asylum, where she desired the superintendent to lend her a lunatic. The superintendent obligingly complied, and the lunatic having been brought in, Madame de Pompadour, with her sweetest smile and most expressive pantomime, wooed him to make a selection from the contents of her reticule, which she held open to him. The lunatic stared, glared, frowned, smiled, and at last comprehending what was demanded of him, amiled up to the lady, selected a ticket with much deliberation, and swallowed it!

The following story has recently gone the rounds of the German papers: On the morning of the recent eclipse Captain Von S., of the Fusiliers, issued the following verbal order to his company, through his sergeant-major, to be communicated to the men after forenoon parade: "This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place. At three o'clock the whole company will parade in the barrack yard. Fatigue jackets and caps. I shall explain the eclipse to the men. Should it rain they will assemble in the drill shed." The sergeant-major, having set down his commanding officer's instructions in writing as he had understood them, formed the company into a hollow square at the conclusion of the morning drill, and read his version of the order to them, thus: "This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place in the barrack yard by order of the captain, and will be attended by the whole company, in fatigue jackets and caps. The captain will conduct the solar eclipse in person. Should it rain, the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

A lady is the proud and happy possessor of a pair of the sweetest little mites of dogs that can be imagined—no bigger than her own little fists, and with the sweetest long silky hair. She stayed them with cakes, and comforted them with kisses, and her banner over them was general foolishness. One morning the maid comes with tears in her eyes to announce the fatal news that one of the little darlings had expired in the course of the night of indigestion. A fearful scene ensues, but when the three doctors have got the lady out of her hysterical attack, she rings, and sends for the furrier, and says: "Oh, you must make a muff out of the skin of my poor, dear little Paquita. I will always wear it to re-remember me of—" "Yes, madam, but the dear departed was so small that her lamented hide would only make a muff of miss's size." "Are you sure?" "Quite, madam." "Then," hurrying into tears, and pointing to the twin sister of the deceased, sleeping on the silken cushion, "take this one's hide, too!"—*New York World*.

At a time when the Nantucket whaling trade was at its zenith, a sperm-whaler from that port in the Pacific had the misfortune to lose the black cook. Now, while this important functionary lay on the plank, in the gangway, shrouded in his canvas cover, sewed up by the sail-maker, ready for burial, and all the ship's company were mustered around the rude hier, save the look-out men aloft, (for the skipper had an eye to business,) the captain engaged, with all due gravity, reading the burial service, the ship's bell solemnly tolling, and all the air filled with the solemnity of the moment, a loft's-maid stouidly discovering the spout of a whale, sang out lustily: "T-h-e-e-sh-é blows!" Before the lookout had time to repeat the ever-welcome words, the now excited skipper dropped his book, seized his glass, and jumped into the rigging, bound aloft at a fifteen-knot rate. His glass soon proved the truth of the look-out's cry, and from his lofty perch the skipper hellowed out as only a sailor can: "Knock off tolling that hell! Clear away the hoats! Heave that nigger overhead!" And they hove him.—*Harvey*.

Alexis Lefèvre, who has just died at Paris a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, member of a dozen learned societies, and a millionaire, began life as a gardener's laborer. He was the creator of the great peach "industry" of Montreuil, where his gardens had long been famous for the care with which each individual peach was tended and brought to a profitable maturity—six and eight francs being a by no means extravagant price. Louis Philippe was among the visitors to Montreuil, where, having admired some of the choicest products and asked the price, he whispered, "Send me two dozen of the six-franc peaches, but not a word of it to my ministers!" His caution, perhaps, was justified, since Thiers's wife was known to cut a peach in four quarters to regale her husband, herself, and their two honored guests. (N. B.—To neatly divide a peach, unless it be a clingstone, cut it round to the kernel, and gently revolve the two hemispheres in opposite directions.) When Napoleon III. and the Empress visited Montreuil there was no question about price, but both sovereigns helped themselves liberally. The proprietor made no demur, knowing that payment would be made in due course, but when he beheld the personages of the imperial suite joining in the feast he could no longer contain himself, and shouted: "Hi! hold on, gentlemen! The aides-de-camps' peaches are over there on the other side!"

The following story is told of General Harney, when he was in command at Camp Verde, Texas. He was an intensely dignified officer, and if there was one thing he detested more than another it was undignified haste. One evening, just as he was about to hold dress parade, he perceived that he had forgotten his handkerchief, and as the weather was very hot, he said to his orderly: "Go to my quarters, quick, and bring me my handkerchief." The orderly touched his cap and started for the quarters, several hundred yards distant. After he had proceeded a short distance, remembering that there was no time to lose, he broke into a trot. "See that scoundrel running as if the Indians were after him. If there is anything I hate it is to see a soldier running instead of marching properly. Here, my man," continued Harney to another soldier, "go after that man, and tell him I say to walk." The second soldier started after the first, but as the first one kept on running, the second one saw his only chance to deliver the message was to hurry up, so he, too, broke into a run. To say that Harney swore is to use but a mild expression. "Here, sergeant, go after that man, and tell him if he don't stop running I'll hang him up by the thumbs." The sergeant started out in a brisk walk, but as his predecessor had a good start he, too, began to run as hard as he could. "If all three of the scoundrels ain't running like jack rabbits!" ejaculated Harney. "I'll show 'em." And tucking his sword under his arm he started in pursuit as fast as he could run; but suddenly remembering his dignity he came to a halt, and walked stiffly and slowly back to the place the dress parade was to come off.—*Galveston News*.

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"I shal make my way to Paris to wunst, and it will go hard with me if I can't establish myself ther in some way. I turn my back upon the Corners hawtily, only too glad to leave a ongratful people which be'n enuff appreshashun uv greatitis to furnish the triflin means to keep it alive among em. Boston alluz paid Webster's debts, while the Corners eggsiles me!" "Be it so. I go, never to return."

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A RAMBLING TALK.

I wonder why it is that what men say is always called talk, while women's talk is always called chatter? I believe it was Mr Lord Chesterfield who wrote somewhat loftily that "Women have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit, but for solid reasoning and good sense, I never knew one in my life that had it." My Lord Chesterfield was always willing to say a good thing at the expense of veracity, and many of us would be willing to follow in his footsteps if we could, for it is really easier for the most of us to tell the truth than to say a good thing. "Entertaining tattle" is a happy phrase, and gives weight and roundness to all that my lord says after, for there is nothing that appeals so irresistibly to a quick understanding as a well-turned expression. And yet, granting that there is sex even in conversation, the women are not all tattlers. Some of them are prattlers, and some are chatterboxes, and now and then there really is one who can talk. Perhaps the prattlers are the most popular, but the inherent depravity of human nature makes the tattler the most amusing. I listened to such a one the other day for a good hour and a-half. She was a tall, stately, and commanding-looking creature—a new, white-shouldered Juno. One might almost have expected the words of a Hypatia from characterful lips carved like hers; but nature is an elf of mischief, and often puts the soul of a small woman in a big frame. My Juno my Sheba queen, my stag-like, stately beauty, was reading the society column, and giving a running fire of accompaniment.

"Miss Araminta Blank," read she, "is visiting friends in Napa." I wonder what game Araminta is running down now," quoth Juno. "Whenever Araminta goes to the country, she is giving chase." And she promptly proceeded to tear poor Araminta's heart from her bosom and transfuse it upon a javelin of keen rillery, where we might see every wound and hatter that had been dealt the poor thing in her long and fruitless search for the love which every woman has a right to hope for. We were not a cruel group, but we laughed at the quick-witted sallies over Araminta's woes till the tears ran. "Ah," cried Juno, "here is something very touching: 'Miss Etta Hammersmith was in simple white nun's veiling, gracefully draped. Miss Helen Hammersmith in pink nun's veiling, corsage filled in with white lace.' I see Helen got the white lace this week. They take turn about at the little extras." And she went on to tell us that she had taken some one into the cleaner's last week to point out the two well-known nun's veiling dresses being cleaned, after a winter of hard service, and made ready for the summer campaign. Another talking to us might have made us weep for the heartburnings of the poor Hammersmith girls, but to such pitiful shifts to make themselves look like other girls, but Juno drew a vivid picture of the two well-known dresses dangling in the cleaner's clothes-press, as limp and clinging as their wearers, and there were peals of laughter over their poor little heart-aches, instead of compassion.

"Mrs. Erastus Golden, in court train of pink satin brocade, petticoat of pale-blue satin wrought in pearl beads. Ornaments, diamonds." Her mother was my washerwoman ten years ago," said Juno, and topped over with a word every atom of awe that we had been feeling for the stupendous wealth of Mrs. Erastus. It takes a lot of gold to gild a washerwoman, even in California, where the rivers run gold. It does not at all matter that Juno is not scrupulously exact in her statements. She makes them with crushing assertion, and she upholds well her right to be called an "entertaining tattle."

"She won that dress at poker," she said of one famous society belle, who, without much pretention to beauty, is accounted a woman of great fascination, and whose drawing-room is never empty.

"Ob, I played poker the other night," cries a Prattler, "and I won a dollar and a-half."

"A dollar and a-half?" says the Tattler. "My dear child, you are a baby. There was a time when no women played poker except the Jewish ladies of the wealthier class. But nowadays many a woman makes her pin-money at the card-table."

"Oh dear, it would frighten me to death to play for more than two beans ante," cries the Prattler; "but I think it is just perfectly lovely to win an awful lot."

"Good gracious!" speaks the Chatterer, "suppose the papers should get hold of this, and attack the ladies of California in a new way. They have accused us of too much champagne at our luncheons, of opium and morphine, and what not else; and now if they should know that we play poker, what a terrible exposure there would be."

"My dear, did you ever play?" asks Juno. And the Chatterer answers with a bewildered "No." Whereupon Juno very calmly adjures her to "Shut up"—a colloquial elegance much used in the fashionable world among quick-tempered people. But no one does shut up. Having started upon an interesting theme, we pursue it to the end—nay, further than the end, for we go out of the world and into the books, and are brought to a stand-still at last by the picture of Beatrix Esmond, who has glided, smirched and stained, but young and fair still, out of "Henry Esmond," and comes back, haggard, pallid, and old, into "The Virginians," with her fierce, black eyes burned out of fire, except when they are bent upon the cards. What a fascination there is in these hits of pasteboard for these violent women, with whom suspense is a fierce delight, and who can find it nowhere but in the turning of a card. It is horrible to think that the love of money can outlive all the other loves of a life, yet so it is, for we shall find it so out of the books as well as in. I read somewhere the other day of a daring young clergyman who preached to his congregation from a new and home-made text: "The love of money is the root of all good," and bade them go home and make all they could, for that it kept them out of the thousand and one temptations which make even the just man fall seven times a day. A great many sermons have been preached, a great deal of literature has been written to prove how valueless money is, but they all miss their point signally, and they will so long as "every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

"The truth of the matter is," cries Chatterer, at this stage of the conversation, "that the young parson and the old saying were both right. It is the root of all the good and all the evil. What is the main cause of dissension in ninety-nine households out of every hundred?"—veering immediately, as women always will in a discussion, into domestic economy.

"Pocket-money," we all cry together, and promptly proceed to relate our experiences. What a lot of

millionaires we all knew who never gave their wives a penny to squander as they liked, if they felt inclined to squander. Bills they might run to any amount, but when we compared notes we found that many of the women who rustle in silks and roll in carriages, were really unfamiliar with the touch of a golden coin. A singular phase this in our social life, and far from uncommon in that stratum where the *nouveaux riches* are found. Such women are driven to odd straits, for money in hand is an absolute necessity, and grocers and drygoods dealers could tell strange stories of a new and curious book-keeping, when cash on the ledger loaned to Mrs. A. or B. or C. must go down on the bill as cambric or sago, as the case may be.

Next, we attacked those husbands who decline to give their wives any fixed allowance. "Come to me for whatever you want," says my lord, grandly, "and you shall have it," and he tosses a carefree five, or ten, or twenty out of his pocket, according as his mood may be; is moved to infinite wonder when his wife comes for more, and charges around the house like an infuriated bull when bills come in. This expected creature is legion. After him comes the man who boldly pinches his wife, who smokes the finest brands of cigars, drinks the choicest wines, runs a hill with the most expensive tailor, and wonders why his wife is a dowdy.

"I think you are all real horrid things," cries Prattler, at this juncture, "to put happiness in marriage upon a financial basis. Love is all that is necessary for a happy union." But we all crush the Prattler to the earth with our superior world-knowledge. We tell her that you never touch a man so nearly as when you touch his pocket. There is so much vicer in the world that it is difficult to get at the true grain beneath, but in the disposing of his money a man must go with the grain, whether he be a grudging miser, a prodigal spendthrift, or a simple, straightforward, generous gentleman.

"Nevertheless," cries the Prattler, "I still decline to believe that married happiness is entirely an affair of pocket-money," which was braaching wide of the line of argument, as such people always do, for it had only been said in the beginning that pocket-money was the leading cause of family dissensions. As for happiness, who is to say what makes that impalpable something which we all hope for, and long for, yet never know it by its touch when it is within our grasp? For if we were put to it, I wonder how many of us would know just what we want? Either there is a metaphysical miasma in the air, or it is a fashion that we are all going about with the bitter taste of the Dead Sea apples in our mouths, wondering if life be worth living, and concluding, upon the whole, that it is not. A great many people grow tired of the world nowadays, or think they are; but it is the tired ones who plunge most incessantly into the whirlpool. Society is like a baneful drug. It becomes a habit, and those people must have it or die of the horrors who best know its emptiness and its hane. Would you know them? Look for those names which occur oftener in the society columns. BETSY B.

"American Born" has been played at the Baldwin Theatre to large houses all the week. The drama is of the old-time melodramatic school, and possesses several very sensational scenes and incidents. Miss Ada Ward, as Mary Hope, the heroine of the piece, while her part did not demand that subtlety which her other rôles require, succeeded in her efforts to give the character a strong, vigorous personality. The other parts were sustained with equal credit. Mr. John Dillon scored a great success, and has taken a high place in the public estimation. Miss Ada Gilman received much applause, and Messrs. Grismer, Kennedy, Jennings, and Bradley acquitted themselves with their usual ability. Next Monday the Hanlons open in "Le Voyage en Suisse." Haverly's Theatre was filled with a large audience on Monday night to greet the returning Mastodon Minstrels. All the old favorites were received with much applause. Rice, Leon, Thatcher, and Frank Cushman are as funny as ever, while several new-comers are by no means behind in amusing specialty acts and character sketches. This company will continue for several weeks longer. At Emerson's Standard Theatre "My Brudder-in-Law" ended on Thursday night. Last evening a season of "Pinafore" commenced. The following is a brief sketch of the play "Le Voyage en Suisse," which opens at the Baldwin Theatre next Monday night: Dwindledown, a Parisian adventurer, although already secretly wedded, marries Juliette by means of the constraining aid of her father. Juliette was already engaged to Frank, and this forced marriage seemed about to destroy her happiness for life. Frank's father, with the help of his three nephews, determines that Dwindledown shall be the husband of Juliette in name alone, and for that purpose the four follow the newly-married pair on their wedding tour, all resolved to prevent any annoyance to Juliette from her disagreeable husband. They secretly secure berths on either side of the pair, and manage to so annoy the adventurer that he only needs the final climax of being confronted by his real wife, and an official annulment of his marriage with Juliette, to be almost driven mad. Frank is at the end, of course, married to Juliette. But the interest of the piece hangs on the many ludicrous and startling acrobatic feats performed. Among the striking bits of by-play on the part of William and Fredrick Hanlon-Lees is the falling of one of them from the railroad train while it is in motion. Another prominent act is the descent of one of the servants through the ceiling of the Swiss hotel, followed by a chair, both landing upon the dining-table, a distance of about twenty feet. The falling of a trunk-lid upon the neck of the person inside the trunk occurs twice in the course of the play, and the effect is heightened when another performer stands upon the lid after it has descended. The act with which the Hanlon-Lees all make their first appearance, viz., that of the up-setting stage-coach, from which the four who were on top turn somersaults and land in a line near the foot-lights, has been made familiar through printed descriptions; but the trick by which one of the servants opens a half-dozen bottles of champagne in a basket by accidentally discharging a gun, thus causing the stage to be flooded with liquid, is a veritable novelty. Equally well done is the banding of a flask of gin in the first act and a bottle of rum in the last, it being done in both cases by William and Frederick.

Madame Théo, one of the most famous bouffe singers on the French stage, has been engaged for a brief season, beginning September 11, at the New York Casino. She will be heard there in "Lily," "Niniche," "La Fille du Tambour Major," "La Jolie Parfumeuse," and other operettas.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The beautiful Mrs. Langtry, who has been drawing very large houses on the other side, especially in Scotland, seems, like the late John Brougham, to be as attractive as a speaker before the curtain as in the capacity of a star. Mrs. Sterling, another celebrated English actress, is an admirable speaker, and old Mrs. Keeley is one of the bappest wedding-breakfast orators in England. In America, since Laura Keane, and, more recently, Charlotte Cushman, we have had no good actress orators. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is, perhaps, now the best. Of male actors the only good speaker since Brougham's death is Dion Boucault. If Mrs. Langtry is guaranteed one thousand dollars a night for her American tour, as stated, the enterprise would seem to be a risky one, for the price of seats will have to be raised to at least three dollars to yield a profit to the manager, and only a few large cities could fill a theatre at such a cost, even if the Jersey Lily should prove as attractive as expected. Concerning her American tour, "Brunswick" writes to the Boston Gazette: "There is a great deal of speculation going on as to Mr. Abbey's probable success with Mrs. Langtry. I have not found any one who thinks that she will prove a winning card. When Adelaide Neilson first came to this country, she was only a very pretty woman, and I soon tired of her; but on her last visit she was an accomplished actress—not great, but certainly the best before the public in her line—and I enjoyed her performances. Mrs. Langtry hops suddenly upon the stage as a star, and is treated as though she was a great actress, when she has had only a few months' experience. That Mrs. Langtry will have a social success there can be no doubt. The halo of the Prince of Wales hangs around her, and, republican as we are, we bow down before princes. She is good-natured, her friends say, and generous, and it is not so much the money that she wants as the pleasure of spending it. The story is told that she paid seven hundred and fifty dollars for an extra train to get her from Scotland to London in time for a dinner-party. I have no doubt but that she can get plenty of extra trains in this country for that price, and she will find it an advertisement that pays."

Misfortunes seem to follow Signor Rossi wherever he goes. His disastrous failure in this country recently bids fair to be equaled by another in London, where he has been acting in an unlucky theatre, with a poor company, a poor manager, and meagre receipts. In this connection a writer in the London *Figaro* remarks: "An effort is being made to form, during Signora Ristori's visit, a kind of dramatic triumvirate in which she would be supported by her famous countrymen, Signors Salvini and Rossi. The performance of 'Macbeth,' say, with these three in the cast, could not but be a most interesting event. It is now said that in addition to playing Lady Macbeth, Signora Ristori will play the title rôle in Giacometti's 'Queen Elizabeth' during her engagement."

The New York *Puck* prints the following parallel extracts: "Miss Blanche Roosevelt, the operatic artist, who was a great favorite of the late Mr. Longfellow, has published a volume of recollections of the poet."—*Journal*. "Miss Sarah Jewett, the talented actress, is the young lady of her name who interested the late Professor Longfellow in her verse-writing, although she has not duly appeared with her book of poems. Miss Jewett lived in her girlish days at Cambridge, and before and after her appearance on the stage was a favorite with the old poet."—*New York Herald*. "Miss Mary Anderson visited Mount Auburn Cemetery on Decoration Day, and placed a beautiful wreath of flowers upon the grave of the poet Longfellow, who was one of her kindest and most valued friends."—*Rochester Democrat*. "I want you girls to understand that I wrote his bome-life! So there now."—*Blanche*. "I was his favorite, and I can write poetry, and I think you're real mean."—*Sadie*. "You're both of you too horrid for anything. I'm from Kentucky, and I'm doing this decorating, and don't you girls forget it!"—*Mamie*. "Well, I've worked the flower scheme, and the diamond snap, and the runaway graft; but this new advertising racket is kinder odd, morally, ain't it?"—*Ada Richmond*.

While the theatres in New York are closed it is the thing to visit the popular Alcazar of an evening, and gaze on the pretty Vanoni, a new and much gushed-about comic opera singer. This is the way in which the *World's* dramatic critic talks of her: "A pair of pink stockings tapering nicely down to a pair of dainty white satin slippers, a fluttering little garment, an arch smile, and two dimples, all crowned by a cluster of curls—such is one's first impression of Signora Maria Vanoni; and when the pink stockings glide gracefully over the stage as she goes through her various captivating devices, and sings her pretty songs, this pleasant impression is confirmed. She is one of the few agreeable surprises of the summer season." The *World's* critic has it very bad.

The London public, on the twenty-sixth ultimo, gave a reception to Mr. Edwin Booth, who played the first night of his reappearance in that metropolis at the Adelphi. Conspicuous in the van of the veterans were the worldly wise-looking countenances of George Augustus Sala, Mr. Burnand, Sir Theodore Martin, Henry Lauchère and Lord Londesborough. Mr. Booth, before the curtain rose, received a letter from the American Minister, Mr. Lowell, regretting his inability to be present. Julie de Mortimer was played by Miss Bella Pateman, and de Mauprat by Mr. Ehen Plympton, recently of the New York Madison Square Theatre. The other characters were taken by Mr. Robert Pateman, Mr. E. H. Brooke, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. William Young, Mr. J. G. Shore, Mrs. Edward Price, and Miss Ellen Myrick. Mr. Booth made the most marked effect in the famous scene in which Richelieu draws the awful circle of the power of Rome around Julie, but his unquestionable success was a success of declamation, it is said, rather than that of tragic art.

The Cincinnati man who led his wife out of a theatrical matinee by the ear, in order to break her of the habit of going to theatres, has been made very conspicuous by the publication and discussion of his exploit. "But I don't mind it," he says, "for I feel that I have accomplished much good. My wife is not the only woman in Cincinnati who has neglected her children and her household affairs to visit matinees once or twice every week, but there are hundreds

of them, and it is time that husbands and fathers entered their protest. She knew the characters and plot of at least a hundred plays, and was forever talking about them. She gave me no rest, and was worse than a stage-struck youth who is eternally quoting from the drama. Nearly every move I made, or opinion I expressed, she likened me to some character she had seen at the theatre. One night I had the toothache like thunder, and was walking up and down the sitting-room floor with my head up to my jaw, when she peeped in at me, and after looking a moment, said: 'Hello, Hamlet, to pull or not to pull.' His chief grievance, however, was that she called him Toodles, and that seems to have been the inciting cause for his raid in the theatre."

An official prohibition against playing in Paris heretofore paying the forfeit she has incurred has been served upon Mademoiselle Bernhardt at the instance of the Comédie-Française. In consequence of its having been for a benefit, one performance given by Mademoiselle Bernhardt when last in Paris will be overlooked, but future appearances will be resisted to the utmost. Bernhardt's spasm of virtue has had a disastrous effect on Parisian actresses, who are marrying themselves off, right and left, since Monsieur Damas came to the fore. It is really sad to read the Paris papers nowadays.

Obscure Intimations

We have received so many communications in reply to "Stella's" Santa Cruz letter of last week that we can not print them all. One lady in particular—who begins by remarking that "'Stella' is probably a cantankerous old maid with the liver complaint"—devotes about three columns to the refutation of "Stella's" one. There is no doubt that the letter in question was a somewhat querulous one, and that it was colored by the discomforts of a small town overcrowded with holiday visitors. Yet many of its assertions were true, notably that referring to the number of loose women there.

"A Woman's Way," Edith—Declined.

"A Lay of the Latest Minstrel," C. M. S., Chollam—Declined.

"Marriage," Judson—Declined.

—IT IS A REFLECTION ON THE AGE THAT WHILE progress in science, literature, and industrial economy has marked each decade of the century, very little advancement in culinary science has been evinced. Travelers from the world over say that Americans do not know how to live, although nature in her lavish bounty, has bestowed everything that may be classed as raw material. The Romans, two thousand years ago, knew how to cook fish, make bread, and furnish a feast that would excite the envy and surprise of modern caterers. The French have preserved some of the economies, and a few of the luxuries of antiquity. Americans started anew after the landing at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, and in some directions have gained nothing since. It is a "pat phrase" that our grandmothers knew how to make bread, but our mothers lost the art; yet everything connected with the lost art was so simple that it should have been banded down from mother to daughter.

The bread we eat really measures the dyspepsia we suffer. Cheap preparations, attractive to the eye, and possessing effervescent quality, find extensive sale as baking powders. Lately some attention has been paid to reform in this direction, and if the testimony of eminent chemists can be trusted the manufacturers of the New England Baking Powder have made a commendable step forward.

There may be, after all, a renaissance of the nineteenth century—a revival of the art of cooking, and the science of living, the art of living long, living well, and living happily.

Certainly nothing ministers more readily to the happiness of the people than good digestion after the enjoyment of good food.

It may be said, to the credit of the manufacturers of the New England Baking Powder, that they went to work in the right way to produce something useful and attainable. They sought to ascertain the proper proportions of bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, and moreover paid due attention to the necessity of providing the best quality of each. The end aimed at was to produce a baking powder free from impurities, and yet an article that would generate the gas required when subjected to the proper conditions of temperature and moisture. It would seem that they kept apart from business rivalries, participating in none of the controversies, and resorting to none of the cheap methods of houses engaged in the business of manufacturing inferior compounds for the market. They were guided by the conviction that nothing was needed to make the purest and most wholesome bread but the proper combination of pure ingredients. The object was to ascertain the right adjustment of ingredients, and thus produce a powder that could stand the inquiry of the chemist and surpass any other haking powder made.

The public is so easily gulled and caught with something new and attractive on the surface, that it is really a waste of skill to deceive, except for pecuniary advantage. The incentive of gain has flooded the country with poisonous and impure mixtures, and that fact can be verified by any chemist of good standing.

The New England Baking Powder has been subjected to the skill of the chemist. It is placed on the market for what it is worth, and that is what the manufacturers claim for it. At any rate, it is worth a fair, impartial trial on its merits.

It is pure, and does not contain ammonia, starch, or any other adulteration. As a baking powder it produces the best results, and leaves no injurious effect.

The New England Baking Powder will be introduced into every family whose members keep abreast of the times, because the preservation of health, the development of strength, and the promotion of happiness depend so largely on the quality of food that no sensible family can afford to disregard it.

Believing that mothers who give attention daily to the physical and mental development of their children, and particularly observe their diet should know what the New England Baking Powder is made of, we append the following analysis from Professor Ad Sumner, a chemist of high standing. He says after careful examination:

"I find the New England Baking Powder is carefully prepared from the best brands of cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda which can be obtained, and nothing else; that one ounce of the powder evolves one hundred and seventy-four and seven-tenths inches of carbonic gas at two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit."

This is about the temperature required for baking bread.

CCXXXVII.—Bill of Fare for Ten Persons.

July 16, 1882.

Oysters on the Shell.
Mock Turtle Soup.
Salmon, Excelsior Sauce.
Marble Potatoes.
Chicken Salad.
Stewed Terrapin, Hominy.
Fillet of Beef with Truffles and Mushrooms.
Oyster Patties.
Baked Bell Peppers, French Carrots.
Roman Punch.
Roast Saddle of Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Tomatoes, Spanish Dressing.
Raspberry and Vanilla Ice-cream.
Brandy Peaches, Wine Jelly Cake, Fruits Glacés.
Sherry, White Wine, Claret, Champagne.
Coffee and Liqueurs.

RASPBERRY AND VANILLA ICE-CREAM.—Take three small boxes of raspberries, put three cups of powdered sugar on them, let them cook until sufficient juice comes out to form the syrup; strain and mix with sweetened cream, and freeze well. Take your vanilla cream when frozen, put in the mold until half full, then fill with the raspberry. Cover well and secure the cover by placing a little butter around the edge; plunge into a bucket of broken ice and salt, and let it stand a couple of hours. Turn out carefully, and you will have an ice-cream of two colors.

—A NATURAL PYRAMID OF COPPER.—AMONG the many interesting specimens of ore designed by Arizona miners for the Denver Exposition the one about to be shipped by the Copper Queen Company will certainly occupy a foremost position. The specimen in question is one solid mass weighing two tons. It is of pyramidal form, about eight feet high, and two and a quarter by three feet thick at the base. On one side, about midway between the base and the apex, is a recess—the only interruption in its symmetrical shape. At this recess is a miniature cave, sixteen inches deep, seven inches high, and nine inches wide. It is in the form of an assayer's muffle. The sides and roof are covered with beautiful stalactites. The carbonate ore of which this peculiarly attractive piece is composed assays from twenty-three to twenty-five per cent. This company is running the famous Pacific Water Jacket Smelters, made by Rankin, Brayton & Co., of the Pacific Iron Works, San Francisco. Two, of thirty-ton capacity, giving a regular hulsion product of about twelve tons per day, running from ninety-six to ninety-eight fine. The great success that has attended the operation of these smelters has given a wonderful impetus to copper mining in all parts of the country.—*S. F. Daily Exchange.*

The eminent composer and pianist, Joachim Raff, died in Berlin the other day, at the age of sixty years.

—USE REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE in the house, and use Redding's Russian Salve in the stable.

The great seal of Great Britain and Ireland is affixed to yellow wax for English documents, red for Scotch, and green for Irish.

—WRITE TO MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, LYNN., Mass., for names of ladies cured of female weakness by taking her Vegetable Compound.

An ex-Pullman car porter, says a Western journal, just returned from abroad, says that Queen Victoria is very harshful. She seemed entirely overcome by his presence, and replied to him in monosyllables as timidly as a young girl. He humbled himself for the occasion as much as possible, too.

—A GOOD PURGATIVE MEDICINE IS ONE OF THE absolute necessities of the age. This want has been supplied by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., whose celebrated Cathartic Pills are known to be the safest, surest, and best purgative medicine ever offered to the public. They are mild but certain in their effects, and keep the system in good condition.

—EVERY ONE DELIGHTED. EVERY PURCHASER recommends German Corn Remover. Get the genuine. 25c.

Mr. Ernest Morris, who has been investigating the poison used by the Woorari Indians, on the Upper Amazon, says that no antidote for it is known when the poison is fresh and the arrow heavily charged. To kill game they charge very lightly, as otherwise poisoned animals soon grow putrid.

—A LADY, FORMERLY PUPIL OF PROF. DE FILIPPE, desires a few more pupils in Spanish and French; teaches by the same method. Address M. L., box 81, Oakland, Cal.

A grand piano, of Viennese manufacture, that once adorned the drawing-room of the Empress Marie Louise at the Tuilleries, was sold under the hammer two weeks ago in Paris for one hundred and eighty two dollars.

—MR. A. J. KELLEHER DESIRES TO INFORM HIS pupils that he will resume tuition on July 10th. Apply at Gray's music store, 117 Post, or at his residence, 2324 Clay Street.

Mr. Belmont is investigating South American affairs again. Mr. Belmont will be remembered as the gentleman who sowed the wind and reaped Mr. Blaine.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

Only one out of seven sporting prophets of various London papers hit on the Derby winner.

—ROWELL, HAZAEL, O'LEARY, HART, AND other pedestrians all use German Corn Remover. 25c. All druggists.

Sweet girl—"Is it wicked to sing that song on Sundays?" Brother Jack—"Yes, it is wicked to sing it any day." "Why?" "Because it makes people swear."—*Philadelphia News.*

—MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN THE world, 826 Market Street, (Phelan Block).

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

JNO. LEVY & CO.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

Importers of DIAMONDS and other PRECIOUS STONES, WATCHES, CLOCKS, and SILVERWARE,

118 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

(Of the late Firm of BRAVERMAN & LEVY.)

F. JOS. LOCHER,

Can now be found with

J. H. CURLEY & CO.,

FINE TAILORING,

14 Montgomery St., opp. Lick House, San Francisco.

HOUSEKEEPERS!

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR GOODS AT AUCTION, but STORE THEM with H. WINDEL & CO., NO. 310 STOCKTON STREET. Furniture, Pianos, Household Goods, Paintings, Trunks, etc., well taken care of. We have three large, airy, brick buildings, and no rent to pay, and can store goods very moderate. Money advanced on goods at one per cent. per month. We guarantee against damage and moths, and can give references dating back 20 years.

SPECIMEN OF OUR ARTIST'S HUMOR.



THE MUSIC LESSON.

HUNDREDS OF DELIGHTED ONES see for the first time in their lives the JAPANESE ARTIST and EMBROIDERERS at work in their native costume at ICHI BAN, 22 and 24 Geary Street.

The Argonaut is printed with Shattuck & Fletcher's Ink.

BALDWIN THEATRE.

Monday.....July 17th

THE HANLONS

In their laughable Parisian Absurdity, entitled

"LE VOYAGE EN SUISSE."

Six Evenings and Saturday Matinee.

No Sunday Night Performance or Wednesday Matinee.

JENNIE E. MacGOWAN,

Dress and Cloak Maker.

428 Sutter Street.

Original designs, perfect work, and reasonable prices.

J. R. COWEN.

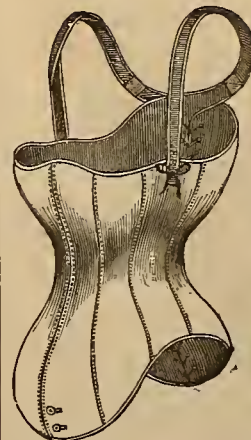
J. W. PORTER.

COWEN & PORTER,

FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

118 Geary Street, San Francisco.

OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.



THE "DRESS REFORM" CORSET, Specialty for Stout Figures, by mail, \$3.00. Send waist, hip, and bust measure. Also, Shoulder Braces, Union Under Flannels, Ladies' and Children's Comfort Waists, Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc.

Send for Circular. The only Depot for these Goods.

Mrs. M. H. OBER & CO., Boston Dress Reform, 326 Sutter St., SAN FRANCISCO.

An Elegant Corset to Order for \$4.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

ANTHONY WADDY, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES JONES, Defendant.

Superior Court, No. 5571, Department No. 3, Execution for Deficiency after Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution for Deficiency after Foreclosure Sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein Anthony Waddy, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against James Jones, defendant, on the sixth day of March, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$1,173 dollars, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon and costs, etc., and whereas an order of sale was on March 8, A. D. 1882, issued to the Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, which said order of sale was on May 16, 1882, returned by said Sheriff, showing a deficiency thereon in the sum of \$1,207.95, as appears of record, which said deficiency was docketed. Pursuant to said judgment and decree I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, James Jones, had on the sixteenth day of May, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter-described property, situate, lying, and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said city and county in the name of James Jones, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pleasant (formerly Riley) Street, distant twenty-two feet and nine inches easterly from the southeasterly corner of Jones and Pleasant Streets, and running thence easterly upon the southerly line of Pleasant Street, twenty-two feet and nine inches; thence southerly, at right angles, to Pleasant Street, sixty feet; thence westerly, and parallel with Pleasant Street, twenty-two feet nine inches; thence northerly sixty feet to place of beginning; being portion of fifty-vara lot No. 825, as shown on the official map of San Francisco.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF AUGUST, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, James Jones, had on the sixteenth day of May, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, July 13, 1882. JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff. B. E. NEWMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff. July 13, 22, 29, and August 5.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,

415 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Bet. California and Sacramento San Francisco

THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY

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MANUFACTURERS OF ALL Classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

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DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR FURNITURE, PIANOS, and HOUSEHOLD GOODS, at auction sales, while you are boarding or out of the city, but

STORE THEM,

As well as your Trunks and Paintings, with

J. H. MOTT & CO.,

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Nucleus Block, Second Floor. Large, airy brick building, with elevator. MONEY LOANED on valuable goods. Terms moderate.

COMPOUND OXYGEN

NEW TREATMENT BY INHALATION, for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. Prepared by DR. STARKEY & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa. Package contains all directions, and is easily sent by express, ready for USE AT HOME. H. E. MATHEWS, Forwarding Agent, 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. 25c. Send for Free Pamphlet.



WEST'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT.

C. N. West's Electro-Medical Belts always have excelled all other electrical appliances. They have taken the premiums at all State Fairs. This new Belt excels every other that he has invented. Cures all diseases without medicine. Price, from \$5.00 to \$20.00. Warranted ten years. Patronized by the representative men and leading ladies of this and other States. Address or call on C. N. WEST, 652 Market Street, San Francisco.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

New York Society Item.
Mrs. Gill is very ill.
And nothing will improve her,
Unless she sees the Tuleries,
And waddles through the Louvre.

Scanned.

"Her foot is a poem," the lover said;
"A melodious rhythm is her tread."
"Yes," said his friend, (a sort of beat),
"Spondaic the measure, two long feet."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Like a Gun.

Oh, woman, lovely woman,
You are just like a gun—
You're "loaded" up with "powder,"
And "wadding," too, a ton;
And when you "sight" a haughty man
And set your "cap" with care,
And with a "bang" you slyly "shoot"
Your eye—"ball" at him there.
Oh, woman, happy woman,
We know you're like a gun—
You always hate to "make a miss"—
Your "aim" is to be won.
And you are "charged" by pa and ma
To "go off," and your "bore"
Is that you will "bang fire" till,
In years, you've made a "score."
Oh, woman, angry woman,
You know you're like a gun—
Because a "slow match" sets you off,
And you can "kill" for fun;
And then you have a "trigger," too,
Of causing men to marry
Before they know how great a "load"
They afterward must "carry."
—*H. C. Dodge.*

Mat Arnold on America.

I hate the vulgar Philistine—
The word is T. Carlyle's and mine.
We Britons have a noble line,
Barbarian, but not Philistine;
But all you Yankees, I opine,
Are quite too wholly Philistine.
At high noon on pie you dine—
A prandial practice Philistine.
For toothpick you—oh, certain sign
Of ways and manners Philistine!
Affect the fork's defiled line.
Though I've not been across the brine,
My cobbler once—a Philistine—
Sent home my shoes, marked two-and-nine,
Wrapped in a journal Philistine—
I think, the Wayback *Bandoline*—
The name, meseems, is Philistine.
I kept the paper and the twine—
They're useful, though they're Philistine.
I read the sheet, and I incline
To think—not call me Philistine—
That's all I need to know. I'll sign
M. Arnold,
Anti-Philistine.

The writer begs grace for the points he has missed in
Not rhyming the name, in Fox Oxford, Philistine.
—*H. C. Bunner in Puck.*

An Indian Mutiny.

The son of the Jam of Rus Beyla, Meer Ali Khan,
rebelled against his father, and took and plundered two
towns in Scinde, but the Jam marched against, dispersed his
followers, and taking him prisoner, returned in triumph
to Rus Beyla. —*Calcutta Dispatch.*
The son of the Jam of Rus Beyla,
Meer Ali Khan, felt for his pa
Not the most remote degree of awe;
Quoth he, "No longer will I bow.
Jam sahs—tired of him I am;
If I serve him no (1) longer I'll be Jam,
I'll raise me an army and march awa'
Straight to the city of Rus Beyla.
Come, fill up my cup I come, fill up my Khan, (2)
And hearken me swear by the holy Koran
I either will conquer thy crown with *clat*,
Or pour my blood's red current, Jam Rus Beyla!"
He plundered two towns that belonged to the Jam,
And sent out the news in a terse telegram,
From the East to Western Ind, (3)
In Latin, "Pecavi,"—"I have Scinde."
Into the palace of Rus Beyla
There rushed a messenger, pale with awe,
And he gave the door a profound salaam,
And said he, "May Allah preserve the Jam!
Meer Ali Khan, your highness's heir,
Has rebelled turned, and his soldiers swear
By the Prophet's beard and I don't know what
Besides, they'll send the old Jam to pot."
The Jam he wept—good, easy man—
At the revolt of Meer Ali Khan;
Till then his content had known no flaw,
And he sighed, with Horace, "O Rus—Beyla!"
Then he waxed wroth:—"I vow I'll ne'er
Shave till I have cut off my heir.
The dog, to lift 'gainst me his foe paw!—
It is bey for the turbans of Rus Beyla!"
So he marched against Meer Ali Khan,
Whose every gunner and matchlock man
Sighed for a chance a bead to draw
To pot the Jam of Rus Beyla.
"On to the fight!" cried Meer Ali Khan,
"Let every rebel now play the man!"
And he promised, as an incentive to,
The lascivious pleatings of the loot. (4)
But the Jam came down upon Meer Ali
On a war-elephant fourteen feet high,
And the elephant trumpeted in fierce glee
To the thicket of the fight as the Jam bore he. (5)
And the Kbans of Meer Ali were scattered in flight,
And the Jam's son was caught and in fetters bound
tight,
And the conqueror frowned when the youth met his
view,
And he said, from his elephant's back, "Howdah
do?"
Ho, guards, with this traitor, to prison repair!"
But he bade them to harm not one head of his heir,
But let him in jail wait the will of his pa.
Then he marched back in triumph to Rus Beyla.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—(1) The introduction of the negative
rescues the young rebel's sentence from profanity without
any sacrifice of accuracy.
(2) It is customary in the Orient to intoxicate warriors
before leading them upon dangerous enterprises, while the
elephants, to accustom them to the noise of battle, are given
drinks of bang.
(3) Shakespeare.
(4) Shakespeare—a little scratched.
(5) Surface indications of a joke. —*New York World.*

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can sympathize with Woman.



Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Com-
plaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Utera-
tion, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent
Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the
Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in
an early stage of development. The tendency to can-
cerous humors is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes fatness, staidness, destroys all craving
for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.
It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration,
General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indi-
gestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight
and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in
harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this
Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COM-
POUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue,
Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail
in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on
receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham
freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamph-
let. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness,
and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
Sold by all Druggists.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS,

For all the Purposes of a Family Physic,



CURING

Costiveness, Indigestion,
Jaundice, Dysentery, Dys-
pepsia, Piles, Hemorrhoids,
Bile, Headache, Erysip-
elas, Piles, Rheumatism,
Eruptions and Skin
Diseases, Biliousness, Liver
Complaint, Dropsy,
Tetter, Tumors and Salt
Rheum, Worms, Gout,
Neuritis, as a Dinner
Pill, and Purifying the Blood, are the most gen-
eral purgative yet perfected. Their effects abundantly
show how much they excel all other pills. They are safe
and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. They purge
out the foul humors of the blood; they stimulate the slug-
gish or disordered organs into action, and they impart
health and tone to the whole being. They cure not only the
every day complaints of everybody, but formidable and
dangerous diseases. Most skillful physicians, most eminent
clergymen, and our best citizens, send certificates of cures
performed, and of great benefits derived from these Pills.
They are the safest and best physic for children, because
mild as well as effectual. Being sugar-coated, they are
easy to take, and being purely vegetable, they are entirely
harmless.

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DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

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135 Montgomery St., nr. Bush,

Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Specialty Thirty-two Years.

COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES

Mounted to Order. 22 Two Hours Notice.

The most complicated cases of defective vision thor-
oughly diagnosed, free of charge.

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IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE

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\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free.

Address H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly
outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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ZEITSKA INSTITUTE

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FRENCH, GERMAN AND ENGLISH

Day and Boarding School for young ladies and chil-
dren. KINDERGARTEN.The twentieth year of this Institute will commence July
24, 1882. MADAME E. ZEITSKA, Principal.

CALIFORNIA

MILITARY ACADEMY,

AT OAKLAND, CAL.

The Nineteenth Year will begin Monday, July
17, 1882.

REV. DAVID McCURE, Ph. D., Principal.

ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board
of Directors, held on the 10th day of June, 1882, an assess-
ment (No. 4) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office
of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 23, Nevada
Block, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the (18th) eighteenth day of July, 1882, will be delin-
quent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday,
the 16th day of August, 1882, to pay the delinquent assess-
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale. By order of the Board of Directors,
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco,
July 4, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors
of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend
(No. 31) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was de-
clared, payable on Saturday, July 15, 1882, at the office
of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San
Francisco, California. Transfer books will close July 10,
1882, at 3 P. M. JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San
Francisco, July 1, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of
Directors of the above named Company, held this day,
dividend No. 43, of Seventy-five cents per share was de-
clared, payable on Wednesday, July 12, 1882, at the office
in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company
in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE CALI-

FORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. The Board of
Directors have declared a dividend to Depositors at the rate
of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent.
per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths
(3 60-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free
from Federal Tax, for the half year ending June 30, 1882,
payable on and after Monday, July 29, 1882.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE GER-

man Savings and Loan Society. For the half year
ending June 30, 1882, the Board of Directors of the GER-
MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a
dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of 4 32-100 per
cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of
3 60-100 per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and
payable on and after the 10th day of July, 1882.
GEORGE LETTE, Secretary.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff,
vs.
WILLIAM CORCORAN,
et als., Defendants.

Superior Court.
Department No. 3.
No. 6375.
Late 23d District Court.
Order of Sale and Decree
of Lien and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale, issued
out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City
and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the
15th day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action,
wherein D. Harney, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a
Judgment and Decree of Lien and Sale against Thomas
Kelly, George B. Knowles, A. Himmelman, John E.
Lewis, A. W. Hanna, J. P. Dameron, Aug. Hemme,
John Tucker, William Klumpp, M. Kedon, John Brickell,
B. O. Devos, M. Kelly, D. Swett, S. F. Sinclair, T. G.
McLeran, J. Agnew, J. Dunne, Ellen Hogan, John Henry,
M. Hayes, J. Olwell, George Clark, L. B. Williams,
Charles Main, B. Kelsey, W. Bosworth, and G. K. Por-
ter, defendants, on the 17th day of April, A. D. 1879,
which said Judgment and Decree was, on the 7th day of
June, A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment Book C of said
23d District Court, at page 71, I am commanded to sell all
that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and
being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of
California, and bounded and described as follows: Commenc-
ing at a point on the east line of Valencia Street, distant
130 feet north from the northeast corner of Valencia and
Ridley Streets, and running thence north on the east line
of Valencia Street 25 feet; thence at right angles east 80 feet;
thence at right angles south 25 feet; thence at right angles
west 80 feet, to the point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 17th
day of July, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day,
in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of
San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and
decree of lien and sale, sell the above-described property, or
so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to
satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the
highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.
San Francisco, June 24, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. M. Wood, Attorney for Plaintiff.

June 24, July 1, 8, 15.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff,
vs.
J. CALLAGHAN, et als.,
Defendants.

Superior Court.
Department No. 3.
No. 6390.
Late 23d District Court.
Order of Sale and Decree
of Lien and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale, issued
out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City
and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the
27th day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action,
wherein D. Harney, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a
Judgment and Decree of Lien and Sale against George K.
Porter, T. G. McLeran, Jeremiah Callaghan, Daniel Cal-
laghan, B. F. Hilliard, Solon Patten, W. W. Crane Jr., W.
E. Holcomb, R. McKee, P. McAtee, E. R. Thomason,
and D. Jordan, defendants, on the 4th day of February,
A. D. 1879, which said Judgment and Decree was, on the
25th day of February, A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment
Book B of said 23d District Court, at page 764, I am com-
manded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land,
situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San
Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described
as follows: Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line
of Mission Street, distant 39 feet 5 inches north from the
intersection of the east line of West Mission Street with
the northwesterly line of Mission Street, and running thence
northerly on the northwesterly line of Mission Street 27 feet
and 10 inches; thence at right angles west to the east line
of West Mission Street; thence south on the last-mentioned
line 27 1/2 feet; thence east in a straight line to the point of
beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 17th
day of July, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day,
in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of
San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale
and decree of lien and sale, sell the above-described prop-
erty, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise suffi-
cient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc.,
to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United
States.
San Francisco, June 24, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. M. Wood, Attorney for Plaintiff.

June 24, July 1, 8, 15.

Department No. 9—Probate.
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT
In and for the City and County of San Fran-
cisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of
WILLIAM W. JOHNSTON,
Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT

Monday, the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1882,
at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court Room of
said Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County
of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed
as the time and place for proving the will of said William
W. Johnston, deceased, and for hearing the application of
Charles G. Johnston for the issuance to him of Letters Tes-
tamentary. Dated June 22, A. D. 1882.

DAVID WILDER, Clerk.
By D. H. SCHINDLER, Deputy Clerk.
H. F. CRANE, Attorney for Petitioner.

C. P. SHEFFIELD, N. W. SPAULDING, J. PATTERSON



17 and 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.



411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

Importers of All Kinds of Paper.



San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1st, 1881.

We take pleasure in presenting this our Semi-Annual Statement.

RESOURCES.

Bank Premises..... \$150,000 00
Other Real Estate..... 5,225 35
United States Bonds..... 626,977 35
Loans on Real Estate..... 134,868 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock..... 132,198 35
Loans on other securities..... 577,443 96
Loans on personal security..... 1106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers..... 392,457 61
Money on hand..... 398,669 34

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up..... \$1,000,000 00
Surplus..... 460,759 13
Due Depositors..... 1,888,655 07
Due Banks and Bankers..... 174,370 53
Dividends unpaid..... 59 56
\$3,523,844 28

R. H. McDonald, President.

NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER

NO Alum
Flour
Starch
Ammonia
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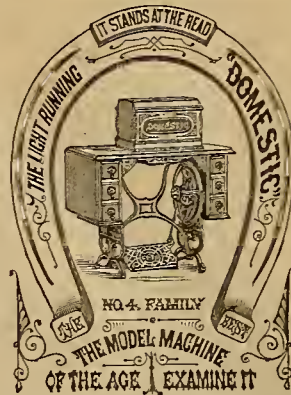
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VOL. XI. NO. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 22, 1882.

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BRET HARTE'S NEW STORY.

"Flip"—A California Romance.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

For six months the sea fogs monotonously came and went along the Monterey coast; for six months they beleaguered the Coast Range with afternoon sorties of white hosts that regularly swept over the mountain crest, and were as regularly beaten back again by the leveled lances of the morning sun. For six months that white veil that had once hidden Lance Harriott in its folds returned without him. For that amiable outlaw no longer needed disguise or hiding place. The swift wave of pursuit that had dashed him on the summit had fallen back, and the next day was broken and scattered. Before the week had passed, a regular judicial inquiry relieved his crime of premeditation, and showed it to be a rude duel of two armed and equally desperate men. From a secure vantage in a seacoast town, Lance challenged a trial by his peers, and as an already prejudged man escaping from his executioners, obtained a change of venue. Regular justice, seated by the calm Pacific, found the action of an interior, irregular jury rash and hasty. Lance was liberated on bail.

The postmaster at Fisher's Crossing had just received the weekly mail and express from San Francisco, and was engaged in examining it. It consisted of five letters and two parcels. Of these, three of the letters and two parcels were directed to Flip. It was not the first time during the last six months that this extraordinary event had occurred, and the curiosity of the Crossing was duly excited. As Flip had never called personally for the letters or parcels, but had sent one of her wild, irregular scouts or henchmen to bring them, and as she was seldom seen at the Crossing or on the stage road, that curiosity was never satisfied. The disappointment to the postmaster—a man past middle age—partook of a sentimental nature. He looked at the letters and parcels, he looked at his watch; it was yet early; he could return by noon. He again examined the addresses; they were in the same handwriting as the previous letters. His mind was made up; he would deliver them himself. The poetic, soulful side of his mission was delicately indicated by a pale blue necktie, a clean shirt, and a small package of gingernuts, of which inexpensive article Flip was extravagantly fond.

The common road to Fairley's ranch was by stage turnpike to a point below the Gin and Ginger Woods, where the prudent horseman usually left his beast, and followed the intersecting trail afoot. It was here that the postmaster suddenly observed on the edge of the wood the figure of an elegantly-dressed woman. She was walking slowly and apparently at her ease; one hand held her skirts lightly gathered between her gloved fingers, the other slowly swung a riding-whip. Was it a picnic of some people from Monterey or Santa Cruz? The spectacle was novel enough to justify his coming nearer. Suddenly she withdrew into the wood; he lost sight of her; she was gone. He remembered, however, that Flip was still to be seen, and as the steep trail was beginning to tax all his energies, he was fain to hurry forward. The sun was nearly vertical when he turned into the cañon, and saw the hark roof of the cabin beyond. At almost the same moment Flip appeared, flushed and panting, in the road before him.

"You've got something for me," she said, pointing to the parcels and letters. Completely taken by surprise, the postmaster mechanically yielded them up, and as instantly regretted it. "They're paid for," continued Flip, observing his hesitation.

"That's so," stammered the official of the Crossing, seeing his last chance of knowing the contents of the parcels vanish; "but I thought ez they're valooable packages, maybe ye might want to examine them to see they was all right afore ye receipted for them."

"I'll risk it," said Flip, coolly, "and if it ain't right I'll let ye know."

As the girl seemed inclined to retire with her property, the postmaster was driven to other conversation. "We ain't had the pleasure of seeing you down at the Crossing for a month o' Sundays," he began, with airy yet pronounced gallantry. "Some folks let on you was keepin' company with some feller like Bijah Brown, and you were getting a little too set-up for the Crossing." The individual here mentioned being the county butcher, and supposed to exhibit his hopeless affection for Flip by making a long and useless divergence from his weekly route to enter the cañon "for orders," Flip did not deem it necessary to reply. "Then I allowed ez how you might have company," he continued. "I reckon there's some city folks up at the summit. I saw a mighty smart, fash'n'ble gal cavorting round; hed no end o' style and fancy fixin's. That's my kind, I tell you. I just weaken on that sort o' gal," he continued, in the firm belief that he had awakened Flip's jealousy, as he glanced at her well-worn home-spun frock, and found her eyes suddenly fixed on his own.

"Strange I ain't got to see her yet," she replied, coolly, shouldering her parcel, and quite ignoring any sense of obligation to him for his extra-official act.

"But you might get to see her at the edge of the Gin and Ginger Woods," he persisted, feebly, in a last effort to detain her, "if you'll take a *passer* there with me."

Flip's only response was to walk on toward the cabin, whence, with a vague complimentary suggestion of "drippin' in to pass the time o' day" with her father, the postmaster meekly followed.

The paternal Fairley, once convinced that his daughter's new companion required no pecuniary or material assistance from his hands, relaxed to the extent of entering into a querulous confidence with him, during which Flip took the opportunity of slipping away. As Fairley had that infelicitous tendency of most weak natures to unconsciously exaggerate unimportant details in their talk, the postmaster presently became convinced that the hatcher was a constant and assiduous suitor of Flip's. The absurdity of his sending parcels and letters by post when he might bring them himself did not strike the official. On the contrary, he believed it to be a masterstroke of cunning. Fired by jealousy and Flip's indifference, he "deemed it his duty"—using that facile form of cowardly offensiveness—to betray Flip.

Of which she was happily oblivious. Once away from the cabin, she plunged into the woods with the parcel swung behind her like a knapsack. Leaving the trail, she presently struck off in a straight line through cover and underbrush with the unerring instinct of an animal, climbing hand over hand the steepest ascent, or fluttering like a bird from branch to branch down the deepest declivity. She soon reached that part of the trail where the susceptible postmaster had seen the fascinating unknown. Assuring herself that she was not followed, she crept through the thicket until she reached the little waterfall and basin that had served the fugitive Lance for a bath. The spot bore signs of later and more frequent occupancy, and when Flip carefully removed some hark and hrushwood from a cavity in the rock, and drew forth various folded garments, it was evident she had used it as a sylvan dressing-room. Here she opened the parcel. It contained a small and delicate shawl of yellow China crepe. Flip instantly threw it over her shoulders, and stepped hurriedly toward the edge of the wood. Then she began to pass backward and forward before the trunk of a tree. At first nothing was visible on the tree, but a closer inspection showed a large pane of ordinary window-glass stuck in the fork of the branches. It was placed at such a cunning angle against the darkness of the forest opening that it made a soft and mysterious mirror, not unlike a Claude Lorraine glass, wherein not only the passing figure of the young girl was seen, but the dazzling green and gold of the hillside, and the far-off silhouetted crests of the Coast Range.

But this was evidently only a prelude to a severer rehearsal.

When she returned to the waterfall she unearthed from her stores a large piece of yellow soap and some yards of rough cotton "sheeting." These she deposited beside the basin, and again crept to the edge of the wood to assure herself that she was alone. Satisfied that no intruding foot had invaded that virgin hower, she returned to her bath, and began to undress. A slight wind followed her, and seemed to whisper to the circumjacent trees. It appeared to waken her sister naiads and nymphs, who, joining their leafy fingers, softly drew around her a gently moving band of trembling lights and shadows, of flecked sprays, and inextricably mingled branches, and involved her in a chaste sylvan obscurity, veiled alike from pursuing god or stumbling shepherd. Within these hallowed precincts was the musical ripple of laughter and falling water, and at times the glimpse of a lithe, hrier-caught limb, or a ray of sunlight trembling over bright flanks or the white, austere outline of a childlike bosom.

When she drew again the leafy curtain, and once more stepped out of the wood, she was completely transformed. It was the figure that had appeared to the postmaster; the slight, erect, graceful form of a young woman modishly attired. It was Flip, but Flip made taller by the lengthened skirt and clinging habiliments of fashion. Flip freckled, but through the cunning of a relief of yellow color in her gown, her piquant brown-shot face and eyes brightened and intensified until she seemed like a spicy odor made visible. I can not affirm that the judgment of Flip's mysterious *modiste* was infallible, or that the taste of Mr. Lance Harriott, her patron, was fastidious; enough that it was picturesque, and perhaps not more glaring and extravagant than the color in which Spring herself had once clothed the sere hillside where Flip was now seated. The phantom mirror in the tree-fork caught and held her with the sky, the green leaves, the sunlight, and all the graciousness of her surroundings, and the wind gently tossed her hair and the gay rihbons of her gypsy hat.

Suddenly she started. Some remote sound in the trail below, inaudible to any ear less fine than hers, arrested her breathing. She rose swiftly, and darted into cover.

Ten minutes passed. The sun was declining; the white fog was beginning to creep over the coast range. From the edge of the wood Cinderella appeared, disenchanted, and in her homespun garments. The clock had struck—the spell was past. As she disappeared down the trail even the magic mirror, moved by the wind, slipped from the tree top to the ground, and became a piece of common glass.

CHAPTER IV.

The events of the day had produced a remarkable impression on the facial aspect of the charcoal-burning Fairley. Extraordinary processes of thought, indicated by repeated rubbing of his forehead, had produced a high light in the middle and a corresponding deepening of shadow at the sides, until it bore the appearance of a perfect sphere. It was this forehead that confronted Flip reproachfully as he came a deceived comrade, menacingly as he became an outraged parent in the presence of a third party and—a postmaster!

"Fine doin's this! Yer receivin' clandestine hundles and letters, eh?" he began. Flip sent one swift, withering look of contempt at the postmaster, who at once becoming invertebrate and groveling, mumbled that he must "get on" to the Crossing, and rose to go. But the old man, who had counted on his presence for moral support, and was clearly beginning to hate him for precipitating this scene with his daughter, whom he feared, violently protested.

"Sit down, can't ye? Don't you see you're a witness?" he screamed, hysterically.

It was a fatal suggestion. "Witness?" repeated Flip, scornfully.

"Yes, a witness! He gave ye letters and hundles."

"Weren't they directed to me?" asked Flip.

"Yes," said the postmaster, hesitatingly; "in course, yes."

"Do *you* lay claim to them?" she asked, turning to her father.

"No," responded the old man.

"Do *you*?" sharply, to the postmaster.

"No," he replied.

"Then," said Flip, coolly, "if you are not claimin' 'em for yourself, and you hear father say they ain't his, I reckon the less you have to say about 'em the better."

"Thar's suthin' in that," said the old man, shamelessly abandoning the postmaster.

"Then why don't she say who sent 'em, and what they are like," said the postmaster, "if there's nothin' in it?"

"Yes," echoed dad. "Flip, why don't you say?"

Without answering the direct question, Flip turned upon her father.

"Maybe you forget how you used to row and tear round here because tramps and such like came to the ranch for suthin', and I gave it to 'em? Maybe you'll quit tearin' round and lettin' yourself be made a fool of now by that man, just because one of them tramps gets up and sends us some presents back in return?"

"'Twasn't me, Flip," said the old man, deprecatingly, but glaring at the astonished postmaster. "'Twasn't my doin'. I allus said if you cast your bread on the waters it would come back to you by return mail. The fact is, the gov'ment is gettin' too high-handed! Some o' these bloated officials had better climb down before next leckshen."

"Maybe," continued Flip to her father, without looking at their discomfited visitor, "ye'd better find out whether one of them officials comes up to this yer ranch to steal away a gal about my own size, or to get points about diamond-making; I reckon he don't travel round to find out who writes all the letters that go through the postoffice."

The postmaster had seemingly miscalculated the old man's infirm temper, and the daughter's skillful use of it. He was unprepared for Flip's boldness and audacity, and when he saw that both barrels of the accusation had taken effect on the charcoal-burner, who was rising with epileptic rage, he fairly turned and fled. The old man would have followed him with oburgation beyond the door but for the restraining hand of Flip.

Baffled and heated, nevertheless Fate was not wholly unkind to the retreating suitor. Near the Gin and Ginger Woods he picked up a letter which had fallen from Flip's pocket. He recognized the writing, and did not scruple to read it. It was not a love epistle—at least not such a one as he would have written; it did not give the address nor the name of the correspondent; but he read the following with greedy eyes:

"Perhaps it's just as well that you don't rig yourself out for the benefit of those dead-heats at the Crossing, or any tramp that might hang round the ranch. Keep all your style for me when I come. I can't tell you when—it's mighty uncertain before the rainy season. But I'm coming soon. Don't go back on your promise about lettin' up on the tramps, and being a little more high-toned. And don't you give 'em so much. It's true I sent you hats *twice*. I clean forgot all about the first; but I wouldn't have given a ten-dollar hat to a nigger woman who had a sick baby because I had an extra hat. I'd have let that baby slide. I forgot to ask whether the skirt is worn separately; I must see that dress-making sharp about it; but I think you'll want something on beside a jacket and skirt; at least it looks like it up here. I don't think you could manage a piano down there without the old man knowin' it, and raisin' the devil generally. I promised you I'd let up on him. Mind you keep all your promises to me. I'm glad you're gettin' on with the six-shooter; tin-cans are good at fifteen yards, but try it on suthin' that *moves*! I forgot to say that I am on the track of your big brother. It's a three-years-old track, and he was in Arizona. The friend who told me didn't expatiate much on what he did there, but I reckon they had a high old time. If he's above the earth I'll find him yet, you bet. The Yerba Buena and the Southernwood are all

DINING AT DELMONICO'S.

Our Correspondent Describes its Inmates on a Hot Summer Night.

right—they smelt like you. Say, Flip, do you remember the last—the very last—thing that happened when you said 'Good-bye,' on the trail? Don't let me ever find out that you've let anybody else kiss you—"

But here the virtuous indignation of the postmaster found vent in an oath. He threw the letter away. He retained of it only two facts—Flip had a brother who was missing; she had a lover who was present in the flesh.

How much of the substance of this and previous letters Flip had confided to her father I can not say. If she suppressed anything, it was probably that which affected Lance's secret alone, and it was doubtful how much of that she herself knew. In her own affairs she was frank without being communicative, and never lost her shy obstinacy even with her father. Governing the old man as completely as she did, she appeared most embarrassed when she was most dominant; she had her own way without lifting her voice or her eyes; she seemed oppressed by *mauvaise honte* when she was most triumphant; she would end a discussion with a shy murmur addressed to herself, or a single gesture of self-consciousness.

The disclosure of her strange relations with an unknown man, and the exchange of presents and confidences, seemed to suddenly awaken Fairley to a vague and uneasy sense of some unfulfilled duties as a parent. The first effect of this on his weak nature was a peevish antagonism to the cause of it. He had long, fretful monologues on the vanity of diamond-making, if accompanied with "pestering" by "interlopers"; on the wickedness of concealment and conspiracy, and their effects on charcoal-burning; on the nurturing of spies and "adders" in the family circles, and on the seditiousness of dark and mysterious councils in which a gray-haired father was left out. It was true that a word or look from Flip generally brought these monologues to an inglorious and abrupt termination, but they were none the less luxurious as long as they lasted. In time they were succeeded by an affectation of contrite apology and self-deprecation. "Don't go out of the way to ask the old man," he would say, referring to the quantity of hacon to be ordered; "it's natural a young gal should have her own advisers." The state of the flour-barrel would also produce a like self-ahement. "Unless ye're already in correspondence about more flour, ye might take the opinion of the first tramp ye meet ez whether Santa Cruz Mills is a good brand, but don't ask the old man." If Flip was in conversation with the butcher, Fairley would obtrusively retire with the hope "he wasn't intrudin' on their secrets."

These phases of her father's weakness were not frequent enough to excite her alarm, but she could not help noticing they were accompanied with a seriousness unusual to him. He began to be tremulously watchful of her, returning often from work at an earlier hour, and lingering by the cabin in the morning. He brought absurd and useless presents for her, and presented them with a nervous anxiety poorly concealed by an assumption of careless, paternal generosity. "Suthin' I picked up at the Crossing for ye to-day," he would say, airily, and retire to watch the effect of a pair of shoes two sizes too large, or a fur cap in September. He would have hired a cheap parlor organ for her but for the apparently unexpected revelation that she couldn't play. He had received the news of a clue to his long-lost son without emotion, but lately he seemed to look upon it as a foregone conclusion, and one that necessarily solved the question of companionship for Flip. "In course, when you've got your own flesb and blood with ye, ye can't go foolin' around with strangers."

These autumnal blossoms of affection, I fear, came too late for any effect upon Flip, precociously matured by her father's indifference and selfishness. But she was good-bumored, and seeing him seriously concerned, gave him more of her time, even visited him in the sacred seclusion of the "diamond-pit," and listened with far-off eyes to his fitful indictment of all things outside his grimy laboratory. Much of this patient indifference came with a capricious change in her own habits. She no longer indulged in the rehearsal of dress. She packed away her most treasured garments, and her leafy houdoir knew her no more. She sometimes walked on the hillside, and often followed the trail which she had taken with Lance when she led him from the rancho. She once or twice extended her walk to the spot where she had parted from him, and as often came slyly away, her eyes downcast, and her face warm with color. Perhaps because these experiences, and some mysterious instinct of maturing womanhood, had left a story in her eyes, which her two adorers, the postmaster and the butcher, read with passion, she became famous without knowing it. Extravagant stories of her fascinations brought strangers into the valley. The effect upon her father may be imagined. Lance could not have desired a more effective guardian than he proved to be in this emergency. Those who had been told of this hidden pearl were surprised to find it so jealously protected.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The *Harvard Advocate* insinuates that Cambridge girls have procured catalogues of the University, and check off eligible young men, with their "probable financial chances." Here are examples: "Brown, Delancey Fitz-Hugo; a lovely fellow—lives in Brooklyn; goes in the best society; up on art, science, and pedigree; besides, is an only son, with a prospective three hundred thousand dollars." "Simpkins, Follanshee De Jones, Matthews Hall; very good form in dress and manners; can give points to Dolly Brown on religion, stamps, and looks—a much better catch; reputed to be an orphan with five hundred thousand dollars, and in poor health," etc.

"What will your wife wear at the ball, Governor?" said the millinery man of a "society" paper to one of our ex-governors recently, at a fashionable Eastern watering-place. "My wife is not going to the ball, sir." "Impossible, Governor. I have telegraphed her name to my paper as among the guests. Now, (appealingly,) what would your wife wear if she was going?" "Sir," replied the ex-governor, in his austere manner, as he turned on his heel, "since you have sent my wife to the ball, dress her yourself." And sure enough there was an elaborate "toilet" described next morning.

New York is an odd sort of place in summer. It is deceptive. It puts on an appearance of death and desolation that impresses strangers forcibly. Just now it is beginning to assume this dreadful air of decay, and people are turning up their eyes, and saying that the city isn't fit for a hermit's abode, and is as dull as a desert plain. Every one is seen in the act of rubbing violently out of town, but no one is seen in the act of returning. Fifth Avenue is deserted. The windows are all blank stretches of the horrible green muslin lately come into vogue, and the doors are concealed behind the solid board casings that fit into the arches. Nowhere is life visible. In the morning grooms may be seen taking victorias, carts, landaus, and broughams, all swathed in linen covers, toward the various railway and steamboat termini; but in the afternoon nothing is to be seen but the lumbering stages and a few *outré* conveyances. No one will walk on Fifth Avenue, though it is a pleasant stroll, because it isn't proper, though no end of people walk on Madison Avenue, a single block to the east. But there is an astounding change in the appearance of the city at night. Then you look over the audieoes of any of the five theatres now running, and there are no end of good people, while in the concert halls sit numberless gentlemen of high social position; and there are lots of billiards and suppers going on at the clubs. Then look in at the Brunswick, and the tight-waisted, tight-trousered, and light-moustached fraternity is almost as largely represented as on an opera night in the season.

Go across the street to Delmonico's, and behold the æsthetic and well-heaved Mr. A. Weber, sitting in the west corner of the café with his legs on the back of a chair, displaying a liberal complement of red hose, while the head-waiter stares at him fixedly, and the gentlemen at the other tables stick the single glass in the refractory eye, and attempt to wither him at a glance. But he is not to be withered, because his papa left him a lot of money gained by making pianos and centennial awards, and Mr. Weber believes that his money is as good as other people's money. His money doubtless is, but his manners are certainly not.

In another corner sits John T. Raymond. I believe that if Raymond should be stricken dead and dumb, and come to New York, he could make a profitable season by just appearing on the stage and bolding up a handful of trade-dollars. His popularity is unbounded. He is supposed to be at Long Branch, but spends most of his nights at Delmonico's, working assiduously with his trade-dollars. He matches the coins all the time, everywhere, and with every one. He talks constantly on two subjects: his baby, and his losses at matching dollars. At another table can be seen a little group of actors who patronize Delmonico's faithfully: Osmond Tearle, Gerald and Gilbert Eyre, (Mr. Kerr, as he always calls himself,) and Mr. Lester Wallack, sit and drink porter, and talk English lingo. Mr. Wallack's face and neck show his sixty odd years, but he still looks comparatively young, and I must admit that he is far ahead of any other American in wearing the single glass. He has been known to eat soup a number of times without dropping the glass once. They are often joined by a fat little round-shouldered man whose head is perfectly bald, who wears a thick moustache, and has eyes that are perpetually sleepy. He is Charley Delmonico, the only living member of the great firm of caterers. He superintends the up-town place himself, and has responsible stewards for his three down-town places. His fortune is estimated at three million dollars.

At another table sits a very slight youth of low stature, who wears women's shoes and gloves, and dresses in the very extreme of fashion. His hair is carefully banged, and his moustache is curled, and he talks Angloism quite well for an American. I don't know whether he has ever been heard of in San Francisco or not, but he made a great stir here by starting the Rockaway Hunt in opposition to the Queen's County Hunt a year or two ago. He had just returned from England, and desired to institute fox-hunting in better style than the Queen's County Club did it. He failed. His name is John W. Cheever, and he waltzes quite well, when he is not carried off his feet by too big a partner, as was the case when he danced with Miss Youmans at the Patriarchs' ball last winter. He usually sits alone, sipping brandy-and-soda, when in the café, but is occasionally joined by others of his set, who talk languidly. His one unhappiness is that his father is in business—rubber-cushioned axles, or something of that sort. The old gentleman evidently regards his son in the light of a sort of agreeable curiosity. He gives him all the money he can spend, and then amuses himself by watching the son's efforts to appear English and aristocratic.

At another table sits a gentleman, also undersized, whose face, despite its ruddy color and brown moustache, has a slightly Hebraic cast. It is Mr. August Belmont Jr., who has just returned from wintering on the Nile with his bride, formerly the beautiful Bessie Morgan. He is, to a certain extent, the leader of the present Anglomaniac craze, and enjoys considerable popularity. He is older than he looks, and has a quiet but excessively snobbish manner. He has a habit of sticking his glass in his eye, and staring at a stranger for ten minutes with the utmost insolence. We are waiting for him to tackle some Western genius, who will retaliate with true Western vim some time.

Another man always to be found at Delmonico's is Morrison. I never heard his first name. He is tall and very finely built, and wears glasses. I first saw him on the night of the French Cooks' ball last winter, at the Academy of Music. It was a dreadfully wild ball. I couldn't get my head out of bed till five o'clock the next afternoon. It was quite late in the morning, and things were rapidly getting beyond the limits on the floor, when a tall and finely built fellow came up, and snatching a "lady" from my side whirled her into a set. She protested that she wouldn't dance any more, and tried to get back to me. For a moment he insisted on her dancing, but she was firm, and then he seemed suddenly to see me, and brought her hastily back, apologizing earnestly to her, and saying he thought her unaccompanied. She slipped down beside me, and he was extremely polite in trying to excuse what he

termed an outrage. The whole transaction had seemed to me rather an interesting incident, and I said: "That's all right, m' dear fell," and we exchanged cards. Later he came back, and asked me if I could spare my partner for a dance. I was, to tell the truth, only too glad to get rid of her, and insisted on her going. Then I looked a long time for my crush hat, and finding it on my head, I made a halt for the supper-room, where a lot of my old college classmates were having a stag party and service of song. In the course of time, we slunk across the street to Huger's and had it out there. When we came back, Morrison returned my partner, and was as profuse as myself in thanks, for it seemed that each had done the other a favor, and we adjourned together to supper. I talked with him, and found that he was an American who had just returned from England that morning on the steamer *Britannic*. He knew almost no one, and said that he was going to put up at the Lambs Club, of which he had been elected a member before he went abroad, ten years ago. I tell you all this to show you what a clever, polite, and well-educated man can do in New York society; for, although he knew no one there, he is now, less than eight months later, one of the best known men about town in New York. His popularity is solely the result of polish and good nature. He knows nearly every one at Delmonico's. Whether he met many of them as he did me, is more than I can say; but he certainly knows a great many people, but—no ladies. He is not to be found where women are. It takes something more than good fellowship to get into society here, though the majority of society men are not good fellows.

Another habitué of Delmonico's is Mr. Freddy Gebhard, whose intense Anglism I have twice noticed in the *Argonaut*. I mention him again because some one has made a deep and astounding sensation by stating that there used to be a *l* on the end of his name. *Gebhardt!* Gracious! In the same group that includes him may usually be found Gould Redmond, Fred Rhinelander, Frederic Stevens, J. Grey Griswold, etc., etc. In fact, the young society men all cling together. Their manners are very bad. I use "manners" in its broad sense. The café is the favorite lounging place, too, of some of the better class of politicians, though the big political lights remain in private apartments in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Another habitué is a man about thirty-five years old, who has a long and crooked neck, and a prominent nose. He is rather awkward, and carries himself loosely. His heavy moustache is not worn with any style, and he dresses plainly. His skin is very dark and sunburned. It is Nathaniel L. Tiedlin, editor of the *Hour*, a weekly paper devoted to society and politics. He was the private secretary of Don Carlos during the pretender's struggle with the king, and knows all Europe. He speaks many languages, and moves freely among the foreign element in New York. He is the "N. L. T." who writes the weekly two-column review, "What is Going On in Europe," in the *Sun*, and he occasionally does papers for the magazines on European politics. He is not popular with society men—which is, after all, a good deal to his credit. The *Hour* is his hobby. He has not made much of a success of it, however; it is too heavy for the taste of New Yorkers.

Nearly opposite the Broadway entrance to the café are four or five tables that are tacitly given up to a certain class of customers. The section is vulgarly called "The New Jerusalem." Mr. Seligman, the banker, sits there a great deal, talking with various other gentlemen (whose noses are eloquent indicators of their race) about "monys." So as I said, New York is not deserted nights, though it looks so in the day-time. The truth is that New Yorkers find more fun in New York than anywhere else, even during the "heated term." They may go down with their families to Newport or Long Branch, but they don't stay long. They come back to see "the boys" whenever they can get away.

The season opened at Newport with two very important weddings—something that never occurred before. The season at a watering-place should open with acquaintance, proceed through flirtation, and end in engagement with the wedding in the spring. The most important of Newport's two weddings was that of Miss Maud Ledyard and Mr. Frederick Newbold. It was a very elegant affair. Miss Ledyard is a pronounced beauty, and divides the honor with three or four others of being the prettiest girl in New York. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. Henry Ledyard, descendant of Chancellor Livingston, and formerly Minister of the United States to France. He was president of the Redwood Club, and one of the most popular elderly men in New York society. He married a daughter of Lewis Cass, but I forgot which one it was. The wedding was celebrated at Mrs. Ledyard's villa, at five o'clock last Thursday afternoon. The groom is not very popular. The *Newbolds* and the *Newbolds* have been so long muddled up and tangled up, and belligerent, that society has to a certain extent been drawn into their quarrels, and it has reacted upon the younger members of the families, and taken away a large part of their popularity. The groom's best man was Mr. James H. Jones, of New York. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft, which is considered of importance, as the aged historian goes out very little now, and only when compelled by a strong motive. The motive in this case was his admiration for Lewis Cass, who was one of the greatest men this country ever produced. All of the Astor family, the Stuyvesants, the Rhinelanders, and indeed the best people of New York were there.

The other wedding occurred on the same day. Miss Nellie Hazard, who has been known for two seasons as the Newport beauty, was married to Paymaster I. Goodwin Hobbs. She is the daughter of the late Lewis L. Hazard, and he, despite his somewhat disheartening name, is one of the most popular men in the navy. The wedding was attended by an immense number of army and navy celebrities, who wore their full-dress uniforms, and helped to make the wedding brilliant and picturesque. Still I must object to people marrying at the beginning of the season, because it leaves nothing to look forward to—except—er—of course some scandal.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1882.

Some great Dutch capitalists are going to reclaim Zuyder Zee. The dykes will be stupendous.

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

"It is a pity," said Goethe, "that there should be so many echoes in this world, and so few voices." It is indeed a pity. How many of us are only Echoes! I am an Echo. Yet I wish I were a Voice. I have at least the consciousness of my defect. Yet many of the most perfect Echoes I have ever known go through life thinking they are Voices.

I am not original. I wish I were. Sometimes I think I say a good thing. But on reflection I nearly always find that some one has said it before me—frequently some centuries before me. Literature, some writer has remarked, is merely a continual pouring from large vessels into smaller ones.

All this is merely introductory to the fact that I have written some lines. I thus disarm accusation and criticism by admitting that I am an Echo. Before you finish you will know whom I have echoed. And I have echoed thus:

O'er the hills of San Francisco boomed the thunder of the guns,
In the streets of San Francisco paused her many toiling sons.

But they smiled, and shrugged their shoulders, saying, after the report:
"It's the regulars a-shootin' out beyond there at the fort."

Why thus smiled the San Franciscans? Why thus mocked they at the noise
Made by engines of destruction worked by Uncle Samuel's boys?

Ah, they knew those gentle cannon never could a creature kill,
For the warriors who worked them never even hit the hill.

Fair the hill of Saucelito, towering grandly o'er the seas,
Facing forts that frown with cannon, kissed by the Pacific breeze.

Yet the hill of Saucelito hears no trace of cannon-scar,
Never seam or gasb from shrapnel does its fair proportions mar.

Whither go then all the missiles hurtling, howling, through the air?
Who can tell? They're hapless foundlings—bullets billeted nowhere.

O'er the hills of San Francisco booms the thunder of the guns,
But the night broods o'er the city, wrapped in slumber are her sons.

O'er the Bay of San Francisco spit the cannon sheets of flame,
And they rip and tear the darkness out through which the gunners aim.

Yet the toll reverberation rumbles weirdly on my ear,
And I tremble while I listen, nothing knowing why I fear.

Yes, of such the human heart is, *feeling* things it does not know,
Though the scientific gray-heads ever claim it is not so.

Still is heard the sullen cannon, with their dull sepulchral boom,
Still flash forth the unsubstantial sheets of fire through the gloom.

But what men are these that work them? that stand toiling at the guns?
They are clad in hose and doublet—these must be Hispania's sons!

In the background an *hidalgo*, wizened, spindle-shanked, and lean,
Resting upon a rusty rapier, overlooks the busy scene.

Don Joaquin de Arrillaga from the glimpses of the moon
Is returned to the Presidio, with a shadowy platoon.

Queer and quaint these ghostly warriors, clad in leathern jerkins all—
Compañías de cuera—sombre fellows, grim and tall.

Curiously shaped mustachios twine around their lantern jaws,
And they twirl them while they listen, as their leader bids them pause.

"Hark ye, men," speaks Arrillaga, "now you have the range aright,
We will show these paltry fellows how the Spaniards used to fight."

Even though the brazen cannon that we once were wont to fire
Have been melted down ignobly, for some base shopkeeper's hire,

Still with their own clumsy pieces we will fire on yonder fort,
And by blessed Saint Francisco its existence shall be short.

Compañeros! To your pieces! The Castilian skill display!
Shame these dull Americanos! *Por Dios y por el Rey!*

Dully boomed the ghost-worked cannon, crashed the halls through
brick and stone,
Fell the fortress into ruins—Alcatraz was overthrown.

O'er the hills of San Francisco boomed the thunder of the guns,
And up started from their pillows many of her slumbering sons.

I am of them—I have slumbered—but to me it scarce can seem
That Joaquin de Arrillaga was the creature of a dream.

Yet I mutter, turning over for a morning slumber short,
"Tis the soldiers—they are firing out beyond there at the Fort."

O'er the hills of San Francisco booms the thunder of the guns;
O'er the hills of Saucelito hurtle cannon-halls by tons.

Yet the gunners hear an echo to the cannons' rumbling tones,
When they miss—as they do always—Joaquin Arrillaga groans.

Now whom have I echoed? Bret Harte, you reply. Still, he idea is mine, suggested by the had shooting done by the regulars stationed here, in their artillery practice, and by the further fact that Don Joaquin de Arrillaga was governor here a hundred years ago. Yet, you say, Bret Harte originated all this legendary Spanish lore. So he did. And I am only an Echo.

But after all is it not rather hard that Harte should own the whole of California, considered as literary material? How many people have laid down their pens in despair, when writing something distinctively Californian, convinced that they would be accused of "imitating Bret Harte." And probably they would be justly so accused. We are all of us Echoes.

Harte himself is an Echo. The methods of Dickens are apparent on every page he writes. And as Charles Reade is probably the most skillful English delineator of the subtleties of womankind, Harte has adopted his methods in that respect. And in construction he is a careful student of Wilkie Collins, who is the Master of the Unforeseen.

But, as I have said, Harte is the owner of literary California. Staked all over it are notices reading like this:

NOTICE TO PROSPECTORS.

The undersigned claims the following leads:
50,000,000 feet in the Large-Hearted Red-Shirt.
2,000,000 feet in the Velvet-Eyed Señorita.
500,000 feet in the Courtly Mexican Don.
100,000,000 feet in the Impulsive Child of Nature ("M'liss," "Flip," etc.)
50,000,000 feet in the Profane Stage-Driver.
10,000,000 feet in the By-God, Sah.
1,000,000,000 feet in the Spanish Days of California.
20,000,000 feet in the Romantic Gambler.
5,000,000 feet in the Sentimental Prostitute.

Prospectors are notified that the undersigned is the owner of the foregoing leads or lodes, with all the dips, spurs, angles, and sinuosities thereof, and that he intends to work them within the time required by the laws of this mining district.

BRET HARTE.

Last Monday evening I went to see the Hanlons in their "Parisian absurdity" entitled "Le Voyage en Suisse." It is certainly an absurdity—how Parisian it is I do not know. But it is not to be wondered at that it ran a long time in Paris, for the Parisians are hut overgrown children after all. "Your majesty," quoth Savary, Duc de Rovigo, to Napoleon, "your majesty, there is much discontent among the Parisians at present. They are murmuring against the government."

"Murmuring, are they?" replied the Emperor; "in that case gild the dome of the Invalides."

The gigantic dome was gilded, and contentment reigned once more.

Yes, in Paris, at the Folies-Bergères, where you can drink and smoke, and where many of the ladies wear the golden grid, "Le Voyage en Suisse" may be endurable. At the Baldwin, where you can not smoke, must go out to drink, and where the ladies are like Cæsar's wife, "Le Voyage en Suisse" is wearisome. True, the tumbling is funny, the tricks are well done, and the machinery works perfectly, but the play is plotless, the action drags, the dialogue is insufferably dull, and the jokes timeworn.

Still, as I said, it pleased the Parisians, and I think it will please a great many others. There is a certain order of mind to which it will prove irresistibly attractive. I have seen children with heads.

Two of the performers were, to my thinking, better than any one of the Hanlons. The one was set down as Wyatt on the hill, and played the part of a French professor. The other was left off the hill, through some oversight apparently, and took off a waiter to perfection. Both were irresistibly droll. I could not help but pity the little woman who played "Juliette," the leading part. The "playwright" has given her a line about once in twenty minutes, and she was obliged all the rest of the time to counterfeit interest in the action by means of that facial play which must become so tiresome.

Apropos. When I quitted the theatre there was an indignation meeting of scribes without. The critics of the dailies had not been allowed to enter without putting up coin of the realm. While their indignation was somewhat comic, it was none the less rather ominous for the management. The newspapers can get along without the theatres. But the theatres can not get along without the newspapers.

It is true that some newspapers are disposed to abuse the "deadhead" privilege. It is generally the proprietors, and not the critics. For instance, Mr. MacCrellish, of the *Alta*, used to demand whole rows of seats for the use of his friends. Mr. Mike DeYoung, too, of the *Chronicle*, has always been afflicted with a morbid taste for hoxes. This is, of course, annoying, but it does not justify the managers in refusing admission to the scribes. It does not justify them on pure, cold, business principles, I mean. For the theatrical scribe can, by his silence or his condemnation, do more harm to an engagement than the cost of a dozen rows of seats.

Matters are generally complicated, too, by the induction of some gnat-brained boor or other into the hox-office or at the door, who will set the scribes upon their ear, and get the public's hack up by his stupidity or his insolence—it matters not which.

The ruin of the Montaldo engagement was largely due to an incompetent impertinent in the hox-office the first ("Norma") night.

I am frequently tempted to think that some of the editorial offices in this country are recruited from idiot asylums. This remark is general, but its special application is on this wise. The *Argonaut* has the habit of frequently resurrecting things which are old but good. This is particularly so in the poetry line, and many a familiar yet forgotten piece of verse has appeared in its columns under the heading of "Old Favorites." So far, so good. But various journals will copy these poems, credit them to the *Argonaut*, and then the verses will go around until some editorial idiot, fancying the *Argonaut* is edited by fellow-idiot, will fatuously accuse it of stealing. The latest case of this is in a recent number of the Philadelphia *Press*, where a legal idiot writes to the editorial idiot accusing the *Argonaut* of "stealing and mutilating" a poem entitled "A Lawyer's Invocation to Spring." Inasmuch as the poem, which is by H. H. Brownell, appeared in *Punch* as long ago as 1851, and has been in nearly every collection of verse published since, it might be supposed that even the editor of the Philadelphia *Press* would know it, and that he might so flatter the editors of the *Argonaut* as to think they did too.

Here is another case: Some months ago the *Argonaut* republished one of Fitz-Hugh Ludlow's most charming stories—"Regular Habits." A Cleveland paper immediately reprinted it, with the credit, "Fitz-Hugh Ludlow in the San Francisco *Argonaut*." Ludlow died twelve years ago.

I picked up at a watering-place the other day half of a Massachusetts paper, the name of which I have forgotten. I was amused to find in it "An Invisible Demon," (which appeared in this paper some weeks ago,) thus credited:

"Fitz-James O'Brien in the San Francisco *Argonaut*." Poor O'Brien! He fell in battle early in the war. His body has lain in the grave for over twenty years.

But the worst case I ever heard of was when a St. Louis paper reprinted that well-known hallad, "The Friar of Orders Gray," and credited it: "Thomas Percy in the San Francisco *Argonaut*." I expected that the much-enduring poetry editor of this journal would have a fit. He gnashed his teeth and howled:

"Blank St. Louis editors! Percy died in 1811, and they don't know it yet!"

I heard a story last week in which occurred the most sublime piece of cheek that ever mortal man was guilty of. I am an admirer of great things, and even of some lesser ones when, like cheek, they reach sublimity. And this instance was certainly sublime.

I will premise by remarking that the hero of the story possesses the most extraordinary, the most colossal, the most adamant cheek known to the history of the world. He would have asked the fourteenth Louis who the Man in the Iron Mask was. He would have asked Frederick Barbarossa why he didn't cut his hair. And yet he does not know that he is cheeky, and his cheek is so naive that he is a charming fellow withal.

Well Juron (let us call him so) was on the staff of an evening paper, and was sent to an interior city to report an execution. When he arrived there he found, to his great chagrin, that the unfortunate culprit was to shuffle on the hangman's coil at exactly two o'clock. This would he just too late for Juron's paper, while all the others would have it the next day.

Most men would have felt that there was nothing to be done. Not so Juron. He rose with the occasion. He soared, if I may so speak, to the Alpine heights of Cheekdom, where everything is frozen.

He repaired to the sheriff. He was quite affable with this official. He kindly but firmly impressed upon his mind how much more important it was that the murderer's convenience should be consulted. He wanted the hanging expedited.

"But," said the sheriff, "it is quite possible that the man himself may have some feeling in the matter. Perhaps he doesn't want to die until two o'clock."

"If he doesn't," quickly replied Juron, "it would merely be the natural weakness of one in the shadow of death. But he does want to die. I shall go and see him. He must die!" muttered Juron, gloomily.

He went to see him. What happened within the sombre cell will never be known. Whether Juron simply asked it as a personal favor; whether the murderer considered death preferable to imprisonment; whether Juron so embittered his last hours by reading him the *Evening Boast* as to render death a happy release—none of these things will ever be known. Suffice it to say, the murderer sent a message to the sheriff, and was hanged at twelve o'clock.

The *Evening Boast* of that date contained a charming and gracefully written account of the affair. It was headed "A Necktie Party."

Zulana has returned from the country. I am overjoyed I have expatiated at great length to her on the cheerlessness of our silent house with its shrouded furniture, of the monotony of club life, of how existence without her is—and so forth. Oh, I have made myself solid.

But I am afraid she is beginning to suspect me. I have not the air of one returning to a feast. I fear I more resemble one returning from a feast. (Perhaps I am a trifle jaded. We crowded too many of those little dinners into the past few weeks.)

At breakfast the other morning she spoke:

"Zulana," said she, "you never seem to have any appetite for your breakfast now. What is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, my dear," and I vigorously attacked a cold hiscuit and a leathery omelette.

"I am afraid you have been spoiled for plain home fare," she said, a trifle querulously.

"Not so—you are wrong, Zulana. But now that you speak of it, I wish you'd see that the cook would make good omelettes. They are always had, and they are never alike. Sometimes they resemble a sponge; sometimes they look as if they had started out to be scrambled eggs, and had concluded to solidify; sometimes they remind me of a tough tortilla. Now, if I have a weakness, it is omelettes. Will you see to it, Zulana?"

She said she would.

"Ah," I continued, meditatively, waving my fork in forgetful enthusiasm, "ah, what omelettes that cook at the club does make! M-m-m-m-m-eltling! Delicious! I do hethink me, Zulana, of a certain *omelette au confiture* he confected for me the other day. The dark purple masses of jelly hidden within its golden folds reminded me of the violet hands of cloud through which the sun descends over the Golden Gate!"

Zulana poured some cream into her coffee with a trembling hand.

"Then there was another," I went on, in gastronomic rapture, "an omelette poem. Its substratum was chicken livers, cooked into a savory stew; mingled with them here and there were fresh green peppers. The whole was then incorporated—assimilated, so to speak—with an omelette. Ah me! when I think of the bland little livers struggling with the fiery flavor of the peppers, the whole pacified, as it were, by the omelette proper, I could weep, Zulana, I could—"

Zulana arose so violently that the toast-rack trembled, and fell over.

"If you do not like your own tahle," she began, in a voice which she vainly tried to render steady, "you had better go back to your old c-c-c-luh!"

She flounced out of the room.

What extraordinary creatures these women are! I had said nothing whatever depreciatory of my own tahle.

Well, some women are melting and sweet, like *omelette au confiture*; some are fiery, like pepper omelettes. I like both kinds—of omelettes.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, who have been upon an extended visit to Eastern and Canadian cities, returned home on Wednesday last. Mrs. Wiltshire, who has been spending several weeks at the Geysers, returned home on Saturday last. Miss De la Montanya, who has been in the East several months, returned on Sunday last. Mrs. Peter Donahue and Miss Mamie, her very agreeable daughter, will remain at the Geysers until August. Miss Juliet Shafter, who has been in Boston and elsewhere in the East for more than a year, returned home on Wednesday last. Miss Jennie Hawley has returned from the Yosemite. Lieutenant Milton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Milton, left San Francisco for the East on Wednesday. Mrs. C. J. Torbert and daughters are sojourning for a brief period at Monterey. Miss Minnie Mizner, of Benicia, who has been visiting in the East for nearly a year, returned home on Wednesday last. Lieutenant-Commander Charles O'Neil, U. S. N., and family, are at the Baldwin for a short time. Mrs. Theodore Tracy has returned from her visit to Oregon. Mrs. John Wright, of Sacramento, went to Monterey on Sunday last, to remain a few weeks. Major Kimball, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kimball, have been visiting in this city during the week. Miss Mattie Sheldon has returned from Santa Clara County. Mrs. Goad has gone to Monterey, to stay a few weeks. Miss Nellie Trowbridge will return from Lake Tahoe in a few days. Midshipman Craven and Commander Merriman, of the navy, have been at the Baldwin during the week. Mrs. Charles McLaughlin has returned from Monterey. Mrs. John C. Fall left here for Cheyenne on Saturday last. Lieutenant Livingston, U. S. N., has been at the Palace most of the week. Mrs. E. B. Pond and family have returned from Clear Lake. Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer is visiting friends in San Joaquin County. Mr. and Mrs. Tristram Burgess returned from the East on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, with their daughter and son William, are in London. Mrs. David Hudson has returned from the Geysers. Mrs. C. L. Wilson has returned from San Rafael. Miss Wilkins, of Napa, who has been visiting Mrs. W. T. Wallace, has returned home. Doctor and Mrs. McNulty will break up housekeeping on the first of next month, and return to their old quarters at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman have returned from Lake Tahoe. The Misses Lake have returned from San Rafael. The Misses Hudson have returned from the Geysers. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hastings are back at the Palace. Misses Carrie and Mary Wright have returned from the Geysers. Governor Tittle, of Arizona, who has been on a visit to Washington, has been spending the present week in Oakland and San Francisco. Mrs. John A. Paxton has been on a visit to the Geysers. The Misses Tichenor, who have been at the Geysers for a while, have returned. Doctor and Mrs. Hutchins have returned from Magnetic Springs. Mrs. John Hemphill has returned from Napa Valley. Mrs. M. A. Wightman and Miss Kate Grimm have gone to Monterey for a few days. Miss Julia Bray, of Fruit Vale, is visiting friends in Nevada County. Commodore Shufeldt has withdrawn his request to be placed in command of the Asiatic squadron. Mrs. Selden S. Wright and Miss Wright have returned from Monterey. Mrs. Barclay and Miss Barclay, of Oregon, who have been visiting in this city for several weeks, have returned to their home in Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phelps, of Oakland, who have been recreating in Lake County, have returned home. Miss Jennie Hanchett has gone to Monterey. Mrs. J. B. Dayton, of Oakland, is visiting Mrs. General Estee, in Napa County. The Misses E. Farrier, and F. G. and H. Tubbs, of Oakland, have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. L. A. Booth and daughter have returned from Southern California. Mrs. W. W. Crane and her daughter, Miss Nannie Crane, of Oakland, have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. J. N. Requa, of Piedmont, has returned from Santa Moica. Mrs. Adam Grant returned from Monterey a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. James P. Pierce and Miss Carrie Pierce, of Santa Clara, who have been at Monterey a part of the summer, have returned home. Miss Lillie Hastings has also returned from Monterey. Miss M. Whittier went to Monterey on Friday last. Henry Heyman has returned from Lake Tahoe. George Redding and Frank Cummins have gone to Shasta and the McCloud River. George Crocker and J. A. Fillmore have returned. Mrs. William Stewart is at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Norton, of Alameda, have gone to Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bowen have returned to San Francisco. Mrs. G. L. Coleman went down to Monterey on Saturday last. Mrs. May Miller has returned from the Yosemite Valley. General Stoneman has returned to his orange groves. Mr. and Mrs. Casserly and Miss Casserly went to Monterey on Saturday last. Miss Kate Felton and Mrs. Loomis have returned to Menlo. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Traylor are at Webber Lake. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Buffington, of Oakland, are at Glenwood. Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Middleton have returned from Napa Soda Springs. Mr. and Mrs. F. Sullivan are spending a few days at Monterey. I. D. Castello, U. S. N., is at Monterey. Mrs. A. C. Lawrence has returned from Monterey. Miss Doyle, of Menlo Park, went to Monterey on Saturday last. Mrs. William Kohl and her daughter have returned to San Mateo from Tahoe. Robert Dickson has gone to Oregon to be absent for five weeks. Mrs. A. E. Head and Mrs. Head have returned from Monterey. J. C. Freeman, U. S. A., is at the Baldwin. Captain Boyd, U. S. N., who went East as a commander, returned to the Navy Yard at Mare Island on Thursday last with increased rank as above. H. S. Warring, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Monday last. Evan J. Coleman has been in Los Angeles quite a while as the guest of J. de Barth Shorb. Harry Tevis, Frank Wilson, and Charles Cole have gone to Mount Shasta and the McCloud River to stay until the first of August. Mrs. Major Hayden McLellan, of Los Angeles, who has been on a visit to Mrs. Captain Goodall, has returned home. General Keyes is at Tahoe. Miss May Millikin, of Sacramento, who has been visiting in Oakland, has returned home. Eugene Lent returned on Tuesday last. A. W. Grant, U. S. N., is at the Occidental. James Phelan is spending the present week with his family at Monterey. The Earl of Hopeton returned from Monte-

rey on Monday last. H. C. Parkhurst and S. Cook, U. S. N., are at the Palace. Mrs. D. W. Thompson returned from Monterey on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Charles McLaughlin, Mr. Laton, Samuel Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Requa are at the Yosemite in a party. H. H. Cook and E. B. Chapman, of Oakland, went to Monterey on Sunday last. Robert Sherwood and family left San Francisco for the East on Tuesday last. Mrs. J. S. Taber and her sister, Mrs. Smith, who have been at the Yosemite for nearly two months, have returned. Mr. and Mrs. I. Taber, who went to the Yosemite last week, have also returned. Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Miss Amy Crocker, of Sacramento, are at Idlewild, their beautiful place on Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples and Miss Kittie Staples have returned from Etna Springs. Mr. Seligman, of New York, is visiting the Yosemite. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and daughter, will return to the Palace, from San Rafael on or about the first of August. Mrs. Joseph Austin returned from the Geysers on Monday last. A. Malpas, accompanied by his wife and three children, went to Monterey on a brief visit on Tuesday last. Captain W. H. Taylor and family, who have been spending a month at the seashore, returned on Monday last. Mrs. M. J. Kelier, of Oakland, has gone to Santa Cruz to stay a week or two. Charles Miller and family returned from their third annual visit to Monterey on Monday last. Mrs. J. L. Moody and family also returned from the seashore on Monday last. Mrs. W. E. Dean and maid went to Monterey on the seventeenth instant; also the Misses K. and M. Nugent. Mrs. D. J. Tallant and family, who have been spending a month at the Hotel del Monte, have returned to the city; also Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Verdon. Mr. and Mrs. A. K. P. Harmon Jr., of Oakland, will return from their bridal tour to-day. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Miss Huntington, who have been visiting the Pacific Coast since the summer of 1879, will arrive here to-morrow and take apartments at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Libbey and F. Washington went down to Monterey on Tuesday last. Judge Hoffman returned from Monterey on Tuesday. Miss Lizzie Coffee, who has been visiting Mrs. M. R. Taylor and Miss Lena Smith, at Sacramento, returned home on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. Harry May and Miss May returned from Monterey on Tuesday last. Mrs. R. Brown, of Sacramento, is at Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone came down from their summer retreat in Napa County a few days ago to inhale the ozone from the trade winds, and to do some shopping; they have not returned for the season, however. Mrs. N. D. Rideout and family, of Marysville, went down to Monterey on Tuesday last, to stay a week or two. A. A. Cohen and wife, of Alameda, are also at Monterey, enjoying the zephyrs from the sea-shore. Mrs. J. Brinkerhoff and the Misses A. and I. Brinkerhoff, of Dixon, are also spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. H. Miller and family returned from Monterey on Tuesday last. Lieutenant G. W. Wilson, U. S. A., is at Los Angeles. Mrs. General Stoneman arrived here on Thursday last, and is at the Palace. General Beale arrived from Washington on Thursday last, and is at the Palace.

DECORATIVE ART NOTES.

The November Competitive Exhibition of Designs and Embroideries.

The Society of Decorative Art of California has issued a circular, stating the conditions and rules which will regulate competition for the ten or more prizes which, under its auspices, will be awarded for the best work in designing for embroidery and in art needlework that shall be sent to it for exhibition from Monday, October 30th, to Wednesday, November 1st. For the conditions and rules we refer all interested to the circular itself. The prizes are as follows. The society also promises that other special prizes will probably be offered before the competition takes place, "of which due notice will be sent to all desiring information":

One hundred dollars for the best piece of embroidery—the most artistic in design, color, and work—suitable for a portière.
Fifty dollars for the design or piece of embroidery receiving the majority of votes of visitors during the exhibition.

Various managers have generously provided funds for the following:

Seventy-five dollars for the best design of screen of not less than three panels.

Fifty dollars for the best design of portière. Competition limited to Pacific Coast art-workers.

Fifty dollars for embroidered table-cover.

Twenty-five dollars for best sample of drawn work, original design.

Twenty-five dollars for the best design of outline work on silk or linen.

Twenty-five dollars for embroidered lambrequin, suitable for mantel.

Twenty-five dollars for the best design of California wild flowers, suitable for decorative purposes.

Twenty dollars for the best figure design, suitable for panel.

This is an undertaking that should commend itself to all who are interested either in the growth of artistic capacity and taste, or in the development specially of California talent. The society's object was primarily to offer encouragement to Pacific Coast workers, and it feels confident that, if all who can do good work, both with the pencil and the needle, will exert themselves to compete for these prizes, the display of California works will be very creditable. The School of Design has annually, for some seven years, turned out pupils who have found occupation in the more practical paths of art-work. Among these several hundred graduates there surely should be some who can profitably and satisfactorily design for the best class of art needlework. If so, now is their opportunity. Not only those sanguine of carrying off a prize should send to the exhibition; but those who, executing pretty and tasteful embroidery, still feel that others will distance them in the race for "first place," because all designs and works can be for sale, including even those that take prizes. So that during the early part of November the rooms of the society will be the best sales-place for artistic handiwork to be found in San Francisco. There is a sentence in the circular, printed in italics, which should be duly considered by all would-be competitors: "To add to the attractiveness of the exhibition, competitors, when convenient, are urged to send finished work illustrating their designs." At the competitive exhibition held in New York last year this suggestion was very generally observed. Indeed the first prize for a design for portière was taken by the portière itself, all worked. It is possible that in some

cases the person who makes the design is not able, from lack of either time or skill, to work it. In this event a partnership between the artist of the pencil and of the needle would be a wise and satisfactory combination. As a matter of fact, one of the greatest difficulties decorative art societies have to contend with in their efforts at improving the style and quality of art needlework, is in securing artistic and appropriate designs. A very pretty study of flowers is by no means a good design for embroidery. Purpose, place, and material have all to be considered, particularly this last, for a pattern which would be very charming done in outline on linen would appear poor, cold, and cheap done in double crewels or plush. Furthermore, color has to be considered, and it is in this respect that our attempts so often fail. A design well-drawn and happily balanced is often entirely robbed of its effect by crudely arranged or too highly toned colors. What is really needed is a more general and correct knowledge among our art-workers of the fundamental principles of the decorative arts. One great difficulty encountered in procuring good designs for any of the applied arts, is an ignorance of these principles. We find artists who offer designs for workers following the law of pictorial art, rather than the law of ornamental art. The heavy scroll-work of a Roman frieze, carved in stone, and placed far above the level of the eye, is entirely appropriate to its place, but it is absurd as a pattern imitated in relief on a carpet or table-cloth, or on a muslin curtain. Each fabric has its own peculiar qualities of texture, lustre, etc., and unless these are considered by the designer, no matter how effective his work is on paper, it will be in bad taste, and ineffective when executed. There is great room for and need of originality in designs among our California workers, if we are to be anything more than feeble imitators of Boston or New York. With the floral wealth which we have at command, we ought to be able to continually produce a new pattern for curtain, tidy, and baby-blanket. Our contributions depend too much on a "new pattern from the East," when, if they would only use their eyes, they could find more beautiful ones from our own California hills and dales. We believe the November exhibition will serve to rouse both energy and ambition among local artists. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1882.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Schoolmaster's Opinion.

[The following extract from a private letter is from the son of one of the old fighting guard of early Stanislaus Republicans. He is a schoolmaster. We wonder if he would not make a good superintendent of education? We refer the matter to the Stanislaus delegation to the Republican convention.]

EDITORS ARGONAUT: No office in our government is of more importance than that of Superintendent of Public Instruction. Our school system must be preserved and perpetuated, pure and efficient, or our government goes down. Professors, demagogues, and self-styled educators, have thrown glittering sand in the eyes of the people in the shape of new-fangled methods of instruction, short-cuts up the hill of science, and "royal roads" to knowledge, until our school system is on trial for its life. Stuffing machines, military discipline, and a grading system that grinds out at graduation the blockhead and the gifted on the same plan—these are the implements used by the supporters of our "higher education" and our "modern civilization." Hence the pupils of our public schools are remarkable for a wonderful smattering of everything, and a knowledge of nothing. The graduates of our high schools and University, so far as a good common English education—a knowledge of reading writing, spelling, grammar, and practical business arithmetic is concerned—would be a disgrace to the public schools of fifty years ago. I have been a teacher in the schools of the State for the last twenty years. Opposition to educational rings, and innovations on common sense, have been my constant fight. The financial part of our system (except the manner of expending it) is all right enough. The schools are supported in a princely manner, and without a murmur from the people. But the teaching is all wrong; our grading system is all wrong; the text-book matter is all wrong; and the "Commencement Day" is the grandest humbug of the whole. The child is taught to read without knowing its letters. He is taught to spell phonetically—by use of diacritical marks—before he has any knowledge of the pronunciation or simplest combination of letters. Geography is taught with mud pies, and grammar as a science is commenced in the cradle. Yours respectfully, JOHN YORK JR.

OKDALE, July 17, 1882.

What an Intelligent Foreigner Thinks of Us.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Ever since the initial number I believe I have been a constant reader of the *Argonaut*, and nothing has given me so much gratification as the perusal of its editorials, written in a spirit of freedom, candid in thought, and treating the important living issues of the day in a practical manner—in short, if I may be allowed the term, "taking the hull by the horns" every time. I can not help admiring the journal that has the daring to speak out boldly and plainly upon the various questions that agitate the people of the country. In the issue of last week I noticed a paragraph relating to the boycotting of Butterfield's shoe store on Market Street, and was pleased with your comments concerning it. The question of Chinese immigration is indeed a serious one to the people of this State, and I have always been with you in the feeling that they should be positively prohibited from coming here. But the thought has often arisen in my mind whether it would not be the just and proper thing for the native-born Americans to be allowed the privilege of solving this serious question. Admitting the argument that foreign help is necessary, would it not be becoming for them to assist the Americans, and not reverse the situation? Has it ever occurred to the Americans, and more especially to the intelligent and law-abiding foreigners, how ridiculous and how utterly contemptible it seems for one foreigner to insist on informing the native-born what other foreigner is to be allowed the freedom of this land? It has to me. I am a foreigner. I am here because this is the best government on God's footstool; because here I can breathe the pure air of a freeman; where the vote of a scavenger counts as much as that of the millionaire; where all are equal before the law. I would not go back to Germany; I could not be driven to depart from this country, and for the privilege of enjoying the great blessings afforded only by this nation, it would ill become me to dictate to the people, by whose liberal spirit I am permitted to be here, how the government should be constituted. I feel it my duty, as an intelligent, well-wishing citizen of this republic, to cast my ballot for the best interests of the government, and I equally believe that no other foreigner, be he from Ireland, France, or any other country, has more rights here than I have as a German. I am forced to the conclusion that, taken from an American standpoint, a Chinaman is no more and no less a foreigner than the German, Irish, French, Italian, or the native of any other country, and has some rights perhaps that we, who are also here on sufferance, can not gainsay. True it is, we are a civilized foreign immigration, and demand and receive better and higher consideration; but the Americans say that their laws regarding foreign immigration were never so constructed as to admit of discrimination between the semi-civilized and the civilized, ignorant and intelligent, of foreign countries. If they were, would not the white foreign population shrink considerably, and New York city and San Francisco be Republican for time and eternity?

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18, 1882.

APPRECIATIVE FOREIGNER.

OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS.

What the Mexicans Eat, How they Live, and their Future Prospects.

Mascota is the third town as regards population in Jalisco, though Ixtlan disputes the point of precedence. Ahuacatlan is a pretty little town; the road to it winds around the base of the volcano Ceburuco, only lately become quiescent. During the recent eruption a new *cuchillo* or spur has been formed, which is still glowing (the rosy color only visible at night) and smoking, and which affords a fine study of volcanic action in shaping the visible crust of the earth. The termination "atlan" is Indian, and it means "place of." *Aguacate* is a fruit; hence Aguacatlan, "the place of *aguacates*." *Maza*, I believe, is a bird; hence Mazatlan, "the place of a bird." The farms here in Jalisco (*haciendas de campo*) remind me of the plantations in our Southern States, with their "quarters" clustered near the homestead. The *hacenderos* live something of a planter's life, except that they work far harder, taking the saddle early in the day, and following the work untiringly. They have *administradores*, (overseers), and various under-foremen; but I have not met one who does not look after his own work. Each year they usually spend a part of the season with their families in Guadalajara—much like "going to the Virginia Springs, sir." Not a few of the families live at Guadalajara altogether. A *hacienda* of moderate size will have one hundred working hands; a large one, three hundred or more. The people are paid thirty-one and a quarter to thirty-seven and a half cents per day; boys and lads receive twelve and a half to twenty-five cents. These people, largely descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, work very hard. They are amiable, forward to do one any service in their power, intelligent, and quick to learn, but wholly without education beyond the ability to read. In the domestic establishment on the *haciendas*, as in the towns, one is again reminded of the plantation; all supplies, and in fact everything, are kept under lock and key, and doled out to the domestics as needed. A thing that strikes one is the extreme minuteness of the trading in Mexico. The coins are *peso*, one dollar; *toscon*, fifty cents; *peseta*, twenty-five cents; *real*, twelve and a half cents; *medio*, six and a quarter cents; *cuartilla*, three cents; *llaco*, one and a half cents; *centaro*, one cent. Fully one-half in amount of the buying is done in terms of the *real*, twelve and a half cents, to the *llaco*, one and a half cents. The common people (*paisanos*) buy corn, lard, sugar, beef, and tobacco (these terms, and those items are the staple of life. The staple fabrics are, for the men, *manta*, a kind of coarse, white cotton, and for the women, prints. All who achieve hoots or shoes wear them enormously high beeled. On the *haciendas* the laborers buy their supplies from the *hacenderos*, who keep them for the purpose of selling to their hands. They usually anticipate their wages, and are rarely out of debt to their employers.

Though the *tortilla* is to the Mexican what rice is to the Chinaman, everywhere one gets delicious bread. It is not made in the domestic establishment, but is bought of the baker. The kind most liked is that made with eggs; the next in preference contains, in addition to the eggs, lard, the proportions varying until it becomes a true "short-cake." Next is preferred a sweetened kind; this is habitually eaten at the *desayuno*, as well as often at the *cena*. Finally, the sort used least, but which to our taste would head the list, is the plain bread made with water, or *pan blanco*, and finer certainly is not eaten in this world of good eating. None of these are made into loaves. The *pan blanco* comes as a large roll. The other sorts are made into various cake-forms. The ovens are all, of course, of mason-work. I have not mentioned that the *tortilla* is made of corn, which is first boiled with a little quicklime, to soften or destroy the husk. Still soft, it is rubbed down into a paste between two stones, with a movement as of a woman rubbing clothes on a washboard. Then a dab of it is patted out between the hands into a thin leaf, and this is cooked on an earthen griddle. They are served up hot, of the consistency and pliability of a well-boiled piece of hide. They are not had. The coffee-berry is exquisite. They burn it to a char, then mill it to a flour, and serve it in the drink. The people of the country drink their coffee with all the sugar it will dissolve. For all that cows are plenty, milk is scarce, and butter is almost wholly unknown. In the larger towns it can be bought of American-make, in tins holding perhaps a pound, and usually bad. The little that is made in the country is white and tasteless. The cattle are of the big-boned sort that used to prevail in California, known as Spanish cattle, and a cow of this strain that gives two quarts of milk at a milking is looked upon as a valuable animal. There are a few sheep in the country, but I fancy they are too valuable to kill for mutton, at least I have never seen that meat. They are of the coarse-wooled "kempy" kind that used to be known in California, and the wool of which was sold at six cents per pound, when well-bred grades were worth twenty cents and over. Yet these mountains ought to be the natural habitat for the light-footed Spanish merino sheep. Black wool is more valuable than white, because it is scarcer, and mixed with the white gives a gray fabric without the need of dying. The swine are of two sorts, one of which is a woolly-haired, round, corpulent beast, with a strain, I think, of the Chinese breed. These are only seen on the *haciendas* of the more important kind. The pig of the country is the fine old Western animal, with a snout like a clipper plow, lank, lazy, and limber. His life is compressed in the words "root, hog, or die," and he roots. When taken in hand to be made lard of, and fed corn, he lays on the fat readily, and after a very brief season of enough to eat, which he can hardly have done wondering at when the end arrives, goes to the frying-pan. His flesh is eaten, but it is not esteemed. I have seen it only once, and then at a wayside bailing-place for *arrieros*. Beef is eaten the same day it is killed, and the broiling-iron is unknown. The flesh in its fresh state is fried, the result being less disastrous than one might think, for very little is eaten, except as a "relish." I have scarcely stopped at a *hacienda* where I have not been asked about American agricultural implements, capacity, power required, etc. I have sown some seed for the drummers to reap when they come along.

I had fancied there must be some trifle of exaggeration in the accounts I had received of the exquisite climate of Gua-

dalajara. But not so. Guadalajara is one of the favored spots of the earth. Its climate is choicer than that of Nice, for in Nice there are icy winds sometimes that come down off the Alps. But at Guadalajara the Sierra Madre is, in the first place, too far off, and in the second place, not high enough to offer this phenomenon. More fully at Guadalajara than elsewhere did I realize that stirring times have begun for Mexico. I saw there the beginning of great business activity and good feeling. She has entered upon her railway era. A company has been formed to construct the Jalisco system from a connection with the Eastern road to the sea. In Guadalajara the houses, like those of the other places I had visited, were of adobe and stone, plastered and whitewashed. The cathedral, on one side of the plaza, has a large dome (covered with figures in colored tiles) between the steeples. The *paseo* runs a mile and a quarter through the city, to the *alameda*. Of course Guadalajara has its bull-ring. The only bull-fight I witnessed was at Ahuacatlan. I attended the opera, and must say you may hear the equal of the Guadalajara orchestra in New York, but nowhere else on this continent; and the chorus is worthy of the orchestra. I am told that in Guadalajara music is cultivated with assiduity, and that the occasional concerts given by private performers in aid of charities are brilliant. They prefer Italian and French music.

In the district of Jalisco extensive tracts occupied by the aborigines remain semi-independent to this day. The *paisanos* call them "barbaros." At Tuxham I saw a *pueblo* of these *purros indigenos*. They are a square, thick-set, almost squat people, the men with beardless faces, and the women wearing a costume peculiar to them—a black skirt, with a white body garment which may be shortly described as a towel with a slit in it. The head passes through the slit as it does in a *serape*. And these were the people who gave the Spaniards their experience of the "Noche Triste."

I had a letter from a friend not long ago in which the writer said: "I think it (Mexico) will be a great country when Americans have protection for their lives and money." I have traveled somewhat, and have naturally informed myself, and have to say that if there be any safer country than Mexico I do not know it; and the New Yorkers have found it out. It is safer, in every sense and in every part, than our own Pacific States and Territories. A man may walk the streets of Guadalajara by night with less danger of being robbed than in San Francisco. Since I have been in the country there has been one stage robbery. At the time I left San Francisco there were in Arizona about one a week. Rogues are not wanting in Mexico, but they are far from being the dangerous animals they are often painted. They are much more of a sneak-thief than a highwayman; nearer allied to the coyote than to the wolf. Even the wolf, we know, is a notorious sneak, and only attacks when he conceives he has a sufficient advantage in point of numbers. In this he is only like other thieves, of whatever breed or clime; but mean and sneaky as he is, the coyote is meaner and sneakier. And a similar difference is that, in general, between the American and Mexican footpad. The Mexican footpad is usually a rustic, who attempts the road as a speculation, and he seldom conducts his operations in a business-like manner. The American footpad is apt to be a professional, and therefore he rarely makes any hungle. To sum up, I can only pronounce the notion as to the danger to life and property in Mexico pure delusion.

July 3, 1882.

W.

Senator Logan is clearly right in the introduction of a bill to allow Chinese to pass into and across our country on their way from the West Indies to China. Why not? And who will object to it except a class of unprincipled and ignorant foreigners, who ought themselves never to have been permitted to land upon the shores of the American continent? Chinese, under proper restrictions and conditions, should have the privilege of crossing our country to any other. To limit this privilege would indicate a cowardice on the part of our legislators for which no intelligent person in California would respect them. We think, for various reasons, that the immigration of Chinese, to become fixed laborers and residents of the country, undesirable; but we are not so illiberal and bigoted as to deny to any nationality the privilege of using our country as a highway to another. Logan's ideas should prevail, whether they are suggested in the interest of the Chinese or transportation companies. We wish our railroad and steamship companies to have their share of the world's traffic. We wish our transcontinental railroads from San Francisco to the East to be thronged with the commerce and the passengers of other lands. We desire our port of San Francisco to become the entrepot of this trade, and if Senators Miller or Farley think to make themselves popular among intelligent constituents by any other policy, they will find themselves entirely mistaken. To compel Asiatic travelers to go around the continent to avoid the United States of America is an idea altogether too absurd to write about.

It is quite marvelous, the indignation that has been aroused among Democrats because Republicans assess office-holders for party election purposes. There are certain legitimate and indispensable disbursements necessary in the conduct of a political campaign, and if the office-holders should not pay them, who should? The surprising thing is that this should seem so unusual to the Democracy. They do it when in office, and if they think those out of place should pay all the expenses of campaigns, we wish them joy in the indulgence of a virtuous spasm.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of Golden Gate Park, held at the Park Lodge on Friday morning, Commissioner Alvord resigned after some seven years of service, and in his place Governor Stanford was elected. The Commission is now constituted: Frank M. Pixley, Chairman of the Board; John Rosenfeld, and Leland Stanford.

Mr. Cornelius Walford, the London insurance authority, says that there are few towns or large villages in China which have not their insurance office.

In the reign of Victor Emanuel's father, Charles Albert, Garibaldi was sentenced to be shot in the back for inciting a mutiny of troops.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Every man or woman who owns a dollar's worth of taxable estate in California is interested in maintaining and enforcing the Sunday-law, and closing the drinking-houses on that day. Formerly, election day was an occasion of riot, disorder, and violence. The law closed all places for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and election day is now one of the most quiet and orderly of the year. Enforce the Sunday-law, and it will give us a day of quiet and order for rest, recreation, or worship, as each individual may desire. If on the day when the worst party passions are aroused, and when partisan conflicts culminate in a final struggle at the polls, we can have exemption from personal encounters, and from disorder and violence, we can form some idea of a Sunday without gin.

Next door to the *Argonaut* office is the German Savings Union, next door to that is the San Francisco savings bank, next to that again, a French savings bank, and next beyond is a lager beer saloon, where Bavarian beer is dispensed at five cents a glass, with sausage, bread, and blood-pudding, with mustard and onions for an appetizer. It is good beer. The Sunday law closes these banks on Sunday, and their managers—German and French—make no complaint, and offer no resistance. The lager beer institution joins the "League of Freedom," keeps open on Sunday, resists the law, and, in the interest of blood-pudding, Limberger cheese, and Democracy, insists upon its right to violate a law of the country to which its owner came. We can see no reason why the beer-seller should enjoy privileges not extended to the hanker.

Mr. W. W. Foote, Democratic candidate for Railroad Commissioner, writes a letter to the *Examiner*. The *Record-Union* reviews it, and in the review characterizes Mr. Foote, his candidacy, and his character by the use of the following terms which the reader can apply to the Democratic candidate in any shape they please: "Mendacious," "dishonest," "unscrupulous demagogue," "indecent," "unprincipled," and a howler, "flagrant falsehoods and mis-statements," "phenomenal ignorances," "reckless falsifier," "howling demagogue," "Sand-lot spouter," "disgraceful self-exposure," "profound ignorance," "shameless lack of principle," "reckless mendacity," "political tramp," "wild howler," "mere dummy," "idiot," "unprincipled office-seeker," "gross falsehoods," "reckless pledges," "capable of making a market of his position," and "W. W. Foote." The *Record-Union* once read us a severe lecture because we applied certain inelegant epithets to one of the Hoars of Massachusetts. We have been awaiting our opportunity to call our readers' attention to the forcible and elegant style of this model journal. We present the foregoing as a specimen of choice and eloquent English. If W. W. Foote were the son of his father, and the *Record-Union* were edited by S. S. Prentiss, and the time were fifty years ago, there would be fur a-flying in the valley of the Sacramento; but, alas, the days are degenerate, and no fun will come of it.

If the writer were one of the Egyptian Fellaheen, born to the inheritance of an acre of Nile land, or a Bedouin Arah with only the desert for a home, taught to believe that God is God and Allah His only prophet, and in the utterance of that prayer to turn only to Mecca; if his native land had been invaded by the worshipers of another religion, the followers of another prophet, who came to collect its revenues and disburse them to their brethren in a distant land in payment of a debt he had no hand in creating; if from these revenues, wrung from his hard-earned toil, these foreigners lived in princely splendor, and led lives of luxurious idleness; if in the great cities of Alexandria and Cairo the European quarter was one of ease, plenty, wealth, and lavish display, while he lived in a narrow street in squalor and in poverty; if he were compelled to pay tribute to a Turkish Sultan and taxes to an Egyptian Kbedive to maintain armies and harems—armies officered by foreign-born Pashas, and harems filled with foreign slaves; if this was an inherited condition, and was hopeless of change, and if from out of the native race there sprang one of the Faithful and follower of the Prophet, a warrior who would lead the people against Khedive, Sultan, and foreign invader; if without declaration of war, and before the happening of any serious act of rebellion, an English fleet with eighty-ton guns had blown forts to pieces, slaughtered Egyptian troops, burned the Egyptian quarter of Alexandria, while sparing the European quarter; if the fleets of the European and English sympathizing world had stood by in encouragement of the cruel slaughter—if all this were the case, then the writer is inclined to think that he would have followed Arabi Bey, and would now be found in the tent of the rebel chief, with an English stem-winder, full-jeweled, in his pocket, with his face turned toward Mecca, invoking Allah to destroy the vile Christian dogs that had invaded his native land. If the writer were in command of an American ship-of-war lying in the port of Alexandria, and if from any cause he found Americans and Europeans, women, children, and non-combatants gathered around the American flag in an American consulate, and in the midst of an infuriated and bloody mob, in the midst of a burning city, with murder and rapine on every side, madly fighting for their lives; if the writer were commander of that ship, he would send his hundred armed marines to hear the American flag to the rescue of all who sought its protection, and hid them fight like star-spangled heroes in its honor, and in defense of every man, woman, child, and Christian dog that would ask its protection and the defense of an American sailor. And after the scrimmage was over he would let Mr. Frelinghuysen and the American people settle the diplomatic value of the act. If the writer was the editor of a journal whose opinions were of the least importance in forming and directing public sentiment in the right direction, he would deem it wise to withhold the utterance of any very oracular expression till he had learned all the facts of this very remarkable and questionable bombardment from some authority more disinterested than that of the English who precipitated it. England should only be permitted to write one side of the history of this war. The Argonaut belongs to Oriental literature.

VANITY FAIR.

"Clara Belle" says that New York ladies are fond of going to opera beer-gardens, and that "within a few years New York women have taken to beer like babies to milk. At no time is there less than one beer-garden that can correctly be described as fashionable. The Alcazar is the current venture in this line. It is the Casino renamed, with a stage performance of operetta and ballet, and is doing fairly. In August a new Casino is to be opened. Thus far the Alcazar has had perfectly respectable countenance, and often holds quite a brilliant throng. One of the handsomest women to be seen there is sent by a leading dressmaker as a figure on which to display her wares. This is not an entirely new form of advertising, but it has seldom if ever been so thoroughly well done. The woman is about thirty, superbly molded, and has a most graceful bearing. She is escorted by the male member of the firm which employs her, and it is his part of the scheme to let it be known that her clothes are exhibits from his concern. This he does in part by telling all the acquaintances whom he encounters, and in part by a covert announcement in the advertising columns of the concert programme. It is a clever device, and I have no doubt brings custom."

It makes it pleasant for a bashful young man to admire a lady's ornate shoe and silky stocking, and be told she is a Little Barefoot. Yet this is the latest fashion, and a certain distinguished writer and publisher who once had his sensibilities shocked by a fair guest appearing minus shoes and stockings in his drawing-room, would now find the custom as likely to become popular.

"A New York jeweler," says the Boston *Gazette's* correspondent, "makes the very true observation that 'imitation kills fashion.' I have been forcibly struck with this during the last few years. I defy Tiffany & Co. to get up a design that the Cheap Johns can not imitate. You look through their cases, and you see fine specimens of Egyptian bangles in solid silver and gold that cost ten dollars and twenty-five dollars respectively, and you go to Daniel's or Stern's, and you find the same design in washed silver and rolled gold for one dollar and two dollars. Unless you take them in your hand, and feel how light they are, you would never suspect their genuineness. Even furs are imitated. I could not tell half the time last winter who wore sealskin and who wore imitation. I have seen girls coming out of tenement houses dressed to all appearances as girls who come out of Fifth-Avenue houses. The tight-fitting jackets, coachman's capes, large hats, and long gloves gave them at a distance a most picturesque and fashionable appearance. Closer inspection showed the fur cape to be imitation, and the other materials of the cheapest sort. There is alligator skin. For a time that baffled imitators. But only for a time. They soon came out with an imitation that only an expert could tell. A genuine alligator-skin pocket-book costs seven dollars—that is the cheapest. The imitation costs twenty-five cents. The imitators are not baffled by antiques. For a time scarf-pins made of antique coins were fashionable, and quite expensive. The coins were genuine, and the settings of gold. You can buy them to-day for twenty-five cents, the coins looking just as ancient and the gold just as pure."

A useful novelty for holding the large corsage bouquets that are now fashionable is called the bouquet pin, and consists of a plain bar of gold or of silver protruding in the middle to make room for the stems of the flowers and attached to the dress by a pin and clasp like that of any brooch. Made of silver these are one dollar and a-half, and of gold they are five dollars.

"Lawn parties," says a New York correspondent, "have become a charming feature with the residents of pretty suburban localities, and New York particularly. At these parties small tables are set on the shaded piazzas and also under the trees, and are further protected by the new 'lawn' umbrellas, which can be set in the ground, are of large size, and are shaped like the Japanese parasols. Low dishes, or glass troughs, or small china boats filled with flowers are used for decorations, while about the grounds a very natural-looking dog or other animal, meekly couchant or ready to spring upon an intruder, appear among the rhododendrons, the feather trees, the flower beds, the shaded walks by the river, and the rich shrubbery. Lawn-tennis, croquet, and other games furnish amusement, and there is usually a 'lemonade' tent or awning, where claret cup and lemonade can be procured by thirsty individuals, who are always in a majority. The gentlemen affect very light but conventional costumes on these occasions—white flannel with blue silk tie, or very delicate tweed with crimson silk tie, or (if it is a gentleman with more quiet taste) ficelle silk tie and ficelle silk lining to the tweed coat. The majority of the young ladies are in white—white mull, lace-trimmed, or white linen grenadine (often called cheese-cloth), trimmed with Florentine lace. There is, of course, variety in the adornments, but the more refined girls choose that their costumes shall be all ivory-white or they will drape a soft Roman sash, pale pink and blue, about their skirts, which are very little draped."

"Baby Snatcher" is the descriptive title bestowed on those fashionable New York girls who are marrying men much younger than themselves. The past year has been so prolific in marriages of well-seasoned belles with youths of tender age, something bad to be said about it. Hence the Baby Snatcher.

A young lady, a handsome brunette, attracted considerable attention recently by driving through Central Park, New York, in a little gold-colored phaeton. She was dressed in a striking costume of "Pharaoh" red satin, draped with black Spanish lace, with bright glimpses of the unveiled satin showing here and there on the bodice and upper portion of the overdress. Attached to the phaeton was an immense canopy of red satin, lined with "sunset" brocade, and edged with a deep ruffle of yellow ficelle lace. The lady wore an Alsatian peasant's hat of immense brim and high towering

crown, covered with red and gold covered feathers, laid one over the other alternately. Long Mousquetaire driving-gloves of deep yellow were drawn over the close red satin sleeves, and at her throat was pinned a bunch of yellow cowslips.

A new ring has a cat's head, copied with wonderful fidelity to nature, in gold and silver, with topaz eyes. Strange and characteristic stones are much sought for, and the rings now fashionably worn comprise a serpent with diamond eyes, a ruby and emerald butterfly, and the cat's head just mentioned. With all these lively specimens of natural history on, a lady's hand resembles a section of the circus.

Shoes are well heeled this summer, the high French heels giving place to quite low and sensible ones. Most of the stores have the summer shoes, such as the low Newport ties of kid or patent leather, with both French and other heels, so that the purchaser may take her choice. Patent leather will cover the feet of most New York belles for ordinary wear this summer. This is sensible, as it is readily cleaned, and can be kept bright alike at the damp seashore or in the dusty mountains. Slippers with broad heels will be worn more than anything else. They are cut so low that little but the toes and heels are covered, and are not ornamented with bows, so that the stocking is well displayed. For full dress black satin or prunella slippers of the same plain style will be correct. Says a fashion correspondent: "I recently saw a pair of shoes made in as many colors as the rainbow. On the foundation lining of the shoes were narrow strips of various colored satins. At the toe was a strip of gold-colored satin; then, overlapping each other, were strips of blue, pink, white, cream, silver, blue, and other colors of the finest satin. These shoes were made as a test, but I venture to assert that few ladies are willing to initiate the style, especially when the modest sum of thirty-two dollars is required to purchase them."

An English statistic says that no less than seven thousand swans' skins are annually imported into London alone for the exclusive manufacture of the "puffs" used for the purpose of laying powder on the face. Every swan's skin makes about sixty puffs, which would make an annual consumption of four hundred and twenty thousand puffs. Is then the natural whiteness of the English skin a myth? The same English statistic says that tons of rice and wheat powder are consumed annually in England, and he regrets the waste of so much rice and wheat, which might be better used to feed the starving.

"Here," remarks the Detroit *Free Press's* Gotham correspondent, "are some lovely costumes made for three debutantes who are inseparable companions, who intend wearing them at a ball to be given in their honor: The 'beauty' of the three will wear a combination costume of pink and blue satin with plastron front of white satin and short rounded lace tabliers. The corsage bouquet will be made of snowballs and lilies of the valley. Her beautiful blonde sister will appear in ivoire blanc satin, with cuirass bodice and volants of point gaze lace and train garniture of the same. Garlands of white crushed roses are artistically disposed about the skirt. The third dress is white China crêpe, lavishly trimmed with white lace, and garnished with roses and lilies of the valley. The centre of white satin is covered with small white rosebuds."

"Now, can you imagine anything lovelier?" said a New York dressmaker to a reporter, when displaying a robe of silver-blue satin, fairly glistening with blue, jet, and crystal garnitures. The panels of the dress were painted in the most delicate designs. The long, flowing sleeves were lined with white satin, and finished with point appliqué lace; the corsage, cut square in front and back, was bordered with narrow bands of "blanc de perle" satin.

At the fashionable hotel at Old Point Comfort, the other day, a beautiful young lady made the unfortunate mistake of entering the dining-room unchaperoned. As no one speaks to another there without an introduction she was unnoticed, and some wiseacre gossip started the story that she was the wife of a wine-taster of a New York hostelry. Beautiful as she was, all admiration instantly died away, and in the eyes of many she became a most imperfect creature. Judge of the general distress and mortification when, the day before her departure, her husband, a prominent naval officer, for whom she had been waiting, returned from China. The busybodies too late found that she was an heiress, and that her father, a retired army officer of high rank, was an invalid incognito at the same hotel.

Among the latest foolish fashionable customs, remarks the *American Queen*, is that adopted by ladies riding on horseback in the Park or elsewhere in the city limits, of carrying short riding-sticks having a leather loop at the end. This, like many other customs brought from abroad, which have some sensible foundation there, but are entirely bereft of any such here, should be laughed down as soon as possible. These sticks are employed by the buntsmen in England and on the Continent to open gates without dismounting, and are often provided with steel knobs wherewith to break padlocks open.

"Jeweled garters are displayed in the stores," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer's* New York correspondent, "but it is naturally beyond public knowledge whether they are a great deal worn. I do not personally know of a single instance; yet I am told that many modest girls thus decorate their limbs. Jeweled garters are kept in stock by the jewelers, and they must, therefore, have a sale. Some of them are handsome and costly, being set with genuine stones. One pair on exhibition bear in each a big, brilliant diamond, and the price is five hundred dollars. But dealers sometimes get up such things to attract attention, without expecting ever to sell them. 'At all events,' said a woman who was examining this pair, 'it ought to be a safe way of carrying one's diamonds.' 'Not so,' was her companion's reply; 'it would merely add a new horror to the perils of highway robbery.'"

THE TROTTING-HORSE REPORTER.

Advice He Gave Two Ladies on Writing Poetry and Naming Babies.

"Do you ever print poetry in this paper?" asked a young lady as she came into the editorial room yesterday afternoon.

The horse-reporter, who had been compiling some exciting statistics regarding the number of animals that had trotted in 2:30 during the past season, abandoned this fascinating pursuit, and spoke as follows:

"In answer to your question, miss, I may say that not only does poetry sometimes appear in this paper, but that we now have on our staff of contributors some of the most gifted songsters of the Golden West. We aim to afford all persons who feel within their minds the surging of a flood of metrical melody an opportunity of depicting in vivid word-pictures the beautiful images that Fancy has limned with delicate touch upon the rose-tinted chambers of the imagination, it matters not whether the horny fist of the sweat-crowned son of toil or the dimpled fingers of a patrician maiden guides the pen which gives expression to these thoughts—all are alike welcome. From out the stately chimney that frets the sky in the rear of this establishment come forth in curious curl and with fantastic quirk great clouds of fleecy smoke that wrap the structure in a white filmy mantle. Within one year after the establishment of its free-for-all poetry bureau this journal abandoned the use of coal for fuel. I dislike to give away the game, but you are so pure and beautiful, and your eyes have such a wistful, trusting look that I could not find it in my heart to deceive you. Go in peace, and by way of the stairs, gentle maid, and take the fruits of the God-given genius which enabled you to produce 'Save Our Mother's Hoops for Clara' to some other shop"—and with a pearly tear dimming his bright blue eye the biographer of Maud S again turned to his work.

"Has anybody been in to see me?" inquired the literary editor as he entered the room half an hour later. "I had an appointment with one of our best-known poets."

"I guess she was here," said the horse-reporter, "and I may say, without divulging any professional secrets, that when you pull up your string of suckers at the end of the season there will be one poet missing."

"Is Beatrice a good name for a baby?"

A young woman of prepossessing appearance stood in the door of the editorial-room, and addressed her interrogatory in a seemingly general manner to the gifted gentlemen who were occupying the several corners of the apartment.

For a moment nobody seemed to regard the question as directed particularly to him, but finally the trotting-horse reporter removed his generously proportioned feet from the desk on which they had been resting, and allowed a witching smile to play over his quarter-stretch features.

"Have you a baby?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," replied the young woman, the tone of her voice indicating surprise slightly tinged with anger.

"Well," said the personal friend of Rarus, "you mustn't get angry; because one soft, sensuous day in summer, when the birds were twittering their sweetest twits, a woman came up here on the same errand that brings you; and after we had picked out a pretty smooth title for her infant—I forget whether it was Miriam or Carita we settled on—she went away happy, and along in the fall—the golden-tinted fall—just as the leaves were turning brown, and all nature seemed hushed in sweet repose, waiting for the base-ball championship to be decided, she came back again with a wistful, weary look in her dark-brown eyes, and said she had been mistaken—it was a boy. Woman's nature, you know, is so buoyantly hopeful, so sweetly previous, that she will frequently mistake a four flush for the real article. It is the painful memory of a blackened past that makes us cautious about furnishing names for babies until we know that the little cherubs are here. Do you catch on?"

The lady nodded.

"Well," resumed the admirer of Maud S, "there are lots of things to be considered in naming a baby. Your husband's name is —?"

"Perkins," replied the lady.

"That isn't a bad name, although it would be difficult to enshroud it with the mystic glamour of romance. But I hardly think 'Beatrice' would look well in front of it. The name of 'Beatrice,' you know, is always associated with stateliness and beauty, and your little tootsy-wootsy might grow up bow-legged and pug-nosed. And besides 'Beatrice Perkins' wouldn't sound right. You might call it —"

"Her, if you please," said the lady, severely.

"We always call 'em 'it' in this office—it saves time, and prevents our getting rattled. As I was saying, we might call it 'Perkins Maid' or 'Belle of Perkinsville,' or something like that. I knew a man who had a chestnut gelding —"

"I hardly see what that has to do with the matter under consideration," said the lady, in a severe tone of voice.

"You are right, madam; I did swerve a little that time. 'Sweetheart' is a good name. If you had twins you might call one 'Sweetheart' and the other one 'Darling,' put the tallest one on the off side, and by checking the near one up a little higher, nobody could see the difference between them. Of course, if they were not gaited alike, or you had to put a kicking strap on one of 'em, it might be that —"

"Let me tell you again, sir," said the lady, "that I am not naming a horse. Perhaps this gentleman," turning to the literary editor, "could give me the information I desire."

"Certainly, madam," replied that person. "You should name your little treasure Cecil—the name has such a sweet, dreamy, aristocratic sound."

"Of course I should," said the mollified parent, "and I am exceedingly obliged for your suggestion"—and she departed.

"You seemed to lose your *savoir vivre*," said the literary editor to the horse-reporter.

"Yes," replied the young man, "she carried me to a double break at the turn, but I should have settled pretty quick and come down the homestretch very fast. If she hadn't hurried me so much in scoring I'd have picked out a daisy name for that filly of hers."—By Joseph Medill, the Chicago Tribune Novelist.

MOUNT HAMILTON.

A Description of a Visit to the Lick Observatory.

Having recently spent a very delightful day on Mount Hamilton, I want every one of intelligence to share the pleasure. There are two ideas prevalent about Mount Hamilton. Some think that it is a place sacred to science, and too austere for the uninitiated, while others believe that the selection of the mountain site is all the progress that has been made towards the Lick Observatory. But both are mistaken. The superintendent is a very companionable and genial gentleman, who will adjust the instruments and explain their uses to any visitor, and the sight of stars at mid-day, marvelously magnified, the moon at night with its silver disk of molten lava and crater openings, planets resplendent in magnitude and gorgeous in color, are certainly pleasurable sights to all eyes. To the trained disciples of Galileo, and the students of Herschel and Proctor, I promise a most agreeable surprise, and recommend the trip as a very profitable substitute for mineral springs and fashionable seaside.

Two hours in the cars will take you to San José, and any stable there will furnish you with a two-horse team that will carry four persons to the observatory in about four hours, of thoroughly safe and exceedingly pleasant driving. Leave San José by Santa Clara Street, which is the direct road for three or four miles, and until you reach a wayside saloon, bearing very prominently and in large letters the sign "Junction House," where you turn to the right, and as Mount Hamilton is the main factor and only termination of this road, it will be impossible to miss it, unless you drive into barn-yards, which are the only deviations along its entire length.

Mount Hamilton was for many years the lookout for Joaquin, the famous California bandit, and his trails, caves, and haunts are yet visible in its environs.

The observatory peak is about thirteen miles, by an air-line, from San José, and twenty-six miles by the graded road, and the best graded road I ever saw, being from twelve to fourteen feet wide, and so gradual an elevator that the rise nowhere exceeds six and a half feet to the hundred. As you ascend the mountain side the view is a continuous but ever-changing panorama. The valley of Santa Clara lies at your feet, spotted with townships and studded with houses; yellow harvest-fields lie adjoining to and in picturesque contrast with emerald vineyards, and the city itself is changed to toy houses amid pigmy shrubbery; the glimmer of Monterey Bay in the distance, and the frowning summits of Mounts Pouchet, Story, Loma Prieta, and Mission and Murphy Peaks, with the more distant Block Mountain and Mounts Santana, Diablo, and Tamalpais, and even the snow-capped Shasta, form a picture of grandeur that more than compensates for the labor of its ascent.

At its summit I was prepared to see some attempt at the realization of this branch of the Lick Trust, but was astonished at the progress of the Trustees toward the completion of what will unquestionably be one of the largest and most complete observatories in the world. Already a substantial brick and stone-capped edifice, with a revolving roof of nickel, adorns its apex, in which a twelve-inch telescope of great power, with its rotary clock and other complicated but most accurately adjusted machinery, renders easy intercourse with the stars and planets a thing accomplished. But this building, with its solidity of walls and stone cores, on which the machinery rests in defiance of wind and storm, is but the *avant-courier* of still greater things, portrayed in the massive foundations now going up on every side, destined for the mammoth glass now in process of construction by Alvin Clark & Sons, of Massachusetts, and which instrument, it is confidently expected, will, with its many modern improvements, have no equal for power, clearness, and convenience of operation in the world.

In another building, due west from this, I found in excellent working order a first-class meridian or transit circle, which resembles a highly finished mortar gun of large calibre, narrowed at both ends, and hung in the centre on steel trunnions, and by which, with its spider lines across the glass and microscope micrometers, the size of stars is measured and their distances calculated. Scientists call this apparatus "the fundamental instrument of modern astronomy." But until very recently this instrument was operated at great disadvantage, and required the skill of two operators—one to observe the transit of the star, and the other to note the time of its passage. But even then the computation of fractions of a second was guessing, and of course inaccurate. But with the aid of electricity a most interesting and marvelously accurate instrument has been invented which marks upon a paper-covered revolving tube each second, and the minutest particle of a second during which the observation lasts. And this instrument (the electro chronograph) is controlled by a wire in the hand of the observer, who thus starts and stops it at his instantaneous will. Of course this is here also.

Outside of these structures, and in the open air, are two solid brick pillars, about seven feet high, on which the erection is partially completed of a first-class reflector, to be used in making drawings of lunar scenery and of the planets and nebulae, but the instrument not being in working order, I had to take the Superintendent's word as to its purpose and efficiency, for its complication of tubes and wheels conveys no idea of its use to the unskilled eye.

In still another structure there is a complete set of meteorological instruments for testing and recording temperature and humidity; two excellent barometers—one a large Aneroid graduated to hundredths of inches, and the other a standard mercury; an anemometer of great delicacy of movement, for measuring the velocity of the wind; a comet-seeker; two very delicate chronometers, particularly the one that keeps the stellar time—and to all of this the public have free access, and a large number of visitors, mainly from San José and that neighborhood, daily avail themselves of the privilege. But I would suggest right here, that unless the conditions of the Trust absolutely forbid it, a hotel should be established in the vicinity for the convenience of visitors who desire being there at night, without the necessity of sleeping out of doors or trespassing upon the Superintendent's hospitality, as their only alternative. The nearest

accommodations for either man or beast are now at Smith's Springs, on the road to, but distant seven miles from the observatory.

The atmosphere of California at the 4,250 feet elevation of Mount Hamilton is singularly well adapted to astronomical work, and the future discoveries of this observatory will necessarily place it in the first rank of scientific labor. In illustration of that opinion is the fact that Professor Burnham, with a six-inch telescope of very ordinary power, while testing the atmospheric fitness of Mount Hamilton for the Lick Observatory, in 1880, discovered *forty-two* double stars that had up to that time escaped the vigilance of all astronomers. Therefore the capabilities of this location, with the thirty-six-inch glass now in process of construction, are beyond any positive computation.

Some newspaper comments having lately been made, on the propriety of the employment by the trustees of Mr. Fraser, as superintendent of the observatory, in justice to that gentleman I must be allowed to say that from a critical and thoroughly impartial examination of his duties and their performance, I arrived at the conclusion that he is more necessary to the place than the place is to him, for besides running house and farm, water-works, brick-kiln, blacksmith and carpenter shops, etc., intelligently, it is absolutely indispensable that every part of the many and complicated instruments now in place, and in process of erection, should be adjusted and put together with such precision as not to admit of a deviation in any direction of even one-thousandth part of an inch; and nearly all of this manipulation has been done by the Superintendent, who is a mechanic and an enthusiast in his work, and beyond all doubt, the most useful and efficient assistant that could have been selected. Of course his labors are directed in these particulars by Captain Floyd, who has the reputation of being one of the ablest mathematicians in America, and it was this familiarity with the whole subject of astronomy and observatories which guided Mr. Lick to his selection of Captain Floyd as a trustee.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12, 1882.

"STELLA" VINDICATED.

A Letter from a San José Lady in Her Behalf.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Did you see that outrageous thing in the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* about "Stella's" letter? I wish to say just this: "Stella" has my sincere thanks for the well-deserved dressing down she gave the louts who live at or frequent that delectable resort. *Every word she wrote was truth*, and she might have written twice as much, and put it twice as strong, and yet been truth. It strikes me that the *Sentinel* got its "back up" because she *did* tell the truth. I have been so annoyed by just what she complains of that I have quit going there during the season. I have been stared out of countenance, leered at, and even spoken to there, when I was going strictly and quietly about my business. It could not have been provoked by my good looks, for I have none. It could not have been my dress, for I always dress quietly, and in a way not to excite remark or attention. It could not have been my demeanor, for I certainly conduct myself like a womanly woman. (I object to the term "lady.") The only reason I could think of was this: Santa Cruz, from its nearness to the city and its eagerness to "get money," has made itself the resort of a loose class, and has encouraged them. Every woman without a male escort close at her heels is looked upon by the local and transient hooligan as "game," and so treated, implicitly or openly. That the town is full of loose women, no one who knows the place will deny; that they are encouraged to remain there everybody knows who read the Santa Cruz papers of a year ago, when there was a legal fight made to get rid of some of them; but it failed. The place has ten thousand advantages over Monterey, but it is no place for any decent woman to go unaccompanied by her husband or some near male relative. Not long ago I was visiting there, and wishing to get something at a store, my friend remarked: "We will have to wait until my husband comes home; we are hardly safe from insult if we go down there without him." She was a resident of the place. We waited. I have been at every place on this coast, from Humboldt Bay to Santa Monica. I have not found one place that excels Santa Cruz in point of natural attractiveness. Santa Cruz is ruining itself simply by its greed. If its people would content themselves with respectability instead of money for a few years, they could kill Monterey, and become really "the Long Branch of the Pacific." A.

SAN JOSE, July 18, 1882.

[NOTE.—The paragraph referred to above appeared in the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* of July 15, 1882. A number of friends have sent us marked copies. We would reproduce the paragraph, but its language is such as to render it unfit for publication—at least in San Francisco. But not, it would seem, in Santa Cruz.—ED.]

On Wednesday morning Dr. Harkness, of the Academy of Sciences, left for Carson, Nevada, where, in the excavations for the foundation of the new State prison, some wonderful discoveries have been made. A week ago a ledge of sandstone was reached, in which were found mammoth remains of surprising proportions, and in admirable condition. But the most wonderful discovery was the huge fossil foot-prints. Some of them are foot-prints of a mammoth man or ape, and measure twenty-two inches in length. They are a magnified *fac-simile* of the present human foot. Doctor Harkness has made arrangements for purchasing the lot, and for that purpose has taken the necessary implements to make casts of the bones, and to cut out and preserve the foot-prints in slabs. The value of this treasure-trove can not be estimated until a careful examination has been made.

The London *Times* says "It is pleasing to note that the average expenditure for strong drink of every man, woman, and child in England has fallen from twenty-nine dollars in 1875 to sixteen in 1881," but gives no reason for this reduction in the price of drinks.

Mr. Charles Phelps, editor and proprietor of the *Californian*, announces that he has sold his entire interest to Mr. Warren Cheney, who will henceforth conduct the magazine.

THE CANAL QUESTION IN CONGRESS.

It became the duty of the writer, three months since, to appear before the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs on behalf of the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua. The recent events in Egypt, and the probabilities of the near future in that country, give special emphasis to some of the assertions I had the honor of making at that time, and renew the interest among close observers of current events in the political consideration of the interoceanic canal question. I say the political consideration. Did the merchants and agriculturists of the Pacific Coast realize the assured results and enormous benefits which would accrue to them especially, and to our Pacific commonwealths generally, they would make the passage of the incorporation act a leading issue of the political campaign near at hand, and insist upon prompt Congressional action, instead of leaving the work of pushing this beneficent measure in the hands of the three active and influential commercial bodies in Oregon and California. The future will place the stamp of its approval upon the intelligent minds which have grasped this question. To serve the community in which we live, the country of our patriotic love, and the mercantile interests which enter into one's life-work, this is an honorable ambition. Gentlemen actuated by such motives can afford to await results. However, it is with political propositions in this connection that we have now to deal, and I beg to call the reader's attention to a portion of the evidence before the committee alluded to:

The Nicaragua Canal concession is a remarkable one, gentlemen of the committee. Allow me to explain why. I know the President and the statesmen of that country; I have associated with them, and had business with them. At the time when the application was made for that concession, the Central American governments were afraid of the French. All Central American countries remember what occurred a few years since in Mexico, and the Nicaraguan Government, probably actuated by this feeling, objected to any concession that might get into French hands. The act of concession to an American company was introduced into the legislature and passed, after they had declined passing such an act at the request of Count de Lesseps and his associates, represented by the eminent French engineer, Blanchet. It was passed because they felt that the United States was friendly to their country, and that we were the only great power upon which they could rely for fair treatment. They gave this concession practically for two centuries, as against other concessions for one century. If you do not take advantage of it, you will never get another like it, because some other government will take it up, and solve the interoceanic problem. Then, without a collision we shall never occupy the position which now awaits our acceptance. Now, gentlemen, I would like to convince you that this canal question means build, buy, or fight, and that the fight will come within ten or twelve years. I assure you the canal question controls our Central American policy. If we construct a canal, or take a canal under our protection, we shall acquire a preponderating commercial and political influence with all Central America, which will place our nation where it deserves to stand, as the leading power on this continent. But if we do not either build or buy, the time will soon come when we will have to fight or "take a back seat." That is just what this question means, gentlemen. And it is not a question on which you can delay. It is a question that presses upon us for solution. In a very few years we shall be forced face to face with it, and I do not want to see my country superseded in its influence among those Central American nations that did have some little respect for us a while ago. I want to see our position maintained as the leading nation on this continent. Those powers depend upon us for protection, and when they see upon the Isthmus of Panama a condition of things that is not permissible with due regard to our self-respect, they will begin to look down on us.

How soon have events verified the value of these ideas! The guns of the British fleet, enforcing the edict that the Suez Canal is temporarily closed by order of the British Government, appear to vindicate, in the most forcible manner, the value of the arguments then placed before the committee. It remains for Congress to heed a warning so timely and so impressive. If events can prove anything, American statesmen and American merchants should be satisfied that an American interoceanic canal must be under the control of our government, jointly with that of the power through whose territory it is constructed, if we would maintain our self-respect, our commercial influence, and our national prestige. While the most eminent men of both political parties, and the administration, favor the policy of a canal constructed at Nicaragua, under the conditions necessary for our national peace and prosperity, there are too many who are indifferent and uninformed as to the conditions involved, although it is but due to all our Pacific Coast representatives to state that they are doing what they can to insure the passage of the incorporation act which guarantees the construction of an interoceanic canal under American auspices. The writer heard one of the most influential members of Congress tell the Foreign Affairs Committee that it would be better for the United States to pay forty millions outright than to lose the present opportunity offered by the Government of Nicaragua. The Suez Canal being the key of England's pathway to India, we can not wonder that for its control she is ready to put forth all her strength, if necessary. Still the careful student of this question will arrive at the conclusion that the control of an American interoceanic canal is of still greater importance to our country than the Suez Canal can be to England. Not only would it be the passage-way for a great portion of our foreign commerce, but it would be an integral part of the coast-wise route between the east and the west coasts of the United States. Any European power controlling it would not only dominate our foreign and coastwise commerce, but would at the same time exercise a political and commercial preponderance over our sister republics of Central and South America ruinous to our interests. The thunder of England's guns at Alexandria conveys a lesson to every American heart that throbs with patriotic impulse. When a government loses the respect of its own citizens it is on the road to dissolution, and the American people will not fail to uphold the statesman who protects the honor and cherishes the prestige of his native land. We are rich enough and powerful enough to have a foreign policy; not aggressive, for that would not be in harmony with our institutions and our history, but firm, decisive, and self-respecting. The lesson we have received at Alexandria should not be forgotten. We are to have an interoceanic canal; it will be the gateway to the Pacific. Our interests, our patriotic impulses, and the necessity of our position, alike enforce upon us the absolute necessity for American control, and the statesmen who understand the temper of the American people when they fully comprehend the issues involved, will not fail to see the path of duty plainly marked.

WILLIAM L. MERRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 21, 1882.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882.

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In continuation of our last week's suggestions, let us review the Democratic platform, and consider the men by whom and the conditions under which it was formulated. And right here and now, at the very beginning of the campaign, let us admit that in the Democratic party of California there are a large number of honest and most excellent citizens, who are honorable in their motives and earnest in their desire to secure good government. Why this class should be divided from the same class in the Republican party is one of the anomalies of our political organization. Having admitted so much, we assert, as an indisputable fact, that the larger part of the criminal classes, the most ignorant of foreign and native-born, the most bigoted and superstitious of all nationalities, the most unprincipled of machine politicians, and the most unscrupulous of law-breakers are Democrats. We state further that they are Democrats because in that party they find greater immunity for their offenses than in the Republican party. God knows that there are enough of this kind among the Republicans; but there are less than among the Democrats. And now that we may not be misunderstood in our somewhat broad indictment, we declare that all of the more important efforts at resistance of law, those that have occurred within the last twenty years, are attributable to Democrats; notably the civil war, and the local uprisings, and the riots that have occurred in the country within that time. The civil war was an evil of native growth. We can not charge it upon any other than our own people. The Philadelphia riots of the olden times were specimens of native Americanism. The underground railroad of the Quakers and other abolitionists, John Brown and his business—all of these things we are willing should not be saddled upon the Democracy. But since the civil war there has been no serious attempt to resist the law except by Democrats and foreigners; and of all foreigners the most riotous have been the Irish, and that is simply because they are more ignorant, more bigoted, and in every respect more unprincipled than any other class. The Germans, as a rule, are good citizens, law-abiding, and willing to recognize the rights and respect the property of others. The Irish are, as a rule, Democrats; the Germans, as a rule, Republicans. The better class of Irish are Republicans; and as Irishmen become intelligent, and acquire property, they are very apt to join the Republican party. The more ignorant and unprincipled of the Germans are liable to become Democrats; and if, for any unlawful purpose they organize to resist the law, they prepare in a hody to go over to the Democracy. The Germans of San Francisco are, as a hody, good citizens; but no sooner had a minority of them determined to resist the law by the formation of a league, than they prepared to become Democrats. No sooner had the League of Freedom been called into existence, than the Democratic party determined to hid for its vote. It is so everywhere. If the Sand-lot, composed of ignorant foreign adventurers, says "the Chinese must

go," the Democratic party in convention take up the insolent demand, and in defiance of decency, policy, and common sense, declares itself in favor of the removal of every Mongolian from the country. This is to pander to the Irish vote. The Democratic party is inconsistent, for while it declares that the Chinese must leave the country, its orators, writers, and ward flunkies denounce the *Argonaut* for saying that the Irishmen must behave themselves while they remain in it. Mussel Slough revolts against the law, and sets at defiance the mandate of the courts of the United States. The Democracy has not the courage to rebuke this lawlessness, for fear of losing votes. There is a controversy pending in the courts between the miners and farmers, and the cowardly Democracy dares not even say that the decision of one of its own judges—Jackson Temple—is the law of the case until it is repealed by an appellate tribunal. The Democratic party, finding that a popular prejudice exists against corporations, at once endeavors to fan the embers into a flame, and proposes, in defiance of law and in subversion of all rights of property, to confiscate railroads. It declares land-grants forfeited, well knowing that that is a judicial question, depending upon facts; that railroads should pay taxes at full values, well knowing that all corporation property is assessable and taxable under the same laws that assess and tax all other property; that it will reduce fares and freights by a sweeping percentage, without reference to the rights of transportation companies, without knowledge of their business, and ignoring the general principle that the legislature has no other or higher right to regulate the cost of transporting freight or passengers by steam than by coach, or to regulate express companies and all other common carriers, or hotels, or any other business holding similar relations to the public.

The resolution of the Hon. Tom Fowler, to reduce the railroad rates twenty per cent., was greedily accepted by the late Democratic Convention, not one individual of whom knew, or pretended to know, what would be the effect of such a law, if it could be enforced, or whether railroads could be operated under it; or whether, if it was carried out, Mr. Tom Fowler, of Tulare, would not be compelled either to walk or ride his brother to the next Democratic State Convention. The Hon. David S. Terry accepted it, and all the lawyers in the convention swallowed the resolution. Then came the grand contest of the convention. It was over the Sunday law. This question, divested of the sacrilegious and shameful pretense that selling whisky and lager beer on Sunday involves a question of freedom of conscience and right to worship God—this question was intelligently presented by D. J. Antrem, of Alameda, who declared, in substance, that it was done to catch the votes of those whisky and beer venders who, in defiance of law, persist in selling on Sunday. He charges in direct language that the League of Freedom is an organization banded together to defeat the ends of justice, and that it packs juries, and strives to bribe judges. He declared that no honest member of any Christian denomination, Protestant or Catholic, can stand on a plank that repeals the Sunday law, and meet his God. He also hinted that the committee had been packed in the liquor and anti-Sunday law interest. The resolution was defended by Judge Terry in a characteristic speech, assuming the broad position that it is in violation of the constitution that Sunday should be in any sense distinguished from other days, or any enactment be made to set it apart as a day of rest. His speech was a sneer at religion, at law, at tradition, and all custom or sentiment that sets apart Sunday as a day of rest, recreation, and religious observance. Then Mr. Whipple, of Sonoma, aired his very imperfect knowledge of the word "sumptuary," by an argument in opposition to sumptuary laws. As most of the *Argonaut's* readers have a dictionary at their houses, they may see how very absurd that word seems in the Democratic platform, or in Mr. Whipple's mouth, as applied to the Sunday law. The Salic law, or the law of Gavelkind would, in its use, have been equally appropriate. Judge McGarvey, of Mendocino, declared that the resolution passed the committee by "legerdemain"; that it would be a "firebrand" in the ranks of the party, and would "ruin" it. Judge Flournoy called the Sunday law a sumptuary law. We advise him to consult his law dictionary. But he had the political honesty to admit that the Sunday law was the "livest issue" before the people of this State. We use his language: "A live issue that the Democratic party should be proud to come up to." Mr. Holloway had some idea of the meaning of the term "sumptuary law." He said this: "So far as my constituents are concerned, you might 'as well cut up the Democratic party. [Cheers.] There are 'not enough Democratic orators in the State of California' to convince the people that we do not mean the 'repeal of the Sunday law. My constituents declared to 'me at the primaries that they would not vote for any party 'that advocated the repeal of the Sunday law.' Mr. O'Grady, of Fresno, favored 'the repale of the law, for fear that 'Mrs. O'Grady would lave him if he was not forninst 'it.' Mr. O'Grady, of Fresno, not only spoke for himself and for Mrs. O'Grady, but for the church element, and for

"South Methodists who never scratch." Mr. Oulahan, of San Joaquin, was deeply pained at the reflections cast upon a class of Democratic voters who worshiped at the shrine of Bacchus, King Barleycorn, and the Emperor Gambrinus. We quote from the *Call* the following sentence: "I must say I was sorry to hear a gentleman on this platform uttering such a sentiment as that a church voter is as good as a 'whisky voter.' Mr. Oulahan, of San Joaquin, undoubtedly appreciates the value of that whisky voter who votes early and votes often, takes a drink, changes his coat, and continues on voting often and late. Mr. Morehouse, of Monterey, declared that to pass a resolution in favor of a Sunday law 'would raise a stir in the convention.' Declaring himself a member of the Methodist Church South, and one who never scratched his ticket, he characterized this resolution as a 'firebrand,' and when the roll of counties was called upon striking out the clause that demanded the repeal of the Sunday law, Alameda, with its machine delegation, voted twenty solid noes; Santa Clara, solid thirteen, and San Francisco, with its gin-mill delegation, one hundred and five solid. From the greater cities of San Francisco, Sacramento, Oakland, and San José, where the liquor interest is strongest, and from the village delegations of the counties, such as Vallejo, in Solano, ninety-nine per cent. of the delegates voted for unlimited gin—for that freedom of conscience that delights to exercise itself in a whisky saloon or lager-beer saloon on Sunday, and the liberty to worship God in those devil's dens where strychnine and tanglefoot are the communion wines. We have discussed these resolutions at length because we know they will be dodged in this campaign. The Democracy are already endeavoring to wriggle out of the consequences of this anti-Sunday law business. We do not believe it can succeed. The Democracy, in order to secure the whisky-seller's and whisky-drinker's vote, and the vote of lager-drinking Germans, has deliberately said to the working men, salaried employees, clerks, mechanics, artisans, toilers, and business men: "You shall have no law to protect you in the setting apart of one day as a day of rest." It has deliberately declared to the religious people and church members, both Protestant and Catholic: "Your Sunday worship shall not be protected by law from disturbance. In the absence of a Sunday law the boiler-maker may play his vocation next door to 'cathedral or church. Tivoli, Winter Garden, and beer saloons may play their hands of music with open doors, and there shall be nothing to distinguish Sunday from the other 'days of the week.' This thing the Democratic party has done in order to gain votes. It is the unprincipled effort of an unprincipled party to gain political power. The anti-monopoly resolution is a sham. The cry is a hollow pretense, in which there is neither honesty nor sincerity. The gubernatorial candidate is, so far as his opposition to railroads is concerned, a sham and a humbug. He came from Los Angeles to the State Convention at San José on a free railroad pass. He went back to Los Angeles as a railroad deadhead. He went from San Francisco to the East and returned on a free pass. And these are things which a proud, sincere, earnest, and independent opponent of the railroad company would not do. The men nominated for railroad commissioners, and the mode of their nomination, are in no sense assuring of any railroad opposition, and assuredly not of any honest opposition. The Democratic party in California is what it has been for twenty years—a cowardly sham, destitute of courage, intelligence, or principle.

The Republican party has now the opportunity to demonstrate that it has principles, intelligence and courage, by the platform it shall dare to enact, and the candidates it shall have the boldness to propose. The occasion presents itself to show that it is what it has claimed to be—the party of moral ideas, the party that is steadfast in upholding the law and in protecting the rights of property; that it is, in that broader sense, the American party—an American party under the hanners of which all law-abiding and self-respecting foreigners will be glad to enroll themselves. Let the convention avoid the example of the Democracy, and instead of repeating, as they do from year to year, the meaningless formula of endorsing their own past, "as illustrated by the teachings and example of a long line of Democratic statesmen and patriots," etc., let the Republicans omit this preamble of self-laudation. Let them refrain from mention of the civil war, and show that they are willing to let such national recollections repose during this State contest. Let them refrain from endorsing the administration of President Arthur, for there is a difference of opinion among men who intend to vote the Republican ticket, and who think themselves pretty good Republicans, in reference to some of his acts; and the administration will not be endorsed except under a vigorous protest and roll-call of delegates. If the Republicans desire to pass compliments to the working men of the nation, and approve their acts, let this resolution be so drawn that it shall be quite clearly understood that in endorsing labor movements and working men, it does not approve of the Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania, and the riots that burn and destroy under the guise of labor strikes. Let the

party be careful that it does not countenance the cowardly and selfish policy that prevents boys from learning trades, nor Sand-lot agitators, who disguise politics under the mask of labor movements, nor conspiracies of Irish against Chinese. And let the convention be very careful that it does not confound idlers, tramps, and political adventurers with the eminently respectable and honorable class that toils; and that it does not confound criminals, vagabonds, and loafers with working men. In reference to the Chinese question, let it simply declare what is right, and what every sensible man in California recognizes as the true policy in reference to the Chinese question, the principle that is embodied in the law of Congress, viz.: We desire to arrest further Chinese immigration, and we recognize that we have no legal right to drive those Chinese away who are now here, but that they are entitled to the equal protection of law with any other class of foreigners who have come to our shores. Let it not be too cowardly to declare that the Chinese question has, by the act of Congress, been taken out of honest politics for ten years, and that none but the Pope's political Irish are now agitating a dead issue. There might be a short paragraph in that connection declaring that boycotting is un-American, cowardly, and altogether contemptible. Let the Republican Convention unreservedly resolve that the Sunday law shall not be repealed; and if there is any class of Germans or other foreigners who claim the right to come to America for the purpose of making drunks on Sunday, let it be taught that we have traditions, customs, and laws older than their immigration, and more dear to us than their presence; that they shall not be permitted to violate existing laws with impunity so long as Americans outnumber them, and that the League of Freedom is, in the opinion of the Republican party, a criminal conspiracy against the law for which every one of its active members should be punished by fine and imprisonment. In reference to railroad taxes, let the convention declare that railroad property ought to be valued and taxed exactly the same as other property; that it should be treated in the courts the same as all other property; that railroad owners, stockholders, and managers should be dealt with under the law, like other people; that the forfeiture or nonforfeiture of railroad land grants is a question of law, dependent upon facts to be determined by the courts; that the regulation of fares and freights, if pushed to the extension of confiscation, is a cowardly robbery under guise of law; and that the present agitation against monopolies, and the present drift of the ignorant and unprincipled toward agrarian and communistic crimes, indicate a political movement that is dangerous to every man who owns property and who works at any honest employment, or who is interested in the preservation of order and good government. Upon the debris question, let it be remembered that this is a property question now in the courts. Judge Temple has decided it in favor of the farmers as against the miners. Judge Temple's decision is the law of the case until reversed. No Republican convention, candidate or orator, has the right even to discuss this question while it is pending in the courts. The Republican party is composed of intelligent men. Their interests, and the interests of localities and of pursuits differ. Republicans differ in opinions. Let there be opportunity for difference of opinion within the party, and upon those questions in which no principle is involved let the convention be silent. Then for State officers, or candidates for office, give us men of intelligence and high personal character. Demand from them but few pledges; trust to their antecedents and to their honor. Let the active politician who has been intriguing for nomination for governor; who has in his employ the vile machine in San Francisco; who is working in the shadow of county court-houses, and among the small politicians of the cross-roads; who in the town boasts of his granger strength, and in the country that the merchants favor him; who has promised the anti-slickens men of Marysville that he is their friend on the sly; who argues to the wine-grower that he has a vineyard, and to the Good Templars that he drinks no wine; to the Methodist that he favors the Sunday law, and to the League that he will not veto its repeal—let this ambitious statesman be beaten, and beaten at the convention, for it will save him trouble, and will relieve him from being beaten by the people. Let the men who are intriguing for place on the Railroad Commission and Board of Equalization be smoked out and exposed, and for these offices let us have neither the body-lice of rich men, nor the parasites of railroads, nor the howling demagogues who, for popularity and votes, have the shameless audacity to proclaim their personal hatred to the owners of property, and who think it good party politics to bleed enterprise and blackmail the prosperous. In other words, let the Republican party dare to be honest, both in its platform and its candidates. Let it presume that the average voter is intelligent enough to know that all his interests are identified with honest administration. Let the delegates to the Republican State Convention presume that the voter knows as much and is as patriotic and is as much interested in the welfare of the State as he is. Let him understand that the party never succeeds by

indirection and fraud as well as by open and manly conduct. Let this convention know and fully realize the fact that a majority of the voters of this State are of American birth; that a majority of all other nationalities, except the Irish and other exclusively Catholic races, such as Portuguese and Italians, are Republicans, and that the Germans are not all lager-beer drinkers; that a vote among the Germans alone would disclose a majority vote for upholding the law; that the Catholic clergy, and a very large number of the better class of the Irish are in favor of preserving the Sunday law unrepealed; that all other denominations of Christians favor its retention upon our statute book; that all temperance men are in favor of closing drinking saloons on Sunday; that the Jews do not now, and never have, agitated this question, but are a model class—a model even to Americans in their obedience to the law. With a platform of the kind we have outlined, with candidates of the character we have suggested, and with a campaign active, aggressive, and fearless, there can be but one result.

In reply to a letter received from a personal and political friend in San Bernardino, asking whom we desired as Republican candidate for governor, we answer: The *Argonaut* has no candidate; is not in anybody's confidence; belongs to no section of the party; and yet it has its opinions upon all public questions, and its choice as to all public men. If today we could make the governor of California, it would be Newton Booth. He has had experience, and our confidence in his intelligent integrity is strengthened by our observation of his public career. We would prefer next to him the Hon. John F. Swift, because of our knowledge of his ability and our appreciation of his thorough independence. For the fun of an heroic campaign, under a broad-minded, brave leader; for a campaign against the world, the flesh, and the devil, Democracy, rum, and the Pope's political Irish, we would choose Jim McM. Shafter. If we felt compelled to seek availability, and were yet unwilling, even for the sake of success, to have a man in the gubernatorial chair who is unable to fill it; in a word, if we wanted a good candidate and a good governor, one who, from residence and occupation, was outside of local jealousies; who would not revive Dolly Varden times and Greeley times; who could not be charged with being a corporation flunky nor a pig-headed enemy of the railroad system; who does not think the right to drink gin on Sunday is freedom of conscience and right to worship God; who would not persecute a Chinaman to please an Irishman; who would not, in order to get votes, apostrophize a drunken tramp, smoking his dhudeen under a haystack, as an enthroned king of labor; who would not be either a rich man's parasite or a poor man's sycophant; a self-respecting, independent representative of both wealth and labor—wealth that he honestly earned, and labor that he himself performs—we would choose Joseph Russ, farmer, dairyman, and lumberman, working man and gentleman, of Humboldt County. He has been twice in the legislature, and was honest. He went to the National Convention at Chicago with the writer of this article, and voted for James G. Blaine, first, last, and every time. He is a wealthy, intelligent, honest, generous, and respectable citizen, and if his friends and Republican neighbors of the northern counties will bring down a delegation for him, we of the centre and the south will give him a fair hearing and a generous consideration. We should very willingly see Charles Felton, of San Mateo, governor of this State. We believe him possessed of capacity, courage, and thorough integrity. We sincerely hope that neither M. M. Estee, nor George Evans, nor Horace Davis will get the nomination of the party. We have our reasons, and they are good ones; and we honestly believe that if either of these is nominated he will be defeated. That we do not give these reasons is an evidence that the *Argonaut* is neither as independent nor as bold as some of its friends credit it with being. There are some things one can not say of personal and party friends unless the persons themselves challenge the exposition. Mr. Estee would make an excellent Railroad Commissioner. So would Governor Booth, whose name has been mentioned in that connection, but who, we are sure, would not take it. George Evans would make a good candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, and in the event of his election would make a better presiding officer of the Senate than anybody we know. Horace Davis was an excellent member of Congress, but he has fallen into bad company—(political.) Lansing B. Mizner, of Benicia, would make an excellent Attorney-General. Fred Castle, Captain Merry, or Frank Whittier would make Railroad Commissioners who would be acceptable to the people, and ought to be acceptable to the railroad companies. Henry Edgerton would make a most eloquent representative in Congress, and for candidate-at-large would be strong. W. W. Morrow has qualities that would make him a most useful member of Congress; there are few young men in our State who would be more serviceable. Governor Wood, of Santa Clara, is an orator, and so far as we are advised of his qualifications for a representative, would make a good one. If we could name the Treasurer, we would, as against any man in California, give it to Cyrus

Wheeler, of Sacramento, the senior member of the firm of Booth & Co. James McM. Shafter is available material for Congress. There are good men all over California for its offices. There is one danger that ought to be avoided in convention, and that is bargaining for candidates. One county comes with a delegation solid for some local candidate, and trades, swaps, barter, forms combinations, and intrigues with other delegates to exchange votes. This is politics, but it is mean and nasty politics, and if we get into the convention and catch anybody at that work, we will expose it, and if any living man gets a candidacy by any such work, we will oppose the business, if we can find it out, and defeat the candidate, if we can, even if his defeat shall elect a worse man. We hope our Republican friends in the country will send unpledged delegations of their best men. The chances are that our San Francisco delegation will be a made-up compromise between two sets of small ward politicians; one under the respectable name of "milkmen," and the other, the old machine set. These "milkmen" are skim-milk politicians masquerading in the cream of purity, one wing of which is endeavoring to circumvent the devil to get a father-in-law in office; the other has set its heart and trousers pocket upon getting a gubernatorial nomination for M. M. Estee—and that is the important reason why we hope he will not succeed.

It is some seven or eight years since the *Bulletin* has been waging war against the Spring Valley Water Company to determine the question as to whether the company should supply water for municipal use free of charge to the city, which, interpreted by the laws of common sense, and tested as a practical result, declared that private consumers should pay for all water used by the city for the public. The *Bulletin* and *Call* have harped upon the question in season and out of season. They have carried it into politics, into social life, and into the courts. At the last municipal election for Mayor, Supervisors, and administrative officers, it was made THE issue. The *Bulletin* and *Call* columns were filled with one continuous tirade against Spring Valley. It was wearisome, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, to have the reader's otherwise acceptable evening and morning journal devoted to a false argument to convince him that he ought to pay two prices for water for his domestic use so that the general property of speculators, absentees, and owners of merchandise might pay nothing. The people revolted against this sham, smoked the motive of personal vindictiveness, accepted the issue, went to the polls upon the water question, and triumphed. It was not a triumph of the Spring Valley Water Company, but a triumph of small consumers. The candidates who would not pledge themselves in favor of "free water" to the city, which meant dear water to the citizen, were elected over the candidates who pledged everything, and were willing to pledge more. Supervisors who refused to wear the manacles of the twin journals were elected. The City Attorney, who sold out his comrades on the Republican ticket by over-bidding for free water buncombe, was elected by the skin of his teeth. The Supreme Court having decided against "free municipal water," the *Bulletin* and *Call* have inspired Mr. Cowdery, their attorney, to move for a rehearing. The Supervisors, having been instructed and commanded by the writ of the highest court of the State to fix rates for water supplies for all municipal purposes, are willing to obey the command without further contest, and by this means expect to reduce the rates of householders from twenty to thirty per cent. By a vote of eleven to one, they have instructed the City Attorney to withdraw the petition for rehearing and reargument, and now we will see whether Mr. Cowdery is the attorney of the city, which instructs him through its legalized authority, or the attorney of the *Bulletin* and *Call*, who enjoy the luxury of an attorney who does their bidding while he draws his salary from the people who pay the taxes. The resolutions passed by the Board read as follows:

Whereas, By a late decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the Spring Valley Water Works vs. the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco, the question of the city's liability to pay for the water used for the purpose of sprinkling streets, cleaning sewers, irrigating public parks and plazas, the extinguishment of fires, and other public uses has been determined, and is in accord with the expressed views and action of the Board; and

Whereas, This decision is one acceptable to the general public, inasmuch as it establishes the principle that property shall bear a portion of the expense of a plentiful supply of water for all public purposes to the relief of the present water-rate payers of this city and county; and

Whereas, The principle has been endorsed by the action of the people at large at the polls during the last municipal election; and

Resolved, That the City and County Attorney be and he is hereby instructed and required to withdraw his application for a rehearing of the said case of the Spring Valley Water Works vs. the Board of Supervisors of this city and county.

In conclusion of our opinion in the premises, we say that, as this question of "free water" has been decided by the people at a municipal election, by the Supreme Court of the State, and by the Board of Supervisors, the *Bulletin*, *Call*, and Cowdery ought to submit, and as they will have to submit, we suggest that they do so gracefully, and give us rest from this never-ending controversy.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

At Berlin, on June 9, twenty-one members of the German Parliament, on the invitation of a Doctor Hermes, sat down to discuss an omelet composed of forty-three eggs laid by one of the serpents in the Berlin aquarium.

According to the author of "Through Siberia," English is the best language for telegraphy; for by means of it more can be expressed in fewer words than in any other. The Russians prefer to use English rather than their own language for telegrams.

The many collectors of postage stamps may follow in the steps of a Benedictine monk, who has solved the mystery of their usefulness, and with them has papered the wall of a room in the monastery in a most ingenious and effective manner. In three months he collected eight hundred thousand stamps, sorted them according to their colors, and then arranged them in a variety of animal and other designs, such as flowers, mottoes, and inscriptions, together with the date of the day when the task was finished.

The Chinese have long been in the habit of printing "sleeve editions" of the classics to assist candidates at the competitive examination whose memories are not sufficiently retentive. A similar benevolent idea has lately induced a native merchant at Shanghai to print a diamond edition of the "P'ei won yun foo," one of the largest lexicons in the language, consisting of one hundred and six books. That it might be small enough to be easily hidden in the candidates' sleeves, or plaited in their queues, it was necessary to print it in so small a type that the editor announces in his advertisement that he will supply a magnifying glass to each purchaser, to enable him to read it.

The Salem, Mass., museum has in its possession a cherry-stoove containing one dozen silver spoons. The stone is of the ordinary size, the spoons being so small that their shape and finish can be distinguished only by the microscope. Dr. Oliver gives an account of a cherry-stone on which was carved one hundred and twenty-four beads, so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns. A Nuremberg clock-maker inclosed in a cherry-stone a plan of Sebastopol, a railway station, and the "Messiah" of Klopstock. Pliny, too, mentions that Homer's "Iliad," with its fifteen thousand verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nut-shell. A copy of the Bible was written by a chancery clerk in so small a space that it could be inclosed in a walnut shell.

The Käfernburg "Willkomm" furnishes ample evidence of the degeneracy of the art of drinking in Germany. That willkomm is a tankard in the shape of a huntsman's hugh, capable of containing about four quarts. Whoever visited the castle of the Counts of Käfernburg (one of the three Gleichen, near Arnstadt), was invited to empty the drinking-horn at one quaff. The names of those who attempted the task were put on record, which distinctly stated to what extent they had succeeded. Until 1586 only such drinkers were named as actually emptied the horn. From that year until 1608 only one-half of those who made the attempt achieved the feat. From 1608 to 1700 not one of the visitors was able to accomplish it, and since then no one appears to have even attempted it. The drinking-horn and the record are preserved as historical curiosities in the so-called Prince's House at Arnstadt.

M. Barhier, a French mathematician of eminence, has for the last twenty years been investigating the subject of pitch-and-toss. He has flipped up a common penny piece, and collected and analyzed the results in groups of ten thousand "flips," coming to the conclusion that in any ten thousand "flips" there will be five thousand "heads" and five thousand "tails." Sometimes the "heads" will come out fifteen or twenty ahead; but on the next ten thousand "tails" will catch up, or vice versa. It is not stated whether M. Barhier investigated a more interesting and practical part of the subject—his own "personal equation" in the game of pitch-and-toss, and the possibility of winning thereat by scientific play. For instance, if a penny is tossed up one hundred times, it will probably come up "head" fifty times and "tail" fifty times; but if a player undertakes to call each toss he will not be right fifty times.

Mr. James Greenwood, in his English grammar of 1711, says many pleasant and suggestive things. He says: "One ought not promiscuously to write every noun with a great letter, as is the fashion of some now adays." He says: "Our ancestors misliked nothing more in King Edward the Confessor than that he was Frenchified." He says: "'Hern,' 'ourn,' 'yourn,' 'hish,' for 'hers,' 'ours,' 'yours,' 'his,' is bad English." He says: "'Yea' is more usual and modish than 'yea.' 'I' for 'yes,' is used in a hasty or merry way, as 'I sir, I sir,' and sometimes we use 'ay'; but this way of affirming is rude and ungentle." He says: "They say that the Americans bordering on New England * * * so can pronounce either an 'l' or 'r,' but use 'n' instead of it; so for 'lobster' they say 'nohsten.'" He says, in respect of dialect at home: "Whereas the inhabitants about London would say: 'I would eat more cheese if I had it,' a Northern man would speak it: 'Ay sud eat mare cheese gyn ay had it,' and a Western man: 'Chud eat more cheese an chad it.'"

A Frenchman, who is evidently an ardent explorer of the realms of dreamland, has recently made some curious experiments upon himself, and as a result has announced to the world that it is possible to control dreams, and make them either pleasant or otherwise. His method is to stimulate the brain through the agency of heat, and to place the body in certain positions. He finds that by bandaging his head with a layer of wadding his dreams always become sane and intelligent. As regards the position of the body, the results, so far as the nature of the dreams are concerned, are varied. For example, when he lay upon his back, he experienced luxuriant and sensorial dreams. To sleep on the right side brought him dreams which were absurd and full of exaggeration, and which brought old matters vividly back to his mind. While lying on his left side, the exaggerated character of the visions disappeared. They became sensible and intelligible, and recalled more recent experiences. The phenomenon of speech in slumber was also more apt to be noted while the body lay in this posture.

The advertising columns of a widely circulated newspaper are printed in a language peculiar to themselves. It embraces the technical phrases of every calling known to man, and is more condensed even than communication by telegraph; for while in a telegram words are economized, in an advertisement even the space the words occupy, after they have been pruned to the finest point, is closely limited. In the "help wanted" columns of the New York Sun, for instance, an advertiser seeking skilled operators on Wheeler & Wilson's sewing-machines, advertised for "experienced W. & W. operators." The same sense of saving prompted the man who wrote: "'Wanted—Boy to kick Gordon, and make himself useful," Gordon meaning a Gordon job-printing press, and kicking being the technical term for working the treadle of the press with the feet of the operator. The notice in the same column of "A Peerless feeder wanted" indicates the sort of press that is to be fed with blank sheets of paper, and not any desire on the advertiser's part to get a person of unprecedented appetite. In spite of the saving, the sense is usually quite clear, as in the demands for "experienced female bands on cloaks," "hurlal-robe bands," "head bands on laces," "paper-boxes—glue hands," "scarf hands," and "shoe salesman, apply, etc." Less apparent is the meaning of the call for a "boy in salt store to fill small pockets," or the demand for "two buffers," "hands on piquets," "a yardman at hotel," "a rubber-in," "a man to rough tune up," and "a castor-place servitor," or "a young girl improver." The advertisement for a girl "to sew and paste white hairs in furs" is, on the other hand, too plain, and seems to betray a trade secret. Gallantry is a marked characteristic in the columns of "Help wanted—females," where the old-fashioned word woman is dropped and lady substituted in offers for foreladies, salesladies, lady canvassers, and lady cashiers. "A boy as dishwasher," is asked for in one advertisement, and in another, calling for a horseshoer, the caution is added, "No society men need apply."

OLD FAVORITES.

Cupid Schooled.

When she was gay as a linnet,
And I was as fresh as a lark,
Never a day but some minute
We met betwixt dawning and dark.

"Katie, and when shall we marry?"
"Marry?" she said, with a sigh—
"That's cake and ribbons on Monday,
And sorrow ere Saturday's hy."

"You are as lean as a lizard,
I am as poor as a mouse;
Nothing per annum, paid quarterly,
Hardly finds rent for a house."

"Love and a crust in a cottage";
Capital! just for a pair;
What if the hut should grow populous?
How would the populace fare?

"Oh, aye! the uncle you reckon on,
Gouty, and rich, and unweid—
Dick! They wait ill, says the adage, who
Wait for the shoes of the dead."

"Ah! if I loved you I'd risk it,
That's what you're thinking, I guess—
Why, I would risk it to-morrow,
Dick, if I cared for you less."

"Love's apt to fly out at the window
When poverty looks in at the door;
Rather I'd die than help banish him,
Dick, just by keeping you poor."

"Kiss me! You'll look on on Sunday?
Won't my new hoonet be brave?
June at its longest and leanest—
My! what a ramble we'll have!"

"Bye-bye! There's grandmother waiting
Patient at home for the tea.
Dick, if you wouldn't wed both of us,
You must be patient for me."

Showers, if they ruffle its foliage,
Freshen the green of the grove;
True lovers'iffs, said old Terrence, are
Only fresh fuel to love.

If I flung off in a passion—
If she crept in for a cry—
Sunday came smiling and settled it;
Katie was wiser than I.

Love's hut a hahy that, passionate,
Tries to be mated at hirth;
Time isn't lost if it teaches you
What a good woman is worth.

What if the waiting was wearisome?
What if the work-days were drear?
Time, the old thief, couldn't rob us of
Fifty-two Sundays a year

How long was liberty coming?
Long enough—even her way;
Lustrum, or decade, or century—
What does it matter to-day?

Nunky died single at sixty,
Granny at eighty or so;
Well, if we didn't weep long for 'em
'Twasn't in nature, you know.

Grannies and uncles are liable
All to die some day, that's clear;
Sorrow finds wonderful comfort in
Five or six hundred a year.

Aod lovers may marry at forty,
Aye, and live happy to boot;
Though Phillis be gray as a badger,
And Corydon bald as a coot.

Do You Remember?

"UN BACCIO DATO NON E MAI PERDUTO."

Because we once drove together
In the moonlight over the snow,
With the sharp bells ringing their tinkling chime,
So many a year ago.

So now, as I hear them jingle,
The winter comes back again,
Though the summer stirs in the heavy trees,
And the wild rose scents the air.

We gather our furs around us,
Our faces the keen air stings,
And noisless we fly o'er the snow-hushed world
Almost as if we had wings.

Enough is the joy of mere living,
Enough is the blood's quick thrill;
We are simply happy—I care not why—
We are happy beyond our will.

The trees are with icicles jeweled,
The walls are o'er-surfed with snow;
The houses with marble whiteness are roofed;
In their windows the home-lights glow.

Through the tense, clear sky above us
The keen stars flash and gleam,
And wrapped in their silent shroud of snow
The broad fields lie adream.

And jingling with low, sweet clashing
Ring the bells as our good horse goes,
And tossing his head, from his nostrils red
His frosty breath he blows.

And close you nestle against me,
While around your waist my arm
I have slipped—'tis so bitter, bitter cold—
It is only to keep us warm.

We talk, and then we are silent;
And suddenly—you know why—
I stooped—could I help it? You lifted your face—
We kissed—there was nobody nigh.

And no one was ever the wiser,
And no one was ever the worse;
The skies did not fall—as perhaps they ought—
And we heard no paternal curse.

I never told it—did you, dear?
From that day unto this;
But my memory keeps in its inmost recess,
Like a perfume, that innocent kiss.

I dare say you have forgotten,
'Twas so many a year ago;
Or you may not choose to remember it,
Time may have changed you so.

The world so chills us and kills us,
Perhaps you may scorn to recall
That night with its innocent impulse—
Perhaps you'll deny it all.

But if of that fresh, sweet nature
The vestige survive,
You'll remember that moment's madness—
You'll remember that moonlight drive.

—W. W. Story.

LITERARY NOTES.

John S. Hittell's "Pacific Coast Guide" appears in a new edition with many corrections and additions. It proves a neat and comprehensive volume for the tourist's use. One of its most agreeable features is the chapter on "Camping, and Where to Camp," which embraces a well-written enumeration of the various localities in which game may be procured. The maps of California and Oregon are unworthy of the volume, from their objectionable lack of detail. Published and for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The latest number of the "American Men of Letters Series" is the life of Henry D. Thoreau, by F. B. Sanborn. It takes the author one hundred and twenty-five pages to really get to Thoreau, and while the matter would be interesting to an inhabitant of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, its insertion here displays a lack of taste. The part of the volume which relates to Thoreau is of great interest, and we know of no source from which a better idea can be obtained of this philosopher of nature in so short a space. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

"Bridal March, and Other Stories" is the last volume of Björnsterne Björnson's that Professor Andersen has translated into English. These stories conclude the author's series of peasant novels, and were originally dedicated to Hans Andersen. The translator remarks in the preface that Björnson will henceforth deal only with political and social questions in his works. Interesting features of the volume are the four illustrations of Norse home life, which are taken from the original paintings, executed by Norway's most distinguished genre painter, Adolph Tidemand. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

"Gloria," a Spanish work by Perez Galdós, translated by Clara Bell, contains several strong situations, together with much that is rather forced and strained, as is the woot in Spanish stories. It is the story of a young English Jew who visits Spain, and there gaining the esteem of a noble Catholic family, who do not discern his Hebrew blood, succeeds in seducing the beautiful young daughter. He really loves the girl, and after a struggle with his conscience, agrees to become a Catholic, in order that they may be married. At this point his mother, hearing of his intent, procures a warrant for his arrest. He escapes, but only in time to have a last interview with his dying sweetheart. Published by W. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.00.

Announcements: Sir Theodore Martin, at the urgent request of the family, has consented to write a life of the late Lord Lyndhurst. Lady Lyndhurst has furnished him with the family papers. Mr. Wilkie Collins is writing a new serial novel in which the subject of vivisection is treated. It will be translated, by special arrangement, into French, Dutch, Italian, German, and Swedish. A well-known French writer, M. Aurelien Scholl, has lately published a short pathetic story on the same subject. A faithful and loving dog is the hero, and it is impossible to read of the fate of the intelligent little creature under the knife of the lecturer without a shudder of pity and of horror. Mr. Longfellow's intimate friend, John Owen, rendered valuable assistance to Dr. Austin in the preparation of the doctor's "Life of Longfellow"—a volume which will be brought out this month by Lee & Shepard. "The Lambs" is the title of a satire on Wall Street operators which Mr. Robert Grant has contributed to the forthcoming number of *The Century*. Mr. Grant will be remembered as the author of the "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" and of "The Little-Tin-Gods-on-Wheels." A new novel of poems on various picturesque and dramatic Arabian themes is shortly to be brought out by Mr. Theodore Tilton. R. Worthington is to be the publisher. The little book in which Miss Baker describes her "Summer in the Azores" contains the story of John Boyle O'Reilly's escape from Australia, as related by the captain of the ship which carried him away from his captivity.

The germ theory in disease is now occupying the attention of the scientific world. Several physicians, in advance of their time, turned their attention to it years ago. But the results of recent discoveries in Berlin, Paris, and London have called forth numerous publications on the subject. Professor John Tyndall has for some time been giving the question his attention, and has from time to time published several essays on its various phases. These essays are now collected in book form, under the title of "Floating Matter of the Air in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection." The volume will prove of great interest to the average reader, as well as to the scientific student. The author shows the disastrous effects resulting from allowing the slightest amount of unfiltered or common air to reach an exposed wound. The anti-septic system of Professor Lister, of Edinburgh, is used to illustrate the statements. The result of Lister's system in his department was so successful that, even in the midst of abominations too shocking to be mentioned here, and in the neighborhood of wards where death was rampant from pyæmia, erysipelas, and hospital gangrene, he was able to keep his patients free from these terrible scourges. This wonderful result was attained by his process of spraying the wound while it was exposed for operation with diluted carbolic acid, and thus destroying all the live germs that crowded in from every cubic inch of air. Professor Tyndall then proceeds to illustrate the various processes by which these dust-germs of disease are developed. It is to be hoped that the medical fraternity of this country will profit by this volume, for it certainly contains much that is of great value to their experiments and practice. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Miscellany: The June number of the *Victorian Review* contains, among other interesting papers, "Longfellow," by Georges Hamington; "The Return of the Native," by Charles Warren Stoddard; "Ethnology of the Zulus," by D. C. F. Moodie, and an article with the singular heading of "Shouting," which turns out to be a disquisition upon the pernicious habit of what Americans call "treating," but which is called "shouting" by the provincial Australian. The tenacity with which Englishmen cling to a name or trade-mark is well illustrated by the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has always borne the name of "Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman," on the cover, as that of the editor. Mr. Joseph Knight, the dramatic critic of the *Athenæum*, has been the editor for several years. Nobody ever sees Mr. Ruskin's books on sale in the London shops, for the simple reason that the eminent critic boycotted the booksellers, and the booksellers retorted by boycotting him. The Ruskin Society of Manchester have arranged with a local bookseller to keep Mr. Ruskin's works in stock. A change seems to be coming over the French people. They are beginning to read. Ten years ago it was considered wonderful when a book got into its tenth edition. Now one of M. Zola's works is in its one hundred and sixteenth, and another in its ninety-sixth. M. Daudet's "Numa Roumestan," in six or seven months, is in its fifty-fifth edition, and M. Ludovic Halévy's delightful Franco-American novel—"L'abbé Constantin"—has, in ten weeks, run through twenty editions. M. Jules Claretie's strong story of modern Parisian political life, "M. le Ministre," of which a mangled mistranslation has been published in Philadelphia, first appeared about nine months ago, and has now got into its forty-fifth edition. In France, it may be well to say, an edition means a few more than a thousand copies. Michelet's continued popularity in France may be inferred from the fact that a Paris printer has just signed a contract for an edition of ten thousand copies of his "Histoire de France" and his "Histoire de la Révolution Française," with illustrations, at the amazing price of nearly forty dollars a volume.

Those who have been flattering themselves, says the Springfield *Republican*, that in knowing a certain brilliant young lawyer of this city, who has had a hand in some of the brightest of comparatively recent book-work from the pens of young Harvard men, they knew the author of that new and remarkably clever novel, "Guernedale," are finding themselves mistaken. He protests that he did not write it; and who did he "can not tell." Others who "guessed" first that a graduate of 1878 or 1879, a Baltimorean, well known in certain sets of Boston and Cambridge society, is the author, are holding fast to that guess. It is a pleasant summer pastime, this guessing at the authorship of anonymous new novels.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Complete Letter-Writer.

LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN OFFERING MARRIAGE.—Dear Miss Tillie Tuff: Stocks, notes, and securities, \$700,000; brown-stone house, \$65,000; furniture, \$25,000; country-seat, \$40,000; horses, harness, and carriages, \$30,000; cash on hand, \$70,000. Total, \$270,000.—Yours, very truly, Tom Wealthy.

FAVORABLE REPLY.—Dear Mr. Wealthy: Provided you are willing to settle all the property and one-half the money on me before marriage.—Tillie Tuff.

UNFAVORABLE REPLY.—Dear Mr. Wealthy: Your candied date I can not be.—Tillie Tuff.

NOTE TO THE OLD MAN ASKING HIS DAUGHTER'S HAND.—Hon. Sam. Tuff: Please chain the dog to-night.—Yours truly, Tom Wealthy.

FAVORABLE REPLY TO FOREGOING.—Dear Tom: Have sold the dog and bought a pair of slippers.—Yours, Sam Tuff.

UNFAVORABLE REPLY.—Mr. T. Wealthy: They are No. 1's, with box toes, and the gate has been newly varnished.—Yours, S. Tuff.

INVITING A YOUNG LADY TO A PICNIC.—Dear Mary: The Patrick Duffy Chowder Club will hash at Barren Island, Thursday. Want to go long?—Jimmy Murphy.

ACCEPTING.—Mr. J. Murphy: You bet!—Mary Donahue.

DECLINING.—Dear Jimmy: Thursday is the mistress's day out. Can't go.—Mary Donahue.

FROM A PASTOR TO A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.—Dear Mrs. Smith: What evening this week will your husband be absent from home?—Your brother in the cause, John Doe, D. D.

TO A FRIEND ON LEARNING THAT HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW IS DEAD.—Dear Bill: Just heard of it. Champagne and lobsters at ten to-night. We'll give her a send-off.—Henry Wells.

FROM A COLLEGE STUDENT TO HIS FATHER.—Dear Father: Antie.—Yours, Charley.

UNFAVORABLE RESPONSE.—Dear Charley: Try "Uncle."—Yours, John A. Dad.

TO AN EDITOR.—Dear Sir: Please stop my paper.—A Dampfool.

A DAUGHTER TRAVELING FOR HER HEALTH TO HER FATHER.—Dear Papa: I am just too splendidly awful well for anything, only I'm broke. Please remit at once.—Stella.

UNFAVORABLE RESPONSE.—Dear Stella: Am glad you are better. Enclosed please find railroad pass, sleeping-herth ticket, and a reliable time-table.—Yours, C. B. Dammit.

FROM A YOUNG MAN TO A FRIEND.—Dear Ike: Please send me ten dollars per hearer. Will pay it back Saturday.—Yours, Steve.

INEVITABLE RESPONSE.—Dear Steve: Haven't got it.—Yours, Ike.

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER PASTOR.—Dear Mr. Jones: Enclosed please find a pair of slippers. Give my love to your wife, but don't tell who sent them.—Affectionately, Julia.

GENERAL LETTER FOR ALL OCCASIONS.—Dear Sir: Am very short, and would like that little amount before dark to-day.—Yours, A. Taylor.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Darwin's Discovery.

It was not until the year 1879, that naturalists became aware of the existence of a new species of hair-pin. Up to that time there had been but two varieties of hair-pin—the straight and the corrugated. These were of about the same size—the full-grown hair-pin attaining a length of four inches—and were found throughout Europe and America. Every female head contained, according to Cuvier, fifty-six, and according to Huxley and most of the scientific men of the present day, fifty-eight hair-pins. The woman who was furnished with fifty-six or fifty-eight hair-pins was as useful to civilized man as is the date palm to the wild Arab. If a man found his pipe clogged up, he plucked a hair-pin from the nearest woman, and ran it through the pipe-stem. If he needed a button-hook, the hair-pin was an efficient substitute. The discovery of an entirely new species of hair-pin was made by the elder Mr. Darwin not quite three years ago. His attention was one day attracted by a hair-pin of unfamiliar appearance, which he found entangled with one of his sleeve-buttons. It was only two inches in length, and was wonderfully slender, its diameter, as afterward measured, proving to be only that of the ordinary human hair. He at once perceived that this hair-pin belonged to a species which had wholly escaped the notice of naturalists. He found, after careful investigation, that a young woman who was studying the theory of development under his guidance was well acquainted with the new species, and that her hair contained no less than three hundred and seven hair-pins precisely like the one which had in some mysterious way fastened itself on his sleeve-button. Mr. Darwin at once published a monograph on the new species of hair-pin, describing its peculiarities and habits, and suggesting that it had been developed by the process of natural selection from the older and better known species. His views have been generally adopted, and the new species is now as well known as any production of nature. The small, thin hair-pin, like the Norway rat, is rapidly driving out its predecessor. It is wonderfully prolific, and occupies, by reason of its small size, only an eighth of the space formerly occupied by the large hair-pin. It may be safely asserted that at the present moment two-thirds of all civilized women have adopted the new hair-pin, and the best statistics sustain the belief that the average number of small hair-pins in any one head is three hundred and fourteen. This is an amazing quantity, but we can not impugn the truth of statistics. There is many a scientific person who, having in the interest of science requested a lady to allow him to take out her hair-pins, has grown weary as well as astounded as he drew out one by one the three hundred and fourteen hair-pins. The prevalence of the new species of hair-pin undoubtedly tends to render the sexes more independent of one another. The new hair-pin is of little or no use to man. It is too small to be of much service in cleaning pipes; and it can not be converted into fish-hooks for the use of shipwrecked men. Thus woman is no longer as useful to man as she formerly was. He does not instinctively turn to her as an inexhaustible store-house of hair-pins, and he must inevitably grow away from her, and seek in broom-straw and common pins substitutes more or less satisfactory for the large hair-pin that seems doomed to extinction. Moreover, the dangerous character of the new hair-pin will have its share in rendering men timid in the society of women. Even the old hair-pin occasionally fastened itself to the coat-collar or the sleeve, and thus exposed innocent men to misconstruction and suspicion at the hands of hasty wives. We can hardly exaggerate the extent to which the new hair-pin will infest the clothing of impulsive and incautious men. Who can approach a cousin or a wife's sister who has three hundred and fourteen hair-pins about her without inadvertently carrying away at least one of them? As soon as men fully realize this danger they will consult their safety by avoiding the society of women, and the new hair-pin will thus prove a barrier between the sexes. From every point of view the prevalence of the small hair-pin and the disappearance of the larger species is to be deprecated. It is, however, idle to bewail the operations of nature. We can only wait in patience for still another new species which will be in every way unobjectionable, and which nature will perhaps kindly develop in response to the universal demand of mankind.—*New York Times*.

It Looked So Easy.

The pious editor of this paper was driving up on Prospect Avenue, Monday evening, when a crowd at a base-ball park attracted his attention, and with the idea that there might be a picnic or something there he hurried to the gate, left his horse with a boy, and rushed in. There was a crowd of a thousand or more people on the grand stand, yelling, and on getting nearer the editor found that a prize-fight was in progress between two local athletes, with gloves. The crowd was not a pious one, and the editor felt out of place, but you know in our business it is necessary to visit all sorts of crowds. Well, it was worth a dollar to see that crowd. It was about evenly composed of friends of the two principals, and when one would get in a blow on the other's nose, his friends would yell, and *vice versa*. It was one continued round of pleasure. The men were fairly scientific, but out of training. We have no doubt half the men in the crowd thought they could have whipped either of the contestants, but they couldn't. There is nothing so deceiving as boxing-gloves. An amateur, after he has had them on a few times, thinks he could knock anybody silly, but however good a man is at boxing, there is somebody else a little better. A man wants to have the conceit taken out of him on boxing, the same as he does on draw-poker. We never had on boxing-gloves but once, and that was in St. Louis in 1864. Our company was stationed at Benton Barracks, and to kill time the boys got a set of boxing-gloves, and they used to practice half the time. It looked so easy to hit a fellow on the nose with the big soft things, that one day we put on a pair, and gently tapped a newsboy on the ear. He put on the other pair, deliberately, and we laughed derisively at him, and all the boys shouted as the little shrimp squared off at us. He was not more than three feet high, and just to humor him, and to have some fun, we stood up, and put up our hands, and told him to fire away. The boys surrounded us, and made a ring, and we smiled, and reached out our right to slap him gently on the forehead. Well, you wouldn't believe it, but that little rascal jumped back six feet, and our arm went so far, and strained a cord, so that before we could get it back the blasted newsboy had come back, and bit us on the nose, in both eyes, on the left ear, and on the neck. We were never so surprised since we sat down on a chair that somebody had pulled out from under us. To tell the truth, we were a little bit offended at the boy. We had always treated him kindly, bought his St. Louis Democrat regularly, and to have him take advantage of us that way was enough to hurt a sensitive nature. We were going to take off the gloves, but the boys laughed so, and yelled, that we thought we would just knock the little fool over flat on the ground, and then quit, so we slyed up to him, and struck him a powerful blow right on the nose. If he had been there when the blow fell, there would have been a newsboy's funeral, attended by several bus-loads of sympathizing co-laborers, and he would not be, as we learn he is now, a prominent St. Louis business man. But he was away from the vicinity where we struck, and then we began to hear houses and things fall on us. We shut our eyes and lay down, and a pile-driver hit our ear, while a brick building, used as a hospital, fell on our stomach. A mule walked over us, and when we came to, the boys were taking the newsboy away for fear we would get mad and hurt him. We would not have hurt him. They needn't have been afraid of that, because it would not have been right. We found out that he was one of the best boxers in St. Louis, afterward. After that the boys tried to get us to put on the gloves with a blind girl who used to peddle apples, but we didn't want to hurt the girl. The best thing anybody can do who has never had on the boxing-gloves, is to first put them on with a cigar-sign, and then the chances are that the cigar-sign will fall over on him and black his eyes. A man wants to be brought up to boxing, and have his nose broke, and a hair-lip cut for him in early youth, and then if he is real spry he can get out of a boxing-match without getting whipped, if he is a good runner. It is like the old man's advice to his boy about learning to swim before he went into the water.—*Peck's Sun*.

The Pretzel.

This delicious food grows best in the shade, and the shade of a hee garden being preferred. It is ripe at birth, and is ready to eat as soon as it is picked. In North Germany, where the benighted people do not know any better, the pretzel is called a "kringle." This is enough to spoil the pretzel, only that is impossible. The pretzel is always planted on free-lunch counters. There is more nutrition in a harrel of sawdust than there is in a clothes-basket full of pretzels. But then the pretzel is much the drier of the two. The genuine pretzel has a heart like a marble-yard, and the hide is varnished to keep it dry. It is varnished with bot lye, and sprinkled with salt and aniseed to give it tone. Before it assumes the expression so familiar to the lovers of this perennial fruit the pretzel is about the size of a garter snake. After it is tied up in that intricate knot which makes the eater wonder where to take his first bite, no man can guess at its length. Enough is known, however, to warrant scientific authorities in saying that if a man should swallow a pretzel whole, and it should suddenly straighten out in him, it would kill him in a minute. It is not possible, however, for a man to eat a pretzel whole. You can eat all the rest of it, but while there is more bole than pretzel to begin with, yet the more you eat the pretzel the more hole there is left.—*Burdett*.

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I remember reading somewhere not long ago that "Le Voyage en Suisse" was in litigation. Anything worth fighting about should be worth having, but the most definite idea which I carried away with me from the performance on Monday was wide wonder as to what the litigation had all been about. It can not have been the plot, for that is time-honored; and in any case it is nothing more than the harassing of a grouty old hridgegroom on his wedding tour. It can not have been the dialogue, for that is something beneath the consideration of the frailest intellect. It can not have been the action, or the business as the stage lingo puts it, for that would be nothing in the hands of any other than the two brief Hanlons, in the plush smalls and powdered looks of the lackey tribe, and the long-legged young man with the tripping French accent.

In short, they must have gone to law about the name, which is the only meritorious part of the play proper. For what does not "Le Voyage en Suisse" suggest? It opens up a delightful vista of frowning Alps and seas of snow, of rustic chalets and wayside inns, of perilous paths and threatening glaciers, of picturesque guides and alpenstocks, of eidelweiss and jodels, of the little Swiss opera maiden who is always starting out in the world in search of a lover, with her trousseau done up in her pocket-handkerchief. Every one has been to Switzerland in the spirit, if not in the flesh, and the spirit of romance broods over the sturdy little country like a warm red cloud.

But alas, in "Le Voyage en Suisse" we have none of these familiar visions of the guide-book, the novel, and the opera. The first act starts out like any French opera bouffe, with a wedding, and a chorus—and a queer chorus it is, by the way—and in the second, we are bolted immediately into a railway car. One might as well be in Colorado as in Switzerland, but that the little carriage is in compartments, and the guard looks like a *gendarme*.

The latest idea of the new dramatists would seem to be a new Babel, for the French hridgegroom speaks cockney English, the main thorn in his side is a wild Irishman, the long-legged young man becomes quite twisted up in his rolling French r's, and at a later period, without rhyme or reason, a German student "Ich hins," and a profane Spaniard roars the soft Castilian till the rafters ring. What does it all mean? No one knows, and possibly it is not intended that any one shall. At distinct intervals the two Hanlons and the long-legged young man are seized with spasms of mischief. Everything and everybody on the stage seems to go to pieces. Shutters flap, doors fall down, tables and chairs become animated beings, hootles and boxes obey the word of command, the stage becomes a wild, riotous tangle of dexterous confusion, the audience becomes convulsed with laughter and amazement, and presently all is quiet and a trifle dull again.

For what is it all but pantomime with the floodgates of silence broken loose? Harlequin has dropped his black mask and laid by his broadsword for the regimentals of Jeames Yellowplush, and there are two of him instead of one. Columbine has departed from her spangles, her tarlatan, and her pirouettes and wears a tie-back and a modern bonnet. Pantaloon has shed his pajamas for an eccentric hridgegroom costume, and Clown is merged in Harlequin. But all the old tricks and grimaces are there, with a puzzling familiarity in their new framing. Then, too, there is a clever new one here and there, and the two little Hanlons are so dexterous, so quick, so neat, that as a pantomimic performance it is unquestionably a success. Unfortunately, since "Le Voyage en Suisse" assumes to be a play, one finds one's self fishing for an idea or a rational word now and then. But alas! words and ideas have gone out of fashion, and muscle has come in.

It is a commentary upon the tastes of our town that out of five first-class theatres, three are closed for want of patronage, and in the other two muscle alone draws, for with the Mastodon Minstrels the champion clog is by far the most attractive feature of the entertainment, and hoidly expertness is the only excellence of the famous Hanlon-Lees combination.

"What's in a name?" asks Juliet, illogical as all young lovers are, and because Shakespeare put the words in her mouth, he has been challenged through three centuries for having said an untrue thing. For my own part, I never saw a Hanlon-Lees till Monday, but the whole family, from some early impression, are indissolubly associated in my mind with that curious double-jointed word, "Zampillerostation," which used to flash from the play-hills whenever a circus came to town. Whenever the name of Hanlon-Lees

is mentioned, in fancy I see them floating through the air in those daring leaps for life, which made the family famous. But here are degenerate scions of a sinewy race, for but two of them are but clever, quick Harlequins, and the other two are *nil*. One may hear half a hundred people ask after the play, "Where were the other two Hanlons?" What right has a man to the famous name unless he have the famous muscle?

When Guy Livingstone began crushing silver goblets in his thin, nervous fingers, the muscular wave was beginning to sweep over the land, and when Geoffrey Delamayne was held up as a frightful example of the triumph of matter over mind, people execrated him aloud, but fell down in private awe before hrawn, and the collegians went with renewed will at boat and ball, and all the other physical exercises which go to complete a gentleman's training. The thinkers are dying out. There is no room left for them, poor fellows; no work for them to do. Muscle reigns in the world, in the hooks, in the plays, nay, even in the pulpit, for your muscular clergyman is become a demi-god, and your deep theological thinker an old frump. Pardon the word. I quote it from a fashionable *dévote*. What wonder then that it has crept into the theatres to the displacement of all fine art? How long is it since we have had a good strong juicy play? and when we had them what ill-luck befell them. They are getting up a dramatic school in England under the patronage of the Prince of Wales. If it be to meet the taste of the times what shall be its furnishings? What but heights from which to leap, and depths from which to creep, and trapezes, and turn-hairs, and foils, and perhaps a natatorium, and a rink? One never knows to what gymnastic lengths the next play may go, for if Harlequin be the latest success, Harlequin must be outdone, and some specialist is studying a new trick somewhere. I was one of a group not very long ago who started out to amuse themselves with a good talk. They were many of them accounted "bright," as the new phrase goes, and although one of them announced at the very beginning that "conversation was a lost art," and we each as usual put in our little spoke about the brilliant salons of the last century, a brilliancy which had passed away with the commonplaceness of the latter day, perhaps we all flattered ourselves that we could talk if we would. But at a critical juncture it was discovered that one had a double thumb-joint, whereat we branched off upon physical peculiarities, and we had an amateur exhibition of eccentricities, which I am bound to say became deeply interesting. I do not recall a single remark in the after conversation distinguished either for wit, brilliance, profundity, or exceptional good sense, but for some reason or other we had a very good time of it, and although that young gentleman who wagged one ear independently of the other came off triumphantly as the star of this little private exhibition, the young lady who put a movable scalp through its paces is worthy of honorable mention. Perhaps it is telling out of school to relate these incidents, but it serves to illustrate the tendency of the times, which is entirely to hoidly feats. Perhaps it is a reaction from the degenerate effeminacy of the last few decades, and that we are returning to a state of nature where all are "iron-jointed, supple-sinewed" as the poet's dusky children in dreamland were to be. Whatever it be, there was a quick responsive intelligence in the eyes of the sight-seers on Monday night, which showed that they were enjoying something they could understand. Time was when great artists trembled in waiting for the verdict of the Californian audience, for its yea was strong and big and far-reaching, and carried success with it. But we have come to hase uses when nothing but pantomimic tricks can draw an audience, however excellent those pantomimic tricks may be. We are caught like children with trap-doors and hinges, and a neat handspring across the boards is one of the heights of dramatic excellence. It will hold its sway long, for it is something which we can not all turn, and it is human nature to admire that which it is not given to us to do, as it is human nature for us sometimes to attempt to pass for that which we are not.

I saw a paragraph of cordial invitation to Clara Morris in a London paper the other day, assuring her that if she had the talent of her distinguished compatriots, Edwin Booth and Bella Pateman, she should not lack a welcome in the motherland. Can it be that English Bella has been parading before English eyes as an American after her successful sojourn on Columbian soil, upon the principle that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country? They have Plympton and his Anglomania over in England, but the papers crushingly allude to him as "a young American actor," and Plympton must be signally unhappy. It is hard, indeed, after a lifetime of effort to have the British scribblers make such an unerring guess. The same paper mentions that they are expecting "Hazel Kirke" across the pond, and alludes to it vaguely as a play which has made some little stir in America. Some little stir? Can it be possible that benighted England has not had an avalanche of the silhouette souvenirs? Truly, England is behind the times, for they have no less than three dramas running in the metropolis of the world, and never a gymnast among them.

BETSY B.

"CENTURY" BRIC-A-BRAC.

My Sweetheart.
She is neither short nor tall,
Rather what I think you'd call
Just the size;
And her hands and feet are—well,
I'll say ditto, and not tell
Any lies.

Though her eyes are soft and blue,
They have not the brilliant hue
Of the sky;
Yet when in their depths I look,
Like a picture in a hook,
There am I.

Not so very small her nose is;
Neither are her cheeks like roses,
Red and white;
And my muse does not emholden
Me to call her brown hair golden,
Though I might.

Just a village maiden she—
Many ladies that you see
Rank above her;
Men have seldom called her pretty;
I have never thought her witty;
But I love her.

—D. C. Hasbrouck.

Ballade of a Coquette.

She wears a most bewitching hang—
Gold curls made captive in a net;
Her dresses with precision hang;
Her hat observes the stylish set;
She has a poodle for a pet,
And drives a dashing drag and pony;
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her phrases all are fraught with slang,
The very latest she can get;
She sings the songs that Patience sang,
Can whistle airs from "Olivette,"
And in the waltz perhaps might let
You squeeze her hand with gems all stony;
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her heart has never felt love's pang,
Nor known a momentary fret;
Want never wounds her with his fang;
She likes to run papa in debt;
She'll smoke a slender cigarette
Sub rosa with a favored crony;
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

EPIVOY.

Princes, beware this gay coquette!
She has no thoughts of matrimony;
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

—Frank D. Sherman.

To an Intrusive Butterfly.

"Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way."
—Five Rules of Buddha.

I watch you through the garden walks,
I watch you float between
The avenues of dahlia stalks,
And flicker on the green;
You hover round the garden seat,
You mount, you waver. Why,
Why storm us in our still retreat,
O saffron Butterfly!

Across the room in loops of flight
I watch you wayward go;
Dance down a shaft of glancing light,
Review my hooks a-row;
Before the hyst you flaunt and flit
Of "blind Maenides"—
Ah, trifter, on his lips there lit
Not butterflies, but bees!

You pause, you poise, you circle up
Among my old Japan;
You and a comrade on a cup,
A friend upon a fan;
You wind around, a breathing while,
Around Amanda's brow;
Dost dream her then, O Volatile!
E'en such an one as thou?

Away! Her thoughts are not as thine
A sterner purpose fills
Her steadfast soul with deep design
Of baby hows and frills;
What care hath she for worlds without—
What heed for yellow sun,
Whose endless hopes revolve about
A planet, *alati* One!

Away! Tempt not the best of wives!
Let not thy garish wing
Come fluttering our Autumn lives
With truant dreams of spring!
Away! Reseck thy "Flowery Land";
Be Buddha's law obeyed;
Lest Betty's undiscerning hand
Should slay—a future Praed!

—Austin Dobson.

Triumph.

The dawn came in through the bars of the blind—
And the winter's dawn is gray
And said: However you cheat your mind,
The hours are flying away.
A ghost of a dawn, and pale and weak—
Has the sun a heart, I said,
To throw a morning flush on the cheek
Whence a fairer flush has fled?
As a gray rose-leaf that is fading white
Was the cheek where I set my kiss;
And on that side of the bed all night
Death had watched, and I on this.
I kissed her lips, they were half apart,
Yet they made no answering sign;
Death's hand was on her failing heart,
And his eyes said: She is mine.
I set my lips on the blue-veined lid,
Half-veiled by her death-damp hair;
And oh, for the violet depths it hid,
And the light I longed for there!
Faint day and the fainter life awoke,
And the life was overpast;
And I said: Though never in life you spoke,
Oh, speak with a look at last!
For the soace of a heart-beat fluttered her breath,
As a bird's wing spread to flee;
She turned her weary arms to Death,
And the light of her eyes to me.

Century for August. —H. C. Bunner.

OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"Peter Sousloff," W.—Declined.
"Their New Plug Hat," S. B.—Declined.
"My Demon Visitor," Burnham.—Declined.
"A Bad Wager," W.—Declined.
"A Ball-room Romance," A. L. W.—Declined.
"Mother Margaret," B.—Declined.
"My Castle," H. F. B.—Declined.

We have received the following nice little note:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10, 1882.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Being constant perusers of your *perfectly splendid* paper, and having your interest at heart, we contribute some poetry, which we hope will please your many readers, and add a *new charm* to your very valuable paper. We beg leave to assure you that we require no remuneration whatever, as we write for "fame," and not "filthy lucre." In printing the poetry please do not sign our *real* names, but our *fictitious* ones, which are "Birdie Bluebell" and "Daisy Darling." We beg of you not to print our names or address, as we intend to *surprise* our friends. Hoping that you will be pleased enough with the accompanying poems to send for more, we remain, yours respectfully,

Corner — and — Streets.

"OWEN" TO BUB.

Once there was a boy
In manners very coy,
To his parents a great joy,
Without a bit of alloy.
His name it was "Bub."
He went sailing in a tub,
And it went down,
And wet his gown,
But he did not drown,
While his poor lub
She cried for her lub.

DAISY DARLING.

MRS. MACK AND HER ZACH.

Once there was a Mrs.
Who thought of naught but kisses,
For which she was hailed with hisses.
Her name it was Mrs. Mack,
But she changed it to Zach.
Zach, he carried a pack,
And was a great quack.
Zach, alas, stepped on a tack,
And of blessings (at that moment) there was a lack.
And Mrs. M. got up her back,
Which she did with a great deal of knack,
And hung her switch on a rack.
Good-bye, Mrs. Mack,
Good riddance to Zach. BIRDIE BLUEBELL.

We think your poem is *real nice*, Birdie; and yours, Daisy, is *just too sweet*. If your friends are not surprised they ought to be.

The Mastodon Minstrels will continue through next week at Haverly's California Theatre. At the Baldwin Theatre the Hanlons will continue to play in "Le Voyage en Suisse." Both the Bush-street and the Standard theatres remain closed.

We have received an invitation to a "Memorial Meeting and Choral Services In Honor And In Commemoration of Rev. Hy. H. Garnet, D. D., United States Minister Plenipotentiary to Liberia." The horder is tastefully and appropriately printed in black.

Madame Julie Rivé-King played last evening to an appreciative audience at Platt's Hall. This afternoon she will make her last appearance in this city, when the numerous friends whom she has made during her sojourn will pay her a farewell tribute.

— EXILED! PETROLEUM V. NASBY, LATE OF Confederate Cross Roads, which is in the State of Kentucky, has been banished—"eggsilled"; but he does not seem to be very much cast down by his fate. Here is what he says: "I shal make my way to Paris to wunst, and it will go hard with me ef I can't establish myself ther in some way. I turn my back upon the Corners hawtily, only too glad to leave a ongrateful people, which hezn't enuff apreshashun uv greatins to furnish the triffin means to keep it alive among em. Boston alluz paid Webster's debts, while the Corners eggsille me. Be it so. I go, never to return. PETROLEUM V. NASBY, (Eggsille.)"

— A LADY, FORMERLY PUPIL OF PROF. DE Filippe, desires a few more pupils in Spanish and French; teaches by the same method. Address M. L., box 81, Oakland, Cal.

"Student" wants to know what kind of a bird was the dodo? From the fact that the species is entirely extinct, we suppose it was the fahled spring chicken, of which we still hear so often and see so never.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

— MR. A. J. KELLEHER DESIRES TO INFORM HIS pupils that he will resume tuition on July 10th. Apply at Gray's music store, 117 Post, or at his residence, 2324 Clay Street.

"Journalism is the grave of genius," said one of the graduating class at Harvard in his essay. "This is indeed true, and a college graduate makes the hoss corpse," comments the *Chicago Tribune*.

— THE CELEBRATED VEGETABLE COMPOUND for females, which within a few years has made the name of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham known in every part of the civilized world, relieves suffering by the safe and sure method of equalizing the vital forces, and thus regulating the organic functions. It is only by such a method that disease is ever arrested and removed.

— RUSSIA SALVE IS UNRIVALED FOR ITS SPEEDY healing qualities. Ask your druggist for it. 25c.

Another dynamite mine in Russia. Go east, young man, and blow up with the country.—*Burdette*.

— HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENOWER is highly recommended by physicians, clergymen, and scientists as a preparation accomplishing wonderful results. It is entirely harmless, and a certain remedy for removing dandruff, making the scalp white and clean, and restoring gray hair to its youthful color. It imparts a gloss and freshness to the hair which all admire.

REMOVED TO
32 GEARY ST

THE INNER MAN.

Middle-aged men can remember, says an English journal, when native oysters were sold in London at sixpence per dozen; now they are thought cheap at six times the money, and it is a singular fact that they are at this moment dearer in London than they were in Rome when the Emperor Vitellius devoured them all day long, and Cicero sustained his philosophy by swallowing scores of them brought from the coast of Kent.

The Rothschilds, fortunate with their vineyards as with most of their other enterprises, have just sold, after retaining an ample supply for their own use, last year's crop of Chateau Lafite for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, this being at the rate of sixteen hundred dollars for a hogshead containing forty-five gallons, or about seven dollars a bottle. They do sell in New York what purports to be Chateau Lafite at from three to six dollars per bottle, and lips are smacked over it as genuine.

At very refined small dinners in New York, the Oriental practice is followed of sending round embossed silver bowls or basins of Benares brass, and a ewer filled with scented water, which is poured by the servant over the fingers of each guest in turn, which are then dried on the long embroidered Turkish towel thrown over the man's arm. But such practices are mere copies of foreign practice, not specially recommending themselves by obvious fitness, are the pedantry of etiquette, and always appear forced, comments the New York Sun. Serving methueglin and Greek wine in crystal flacons after dinner may sound very romantic and cultivated; but who wants to drink sweetened water, or wine that has lost its flavor, at the close of a dinner, be it ever so classical?

Somebody asked several weeks ago how to use the etched or embroidered doilies which appear with finger-bowls at dinner, says the New York Sun. The etiquette of the doilies and finger-bowls, as laid down by the best New York authority some little time ago, is that two napkins are brought with each finger-bowl, the smallest of which is laid folded on the plate to deaden the sound of glass, and the finger-bowl lifted from the side of the plate, and placed on it. The tips of the fingers are delicately dipped in the scented water, and dried by pressing on the larger napkin, which is then cast aside, or thrown lightly over the bowl. If grapes or berries which stain have been part of the dessert, the slice of lemon in the water is used to remove stains, handling everything with lightest, quietest of touches. It is entirely in keeping with good foreign manners to dip a corner of the white napkin into the water, and pass it over the lips to freshen the mouth.

Club circles have recently been excited in New York, says the World, over an incident of perhaps more practicable importance to all who frequent these institutions than the right of governing committees to expel members under a star chamber proceeding. At a dinner recently given in an uptown club the guests were so much delighted with the flavor and quality of the soup that two or three of them ventured, with the approval of the host, upon the eccentricity of asking to be served a second time. Two of these appreciative gourmets fell to with gusto upon their plates. The third paused, glared into his plate, spoon in hand, turned deadly pale, and sank back with an exclamation of horror into his chair. Bending eagerly forward, his neighbors exhibited an emotion equal to his own, and one of them hastily rising, with a stammering excuse fled from the room. In the plate floated, "bobbing up serenely," a small and daintily proportioned mouse! Over the subsequent history of the banquet humanity draws a veil. But it has been observed that though another chef graces the kitchen of the establishment, confidence has not yet been restored, and that many of the habitués of the club have been dining rather regularly since at Delmonico's. The deposed functionary, it is understood, solemnly declares that he was led into this indiscretion in good faith, by being assured that the dinner was given in honor of one of the members of the Chinese legation from Washington.

A decidedly novel application of electricity is reported in the French papers, says a New York journal. The shop of a vintner at Carcassonne was recently struck by lightning. Among the contents was a ton of wine, so sour as to be absolutely undrinkable even by Frenchmen. When in the course of repairing damages, the vintner came to examine the shattered cask, the remaining contents were found to be very palatable. The astonished vintner called in a scientific friend, and now it is reported that by sending a weak current of electricity through a cask of sour or harsh wine, the wine will not only be restored to soundness, but will be mellowed into a body and flavor such as it has been heretofore supposed time alone could confer. That ordinary Malaga rain-water could be chloroformed into fine old Madeira wine has long been believed in some parts of this country, and it is a matter of club gossip that an aspiring new settler at Newport some years ago was kindly assisted by an accomplished friend to fill his cellars with precious old brands produced in that manner. If the *grand cru* of the Garonne can be matched by exposing a lot of "little blue wines" to a sharp thunder-storm, the point will soon be knocked out of such tales as the following, which turns up in a recent number of a London society journal:

Said the host, a very "new rich," to his critical guest: "There, my boy, there's a glass of claret you don't often meet—I bought the whole lot; nothing left of it; cost me thirty pounds for the entire stock!" The guest sniffed and tasted, and quietly commented: "What an enormous stock of it you must have, old chap!"

CCXXXVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Sunday, July 23d.

Rice and Tomato Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Oysters.
Corn. Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Beef.
Mashed Potatoes.
Vegetable Salad.
Rice Cake, with Peaches.
Apples, Pears, Apricots, Grapes, Pomegranates, Figs, Plums, and Nectarines.

RICE CAKE, WITH PEACHES.—When some rice is cooked with milk, and a little butter, sugar, and two eggs. Butter a plain pudding-mold; strew the bottom with bread-crumbs, and put in a layer of rice half an inch thick; then a layer of peaches, and continue alternate layers of each until the mold is full. Bake this for fifteen or twenty minutes. When done turn the cake out of the mold, and pour into the bottom of the dish a boiled custard sauce, flavored with wine or vanilla.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Poignard and the Pills.

Margaret of Burgundy,
Fairest of the frail,
Tempted many a gallant
To the "Tour de Nesle";
With caresses burning
Made his soul her own;
Then she softly stabbed him
Dead—without a groan.
Stabbed him—while her kisses
Drained his parting breath;
What a modulation
That—from Love to Death!
Mozart—the magician—
Thus from jubilee
Defly shifts the tonic
To a minor key!
Were not death more welcome—
Last of mortal ills—
In a shower of kisses
Than—a box of pills?
—Sam Ward in New York World.

The Current Expression.

Why trenchant slang should we decry?
In its bold diction, pray believe,
If Eve had been sufficient "fly"
To say, when Satan tempted by,
"Not this Eve—another Eve,"
"Good Eve" would then to her apply.
—New York Clipper.

The Boston Maid's Lament.

WARSAW, N. Y., June 29.—The large bean-raising districts in Western New York are now afflicted by a worm called the bean weevil, which is committing great devastations upon newly planted crops. In some localities destruction of the entire crop is complete. —New York Times.

She sits in her chamber sad as air,
(The wind it moaneth in turret and tree!)
And the slumberous cloud of her sunny hair
Like a golden aureole charms the air,
(But the wind it moaneth in turret and tree!)

Out on the night she looks and sighs,
(Breathe thou, O wind, in turret and tree!)
And the wondrous light of her lambent eyes
Shines like the stars ere the moon doth rise,
(And the wind breathes low in turret and tree!)

She maketh her moan: Long hours shall fly,
(Roareth the wind in turret and tree!)
The long, long days, mount the sun on high,
Or lowly sink in the wintry sky,
(Soft blows the wind in turret and tree!)

The blossom I love shall come no more,
(Lo! howls the wind in turret and tree!)
The canker-worm gnaweth its inmost core,
Full low it lieth that bloomed of yore,
(The wind shrieks mad in turret and tree!)

Soon like that blossom I'll fade and die,
(The wind it moaneth in turret and tree!)
And cold on my bosom that flower shall lie,
While the breeze breathes low as it wanders by,
(It shall hear not the wind in turret and tree!)
—New York Graphic.

"Vanity Fair."

All the world's a wardrobe,
And all the girls and women merely wearers.
They have their fashions and their fantasies,
And one she in her times wears many garments
Throughout her seven stages. First, the baby,
Bearded and brooded, in her nurse's arms.
And then the trim-hosed school-girl, with her flourishes
And small-boy scolding face, tripping, skirt-wiggling,
Coquettishly to school. And then the flirt,
Ogling like Circe, with a business attitude
Kept on her low-cut corset. Then a bride,
Full of strange finery, vested like an angel,
Veiled vaporously, yet vigilant of glance
Seeking the woman's heaven—admiration—
Even at the altar's steps. And then the matron,
In fair rich velvet, with suave satin lined,
With eyes severe, and skirts of youthful cut,
Full of dress-saws and modish instances,
To teach her girls their part. The sixth age shifts
Into the gray yet gorgeous grandmamma,
With gold *pinces* on nose, and fan at side,
Her youthful tastes still strong, and worldly wise
In sumptuary law, her quivering voice
Prosing of fashion and *Le Follet*, pipes
Of robes and bairns in rags. Last scene of all,
That ends the sex's *Made-swayed* history,
Is second childishness and sheer oblivion
Of youth, taste, passion, all—save love of dress,
—Unknown Liar.

A Missouri Roundelay.

I'm a handit bold, with a lust for gold, and a heart
That knows no fear;
I rob and slash, and plunder and gash throughout
The joyous year.
My favorite food's gunpowder and blood, washed
Down with whisky neat;
And I'd rather kill than have my fill of Delmonico
Dinners to eat.
You should see my mien as I board a train, and my
Pons on the passengers pull.
The way I do it is quite too, too; it indeed is just
Awfully aw-ful.
The ladies squeak, and the gents, so meek, pass out
Their wallets rich;
And I gather them in—the diamond pin, the watches,
And rings, and such.
At home with the boys, all my household joys are
Aesthetic and chastely gay;
We have prayers with meat, and there's always a seat
When the parson comes our way;
For pa wore the cloth, and though I may be off, ma
Hasn't forgot her place,
And there's never a dollar that I may collar to which
She don't say grace.

POSTSCRIPT.

(Communicated through Madame de Limerick,
seventh daughter of a seventy-seventh son, born with
a caul. Ladies, soc., gents, \$1.)
By treachery's bolt from an army Colt I was kicked
into Paradise,
And now I frolic on wings angelic in the mansions
Of the skies.
I've a job on hand, and it looms up grand—just
whisper to them at home:
Jack Sheppard and me has it fixed, you see, to capture
The golden throne.
—From the Papers of the Late Jesse James, Esq., in
the Judge.



Proves for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
an emblem to our best female population.

A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman.
Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of humors from the blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

HALLE'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER



This standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and satisfactory as ever. It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, says of it: "I consider it the best preparation for its intended purposes."

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE, For the Whiskers,

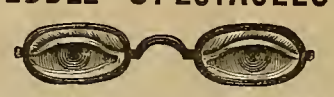
This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color which will neither rub nor wash off.

MANUFACTURED BY
R. P. HALL & Co., Nashua, N. H.

MADE IN U. S. A.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINES.

PEBBLE SPECTACLES!



MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT

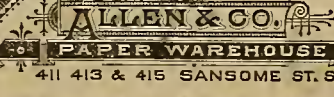
135 Montgomery St., nr. Bush,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Specialty Thirty-two Years.

COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES

Mounted to Order. Two Hours Notice.

The most complicated cases of defective vision thoroughly diagnosed, free of charge.



Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

ZEITSKA INSTITUTE

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FRENCH, GERMAN AND ENGLISH

Day and Boarding School for young ladies and children. KINDERGARTEN.

The twentieth year of this Institute will commence July 24, 1882. MADAME B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

ANTHONY WADDY, Plaintiff,
vs.
JAMES JONES, Defendant,
Superior Court.
No. 5571.
Department No. 3.
Execution for Deficiency after Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution for Deficiency after Foreclosure Sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein Anthony Waddy, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against James Jones, defendant, on the sixth day of March, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$1,173 dollars, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon and costs etc., and who was an order of sale was on March 8, A. D. 1882, issued to the Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, which said order of sale was on May 16, 1882, returned by said Sheriff, showing a deficiency thereon in the sum of \$1,207.05, as appears of record, which said deficiency was docketed. Pursuant to said judgment and decree I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which said defendant, James Jones, had on the sixteenth day of May, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter-described property, situate, lying, and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said city and county in the name of James Jones, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pleasant (formerly Riley) Street, distant twenty-two feet and nine inches easterly from the southeasterly corner of Jones and Pleasant Streets, and running thence easterly upon the southerly line of Pleasant Street, twenty-two feet and nine inches; thence southerly, at right angles, to Pleasant Street, sixty feet; thence westerly, and parallel with Pleasant Street, twenty-two feet nine inches; thence northerly sixty feet to place of beginning; being portion of fifty-vara lot No. 845, as shown on the official map of San Francisco.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF AUGUST, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, James Jones, had on the sixteenth day of May, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, July 15, 1882.
B. B. NEWMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.
July 15, 22, 29, and August 5.

ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 9) of Twenty-five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37—San Francisco, July 15, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 75) of 25 cents per share was declared on the capital stock of the company, payable on Thursday, the 27th day of July, 1882. Transfer books close with the 26th instant.

P. JACOBUS, Sec'y pro tem.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, July 4, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 31) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was declared, payable on Saturday, July 15, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close July 10, 1882, at 3 P. M.

JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE CALI-

FORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. Northwest corner, Lowell and Eddy Streets. The Board of Directors have declared a dividend to Depositors at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free from Federal Tax, for the half year ending June 30, 1882, payable on and after Monday, July 10, 1882.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-

MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. For the half year ending June 30, 1882, the Board of Directors of the GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of 4 32-100 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 60-100 per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 10th day of July, 1882.

GEORGE LEITE, Secretary.

ALLEN, MCGARY & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE

Liquor Dealers. 322-324 FRONT STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

RUPTURE

Cured. Greatest Invention of the Age. PIERCE & SON, 704 S. St., San Fran. Cal.
\$5 To \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

AUCTIONEERS
116 Montgomery Street,
Occidental Hotel Block SAN FRANCISCO

NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER

NO Alum
Flour
Starch
Ammonia
Phosphates
Tartaric Acid

Cream Tartar and Bi-Carb. Soda
NOTHING ELSE
Newton Bros. & Co.
SAN FRANCISCO

When ordering wine, don't call for "California champagne," merely, but state the brand, "EXTRA DRY," or the name of the house.



Arpad Haraszthy & Co.
530 WASHINGTON ST. S. F. CAL.

N. B.—Examine the cork.

I. A. P. RANKIN. A. P. BRAYTON
PACIFIC IRON WORKS
RANKIN, BRAYTON & CO.,
127 to 132 First Street, San Francisco.
Mining Machinery of all kinds, Sugar Mills, Engines—
both Marine and Stationary, Boilers, etc., etc.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
The Regular Dispatch line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

S. P. COLLINS & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
dealers Old London Dock Brandies, Port Wines,
Sherry, and all the choicest brands Champagne, Apple Jack,
Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liqueurs, etc. 325 MONTGOM-
ERY, and 511 CALIFORNIA STREETS, S. F.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

(Successors to BRAVERMAN & LEVY.)

Manufacturers of FINE JEWELRY, and Importers of WATCHES,
DIAMONDS, and other PRECIOUS STONES, STERLING SILVER-
WARE, and FRENCH CLOCKS.

Keep the best assortment and sell at LOWER PRICES than any
house in this city.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

British Medical Journal.

"A necessity at every Table and at every Bar."

New York Tribune.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

Of all Grocers, Druggists, and Mineral Water Dealers.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOR SALE BY RUHL BROTHERS,

522 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

HENRY F. MILLER

PIANOS, OF BOSTON,

Are pronounced the BEST by the leading artists of the present
time, and are used by them in public and private.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES mailed to any address.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.,

Sole Agents, 105 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

FIREMAN'S FUND

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL, \$750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1881, \$1,240,000

D. J. STAPLES, President.
ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President.

WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.
E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

E. DETRICK & CO.

Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in BAGS AND BURLAPS, all
kinds, BAG-TWINES, HYDRAULIC HOSE. Sole Agents for MOUNT
VERNON CO.'S DUCK, all widths, Russell Manfg Co.'s COTTON BELT-
ING, Russell Manfg Co.'s SEAMLESS LINEN HOSE. Tower's Celebrated
OILED CLOTHING.

TENTS, HAMMOCKS, CAMP COTS, CHAIRS,
STOOLS, AND CAMPERS' OUTFITS.

Tents let by the Week or Month. AMERICAN FLAGS, BUNTING.

5, 7 AND 9 CALIFORNIA, AND 108, 110 AND 112 MARKET STS.

Hunyadi János

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

"SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER LAXATIVES."

"SPEEDY, SURE, AND GENTLE."—Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P. London.

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BRET HARTE'S NEW STORY.

"Flip"—A California Romance.

PART III.—CHAPTER V.

The long, parched summer had drawn to its dusty close. Much of it was already blown abroad and dissipated on trail and turnpike, or crackled in harsh, unelastic fibres on hillside and meadow. Some of it had disappeared in the palpable smoke by day and fiery crests by night of burning forests. The hesiating fogs on the Coast Range daily thinned their hosts, and at last vanished. The wind changed from northwest to southeast. The salt breath of the sea was on the summit. And then one day the staring, unchanged sky was faintly touched with remote, mysterious clouds, and grew tremulous in expression. The next morning dawned upon a newer face in the heavens, on changed woods, on altered outlines, on vanished crests, on forgotten distances. It was raining.

Four weeks of this change, with broken spaces of sunlight and intense blue aerial islands, and then a storm set in. All day the summit pines and redwood rocked in the blast. At times the onset of the rain seemed to he held back by the fury of the gale, or was visibly seen in sharp waves on the hillside. Unknown and concealed watercourses suddenly overflowed the trail, pools became lakes, and brooks rivers. Hidden from the storm, the sylvan silence of sheltered valleys was broken by the impetuous rush of waters. Even the tiny streamlet that traversed Flip's retreat in the Gin and Ginger woods became a cascade.

The storm drove Fairley from his couch early. The falling of a large tree across the trail, and the sudden overflow of a small stream beside it, hastened his steps. But he was doomed to encounter what was to him a more disagreeable object—a human figure. By the hedragged drapery that flapped and fluttered in the wind, by the long, unkempt hair that hid the face and eyes, and by the grotesquely misplaced bonnet, the old man recognized one of his old trespassers—an Indian squaw.

"Clear out 'en that! Come, make tracks, will ye?" the old man screamed. But here the wind stopped his voice, and drove him against a hazel hush.

"Me heap sick," answered the squaw, shivering through her muddy shawl.

"I'll make ye a heap sicker if ye don't vamose the ranch," continued Fairley, advancing.

"Me wantee Wangee girl. Wangee girl give me heap gruh," said the squaw, without moving.

"You bet your life," groaned the old man to himself. Nevertheless an idea struck him. "Ye ain't brought no presents, hev ye?" he asked, cautiously. "Ye ain't got no pooty things for poor Wangee girl?" he continued, insinuatingly.

"Me got heap *cache* nuts and herries," said the squaw.

"Oh, in course! in course! That's just it," screamed Fairley; "you've got 'em *cached* only two miles from yer, and you'll go and get 'em for half a dollar, cash down."

"Me hring Wangee girl to *cache*," replied the Indian, pointing to the wood. "Honest Injin."

Another bright idea struck Mr. Fairley. But it required some elaboration. Hurrying the squaw with him through the pelting rain, he reached the shelter of the corral. Vainly the shivering aborigine drew her tightly-handaged papoose closer to her square, flat breast, and looked longingly toward the cabin; the old man hacked her against the palisade. Here he cautiously imparted his dark intentions to employ her to keep watch and ward over the rancho, and especially over its young mistress—"Clear out all the tramps 'ceptin' yourself, and I'll keep ye in gruh and rum." Many and deliberate repetitions of this offer in various forms at last seemed to affect the squaw; she nodded violently, and echoed the last word, "rum." "Now," she added. The old man hesitated; she was in possession of his secret; he groaned, and promising an immediate installment of liquor, led her to the cabin.

The door was so securely fastened against the impact of the storm that some moments elapsed before the bar was drawn, and the old man had become impatient and profane. When it was partly opened by Flip he slipped in, dragging the squaw after him, and cast one single suspicious glance around the rude apartment which served as a sitting-room. Flip had apparently been writing. A small inkstand was still on the hoard table, but her paper had evidently been concealed before she allowed them to enter. The squaw instantly squatted before the adobe hearth, warmed her huddled baby, and left the ceremony of introduction to her companion. Flip regarded the two with calm preoccupation and indifference. The only thing that touched her interest was the old squaw's draggled skirt and limp neckerchief. They were Flip's own, long since abandoned and cast off in the Gin and Ginger woods. "Secrets again," whined Fairley, still eyeing Flip furtively. "Secrets again, in course—in course—jess so. Secrets that must be kep' from the ole man. Dark doin's by one's own flesh and blood. Go on, go on! Don't mind me." Flip did not reply. She had even lost the interest in her old dress. Perhaps it had only touched some note in unison with her reverie.

"Can't ye get the poor critter some whisky?" he queried, fretfully. "Ye used to be peart enuff before." As Flip

turned to the corner to lift the demijohn, Fairley took occasion to kick the squaw with his foot, and indicate by extravagant pantomime that the bargain was not to be alluded to before the girl. Flip poured out some whisky in a tin-cup, and approaching the squaw, handed it to her. "It's like ez not," continued Fairley to his daughter, but looking at the squaw, "that she'll be huntin' the woods off and on, and kinder looking after the last pit near the *madroños*; ye'll give her gruh and lick ez she likes. Well, d'ye hear, Flip? Are ye moonin' agin with yer secrets? What's gone with ye?"

If the child were dreaming, it was a delicious dream. Her magnetic eyes were suffused by a strange light, as though the eye itself had blushed; her full pulse showed itself more in the rounding outline of her cheek than in any deepening of color; indeed, if there was any heightening of tint, it was in her freckles, which fairly glistered like tiny spangles. Her eyes were downcast, her shoulders slightly bent, but her voice was low, and clear, and thoughtful as ever.

"One o' the big pines above the *madroño* pit has blown over into the run," she said. "It's choked up the water, and it's risin' fast. Like ez not it's pourin' over into the pit hy this time."

The old man rose with a fretful cry. "And why in h'lazes didn't you say so at first?" he screamed, catching up his ax, and rushing to the door.

"Ye didn't give me a chance," said Flip, raising her eyes for the first time. With an impatient imprecation, Fairley darted by her and rushed into the wood. In an instant she had shut the door and holted it. In the same instant the squaw rose, dashed the long hair not only from her eyes, but from her head, tore away her shawl and blanket, and revealed the square shoulders of Lance Harriott! Flip remained leaning against the door; but the young man in rising dropped the handaged papoose, which rolled from his lap into the fire. Flip, with a cry, sprang toward it; but Lance caught her by the waist with one arm, as with the other he dragged the huddle from the flames. "Don't be alarmed," he said, gayly, "it's only—"

"What?" said Flip, trying to disengage herself.

"My coat and trousers."

Flip laughed, which encouraged Lance to another attempt to kiss her. She evaded it by diving her head into his waistcoat, and saying, "There's father!"

"But he's gone to clear away that tree," suggested Lance. One of Flip's significant silences followed.

"Oh, I see," he laughed; "that was a plan to get him away! Ah!" She had released herself.

"Why did you come like that?" she asked, pointing to his wig and blanket.

"To see if you'd know me," he responded.

"No," said Flip, dropping her eyes, "it was to keep other people from knowing you. You're hidin' again."

"I am," returned Lance; "but," he interrupted, gayly, "it's only the same old thing."

"But you wrote from Monterey that it was all over," she persisted.

"So it would have been," he said, gloomily, "hut for some dog down here who is hunting up an old scent. I'll spot him yet, and—!" He stopped suddenly with such utter abstraction of hatred in his fixed and glittering eyes that she almost feared him. She laid her hand quite unconsciously on his arm. He grasped it—his face changed.

"I couldn't wait any longer to see you, Flip, so I came here anyway," he went on gayly. "I thought to hang round and get a chance to speak to you first, when I fell afoul of the old man. He didn't know me, and tumbled right in my little game. Why, do you believe he wants to hire me, for my gruh and liquor, to act as a sort of sentry over you and the ranch?" And he related with great gusto the substance of his interview. "I reckon as he's that suspicious," he concluded, "I'd better play it out now as I've begun, only it's mighty hard I can't see you here before the fire in your fancy toggery, Flip, hut must dodge in and out of the wet underbrush in these yer duds of yours that I picked up in the old place in the Gin and Ginger woods."

"Then you came here just to see me?" asked Flip.

"I did."

"For only that?"

"Only that."

Flip dropped her eyes. Lance had got his other arm around her waist, but her resisting little hand was still potent. "Listen," she said at last, without looking up, hut apparently talking to the intruding arm, "when dad comes I'll get him to send you to watch the diamond pit. It isn't far; it's warm, and—"

"What?"

"I'll come after a hit and see you. Quit foolin' now. If you'd only have come here like yourself—like—like—a white man."

"The old man," interrupted Lance, "would have just passed me on to the summit. I couldn't have played the lost fisherman on him at this time of year."

"Ye could have been stopped at the Crossing by high water, you silly," said the girl. "It was." This grammatical obscurity referred to the stage-coach.

"Yes, hut I might have been tracked to this cabin. And look here, Flip," he said, suddenly straightening himself, and lifting the girl's face to a level with his own. "I don't want you to lie any more for me. It ain't right."

"All right. Ye needn't go to the pit, then, and I won't come."

"Flip!"

"And here's dad coming. Quick!"

Lance chose to put his own interpretation on this last adjuration. The resisting little hand was now lying quite limp on his shoulder. He drew her brown, bright face near his own, felt her spiced breath on his lips, his cheeks, his hot eyelids, his swimming eyes; kissed her, hurriedly replaced his wig and blanket, and dropped beside the fire-wall with the tremulous laugh of youth and innocent first passion. Flip had withdrawn to the window, and was looking out upon the rocking pines.

"He don't seem to be coming," said Lance, with a half shy laugh.

"No," responded Flip, demurely, pressing her hot oval cheek against the wet panes; "I reckon I was mistaken. You're sure," she added, looking resolutely another way, hut still trembling like a magnetic needle toward Lance, as he moved slightly before the fire, "you're sure you'd like me to come to you?"

"Sure, Flip?"

"Hush!" said Flip, as this reassuring query of reproachful astonishment appeared about to be emphasized by a forward amatory dash of Lance's; "hush! He's coming this time, sure."

It was indeed Fairley, exceedingly wet, exceedingly hedragged, exceedingly sponged out as to color, and exceedingly profane. It appeared that there was indeed a tree that had fallen into the "run," hut that, far from diverting the overflow into the pit, it had established a "back-water," which had forced another outlet. All this might have been detected at once by any human intellect not distracted by correspondence with strangers, and enfeebled by habitually scorning the intellect of its own progenitor. This reckless selfishness had further only resulted in giving "rheumatics" to that progenitor, who now required the external administration of opodeldoc to his limbs, and the internal administration of whisky. Having thus spoken, Mr. Fairley, with great promptitude and infantine simplicity, at once bared two legs of entirely different colors, and mutely waited for his daughter to rub them. If Flip did this all unconsciously, and with the mechanical dexterity of previous habit, it was because she did not quite understand the savage eyes and impatient gestures of Lance in his encompassing wig and blanket, and because it helped her to voice her thought.

"Ye'll never be able to take yer watch at the diamond pit to-night, dad," she said; "and I've been reck'nin' you might set the squaw there instead. I can show her what to do."

But, to Flip's momentary discomfiture, her father promptly objected. "Mebbee I've got suthin' else for her to do. Mebbe I may have my secrets too—eh?" he said, with dark significance, at the same time administering a significant nudge to Lance, which kept up the young man's exasperation. "No; she'll rest yer a hit just now. I'll set her to watchin' suthin' else, like as not, when I want her." Flip fell into one of her suggestive silences. Lance watched her earnestly, mollified by a single furtive glance from her significant eyes; the rain dashed against the windows, and occasionally spattered and hissed on the hearth of the broad chimney, and Mr. David Fairley, somewhat assuaged by the internal administration of whisky, grew more loquacious. The genius of incongruity and inconsistency which generally ruled his conduct came out with freshened vigor under the gentle stimulation of spirits. "On an evenin' like this," he began, comfortably settling himself on the floor beside the chimney, "ye might rig yerself out in them new duds and fancy fixin's that that Sacramento shrimp sent ye, and let your own flesh and blood see ye. If that's too much to do for your ole dad, you might do it to please that digger squaw, as a Christian act." Whether in the hidden depths of the old man's consciousness there was a feeling of paternal vanity in showing this wretched aborigine the value and importance of the treasure she was about to guard, I can not say. Flip darted an interrogatory look at Lance, who nodded a quiet assent, and she flew into the inner room. She did not linger on the details of her toilet, hut reappeared almost the next moment in her new finery, buttoning the neck of her gown as she entered the room, and chastely stopping at the window to characteristically pull up her stocking. The peculiarity of her situation increased her usual shyness; she played with the black and gold beads of a handsome necklace—Lance's last gift—as the merest child might; her unbuttoned hoot gave the squaw a natural opportunity of showing her admiration and devotion by insisting upon fastening it, and gave Lance under that disguise an opportunity of covertly kissing the little foot and ankle in the shadow of the chimney; an event which provoked slight hysterical symptoms in Flip, and caused her to sit suddenly down in spite of the remonstrances of her parent. "Ef you can't quit gigglin' and squirmin' like an Injin baby yourself, ye'd better git rid o' them duds," he ejaculated with peevish scorn.

Yet under this perfunctory rebuke his weak vanity could not be hidden, and he enjoyed the evident admiration of a creature whom he believed to be half-witted and degraded all the more keenly because it did not make him jealous. She could not take Flip from him. Rendered garrulous by liquor, he went to voice his contempt for those who might

attempt it. Taking advantage of his daughter's absence to resume her homely garments, he whispered confidentially to Lance:

"Ye see these yer fine dresses, ye might think is presents. P'raps Flip lets on they are. P'raps she don't know any better. But they ain't presents. They're only samples o' dressmaking and jewelry that a vain, conceited sbrimp of a feller up in Sacramento sends down here to get customers for. In course I'm to pay for 'em. In course he reckons I'm to do it. In course I kalkilate to do it; but he needn't try to play 'em off as presents. He talks suthin' o' coming down here, sportin' bisself off on Flip as a fancy buck! Not ez long ez the old man's here, ye bet." Thoroughly carried away by his fancied wrongs, it was perhaps fortunate that he did not observe the flashing eyes of Lance behind his lank and lustreless wig; but seeing only the figure of Lance as he had conjured him, he went on: "That's why I want you to hang around her. Hang around here until my boy—him that's comin' home on a visit—gets here, and I reckon he'll clar out that yar Sacramento counter-jumper. Only let me get a sight o' him afore Flip does. Eh? Dog my skin if I don't believe the d—d Injun's drunk." It was fortunate that at that moment Flip reappeared, and dropping on the hearth between her father and the infuriated Lance, let her hand slip in his with a warning pressure. The light touch momentarily recalled him to himself and her, but not until the quick-witted girl had revealed to her in one startled wave of consciousness the full extent of Lance's infirmity of temper. With the instinct of awakened tenderness came a sense of responsibility and a vague premonition of danger. The coy blossom of her heart was scarce unfolded before it was chilled by approaching shadows. Fearful of she knew not what, she besitated. Every moment of Lance's stay was imperiled by a single word that might spring from his suppressed white lips; beyond and above the suspicions his sudden withdrawal might awaken in her father's breast, she was dimly conscious of some mysterious terror without that awaited him. She listened to the furious onslaught of the wind on the sycamores beside the cabin, and thought she heard it there; she listened to the sharp fusillade of rain upon roof and pane, and the turbulent roar and rush of leaping mountain torrents at their very feet, and fancied it was there. She suddenly sprang to the window, and pressing her eyes to the pane, saw through the misty turmoil of tossing boughs and swaying branches the scintillating intermittent flames of torches moving on the trail above, and *knew* it was there!

In an instant she was collected and calm. "Dad," she said, in her ordinary indifferent tone, "there's torches movin' up toward the pit. Likely it's tramps. I'll take the squaw and see." And before the old man could stagger to his feet she had dragged Lance with her into the road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

While Eugene Schuyler was yet at St. Petersburg he was visited by his brother, then a lieutenant in the United States army. During the visit there was a grand review of Russian troops at which Lieutenant Schuyler was present, on the invitation of the Emperor Alexander; but he found that his humble shoulder-straps were looked at rather scornfully by the brilliantly dressed generals and colonels of the emperor's staff. This treatment he did not mind, and found ample enjoyment for the day in watching the evolutions of the troops. The staff and foreign officers after the review went to the emperor's palace. There Lieutenant Schuyler found himself left as severely alone as before. But his consolation was to come. After dinner he strolled out into the garden, and while walking along one of its paths he suddenly came upon the emperor and empress. They were examining at the moment a stuffed buffalo—one of several shot in this country by the Grand Duke Alexis. All the officers in the garden were keeping respectfully at a distance from the emperor, who, however, benneped to look up, and seeing the young American officer, motioned him to approach, and then asked him about the habits of the buffalo. Lieutenant Schuyler had been an officer on the plains for several years. He was therefore able to give the emperor a graphic description of the animal. The emperor seemed greatly interested, detaining Lieutenant Schuyler in conversation nearly half an hour. Meanwhile the Russian officers were observing the scene, and when Lieutenant Schuyler returned to the palace he found himself warmly greeted by them. He had become the emperor's own guest, in their opinion, and from that time to the end of his visit they were rivals in doing him favors.

A remarkable bicycle ride has recently been accomplished by the Hon. I. Keirb-Falconer, the distance traveled being from Land's End to John o' Groat's House, in Great Britain. He left the Land's End hotel early on the morning of Monday, June 5th, and traversed Cornwall rapidly. The Devonshire roads were difficult; but those in Somersetshire gradually improved, and the journey through the centre of England was rapid. With the Yorkshire journey began a continuous series of northwest winds, increasing as he drew near the border, and when he entered Scotland attaining the violence of a positive gale. On Saturday, June 17th, he started for the last time, rode along the coast of Sutherland, mounted the Ord of Caibness before the sun had set, reached Wick a few minutes after midnight, and by twenty minutes after three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, June 18th, he was knocking at the door of the John o' Groat's hotel. The distance was exactly nine hundred and ninety-four miles, and the time occupied twelve days, twenty-three hours and a quarter, or speaking roughly, thirteen days. The last two hundred and fifteen miles were ridden in forty-two hours.

Sir Bernard Burke, the antiquarian, declares that there is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, or Moore; not one of Sir Philip Sidney, nor of Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough, or Nelson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, or Canning; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton, or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon, or Macaulay; not one of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, or Sir Thomas Lawrence; not one of David Garrick, John Kemble, or Edmund Kean.

ARGONAUT VERSE.

Cast Before.

Pleasant the page, and dear the room,
And soft the circle pallid bright
The lamp-shine makes within the gloom—
In oceaned dark an isle of light.
And to me who, of all her train,
For her dear sake am vigil keeping,
The midnight bows, and at my pane
With fitful sobs is softly weeping.
Sweet bourn—and adjuncts of the hour
Still sweeter, while I read these stories,
Wherein by his, our Chaucer's, power
The Red Horse dons the Tabard's glories.
Yet in a vast and rayless dark,
This world to unweaved thought displayed,
And these whose antique ways I mark,
Sink in the shadow of one shade.

The shadow of the shape I see—
A prophet's instant, cycles long—
From Lethe dip that draught for me
Which dulls the eye and stills the tongue.

When those who seek their way to hed
This door shall pass with noiseless feet,
And hurried, as in formless dread
To rouse some form they fear to meet—

When all this silent emptiness
Shall peopled be to some now near,
With faces on whose blank distress
Despair writes out the sign of fear—
When storm, and sbine, and moonlight's flow
Shall seek this chamber, blank and bare,
Like those dumb friends who may not know
Why cold the couch, unfilled the chair.

And on the outskirts of the town,
Where now I passed with measured pace,
An August rain shall trickle down
Slow oozing to my confined face.

July, 1882.

A. E. WATROUS.

An East Wind.

"The glitter of wheels far down the street—
Ah, me! and alack-a-day;
And I heard the thud of his horse's feet
Beating a roundelay.
And I felt a little song coming, coming,
Over my lips as humming, humming,
I turned my eyes that way.

"Somebody passed who was wont to pause—
Ah, me! and alack-a-day;
He bowed and smiled, yet for some cause
The mirth went out of my lay.
A wind from the east rose sighing, sighing,
I felt my little song dying, dying—"
She laughed as they rode away.

July, 1882.

ELLA WHEELER.

Three Fragments.

I.—A DAY LILY.

Ah, fair white face, I see thee in a dream
At eventide; you shine out like a star
Amid the shadows, vague, and dim, and far.
The saddened face set in the burnished gleam
Of sun-touched hair; the tender, wistful mouth,
As red as passion-flowers horn in the south;
The great, dusk eyes brim full of sombre light,
Like the sad glory of an autumn sky;
As dark and brooding as the thought of night
To some lost soul, when life is drifting by.
I see thee in a trance of dreamful blisses;
I walk into the mists that shade the land;
I strive to clasp thee with impassioned kisses,
And, lo! a broken lily in my hand.

II.—OCTOBER.

A Bacchanal fair at the edge of the wood
She stands, where the grapes hang purple and low;
Her crimson hodie is torn aside,
And her soft, pale bosom gleams like snow;
Amber buds in her tresses droop;
Her sensuous lips are red and rare,
And curved in a dazzling, treacherous smile;
Her arms and her feet are white and bare;
Her cheeks are stained with the blood of the vine;
A jeweled serpent is on her neck;
Her sleepy eyes are filled with the light
Of baleful heacons in time of wreck;
A Circe of beauty, half divine,
Yet wholly earthy—a queen of wine!

III.—APHRODITE.

She rises from the bosom of the deep;
The waves drip from her rounded limbs with moan,
And lap against her thighs with lambent gleams;
Her eyes are languid still, and warm with sleep,
And misty with vague, half-remembered dreams.
She sweeps aside the loosened lengths of hair
That, lily wreathed, enshroud her slender form,
And lifts one arm, that glimmers white and bare,
Unto the heavens, dark and dim with storm.
She leaps upon the sand, and stands alone,
With red lips parted, in her strange surprise;
And brooding shadows creep into her eyes—
The dim foreshadowing of the rapturous pain
And passion that shall mar her soul with stain!

July, 1882.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRITIES.

There was a time when the local manners at Brighton had a rough pleasantness about them, corresponding with the primitive simplicity of the place. When Miles (or Smoaker, as the Prince of Wales, and therefore everybody, called him) was chief bathing-man, he once saw his royal highness swimming too far, as Miles thought, out to sea. Miles bailed "Mr. Prince" to come back. The prince struck further out. Thereupon Smoaker dashed in after him, and brought his royal highness back by the ear, exclaiming, as he thus towed the princely freight: "I aren't a-goen to let the king bang me for letten the Prince of Wales drown hisself; not I, to please nobuddy, I can tell 'e." The prince forgave the act in consideration of its motive.

One evening Mary Lamb took a sudden and violent fancy to have some Stilton cheese for supper. It was very wet, and getting rather late, but Charles at once volunteered to try whether any could be got. He sallied forth, and reached their cheesemonger just as the shutters were being put up. In reply to his demand, he was assured that they had some fine ripe Stilton; and the shopkeeper proceeded to cut off a slice. As it lay on the scales, Lamb's attention was forcibly arrested by the lively gambols of a number of maggots which came to the surface of the "fine ripe Stilton." "Now, Mr. Lamb," said the cheesemonger, "shall I have the pleasure of sending this home for you?" "No, tb-tb-thank you," said Charles. "If you will give me a bit of twine, I cou-could, p'raps, l-l-l-lead it home!"

Once upon a time, as the dinner hour approached, Dumas felt in his pocket, and found it empty. He had forgotten his purse. Making his way promptly to the bouse of Paul Meurice, he found Madame Meurice at home, but not her husband, who had gone out, taking the key of his cash-box with him, and leaving her one solitary louis for domestic expenses. "Well, I'll take that," said Dumas; "I wanted at least five; but it'll be hard if I can't scrape together the other four." And pressing the lady's hand warmly he was about to take his leave when she called him back. "Ob, M. Dumas, I know you are fond of my pickles, and as I've just been making some, I've put aside a jar for you." "Oh, thank you ever so much. I'll take it now." "No; I'll let the servant girl carry it out to your cab." Dumas regains the vehicle, followed by the maid, who deposits the precious jar on the seat beside him. "Thanks, puss," says the novelist, with a paternal cbeck of the chin; "bere, take this for your trouble." And he hands her the louis he had just borrowed from her mistress.

Lord Dudley had a trick of rehearsing over to himself, in an undertone, the good things he was about to deliver to the company, so that the person who sat next to him had generally the advantage of his wit before any of the rest of the party. A man not very remarkable for agreeableness once proposed to walk from the House of Commons to the Traveler's Club with Lord Dudley, who, discussing the proposal mentally (as he thought) with himself, said audibly: "I don't think it will bore me very much to let him walk with me that distance." A happy specimen of his wit was this retort to a German lady, at Vienna, who had somewhat rudely complained of the bad French spoken by "you English," in London. "True, madam," he said, "we have not enjoyed the advantage of having had the French twice in our capital." This recalls a retort about as good made by an Englishman to the Duc de Broglie, when ambassador in England, who said, with equally lax manners, that they were right in thinking the English a nation of shopkeepers. "Perhaps so," was the reply, "just as we always thought you were a nation of soldiers."

"Call that a kind man?" said an actor to Douglas Jerrold, speaking of an absent acquaintance; "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness?" "Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied. . . . On the occasion of starting a convivial club, somebody proposed that it should consist of twelve members, and be called "The Zodiac," each member to be named after a sign. "And what shall I be?" inquired a somewhat solemn man, who was afraid that his name would be forgotten. Jerrold, who, we'll bring you in as the weight in Libra." . . . "God has written 'honest man' on his face," said a friend to Jerrold, speaking of a person in whom Jerrold's faith was not altogether blind. "Humph!" Jerrold replied; "then the pen must have been a very bad one." . . . A gourmet joined a social club to which Jerrold belonged, and opened a conversation on dinner. "Now, nobody," said the London Savarin, "can guess what I had for dinner to-day." The company declined to speculate, whereupon the gourmet said, with an air, "Wby, calf's-tail soup." Jerrold: "Extremes meet."

The daughter of an English country gentleman, a girl remarkable for her beauty, had been profoundly impressed by John Wesley's exhortations. After the sermon Wesley was invited to this gentleman's house to luncheon, and with him self one of his preachers was entertained. This preacher like many of the class at that time, was a man of plain manners, and not conscious of the restraints of good society. The fair young Methodist sat beside him at the table, and he noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal the preacher took hold of the young lady's hand, and raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. "What do you think of this, sir," he said, "for a Methodist's hand?" The girl turned crimson. For to Wesley, with his known and expressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet, benevolent smile, and simply said: "The hand is very beautiful." The blushing beauty had expected something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such felicity in a compliment. She had the good sense to say nothing; but when a few hours later she again appeared in Wesley's presence, the beautiful hand was stripped of every ornament except those which nature had given.

THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

A Little of the Gossip which at Present Interests London.

After many threatenings, consequent upon a lack of hiders whenever the place has been put up for sale, Kensington House is at last about to be pulled down. Kensington House is a noble mansion, facing Kensington Gardens, and was built by the famous (or infamous, whichever you like), "Baron" Grant, when he was the financial king of the city, some nine years ago. It is in the Italian style, and cost him near a million pounds. In luxuriousness of appointments and splendor of decoration it equals if not surpasses any of the royal palaces. The grand hall and staircase are built of white marble, and the grounds extend over an area of twelve acres. But the bubble upon which the haron soared aloft did not remain unpricked long enough for him to enjoy the princely abode. Upon his downfall in '76, the place fell into the hands of his creditors, who found it plastered all over with mortgages. It has twice been put up at auction, and for years has been ready to pass into the possession of any millionaire or joint-stock company, for none other could afford to purchase it. But no millionaire was found willing, and no company dared risk the funds of its stockholders. There was a rumor in the spring of 1878 that Mackay, the honanza man, had either bought it or was in treaty for it, and was going to take up his residence in London. But as it turned out he had only been thinking about it, and was not willing to give the price asked, something like two million pounds sterling.

Had he bought it, installed his wife there, allowed her the swing she has had in Paris, and had gone the proper way about it, there can be no question that the Mackays would soon have occupied a position in London enjoyed by no foreigners and few natives. All they would have been obliged to do would have been to get hold of some one of the Prince of Wales's "set" (the higher up in the aristocratic scale and the lower in their creditor's books the better) to hack them, and then give a series of grand entertainments, halls, and dinners—especially the latter. The prince, whose epicurean tastes are his weakest point, next to professional beauties, would soon ask his "pal" about the new comers, and the delicately replenished condition of the "pal's" bank account would show itself in all the nice things the "pal" would have to say about them. "Capital chap, Mackay," he'd drop out, knowingly; "dined there yesterday. His cook is a *chef*, and his wine the finest I know. He's got some *Château Margaux* that the Emperor Louis Napoleon laid down in '53, that cost him two pound ten a bottle, so be told me; and he pays Morris half a guinea apiece for his cigars." There the "pal" would stop, and the prince would ask no more, but the two would meet again next day at the Marlborough Club, and the prince be treated to fresh ravings about the *purée du saumon*, and *filets de sole à la Russe* to be got at Kensington House, and the upshot of it all would be a dinner from Mackay to the prince, arranged by the pal, and made one of the grandest that money could provide. From that on, the Mackays would go, and in time select their guests from among those who at first would not have selected them. It was a rare chance, there's no doubt about it. But Mr. Mackay didn't seem to see it at all, or if he did, not to care for it; for instead of Kensington House being to-day the swell house of the far West End, as it might have been in his hands, the gardens are now covered with weeds; the picturesque lake, once alive with fish, is a dried-up pool; the house is to be demolished, and upon its magnificent grounds a square of fashionable residences is to be erected.

The sale of the scapegrace Duke of Hamilton's art treasures has begun, and day after day the dissemination of the gems of Hamilton Palace goes on. It is indeed a pitiable sight to see these evidences of the wealth and refined tastes of a once great and noble house ruthlessly knocked down to the highest bidder, and scattered broadcast among dealers and rich parvenu collectors of *objets d'art*, who are as incapable of appreciating them for their intrinsic value, as they are anxious to pay fabulous prices for them because they once belonged to a duke. I say "a once noble house," for only in name is the house of Hamilton noble any longer. Since the present possessor came into the title, some nineteen years ago, he has left nothing undone that a low mind could suggest to drag his purple through the mire or trample his proud coronet under foot. A great, coarse, sensual-looking, red-haired man he is, of seven and thirty, without a feature in his face evincing intellect or refinement, without a point in his unwieldy person to indicate blood. He and the Marquis of Hastings came into princely patrimonies about the same time, that is to say, the duke succeeded his father the same year that the marquis came of age. In 1863 they began life together, if one long unbroken term of unbridled riot and dissipation can be called life. Lord Hastings died in 1868, a physical and financial wreck, but the pace which destroyed his body and ruined his estate only partially affected the duke, whose brutish physique withstood the strain to which his more refined companion succumbed, though his estates, like those of the other, passed into the hands of his creditors. He then became a pensioner, so to speak, upon their bounty, living on what they chose to allow him, while his affairs underwent a settlement. He has passed much of his time in Paris, where his phaeton and pair are as well known in the Rue de la Paix and the Bois as they once were in Pall Mall and Hyde Park, and where his fast proclivities and immoral tendencies have gained a position of note for him. He is married to one of the Duke of Manchester's daughters who is greatly pitied. He has lately begun to show himself on the English turf, but has experienced rather a cold reception, and buys yearlings for hundreds of guineas apiece at Tattersalls, while his family heirlooms are being sold to pay for them. "It's an ill wind," etc., for such a course as his suits the snobs down to the ground. By just such downfalls and degradations of the nobility do they profit and raise up their beads.

We have some snobs in this country of ours, and real vulgar snobs they are; such people, for instance, as the McGard-Hoggs, the Sassoons of Ashley, the Goodrich-Allfreys, the Morgan-Lloyds, the Loftus-Orways, and the Brasseys.

You can tell a snob nowadays by one sign if all others fail: they adopt a compound name, or stick "of some place" after it. The Brasseys are perhaps the greatest snobs we've got, and that is saying a good deal. Fate has named them with much appropriateness. Mr. Brassey has lately been made a baronet, and is also a junior lord of the Admiralty. Gladstone has done all he could to make him a gentleman and his wife a lady, but the job has been too much for even the redoubtable premier. Sir Thomas—that's his name now—instead of attending to the small duties of his government office, goes round bragging about his wife being the greatest authoress of the day, because she wrote a hook called "The Cruise of the Sunbeam," and people read it for fun, and so gave it a large sale. Lady Brassey does affect literature *ad nauseam*, and keeps no end of private secretaries and amanuenses, all for the look of the thing, and gets herself "interviewed" by the society papers, and has articles published about her hours of work, and all that sort of rubbish; but the sort of person she is shows itself better in things like this: Among the Duke of Hamilton's art collection is a chandelier of rock crystal. It is regarded by connoisseurs as one of the gems of the collection, a mate to it being unknown in Europe. Its singular character; its being, as it were, *sui generis*, makes its chief value in the eyes of the connoisseur. Not so, however, with Lady Brassey. The day before the sale began she wrote to the auctioneers to say she wanted the chandelier, and instructed them to buy it in for her at any price, provided they could get another one to match it.

The report of the widowed Countess of Lonsdale having been privately married to Honorable Luke White, Lord Annull's eldest son and heir, turns out to be a canard. Her decided leaning toward that gentleman, even during the late earl's lifetime, made such a *dénouement* highly probable; but there are several other male members of the Prince of Wales's set—to which the young countess also belongs—whose names might be as appropriately coupled with hers as has been Mr. Luke White's. She has a place down near Windsor, and the Prince and Princess of Wales took luncheon with there one day during the Ascot week. This they couldn't have done had the clandestine marriage taken place.

LONDON, July 11, 1882.

COCKAIGNE.

The "professional beauty" is no new feature of the London season. In the days of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers the reigning belles excited just as much vulgar curiosity and gossip as they do now. Take, for example, the Gunning's, Maria and Elizabeth, who appeared at the court of George II., one at the age of eighteen and the other of nineteen, and both without a shilling to their dowry. "They are declared," writes Walpole, "to be the handsomest women alive; they can't walk in the park or go to Vauxhall but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away." The younger of the two sisters became the wife of James, Duke of Hamilton; he fell in love with her at a masquerade. His Grace was so enamored of the lovely Elizabeth that he left the faro-table, where he had staked a thousand guineas, and "let the game slide," while he paid devoted court to his enchantress. Two nights later, at half an hour past midnight, they were married by Dr. Keith with the ring of a bed-curtain in Mayfair Chapel, one of the most hasty and eccentric marriages on record. In less than three weeks Maria Gunning followed her sister's example, and was wedded to Lord Coventry. The two beauties were even greater objects of popular curiosity after their marriages than before. When the Duchess of Hamilton was presented, the crowd at the drawing-room was so great that even "noble persons" clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her, while mobs gathered round the doors of the two "goddesses" to see them get into their sedan-chairs; and such crowds flocked to see the duchess when she went to her castle, that seven hundred persons sat up all night in a Yorkshire town in order to see her start in her post-chaise the next morning. Lady Coventry was equally run after. At Worcester a shoemaker made two guineas and a half by showing, at a penny a head, the shoe which he was making for the countess. She had, however, little but her beauty to recommend her. It was she who made the singularly *maladroit* remark to his majesty that the one sight she longed to see was a coronation. Her husband, who was a sensible man in many respects, though somewhat of a bear in manners, objected strongly to her ladyship's excessive use of red and white powders and paints; and once at a large dinner-party, suspecting that she had been "making herself up," he chased his wife round the table till he caught her, when, before all the company, he scrudded her face with a napkin.

A writer in the Paris *Figaro* obliges the public of that great metropolis with a minute sketch of the life and misfortunes of Victor Hugo's surviving daughter, Adèle, who has now for ten years been the inmate of a private lunatic asylum in the neighborhood of Paris, and who is now very ill. She is fifty years of age, and her story is a very sad one. She fell in love with a naval officer, who had some property in England and estates in Trinidad. Her relatives were opposed to her marriage; but, as she was of full age, she carried her point, and the newly married couple proceeded to the West Indies. After a few years of life together the commodore abandoned his wife, whose previous eccentricity, under this blow, rapidly developed into insanity. She has her own servants, and spends most of her time walking in the grounds. Her father often visits her, and the days of his visits are red-letter days both to her and the other patients, who know him well. While the others are about him the daughter caresses her father's face, exclaiming: "I have lost my life." She speaks in a low tone, and as her venerable father is somewhat deaf, her companions repeat what she says in their way.

"An advance notice of Mark Twain's new hook has been sent to this office," says the Denver *Tribune*, "accompanied by a request to publish. Mr. Twain is reputed to be a gentleman of abundant means; by a life of penury and stinginess he has managed to get richer than most people in his line of business, and if he wants newspaper puffing he should pay for it, just as other business men do."

SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

Our merchants are actively laying in their fall and winter stock, and among the new goods there are many novelties, especially in the material for expensive toilets. I saw one pattern which has never before been in this market. It is called "Satin Ottoman," the name relating to the groundwork, which is a light sort of silver-gray with vines running through it of pale delicate tints of pink and greenish-yellow. Dispersed over this ground are clusters about three inches apart of flowers and leaves, representing wild roses and huds in a shade known as strawberry. These flowers are of emossed velvet. This handsome fabric is intended to be used in combination with plain satin of the strawberry shade, the ground showing the Turkish colors. The costume is to be made *à la Turque*, gracefully slashed the entire length of the skirt, and held in position with houquets of velvet flowers to correspond with the emossed ones. Another new dress material is of striped grenadine, and hands or stripes of *velours d'Utrecht*. These velvet stripes are not emossed, but are raised in uncut velvet, forming vines and various descriptions of flowers of all the new shades, while the leaves give the autumnal tints. This fabric is intended for a full-dress dinner party or reception, and is made up with satin the exact shade of the grenadine stripe, which, in the piece I saw, was a light blue of the new fashioned tint. It could also be combined with strawberry color to match the flowers in the stripes, the waist, paniers, and train being of the *velours d'Utrecht*, and the front of the plain satin, covered with little drops of chenille, the shade of the flowers, and finished at the base with a moss fringe of the autumnal tints. In another material for dresses I saw some new stripes of satin and plush, the stripes of each about one and a half inches wide, making in the width of the material six stripes of each. The beauty and novelty of this was the stripes of the plush, which were ribbed about an inch apart, forming several delicate shades. This material was marked at six dollars a yard, and was intended for the skirt of a suit, to be made up with elegantly emhroidered lady's cloth. The emhroidery showed a lace pattern in imitation of guipure, one side of it being at least twelve inches wide, and the other, for waist and sleeve trimmings, two or three inches wide. Among other things, I saw a recently finished costume remarkable for its simplicity, and at the same time for its quiet elegance. It was of satin foulard in Japanese designs. Over a navy blue ground were borns-of-plenty in terra cotta shades, mingling with moss rosebuds in their natural tints. This fabric formed the body with a *creux à la Charles IX.*, the back extending into deep paniers. The skirt was of the same, opening on the sides in the shape of a long narrow V, showing a cluster of kilt-pleatings which were inserted, and made of plain *faillie* of navy blue. The *faillie* was also formed into soft drapery, coming from under the *creux* and caught gracefully back, without even a bow of any description. At the base of the skirt was a narrow double box-pleating of figured foulard. But the most novel and pretty material of all was some which was first introduced and worn by the celebrated actress Made-moiselle Granier in the character of "Madame Le Diable." It is called *seguins de nacre*. It is a sort of spangle work of metal pieces, changeable, and reflecting all of the new dark shades, the greens predominating. These spangles, or bangles, are dependent from a network of colored metal heads, which are worked upon Brussels net in diamond pattern. The reflection of these is wonderful. Their glinting and glistening when the body of the wearer is in motion has the effect of producing a constant blaze of light. There has as yet been but one pattern of this lovely fabric received. It measures one yard wide, and is intended as the complete front of a princess robe, with sleeves of the same. Accompanying this are six yards of the same brilliant stuff, of three or four inches in width, intended for trimming. What I saw is to be made up with terra-cotta satin, or any color corresponding with the colors of the brilliants. Another piece of the same description was entirely black, and of jet, the beauty of it being that, although it looks heavy, it is light to wear, and would be very appropriate for a lady who, although not in mourning, does not wish to appear in colors. Another fresh importation is jet-work in Brussels lace. One piece shown me, which was marked at fifty dollars a yard, was three-quarters of a yard in width, and elaborate with thick, short-cut beads, showing a pattern of roses, water-lilies, and long, graceful lily leaves. This was intended as the waist and sleeves of a costume. Another piece of the same description had longer beads and a longer design in the pattern, and revealed field-grass and wheat. It was intended for the trimming of dress skirts to be put on in V-shape, or as *panneaux*. One novelty of fashion is intended for the front of a dress, and is of an apron-shape of ladder-work, joined together by four strips of jet *passementerie*. The ladder part is wrought out of large silk balls, and good sized cut jet beads. The article was entirely black, and to be worn over black or any of the new dark shades. I also saw new trimmings; one, in particular, was of black velvet, some eight or nine inches wide, and was marked at ten dollars per yard. The flowers had first been traced out on a solid piece of velvet, and then worked with a kind of silk cord, after which they were cut out of the body of the velvet, giving the design of lace-work. Speaking of lace, reminds me of some new lace sets of *ficelle*, which are intended as dress garniture, and include paniers, collar-ette, and cuffs. It is all hand-made, and in guipure design. One set was valued at forty-five dollars. It is really surprising how fashionable this *ficelle*, or as it is called in English, twine lace, has become. It comes in flounces, and, as I was informed, will undoubtedly be made into complete over-garments before the winter is over. By the time spring comes it will find its way in parasols. The favorite pattern seems to be in guipure, although there are several other styles. One very pretty one displayed bunches of roses. Another was of many wild flowers. Still another was of grasses and leaves. The most fashionable and elegant chandeliers are now made in polished brass and bronze. Being impervious to dampness, in consequence of being thoroughly lacquered, they do not tarnish.

HELENA.

July 25, 1882.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham and son returned to San Francisco on Monday last after a long absence in the East. Miss Fannie Stegman will return from the Yosemite on Saturday next. Samuel Miller returned from the Yosemite on Tuesday last. Major W. A. Stanton, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Monday last. Charles A. Gunnison returned home on Saturday last. Colonel James M. Barney is in the City of Mexico. Miss Jennie Hooker and Miss Gracie Jones, who have been visiting Mrs. J. H. Carroll in Sacramento, have returned home. Miss Mamie Finlay is visiting Miss Fannie Tyrrell at Sacramento. Professor W. B. Rising and family, of Berkeley, have returned from their summer vacation. Captain Hooper, U. S. N., and family, who have been on an extended visit in the East, have returned to this coast, and are domiciled in Oakland. Miss Eliza Fountain, of Napa, is visiting Miss Mattie Raney in Oakland. Mrs. Butler, of Oakland, is at Anderson's Springs. Mrs. Breckinridge has returned to Monterey, after spending a few days in the city. Mrs. W. W. Crane and Miss Nannie Crane, of Oakland, who have been enjoying themselves at Monterey and Santa Cruz for a month or more, have returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perkins, of Sacramento, have gone to Tahoe to remain until the middle of August. Mrs. George Taylor, of Sacramento, who has been visiting in this city and Oakland since the first of July, has returned home. Miss Maggie Cunningham, of Sacramento, has gone to Santa Cruz to remain a few weeks. Miss Mamie Alexander, of Oakland, has returned from Santa Cruz. Miss N. Reynolds has gone down to Monterey for a short time. Mrs. William M. Stewart has returned from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Birdsall and Miss Lily Carroll, of Sacramento, are at Lake Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dray and Miss C. Dray, of Sacramento, who have been sojourning a while at Monterey, have returned home. Miss Amy Crocker and Miss Kitty Waters, of Sacramento, are at Idlewild, Lake Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cook have been spending a few days at the Hotel del Monte; also Miss L. McKinstry, Miss L. Arner, and Miss L. Bodiston. Miss Lillie Hastings and Miss Kelly have returned from Monterey. Mrs. Charles F. Crocker has been spending a few days in Sacramento. L. D. Castello, U. S. N., has returned from Monterey. Miss Wilkins, of Napa, is at Monterey. W. P. Ray, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin. Mrs. E. C. Sessions has returned from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Maynard are in Geneva; also Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Cook, Mrs. and Miss Eddy, and Miss Houston. Mr. and Mrs. George C. Sbreve have returned from a short visit to Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Miss Huntington, who spent several weeks upon the Pacific Coast, during the summer of 1879, arrived here on Sunday last, and are at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd went to Monterey on Saturday last, to remain a short time. Miss Pearl Kelton, of Napa, is visiting friends in Oakland. Colonel Fred Crocker returned from Oregon on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman have been spending a short time at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge are now at Monterey. M. W. Phillips, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin. Miss Mollie Dodge has returned from San Rafael, and gone to Monterey. Miss Nellie Trowbridge has returned from Lake Tahoe, and is at the Grand. Miss Josephine Hale, who has been in Europe for several years, arrived in New York a few days ago. Mrs. William Lent, Miss Lent, Miss Block, and Eugene Lent went to Monterey on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kellogg, of Oakland, are spending a few days at Monterey. Miss E. Bichard has returned from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. William Collier, who have been sojourning at Clear Lake during the past two months, have returned for the season. Miss Maud Moore, of San José, has gone to Monterey. Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, of San Mateo, and her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Rose Jr., are at Harbin's Springs. On Tuesday evening last the ladies and officers of the Presidio gave a hop, which was well attended, considering that nearly all of the young ladies are still out of town. Mrs. George Hearst is contemplating another Eastern trip. Mr. and Mrs. James Pbelan and family have returned from Monterey. Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance returned from Southern California on Monday last. Mrs. L. J. Rose, of Los Angeles, is at the Palace. General and Mrs. Kautz, after a delightful visit to the Yosemite and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, have returned again to Angel Island. Mrs. W. S. Keyes revisited Monterey on Saturday last. Mr. Blitz Paxton, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Paxton, of this city, and Miss Bessie Emerson, of Healdsburg, were married at Mrs. Paxton's summer residence, near Healdsburg, on Wednesday last by the Reverend Mr. Burnett, of the latter-named place. Governor and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low are spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. Colonel Dickinson, after a two months' visit at Santa Cruz and San José, has gone to Napa Soda Springs. Chief Justice Morrison and Mrs. Morrison returned from Monterey on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Forman have returned from Paraiso Springs. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lucas have returned from the Yosemite. Miss Louise Dearborn has returned to the Palace from Sonoma County, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eaton. Commodore Shufeldt will return to San Francisco on the next steamer. Mrs. J. Sinclair and daughter are at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. J. Freeborn and family went down to Monterey on Saturday to remain a week or two. On Thursday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Turk near Franklin Street, Miss Lillie, daughter of Reverend C. A. Buckbee, was united in marriage to Robert Currey, son of ex-Chief Justice Currey. The wedding was very private, only a few of the most intimate friends being present. The bride looked very lovely in white satin, cut princess, with long tulle veil and orange flowers. The presents were very numerous and costly. Among those present were ex-Chief Justice and Mrs. Currey, ex-Senator Cole, Senator and Mrs. Hittell, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Major and Mrs. Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Colgate Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Cheesman, Mr. and Mrs. Spafford, Doctor and Mrs. Hammond, the Misses Hittell, Mason, Daniels, Cheesman, Sberman, and Hammond, and Messrs. Roundtree, Belden, Coon, Abell, and Gore. Mr. and Mrs. Currey left for Lake Tahoe yesterday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. George M. Dodge, of San Rafael, are at Monterey. J. L. Chamber-

lain and C. J. Bailey, U. S. A., and H. S. Waring, U. S. N., have been sojourning a portion of the present week at Monterey. The engagement of Lieutenant La Favere, U. S. N., and Miss Lizzie Collins, which has been announced in this paper heretofore, will culminate in a wedding ceremony in a few days. The Misses Farrier and Tubbs, of Oakland, returned from Monterey on Saturday last. F. R. Webster and F. S. Collins have also returned from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourne have returned to the city and taken up their permanent residence at the Grand. Miss Carrie Gwin returned from Menlo on Saturday last. Miss Mamie Grayson has also returned from Menlo. Mrs. A. Halsey has returned to the Lick from the Yosemite. The Misses Norma and Hattie Ryland, of San José, are visiting in this city. The wedding of Mr. E. Saunders and Miss Lois H. Chapman, daughter of F. A. Chapman, took place in this city on Thursday last, the twenty-seventh inst. Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Mays are spending a few weeks in the Sierra Nevada, east of Tuolumne County. Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Curtis, of Bridgeport, Conn., who have been visiting relatives in this city, returned home last week. Mrs. Trieste has returned from the Geysers. Mrs. Dr. Dean is still at Santa Cruz. Lieutenant R. F. Adams, U. S. A., now commandant at Yuma, is seeking rest and recuperation at Santa Monica and Los Angeles at present. General Fremont has returned to Tucson from Sonora. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who have been visiting San Francisco and Sacramento, have returned to Millbrae. Miss Julia Blake, of Los Angeles, is visiting friends in Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Norton, of Alameda, have gone to Monterey. Mrs. J. Q. Adams has returned from Monterey. Captain and Mrs. Nelson are at the Sierra Madre Valley. Mrs. Mills and daughter went to Monterey on Monday last. A party consisting of Miss Hattie Rice, Miss Fay, Miss Whipple, Reverend and Mrs. C. D. Barrows, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, the Misses Gussie and Clara Taylor, and W. E. Brown, left here in a special car for Lake Tahoe on Monday last, to be gone six days. Mrs. George H. Rice and Mrs. W. R. A. Johnson, are spending a week or two at Tahoe. Mrs. Governor Pacheco is convalescing at Bloomfield, N. J., where she and her daughter Mabel have been since the first instant. On Saturday afternoon last Miss Jennie Flood entertained a number of her lady friends at Menlo Park, among whom were Miss Flora Low, Miss Florence Atherton, the Misses Maggie and Belle Eyre, and a number of other young ladies. Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw have been spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe. Miss Jennie Cox, of Sacramento, has gone to Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Guthrie and Mrs. J. W. Guthrie, of Sacramento, have gone to Monterey. Mrs. Judge Hager and family are at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield, and Miss Fairfield, and Mrs. M. P. Taylor, of San José; the Misses E. Boutwell, A. Boutwell, and H. Lindley, of Sacramento, and Mr. and Mrs. D. Nye, of San Rafael, are spending the week at Monterey. W. S. Barnes, John Sedgwick, and George K. Fitch were at Monterey on Monday and Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jencks will return from Lake Tahoe on or about Wednesday next. Ex-Governor William Irwin and Miss Irwin have been in the city during the week. Miss Bessie Harrold, of this city, is visiting friends in Sacramento. Mrs. Doctor J. D. Whitney and Mrs. Adam Grant returned from Monterey on Monday last. Mrs. Fisher Ames, who has been staying at Monterey for several weeks, returned to the city on Monday last. Mrs. D. W. Dickson has also returned from the seashore. Mrs. Charles Tuttle, Mrs. G. B. Walker, and Miss Hammond returned to the city on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Anderson, of Sacramento, are at Lake Tahoe. Doctor and Mrs. Toland left for the Yosemite Valley yesterday. G. Blockinger, U. S. N., has been at the Baldwin most of the week. John Mackay and R. N. Dey are doing the Yosemite. J. R. Wilmer, U. S. N., is at the Hotel del Monte for a few days. Mrs. R. R. Johnston and Miss R. E. Johnston, of Oakland, will arrive from the East to-day. Miss G. Kilbourne has returned from Monterey. Mrs. Marks, after a delightful sojourn at the Geysers of nearly a month, has returned to the Palace. Mrs. Captain W. G. Moor went to Monterey on Tuesday last. G. C. Ide, U. S. N., is recruiting at Monterey. Miss Lizzie Sinton, after summing two months at Blytheedale, Marin County, has returned home. Frank M. Bee, son of Consul Bee, is at Etna Springs. Miss Bray, of Fruit Vale, went to Monterey on Tuesday last. J. S. Bacon returns home from the East to-morrow. The many friends of Ben Burling (who was so badly injured during a moonlight frolic near Santa Cruz a short time ago) will be glad to know that he has almost entirely recovered from the injuries sustained upon that nocturnal occasion. It having been stated that Colonel Bodisco, military attaché to the Russian Legation at Peking, and son-in-law of Mrs. Colonel R. H. Savage, had lately been thrown from a horse and severely injured, response to an inquiry confirms the report, but adds that the colonel is in a fair way to recovery. Judges Alexander Campbell and J. B. Southard, of Arizona, are in the city. W. F. Babcock and a party have been seeking the mountain air at Shasta and the McCloud River. A number of French officers, composed of Colonel L. Palla de la Baricade and Captain Lefevre, of the army, and Lieutenants Nicolas and French, of the navy, have been visiting the Geysers, and leave here for New Caledonia on the *Zealandia* to-morrow afternoon. John S. Sablin returned from Tombstone on Wednesday last. Miss E. H. Skelton, of Sacramento, is staying a few days at Monterey. Miss Carrie Williams, of Santa Cruz, is visiting Mrs. F. A. Chapman, in this city. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Weaver, of Sacramento, are spending the present week at Santa Cruz. Mrs. B. B. Redding, who has been visiting in the East several months, will leave for home in a few days, and arrive here on or about the eighth of August. We regret to learn that Admiral McDougall is seriously ill at his residence at South Park. James Keene is entertaining Oscar Wilde and Sam Ward at his place at Newport. Mrs. Senator Farley is at Chautauqua Lake. Miss May Crittenden is the "observed of all observers" at Great Barrington, as she dashes through the streets of that place of an evening in a handsome phaeton. Miss Florence Atherton is one of the most accomplished lawn tennis players among our California ladies. Among the Americans attending the Wagner festival now in progress at Baireuth, is Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer and Mrs. Cutting. Rev. C. D. Barrows and Mrs. Barrows leave here for the East on August fourteenth, to remain until the middle of September.

THE DÉBRIS QUESTION.

The following communication explains itself, and the motives we have for its publication. It presents views that are new and well worth considering. The débris question has become a political one. The controversy is no longer confined to the localities affected, but is referred to the people of the State at large for settlement:

Appreciating the ability and independence of the *Argonaut* in treating public questions, I take the liberty of presenting the débris question from a resident miner's standpoint. If the facts which follow justify the conclusions, I hope that you will, when touching this important question editorially, "thunder" for the rights of miners as well as others. The miners have received but little popular support, greatly due to the fact that since the law patenting mining ground went into effect the mines have rapidly concentrated into the hands of a few corporations. It no longer being necessary to do work on claims to maintain the title, whole mining districts are patented and locked up for speculative purposes. The community interest is being sacrificed to the individual or corporate greed. The great mass of independent miners whose influence was formerly felt throughout California have either emigrated, or now have only a working interest, with wages reduced by Chinese competition, and have thus lost much of their independence as well as enthusiasm. The defense of the mining cause has been assumed entirely by the corporations who, paying the expenses, manipulate the defense, ignoring the resident mining population, and rely for their defense principally on the weight of capital invested and the immense property valuation involved, instead of the true defense—"The right to mine"—not because capital is invested, but because gold is essential to society, and for the reason that a vast population is engaged in its production whose rights are as sacred as those engaged in any other occupation. Because of this state of affairs popular opinion and sympathy has been against us; but I believe it would be reversed if the true defense were made through the rightful channel. Gold production necessitates washing the deposits in which the precious metal is found. Débris results from every process, and dumpage is an essential, a primary right, without which mining is impossible. This right has been recognized and universally sustained. Where direct injury has been done, courts have awarded damages, but never an injunction till now, the right to mine being as fully recognized as the right to farm. The initial and absolutely necessary "right of dumpage" is to mining what the smoke-stack is to the foundry, or plowing is to the farmer. The cañons and rivers are the natural and only dumpage grounds. If miners have a right to dump a harrow load a day, have they not a right to dump a car-load—twenty—fifty—a hundred car-loads a day? Inventions have improved the methods of mining. The hydraulic stream now makes the deposit instead of the harrow or car. But if the right of dumpage exists, who shall dictate the method? The gravel deposit being limited to a narrow channel along the face of the mountain range, it is only a question of time when it will be worked out. It would take ages by primitive methods; but by the present system the labor of years is accomplished in days, and the present generation receives the benefit. Nor is the deposit in the cañons greater than would be made eventually if ages were consumed in extracting the gold. The history of California is well known. The vast army of gold-seekers, finding themselves suddenly wealthy, sought their ideal places of abode, and built homes that were the dreams of their youth, made reality through the generosity of nature in giving to them her golden treasures for the gathering. The effect of California's tribute of gold can be seen throughout the world in elegant mansions, banks of unlimited capital, and blocks of stupendous buildings. It has encouraged art and science, built up commerce, and advanced civilization. It is the stimulant that urges man onward, and places the means in his control to carry out the noble sentiments that stir the souls of those who love God and their fellow men. Yet for each grain of this gold a harrow of dirt has been dumped into the cañons. The natural flow has been gradually dragging it to the plains. For thirty years the water-courses have been busily at work on the débris with which their beds are filled from the mines. While the world has been enriched by some thousands of millions of dollars of California gold, damage has been done to bottom-lands along the rivers by mining débris; but the damage in comparison to the production is as thousands to millions. The gold remaining in the gravel deposits to be taken out is greater in amount than that already extracted. The deposit of débris from working it will be less than from former workings. The blue lead is much richer than the surface gravel, and is the principal deposit remaining to be washed. If gold production has been of importance to the world, and should have been fostered and protected in the past, is it that we have enough gold, or why should it not be encouraged and protected now? Protection can be given to those threatened with overflow, but should the entire burden be thrown upon the present miner to impound the débris deposited by the early miner? The river-beds are already full, and to erect dams to hold future deposits necessitates impounding that now in the channels. The damage is not more threatening now than it has been for years past, yet Judge Temple decrees that mining shall stop until adequate restraining dams are built and accepted. Every effort should be made to impound the débris without delay, but to stop mining till it is done is sealing up the treasure that would do the work. It is suicidal, and a grievous wrong to a great industry; it would deprive a large population of their only means of support. If the damage resulting from mining operations were greater than the product of the mines, it would perhaps be public policy to stop them. But such is not the case. The destruction of the navigable rivers, or the bay of San Francisco, by mining débris is impossible, because there is not enough mining ground to fill the bay if the entire deposit were dumped into it. But the fact is that only the very small percentage of detritus carried in solution ever reaches San Francisco Bay. The remaining gravel to be washed contains but a small percentage of material that can be carried in solution. The great mass of it is rock, which can be moved by water only on steep grades. When this heavy matter reaches the valley, it is permanently deposited near the foothills. The lightest sands, and that portion held in solution only, are carried on with the floods. The light soil of the surrounding plains would naturally be moved by the water's action before the vastly heavier mining débris. When we reflect that hundreds of miles of level plain intervene between the mines and the bay, we realize the absurdity of this hugaboo of destroying the bay. The injury to the navigable rivers is greatly exaggerated, and their destruction is impossible from this cause. It would be as reasonable to assume that the débris from the Missouri River would destroy the Mississippi, as to predict the destruction of the Sacramento River from mining débris. The volume of water is not reduced, but materially increased during the low-water season from the storage lakes of the miners. The actual damage narrows down to a small strip of land lying along the rivers, and even this can be protected without stopping the mines. The shibboleth of the anti-slackers agitators, "that you must so use yours as not to injure others," has done more to influence public opinion than all else; yet if this maxim were enforced society could not exist. Cable-roads could not be run in San Francisco, for they damage individuals with soot and smoke, although a great public convenience. One could not plant shade-trees on his place if they injured his neighbor's garden, or build a house that would obstruct another's view, construct a road, if the dust would injure another's grounds or residence, or invent machinery that would deprive laborers of employment. Throughout society rights conflict, and property is used to the injury of others, without redress. Mining is but a case in point. The miners but use their property lawfully, in strict accordance with custom and necessity, and "he who uses his legal rights injures no one." Sincerely yours,

E. L. McCURE.

DUTCH FLAT, July 21, 1882.

The Democracy that claims to be the champion of labor and the friend of the working man, that would secure for him eight hours as a day of labor, in order to catch the gin-mill vote denies him a Sunday law that secures to him one day in seven for rest and recreation. Consistency thou art a jewel—in a pig's nose.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Senator Jones of Nevada thinks California will go Republican this fall, and that M. M. Estee will be the Republican candidate for governor." Senator Jones of Florida thinks California will go Democratic this fall, and that General Stoneman will be elected governor.

In the performance of our duty as censor of the press we are again compelled to call attention to the very improper language of the *Sacramento Record-Union*, and to remind the very worthy gentlemen who edit that journal that unless they reform their conduct we shall be compelled to "stop the paper." We shall refuse to exchange with it, and we shall no longer give it the countenance of our favor. Referring to that very excellent Democratic journal, the *San Francisco Examiner*, it characterizes its owner as a "disreputable mining sharp," the paper as conducted by "hirelings," who are guilty of "characteristic falsehoods," etc. It calls the first inexactitude of an *Examiner* editorial the "initial lie," and styles the paper "a mendacious private organ." The next, it designates as "another lie," and varying its very objectionable phraseology, "another reckless falsehood." It sums up the *Examiner's* character as "the lying private organ of George Hearst," and charges it again with "shameless falsehood," with "wild and utterly irresponsible misrepresentations" by irresponsible scribblers, who make "malignant, false, and foolish attacks by demagogues," and their "unscrupulous tools." Running through these epithets, we may incidentally remark, there is the thread of an argument in reference to the fidelity with which the railroad companies have performed their contracts to the General, State, and municipal governments—an argument that is truthful and logical, and would be effective if it were not shrouded in such a cloud of improper, altogether undignified, and to the last degree unbecoming epithets. We hope we shall not again be compelled to call attention to this improper mode of journalism. We really must insist that the *Record-Union*, which is in other respects a model journal, shall more earnestly endeavor to imitate the *Argonaut* in its diction, and in its passionless and judicial mode of treating all public questions. We observe one curious fact: the *Record-Union* never becomes profanely mad save when defending the railroad companies. When it discusses the English invasion of Egypt, and the other great international and national topics, which it does so learnedly and well, it preserves a marvelous dignity of speech, so becoming to the truly wise and the supremely good.

There comes to the *Argonaut* from San Buenaventura the letter of a personal friend, reproaching us for not suggesting the name of the Hon. Thomas R. Bard of that county for governor. We did not need this letter to inform us of the character, standing, and very eminent qualifications of Mr. Bard for any office in our State. Although not knowing him personally, we do know that his is among the names of those who have a right to aspire to the first position, and should those delegates who are his friends and neighbors desire for him a gubernatorial nomination, he will be entitled to consideration. In this connection we may observe that the *Argonaut* has no candidate, and we hope that at the State Convention the matter of a choice may not be decided by the managers of cliques in any part of the State.

At the attempted organization of a Republican club in the seventh ward, on Monday night, there was a terrible scrimmage. The club did not organize. We have the detailed particulars from both sides. That the whole affair was disgraceful both admit. That the other side was wrong each claims. One faction is under the leadership of an Irishman who keeps a grocery and holds a municipal office. The roll-call of his faction sounds like the Banshee's wail. The other faction is largely American, and has firemen in it. Just now there is a deal of prejudice against firemen taking part in politics; but if organized gin-peddlers and associated milkmen may become active, why not firemen? If this Seventh Ward conflict is a Donnybrook between America and Ireland, we are for America. In defense of any foreign invasion, we are for our country, right or wrong. We are in favor of carrying the star-spangled banner into politics. Everything else gets in, then why not the flag? We have the Catholic Church, and the Land-League, lager, sauerkraut, and schweitzer-case, slickens, sand-lot, and Mussel Slough, the Chinese, the railroads, local option, and Sunday law. We have all sorts of nationalities, national questions, and national flags; then why not let Americans have their fling at politics? We have the Irish vote, the German vote, the Jewish vote, the Methodist Church South, the Good Templars, the chivalry, the shovelry—Dave Terry and Dennis Kearney—then why not fling out the banner of the stars, and ask loyal Americans—Americans by birth and adoption—men of intelligence, courage, property, and sense to rally under it against all the foreign-born loafers, law-breakers, mendicants, and criminals, in defense of law and good order? Let the motto of tax-payers and property-owners be, "Thou shalt not steal." If the seventh ward fight is between the Irish and "our boys," we are for the boys; and if among the boys there are some b'hoys, we are for them. If there is no other way for Americans to get into a Republican club than up a ladder and through a window, we would advise them to go up the ladder and through the window, and when they get into the room to stay there. *Jam satis.*

Peace hath her victories. Politics hath its slain and wounded. Poor Jim Green of the Ninth, once controller, senator, and chairman of the county committee; always in office, and always seeking office, was ambuscaded, killed, and scalped on Monday night. Mitchell Phillips, O. F. Willey, Schroder, and other braves are now dancing around the council-fire in feathers and war paint. Dan Bigley of the Eleventh is dead, and masses are now being said for the repose of his political soul. A wake is being held over all that was mortal of Daniel, and he is gathered to his father-in-law. The milkmen lie around him torn and bleeding. Harrington of the Seventh raised the green above the blue,

but the sunburst and the harp was too feeble for the Stars and Stripes, and Johnny came limping home badly wounded and much discouraged. Thus, we fear, we have lost three good Irishmen as Republican leaders. But we are reconciled.

A very disgraceful pugilistic encounter was had at the Turn-Verein Hall on Monday evening, between certain foreign bruisers, and we are sorry to say, under the patronage of the police, Captain Douglass being present and sanctioning the heastly exhibition. The names of the participants in this brutal encounter indicate their nationality. We congratulate ourselves that there were no Americans among them. The fight was between Owen Judge and Dan O'Connell. The proceeding commenced by a sharp set-to between Mike O'Brien and Tom McDermott. Tony Benton acted as master of ceremonies in place of Billy Jordan. The other names, as we gather them from the *Examiner*, were Savage, Stewart, and Jack Abrook, of Liverpool. Mr. Rooney explained the rules. After the fight, Tom McCormack challenged the Pacific Coast, claiming that he was champion middle-weight. To show the heauty of this brutal encounter, we again quote from the *Examiner*:

O'Connell had the longest reach, and planted the first blow on Judge's face with telling effect. In the second round, Judge knocked O'Connell clean off his feet, with a heavy right-handed blow that scored first blood for Judge. In the third round O'Connell was game, and forced the work with a heavy right-hand blow on Judge's face that made the spectators fairly roar. Judge returned the compliment with a right-hander on O'Connell's stomach, and followed it up with another blow that knocked "Dan" through the ropes and clean out of the ring. In the fourth round O'Connell was so weak that he fairly tottered. Judge, waited for him to lead, and returned his blow with a right-handed hit that sent O'Connell to the floor. Three times O'Connell was knocked down, and once he was forced on the ropes and badly "fibbed." His condition was pitiable, but he was game clear through, and did not flinch. In the fifth and last round O'Connell was fairly brought to a standstill after a couple of blows. Judge, by the advice of his seconds, used his right hand only, and aimed for the back of O'Connell's head. "Dan" was unable to protect himself, and attempted to cling to Judge's arms to avoid punishment. Judge got clear, and with a terrible blow knocked O'Connell's down in the corner against the iron stake of the ring. This finished O'Connell, but he made a gallant effort to rally, and regained his feet. Judge looked at him half a second, and then aimed a blow at the side of his head, which stretched him senseless on the hard floor of the stage. Judge was declared victor after seventeen minutes and a half of the hardest and roughest fighting that has been seen for many a day, amid the yells of the spectators.

"The spectators," says the *Examiner*, were "judges, lawyers of eminence, physicians in good standing, two supervisors, three colonels, and majors and captains by the score." It is not recorded that there were any gentlemen in the audience. It is not from tenderness toward the plug-uglies who engage in these tournaments of brawn that we object to them. The English or Irish bruiser does not live whom we would not willingly see engage himself in muscular controversy with a kicking mule, with all our sympathies for the nobler animal with the iron heels. What we do object to is the disgusting exhibition.

"The Board of Education in Alameda has adopted 'White's First Lesson in Greek,' 'Goodwin's Greek Grammar,' and 'White's Zenophon's Anabasis,' as text books in the high school." If there is a school director in Alameda who can himself read and translate a chapter in Zenophon's Anabasis, we will travel a hundred parasangs, and give an hundred oboli to see him. We sincerely hope the little Greeks who attend the Alameda High School will acquire such proficiency in their native tongue that they can speak it without a brogue.

Candidates for governor multiply in the Republican party. Prominently named we have Judge Rhodes, of Santa Clara, for many years Justice of our Supreme Court, a man of clean and honorable life, who would make a good candidate and not a bad governor. Mayor Blake, of San Francisco, is mentioned; a cool, level-headed, honest man, with no nonsense about him; not as well known throughout the State as in the city, and hence not as available a candidate as a less desirable man, better known. He could not aid in his own election, and would not try if he could, but if he became governor would he governor. His inauguration ball would be a failure, but his administration would be a success. As commander-in-chief of our army he would make an awkward appearance on horseback, in regiments with bright buttons, sword, and a cocked hat; but he would be a success in the governor's chair examining bills for approval or veto. Charles Reed, Esquire, of Yolo, or Charley Reed as he is familiarly called, is suggested for the gubernatorial dignity, and when we look over the field we are compelled to admit that the convention might go further and find a worse granger. Mr. Reed is a prominent citizen, and has filled honorable positions. He has large capacity for public affairs, and there might be some enthusiasm created for him in the event of his nomination. If elected, he would not fall in giving an honest administration. He would make a good Railroad Commissioner—in fact he would make a good anything upon the Republican ticket.

"The First National Bank of Alameda has declared a dividend of eight per cent. for the six months ending June thirtieth." There must be something wrong about this institution. Money is loaned in San Francisco at four per cent. per annum. This makes sixteen per cent. seem usurious.

At a late hour, and as we are going to press, the Sandwich Island mail brings us a budget of gossip concerning an article upon island politics which some time ago appeared in the *Argonaut*. It seems that an individual by the name of Walter M. Gibson has, through a series of curious incidents and tricks of political legerdemain, struggled through a life of strange adventure to become a man of authority among the Kanakas. He is now an official of influence with the Hawaiian king, has accumulated property, and owns a newspaper. In his very eventful, and to us interesting career, as we learn, the border line between crime and romance has been at times indistinct and tortuous. When the hypocrite, politician, and adventurer left off, and the honorable career began, it is difficult to say. When the American—if he is an American; the Mormon—if he was a Mormon—ended, and the Anglo-Hawaiian began, it is impossible to decide. Enough it is to know that now, at the unro-

mantic age of nearly three-score years and ten, he is a pronounced and tireless enemy of American interests in the Sandwich Islands, and in the interest of the English is in constant secret conspiracy against everything and everybody that is American. That such a man as we understand this unprincipled adventurer to be can gain influence over the king, kingdom, and people of the Hawaiian Islands, indicates the place which this fantastic little travesty on government must occupy in the family of nations, and illustrates the character of king and subjects. This group of beautiful and fertile islands is largely settled by Americans. Its business and property is largely in their hands. It has a commercial treaty with our government, from which nearly all its wealth and prosperity comes. It holds such a geographical position to our country that its political domination is a necessity of our national defense. No other country, nor the Hawaiians themselves, will be permitted to antagonize the United States of America. Neither Kanaka politics, English diplomacy, nor gossipy little Honolulu factions will cut any considerable figure in the future of this kingdoms, commonwealth, or dependency, or whatever it may be; for whether republic, kingdom, or empire; whether ruled by president, king, emperor, kaiser, sultan, khedive, or khan, it will be administered under the direction and in subordination to the best interests of the fifty-two millions of its American neighbors. With those interests no European government is disposed to interfere, and no European government is powerful enough to dare even to attempt to interfere. And if there is any Englishman or other foreigner in Honolulu, or elsewhere, who dreams of the possibility of any different disposition of this island group, or who thinks that any English statesman will ever question the right of the United States Government to control these islands, he is that kind of an ass and fool which no other adjective than English properly qualifies. If this be true, then it is not important who edits the *Argonaut*, or whether "in his remote editorial den" he obtains the inspiration of his opinions from the Secretary of State at Washington, or from the late Attorney-General of Hawaii. If in all his realm the king of the islands in the Pacific Sea has one true friend, and the Hawaiian people have one intelligent and disinterested person whom they can trust, and in whose friendship king and people may confide, let him inform them of the relations that must inevitably and of necessity exist between the government of Hawaii and that of the United States, and between the people of the island group and those of the American continent. And let the king and people be advised that their future welfare depends upon America and Americans, and not upon English traders, Mormon adventurers, or selfish foreign politicians.

A "Subscriber who has a full file of the *Argonaut*" asks us:

Can you inform your readers whether or not General Stoneman charged the expense of his trip to Washington and back on Indian matters to the government, while he went and came on a free pass from the railroad?

In reply, we can only say that we have no information touching the subject matter of the inquiry. We have a right to presume that General Stoneman did not charge mileage to the government without giving it credit to the amount of the price of passage given him by the railroad companies. We have a right to presume, and do presume, that General Stoneman has done nothing that a gentleman of highest integrity and nicest sense of honor would not do in his official relations. If this paragraph should arrest the attention of the Democratic candidate for governor, and he should think the matter worthy of his notice, our columns are open for his use.

THE RIVE-KING FAREWELL CONCERTS.

Madame Rivé-King's testimonial concert and matinée, which took place last week at Platt's Hall, were given without orchestral support, and to comparatively small audiences. The interesting programmes presented on these occasions failed therefore to receive the most cordial measure of acknowledgment. Accessories have much to do with the inspiration of popular enthusiasm, and the absence of accompanists, together with the sight of numerous empty seats, were doubtless sources of depression to both listeners and performers. Madame King was assisted at her evening concert by Messrs. Henry Heyman, Julius Hinrichs, and Hugo L. Mansfeldt. The *Adagio* and *Scherzo* of the Rubinstein trio in B flat, *opus 52*, for piano, violin, and 'cello, formed the introductory number of the programme. This eminently characteristic selection was carefully played by Madame King, Mr. Heyman, and Mr. Hinrichs. Later, a 'cello solo, consisting of the beautiful "Elegie," by Fischer, and a bright little Gavotte, by Popper, was given by Mr. Hinrichs, whose tone, otherwise so smooth and true, unfortunately went to pieces on a dangerous note or two, and fell thereafter into sad constraint. With this exception the remaining numbers were contributed by Madame King, assisted only by Mr. Mansfeldt, at a second piano in the G minor Saint-Saens Concerto. From every quarter the many excellences of this accomplished lady have already received extended mention. It is scarcely necessary at this time to rehearse them in particular. After repeated hearings her accuracy is unimpeached, and her well-stored memory unexhausted. To attain the position which this implies is the patient task of so many toilsome years, that when it has once been accomplished a pianist would seem to have filled the requirements of his part. That such is not the case, however, is made glaringly manifest in the thousand and one criticisms volunteered by the goodly company of argus-eyed and sharp-eared amateurs, sure to be found at a piano concert of any sort. They thickened the air at the Rivé-King performances—these opinions, wise, foolish, non-committal, and extreme. Many, doubtless, were well-founded, and had their reasons for being.

The matinée programme was not carried out according to its printed order, but was nevertheless enjoyable. No one can have heard it without feeling that Madame Rivé-King is a talented lady, and a musician of much ability. SAN FRANCISCO, July 25, 1882.

VANITY FAIR.

London *Society* thus details the romance of a prince's cigar: The scene was a first-class carriage on the Great Western Railway. The date need not be mentioned. There were no ladies in the carriages. One of the passengers took out his cigar-case, and giving a look of inquiry, but not making any remark, lit up, and vigorously puffed away. As he progressed toward the end of his cigar, he noticed a look of great irritation on the face of his *vis-a-vis*. "I am afraid, sir," said the smoker, hurriedly, "that my cigar annoys you." "It does, sir; it annoys me excessively," "I am sure I beg your pardon," said the gentleman, and threw his cigar out of the window. "That's all very well," said his fellow-passenger; "but I mean to give you in charge directly I get to Bath. You were perfectly well aware that this is not a smoking-carriage, and I mean to defend the rights of passengers." "I am really very sorry, sir; but I took it for granted that there was no objection." "I made up my mind, sir," was the dogmatic reproach, "soon after we left Swindon, that I would give you in charge the first opportunity." There was an awkward pause, and presently the offender said, "Perhaps you will take my card? I happen to hold a public position, and should like to avoid any disturbance." "I don't want your card, sir." "But you had better look at it." The aggrieved passenger looked at it contemptuously, but it was the card of a Royal Duke. Things now went on pleasantly; but before he left the carriage the gentleman expressed a hope that H. R. H. would not think that he had acted wrongly. "That is a point which we need not discuss," said H. R. H.

The guests at Baroness Burdett-Coutts's first garden party were treated to a sight of the smallest pony in the world—by name Lady Jumbo. The tiny creature looks like a thoroughbred race-horse seen through the wrong end of an opera glass. The baroness bought it for Ashmead, and Barnum couldn't have it if he went down on his knees, and threw in the baby elephant besides. In the language of the circus, Lady Jumbo stands thirteen inches in her shoes, and is only five years old.

A Paris letter to the *New York Times* says: "As to the fashions for women, all I can say is that it is a thousand pities Sainte-Beuve should have died before the apotheosis of his 'Yellow Rays'—those famous *rayons jaunes* which brought on his devoted head such an avalanche of railery. Everything now in fashion is yellow—golden yellow, saffron yellow, huttercup yellow, jonquil yellow. In short, there is an invasion of every imaginable shade of yellow, and we may thank the daughters of Albion for it. They were jeered at when they first came over for their sunflower stuck on everywhere—on their parasols, on their skirts, on their hodies, in their hair. Sunflowers have not yet been definitely adopted, however, being rather large articles for proper display as trimmings, and I rather think they will be ultimately voted in had taste; but I can vouch for the victory of yellow, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of the impressionists in support of blue, and judge that jonquils will be the favorite flower."

The craze has been revived, says the *New York Sun*, among professional and fashionable beauties upon whom Nature has bestowed that rarest of all her gifts—a shapely hand and graceful wrist—of having them modeled in the finest Carrara marble, and presenting them to lovers and friends as souvenirs less readily recognizable by the crowd than photographs, and yet more vividly suggestive to those who are familiar with the nervous grasp or "velvet touch" of the living hand they represent. In the great Viennese Exhibition of 1873 there was to be seen an exquisite reproduction of the left hand of the Princess Pauline Bonaparte. She allowed herself to be modeled and painted in every conceivable costume and attitude, and most frequently in no costume at all, exacting only that the studio in which she sat should be well warmed, and thoroughly protected against draughts. The work was attributed to Canova, but the fact that the marble was slightly tinted, the pale flesh-color deepening in the dimpled knuckles and underneath the long, filbert-shaped nails, make this improbable. On the third finger was a wedding-ring, guarded by a brilliant solitaire set in black enamel, and the wrist, which rested on a cushion of black velvet, was encircled by a black enameled bracelet. The effect of the whole was real and life-like beyond anything that chemicals or paint-brush can produce, and the fair ones of the present day are wise in their generation when they seek to revive this most lasting and beautiful method of perpetuating one of their greatest charms. The drawback to it is that, alas! many lovely women have hands which their most sincere adorers would never wish to see copied or reproduced—hands which in England are maliciously termed mutton-fists, and of which the fingers look as if an Indian's hatchet had trimmed their ends.

The concert of Lady Folkestone, for the College of Music fund, given in the Duke of Sutherland's fairy palace, Stafford House, remarks a London journal, distinguished itself from other concerts given for the same purpose, for Lady Folkestone, with her wonted cleverness and energy, brought together elements most likely to draw a big audience. Twenty-two ladies of the greatest names formed a band of strings, a feature quite novel. A whole chorus of ladies, peeresses of the realm, gave their fine voices, their fine dresses, and their fine appearance altogether.

The belle of two seasons, writes the Long Branch correspondent of the *New York Times*, finds tandem flirtation the most exciting and pleasant. The great difficulty of this lies in letting neither gallant charger of her team know that he is in double harness, and the skill displayed in so adjusting the hinklers that the leader can only see ahead, and the wheeler only look behind, in some cases soars above art and approaches genius. Of course, sometimes a tricky leader, suspicious because of having been there before, will break away or balk, and occasionally a too spirited wheeler will kick over the traces, but the chance of this happening only

adds to the interest and heightens the charm. Four-in-hand driving is no longer much in vogue with the scientific flirt, except at the opening of the season, or by way of trying the mettle of new acquisitions, for it requires only coolness and strength, and does not call forth the tact and nice judgment needed in tandem. The bud usually drives single, handling the fairy ribbons with more or less skill, according to her natural qualifications and abilities, but always with a half distrust of her powers, and a sense of danger. The veteran rings the changes on all styles, goes at it with a rush, and is deep in a second before the first affair is even concluded.

Long Branch, observes the *Sun*, has been in an almost slumberous condition of late, its rainbow-hued cottages, gayly striped awnings, and many-tiered piazzas being absolutely destitute of any signs of life. Mrs. James Barclay's stylish phaeton and Mary Anderson's dainty village cart being the only turnouts worth mentioning. But on the first day of the Monmouth Beach races the whole place seemed to be suddenly transformed into one great railroad terminus, and the crowds that arrived by every train, and spilled out of every stage and hackney carriage, astonished the hotel proprietors themselves. Now the whole place is ablaze with dress and fashion, and the grand stand and club house are thronged on every race day with an assemblage as brilliant and showy, in point of dress and equipage, as anything that Jerome Park has yet displayed. The parasols of the ladies shine like patches of fire in the vivid sunshine, and the scarlet polo cap, which is the latest novelty in head-gear, rests lightly on many a pretty curly head. Although absolutely useless as a protection from wind or sun, these same small caps are wonderfully graceful and becoming, and if slightly suggestive of rapidity, are none the less attractive on that account. But a law as irrevocable as those of the Medes and Persians should be issued, forbidding them to be worn by any woman over whose head more than twenty summers have passed. Their use should be limited to rosebuds—and to rosebuds only. Even the bride of a few months requires a more dignified head-covering; and in the case of mature sirens, such as now sport them on the sands and race-course of Monmouth Beach, the police ought certainly to interfere for their suppression.

Parisian society is now suffering from acute Anglomania. The men and women are Anglicized from head to foot. Even the little milliner girls wear aesthetics puffed at the shoulders. The cafés are taking the names of taverns and bars. The very language is being transformed by an infusion of English elements. The aristocrats give their children English names, and in high society it is considered the right thing to have none but English servants, and to speak to them in English. French novels are abandoned in favor of Thackeray and Dickens, or Herbert Spencer, who is a favorite with the ladies. Dinner is served in the English style. On some tables even English dry sherry has made its appearance. In short, the "chic Anglais" is all the rage, and the Prince of Wales is the modern French exquisite's model of manners and elegance.

The second year, says an Eastern journal, is that in which the widow is really happy. The sombre depths of mourning cast aside, she enters the world again, and reopens her jewel case. Even with a very becoming widow's cap on, life is more or less a blank to a woman if she can not wear her jewels. Now, however, the diamonds, pearls, and opals may reappear, and with what delight are they not worn? Visions of dresses in delicate half tints, pearl grays, soft lavenders, mixtures of white and gray or black and white float before her mind, soon to be realized. Her year's absence from balls and parties and crowded rooms has renewed her beauty, and the same retirement has brightened her eyes and tinged her cheeks with the freshness of enjoyment with which she prepares to reënter the fashionable world. Now, indeed, is the fashionable widow a dangerous and seductive creature. She knows that she is prettier than ever, and the consciousness making her more certain of coming victories, gives a genuine softness to her manner. Beware of widows in their second year! Always dangerous, they are then more so than ever. Light-hearted as a girl, she feels younger every day, and from her own point of view there is no more enviable being to be found than a young, handsome, rich, and lively widow, whose heart is not inconveniently soft, nor her feelings too acute to prevent her going through her life "well pleased and careless," and extracting from it as much of the pleasure and as little of the pain as may fall to the share of any mortal creature.

The rage for dressing up canine pets has long prevailed in France to a much greater extent than on this side of the channel, remarks a writer in the *London World*, and has assumed extravagant proportions. The *Figaro* gives some examples of the most notable fashions now to be observed among the fair owners. Almost every variety of dog has its own proper toilet, besides its own special toilet-case, containing the hushes, combs, sponges, and other appliances for enabling it to be washed and dressed. The ornaments suitable for a "bouledogue" would be by no means fitting for a "lulu" nor does it at all follow that what would be admired on a "caniche" would be deemed in good taste for a "griffon." The latter, which is a long-haired and curly-haired dog, much prized by all French women, is pitied and despised at this time of year if he is not close shaven over the body, leaving the lion-like mane which looks so particularly ridiculous to the English eye. Smooth terriers, who can not be thus embellished or disfigured, are often adorned with a little plain gold bracelet soldered above the fore-foot and surmounted with a monogram; but it is essential that the leg encircled with this metal should be the left and not the right. Rough terriers have, on the other hand, a collar of bright metal, having a medallion or clasp upon it, sometimes with the photograph of the owner, or of some particular friend of hers, inclosed. The best-bred "bulls," again, ought to wear the collar known as the "officier," with a colored ribbon—red or blue for outdoor show, and white for the drawing-room. Every dog having any claims to be well cared for must wear *cothurnes*, or tall hoots, when he goes out walking, and these should be of doekin, fastened with rings of india-rubber.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received a copy of the "American Yacht List," which is published under the patronage of the New York and Eastern Yacht clubs. It contains a register of the yacht clubs of the United States and Canada, together with descriptions of the vessels, names of owners, etc., and, *fac-similes*, in chrono-lithographs, of the club pennants and private signals of the New York Yacht Club. Published by Niels Olsen, of the N. Y. Y. C.; for sale by C. Beach; price, \$2.50.

"Bright Days in the Old Plantation Time," by Mary Ross Banks, is, as its title purports, a chronicle of life among the Southern slaveholders in ante-bellum days. Mrs. Banks is now quite aged, and the volume consists of stories which she first told her children and grandchildren, afterward, at the earnest solicitation of friends, embodied in book form. The successive sketches graphically describe corn-shucking, 'possum-hunts, country rides, negro incidents, and all the other pleasures which went to make up the old Southern elysium. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

"In the Harbor" is the last volume of poems by the late Henry W. Longfellow. In it are to be found all those of his pieces which have appeared in the various magazines during the past year, besides several that are posthumous. There will be three more poems given out. Two of them are sonnets, which are to appear in the poet's biography. The third is a dramatic poem, which will appear later on by itself. There have been other poems found in the poet's papers; but those mentioned are all that will be made public. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Announcements: "Heart and Science" is the odd title of Wilkie Collins's new novel. It is a story of the present time.—Mr. F. H. Underwood is at work upon a life of J. G. Whittier, and has been gathering facts in the valley of the Merrimac.—A new part of the celebrated German lexicon, Grimm's Dictionary, has just appeared, compiled by Dr. M. Lexer. It comprises the words from *Nachtigallstrauch* to *Narrenwerk*.—"Kinley Hollow" is the title of a new American novel which is about to be brought out by Henry Holt & Co. Its author is G. H. Hollister, a person who has had experience as a writer.

The novel by Mrs. Macquoid, which the Putnam's printed last winter under the title of "Esau Runswick," has just appeared in London as "A Faithful Lover."—Rees Welsh & Co., of Philadelphia, have secured the plates of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and are about to publish not only an edition of that collection, but an edition of his prose writings.

Miscellany: Lady Lytton has left to her friends, Louisa and Rose Devey, all she had, including her manuscript autobiography, which her son, the earl, will probably promptly purchase and suppress.—The funeral of the poet James Thompson was a painfully sad one. His "City of Dreadful Night" and some of his other writings were considered so atheistical that he was actually refused a resting-place in consecrated ground. There was no burial service, except a few tender words spoken by a friend whose voice, choked with emotion, was nearly inaudible.—Professor Max Muller is quoted as one having once said of Mr. Emerson: "He is neither American nor English—the cast of his mind is Greek. He ought to have lived centuries ago."—French publishers are still taking the lead of the Britons in issuing cheap books. The Messrs. Hachette are bringing out French classics at the amazingly cheap rate of about three cents each.—The house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, in which the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti lived, is an historic one. It is the oldest in the walk, and is the one described by Thackeray in "Esmond."

The third number of the "Question of the Day Series" is "Our Merchant Marine," by David A. Wells. This volume consists of a series of papers which originally appeared in the *New York World*. The author, step by step, traces the origin of the decay of American ship-commerce. While in 1861 we had one-third of the ship tonnage of the world, and a carrying trade that was barely excelled by Great Britain, in 1882 we have sunk so low as to be scarcely deserving of a place on the list, and far below even the most insignificant European powers. This fact is due not so much to the late civil war as to the insane policy of our government. The first reason of our decadence may be set down to the score of the law which prevents the purchase of foreign iron ships; the other causes arise from a variety of evils, among which are the absurd tonnage tax, which is as unnecessary as it is unjust, the consular feigning system, the compulsory pilotage, the three months' extra pay to sailors discharged in foreign ports, and a thousand and one other lesser evils resulting from political greed and blindness. The book is vigorous and well written, and ought to do much toward remedying a crying shame. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Sir John Lubbock is as thorough a student of ethnology and entomology as his father was of astronomy. His latest work is entitled "Ants, Bees, and Wasps." The author has been engaged in closely studying the habits of ant colonies for the last eight years, and his discoveries, in connection with those of other scientists with whom he has been in communication, are most curious. The ant kingdom seems to approach more nearly to the human in characteristics than any other. Their social organizations are wonderfully similar; and while in one hill the form of government will be republican, in the next it will be monarchical, or perhaps oligarchical, although the ants may be of the same genus, and alike in every characteristic. One genus, the *Anergates*, exemplify the lengths to which luxury will take an individual. These ants own and trade in slaves, which are of a smaller race. They rely entirely upon their slaves for procuring food, building houses, and doing house-work, and so effete have they become, that when Sir John Lubbock deprived thirty of their slaves for two days, more than one-half of these pampered slaveholders died from starvation, not being able to provide the smallest quantity of food for themselves. These and other wonderful things render the work highly entertaining, and the author's charming style deprives it of much of the dryness which scientific books are wont to possess. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Harper's Monthly Magazine for August contains a charmingly illustrated paper on "Some Western Resorts." Barnet Phillips's "Cruise of the 'Nameless'" is very amusing. The most interesting of Lathrop's series of "Spanish Vistas" appears under the heading of "Andalusia and the Alhambra."—The *Century* for August opens with a well-executed engraving of Wagner, the composer. "The Borderlands of Surrey" enunciates the fact that it will be a score of years before our American country-houses will approach the English seats in artistic beauty. "Some English Artists and Their Studios" gives a series of luxurious interiors. The poetry is of unusual merit. The *Atlantic* for August does not quite come up to its usually high mark. Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes a poem, "At the Summit." Hardy's "Two on a Tower" is continued. W. F. Harris furnishes a paper on Emerson. The number closes with a report of the late party given to Mrs. Stowe, in Boston. The frontispiece engraving of Emerson is of great merit. Lippincott's for August opens with a paper on the "Pueblo Indians." Eleanor Putnam contributes a short story—"Edged Tools." "Closing In" is a poem by Paul H. Hayne. The serial, "Fairy Gold" is continued.—In the *North American Review* for August the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher writes of "Progress in Religious Thought." T. V. Powderly, the official head of the Knights of Labor, contributes an article on "The Organization of Labor." Archibald Forbes writes of "The United States Army." "The Ethics of Gambling" is by O. B. Frothingham.—The *Magazine of Art* for August contains two charming engravings from well-known pictures—"Prince Charlie's Parliament" and "The Favorite." Austin Dobson is the author of "The Byways of Book Illustration." Andrew Lang's "The Thames and its Poetry" is well illustrated. "Canterbury Cathedral" portrays many lovely bits of antique carvings and ivied porches.

A DROWNING MAN'S DESPAIR.

How I Lay Down in a Watery Sepulcher, Prepared for Eternity.

You have read the experiences of men who have been hanged, two or three who have been beheaded, and twenty or so who have been suffocated—they having come back from the other world to write their memoirs. I am going to relate the experiences of a drowning man.

A few years ago I was garrisoned in the little village of Dauphine. I had graduated from Saint-Cyr, and my head was filled with more romance than is generally the case after such an education. Byron was greatly the fashion at that time, by reason of his life, his death, and his writings—which the world pretended to understand—and I was possessed with a perfect passion for him in every particular. "Lara," "Manfred," "The Corsair," his devotion to Greece, his exploits as a boxer and a beau, his defense of Missolonghi, his amours with Miss Lamh and La Guiccioli, were all fuel for the fire of my enthusiasm. But he possessed one accomplishment which charmed me, and which I envied him above all. That was his perfection as a swimmer, in which he was by right unequalled. It was always as floating among the warm, sensuous waves of Ahydos that he appeared to me in my dreams, whenever his restless shadow came to trouble my sleep. In order to decide a closely contested rivalry with the dead poet, I became entirely amphibious, if not quite aquatic. I wished to vie with my hero and surpass him. As it was, I just escaped drowning myself.

The Lake of Paladru is the largest stretch of standing water which the frontiers of France enclose. It is three miles long, I think, by two wide. There is a legend rife among the neighboring inhabitants, that through long vanished centuries its waters have covered a terrible mystery. A once rich and flourishing city sleeps in the depths of its waves, and when it is calm and still the old fishermen never fail to see distinctly the towers, the helms, and the ramparts of the doomed city.

In the evening, after a good supper, we started out—Captain Torhin, a young sub-lieutenant, and myself. My two companions were furnished with shot-guns, for they hoped to terminate the next day's sport by the assassination of a hare or two. At midnight I waded out into the soft warm waves, and was soon entirely submerged. Then I commenced performing a thousand little feats of strength before the admiring eyes of my companions, who, not being able to swim, kept prudently in the neighborhood of terra firma. At last, tired of all these nautical evolutions, I extended myself gently on my back and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the voluptuous situation. The air was soft and motionless. The sky was exquisitely pure. Innumerable stars of gleaming gold spangled the heavenly arch of limpid azure, untroubled by a breath of shadowy vapor.

I do not think the world contains a more magnificent spectacle than such a perfect night. I have seen a few of them in my life, and I am persuaded that no scene in the whole world of nature can present anything so splendid, cause such profound emotions, awaken thoughts more sublime or further removed from the base trammels of this earth. Around you the illimitable; extend an arm, it rests unshackled by even its own weight. You advance, or recede; nothing can give you one clue to the measurement of the space about you. You have conquered an element. You live a new life. You have aggrandized your world. Above you, unfathomable heights. Below you, unfathomable depths. Raise your eyes, behold Heaven! Rest motionless, behold—Death!

Who was that victorious emperor that, at the end of a dazzling reign of glory and prosperity, throwing a backward glance over a long life of power and pleasure, sought out with scrupulous care his moments of veritable happiness, and found that he had lived three hours? Three hours in seventy years of weariness! Poor captain that I am, when I measure the days of my past, I find myself richer than the great emperor—richer by two hours! Well, one of those hours was my meditation on the Lake of Paladru, floating in indolent rest on the warm, caressing water; cradled voluptuously between heaven and earth without experiencing that harsh contact with solid matter so cruelly awakening to a dreamy soul; of all the grosser senses of our nature retaining only sight and thought; remote from all sound; hearing only the low, sweet murmur of the waves that whispered in my ear to warn me that I floated over an abyss hundreds of feet in depth; to give me that instinct of peril braved and vanquished, which is the half of pleasure to all strong, young souls; to tell me that between me and the voluptuousness of life and the insensibility of death there remained but a moment, a second, a lightning flash. Sublimed and etherialized, my thoughts wandered in the immensity of space where sight was lost. How quickened was my soul! How young, how deep, how swift! Ah, then I caught the hidden meaning of love, glory, warfare, triumph. I understood life, and holdly summed it up at a glance into one sole pleasure and one sole virtue—to love and to be loved! God! how sad and foolish seems the life we fashion; that life of petty ambitions, of loves inspired and incomplete. What a grand, ethereal life I created for myself in the future.

Then the phantoms of the past swam before my eyes in the warm, dreamy peace of the night air; ravishing forms, white, slender, delicate, glimmering under the shadowy arches of a cathedral; fresh, voluptuous faces, laughing, eager, glancing from jealously curtained windows. All the romantic loves of college life, the amours a little more pronounced of the garrison, even laughing common-place women were idealized and impassioned by the beauty of the situation.

I think you will pardon this outburst of romance if you remember that at this moment I lived in a new universe; that my gaze was lost in a heaven without a horizon, where flashed millions of stars; that I neither felt nor perceived anything on earth, and having left the human domain, I should be permitted to travel at my own sweet will in the one I had created.

At last, however, wearied by these sentimental wanderings, I felt the need of repose for both my mind and my arms, which were tired by the hard service that my imagination had exacted from them.

But listen! This is where the tragedy commences. The

curtain is rising, and you shall see the drama—the drama of the drowned.

It seems very simple to you, does it not, that from the centre of my lake I could swim easily toward shore where my companions were?

Yes; but where is the shore, if you please? This question, which I here put to you so calmly, I addressed to myself with a terror which shot through my body and my soul like a lightning flash.

The shore! Where is it?

No horizon. The night everywhere. Only the darkness and the stars. The lake black as a glimpse of hell; the grand shadows of the mountains covering everything, and no way to guide me.

Oh, the pain and weariness of my body, and the living, piercing thought of peril! The strength of despair seized me. The lake is not large, I thought. By following a straight line I must infallibly reach the shore. So I struck out, and recovering all the strength of my two-and-twenty years, and all my suppleness as an experienced swimmer, I shot through the water with lightning rapidity. With neck swollen by convulsive efforts, teeth close set, and every nerve strained by the passion of life, I swam for more than a quarter of an hour—a year, a century!

Nothing! No shore! Only beneath are illimitable depths, a dark abyss.

How was it possible in this boundless space to follow a straight line? Perhaps while struggling on in my despairing efforts I had but followed round and round in the same circle. Perhaps I was back at the same point I started from. Hope and strength departed together. I could scarcely float upon the water. I could scarcely draw a breath through my burning chest.

Then I saw that I must die!

I gave, as a last farewell, a cry so terrible that the echoes of the mountains repeated it wonderingly. An answering cry brought also its echoes and echoes. But whence was the sound? It was impossible to recognize the direction, and after two or three ineffectual efforts I resigned myself to the inevitable.

Death! Who can comprehend this word in all its terrible significance? Surely he who like myself has rolled it between his lips during an endless hour. Farewell to glory, love, ambition, power, my friends, my dreams, my happy future!

To die!

My arms refused to move. My head could no longer lift itself to the surface of the water. I threw a last glance over the world where life was, and let myself slowly sink into the water. The habit of diving was strong upon me, and I sank for a long minute without breathing. But at last a convulsive movement of my chest suffocated me with a rush of water. It was a moment of horror. A convulsion, involuntary yet intelligent, brought me to the surface for the last time.

The report of a gun burst forth! With one glance I swept the horizon. A second shot and a flash to guide me. My friends had understood. The courage of despair seized me. A flow of strength and life through my being, and I felt my limbs grow strong and elastic, as though I had but just entered a beautiful reservoir in an English park.

Ten minutes afterward I was on the shore, and a good pull of whisky gave back to our country one of her most devoted sub-lieutenants.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Casimir Cordier, by Minnie M. Chamberlain.

The attempted assassination recently, in Ireland, of the Marquis of Clanricarde, recalls an eccentric character to memory—the father of the present peer, Ulick de Burgh, first Marquis. The latter nobleman occupied many important posts in the English diplomatic service. He was at one time Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and for some years British Ambassador at the court of the Czar. He received a step in the peerage—advancement from earl to marquis—and the ribbon of St. Patrick for his services. It is, however, not his career in diplomacy which gained him his extraordinary notoriety, but the variety of his mistresses and the number of his illegitimate children. Although very far from a handsome man, his courtly grace and brilliant powers of conversation rendered him almost invincible with women, and many a husband learned to rue the day he introduced the "wicked marquis" to his house. His conquests were not only among the highest ranks of the English aristocracy, but also among the French, and particularly among the Russian noble ladies. In fact, it is whispered that no less a personage than a Romanoff grand duchess became the mother of twins of which Lord Clanricarde was the father. The duo infants in question were constant companions of the old lord in the last years of his life—he died in 1874—and grew into graceful and exceptionally aristocratic young women. His other children he seems to have pensioned off in different directions, and not troubled himself any further as to their future; but with the two girls he was altogether different. He had them very carefully educated, and left them at his death all he could save from the entail of his legitimate heirs and the wreck of his personal fortune. The two young ladies are now in New Zealand. One is married. They are exactly alike. When the late marquis died, over sixty stalwart young fellows swaggered into the office of the family solicitor, and, claiming the late lord as "papa," inquired after spoils, and left disappointed.

The following note in the London *Figaro* may interest some San Franciscans: Lord Beaumont has at last struck coal on his estate. The borings at West Bank, near Snaith, prove that there is a seam of the best quality extending for miles in the direction of Snaith and Barnsley. This find of coal will make his lordship a few thousand pounds richer per annum; and if the output is at all like that of most of the collieries in the neighborhood, tens of thousands would be nearer the mark.

The following are the startling head-lines in a recent number of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*: "The Cross—Before The Crescent Pales—And The World In Shuddering Horror Waits—The Awful Crash Of Arms Between Christian And Mohammedan—When The False Prophet Arrives, Then Indeed May We Look For Hell On The Nile."

CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

"Good-hye, Myrtle."

"So long, McGuire," replied the girl—a tall, lissome beauty, with dark, gleaming eyes and a wealth of auburn tresses that would have been red anywhere outside of a novel. She stood on the veranda that June evening, the honeysuckles clustering in vivid beauty all around her, while he to whom she spoke lingered at the foot of the steps, standing there irresolutely, with the evident hope that the proud beauty, whose four-dollars-per-pair stockings he saw gleaming fitfully in the half-light of the gloaming, would say the word that should bring him back to her side.

"Must I go, sweetheart?" asked Ethelbert, looking up with a wistful, will-it-ever-quit-raining-during-the-race-week expression on his pallid face.

"No, Ice-Cream Charlie," replied Myrtle, using the pet name by which he was known at home; "you had better go away, and try to forget me—try to let the pleasures which men have always at their command sweep away from the horizon of your life the black pall of disappointment that now hangs so heavily athwart its uttermost rim. My faith in you, once so strong and bright, is gone forever, and it is best that we should part now."

"There can be no revocation of this cruel sentence, then?" he asked.

"None whatever," was the girl's reply. "I have twittered, and my chirp admits of no recall."

* * * * *

A year has passed. The winter, which came so suddenly and crept gently along in soft, white snowy robes, had gone. The sweet spring days with perfume hints of rose and woodhine, and fresh emerald leaves, and climbing vines, and hursting blossoms, is here. In the parlors of a stately residence a gay company of young people are assembled. It is the last party of the season, and Myrtle Hathaway, the acknowledged belle of the year, is as usual the centre of attraction. She stands with charming grace beside a marble figure of Psyche that ornaments a recess in the conservatory, and is chatting gayly with Bertie Cecil—"handsome Bertie" the women call him—who has the beauty of an Apollo and the *savoir-vivre* of a hired man. "What has become of Ethelbert McGuire?" Myrtle suddenly asks; "I have not seen him in ever so long."

Bertie looks at her with an astonished expression. "Do you not know, then?" he says.

The girl shakes her head.

"I supposed you had heard," he said. "Ethelbert met with a disappointment about a year ago; the old story, they tell me, of a man's love for a faithless woman. He never speaks of the matter, but God knows he suffers enough. It is not a light grief that will make a man indulge in dissipation until his life is a wreck."

Myrtle's face became pallid. "Is he then so very dissipated?" she asked.

"I should howl," replied Bertie. "He smokes cigarettes every day now."

Myrtle recoiled, and would have fallen had not Bertie caught her. "You are ill, Miss Hathaway, he exclaimed in anxious tones. 'Something I have said has caused this.'"

Recovering herself by a mighty effort, Myrtle spoke: "I am better now; it was nothing but the pie."—From "Camille, or the Fate of a Croquet-Player," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.

"Twenty years ago, sweetheart."

As Daphne McCarthy spoke these words, she looked into the face of the man she loved so well, and the dimpled arm, whose pearly whiteness and beautiful rounded curves shone so bewitchingly through the soft, fleecy dress that the girl wore, clung more trustingly than ever to that of George W. Simpson. The day was indeed a beautiful one—a symphony of sound, and light, and scent. Up from the maple-trees came the sweet voices of the birds, twittering to each other from newly built nests and houghs that swayed to and fro in the wind, and shook their latest huds into leaf and blossom.

Standing in the centre of the little dell into which the girl was looking was a stately marble shaft, around whose base the violets and pansies were clustering, and showing by their presence that loving hands had placed them there. For an instant Daphne did not speak, but the tears that trickled down her cheeks told all too plainly of the grief that was racking her young breast. Finally she turned to George, and smiling through her tears, placed her head confidently on his shoulder, and seemed perfectly content.

"Is it not strange, darling," she said, "that I can never look on the grave of my mother—that mother whom I never saw, and who yielded up her young life when I was born—without a sense of bitter grief and desolation? Twenty years ago to-day, sweetheart, she died. It is a long time, dear, is it not?"—and again the girl smiled.

"Yes, my pet," replied George, "Goldsmith Maid was a colt then," and, bending down his shapely head with its coronal of shoe-brush hair, he kissed the little rosebud mouth. "But though your mother he dead, Daphne," he said, "you have still my love to comfort and uphold you. And can you not speak now, darling, here beside that mother's grave, the words that will make me happy for life? Will you not promise me that when the autumn comes you will crown my life with the halo of your love and become my wife?"

For a moment the girl was silent, looking down and twining nervously around her fingers the tendrils of a rose that she had plucked from a bank of the scarlet beauties that blossomed near the grave.

"Will you marry me, Daphne?" asked George again. Still no answer.

"I can not hear this silence, sweetheart, indeed I can not," exclaimed the young man, his pallid face betokening the tense agony from which he suffered.

"You must end this terrible suspense in some way. Tell me truly, Daphne, do you love me?"

Placing her arms about his neck, and looking into his face with eyes from which the glad light of love was streaming, Daphne said to him in tones that thrilled his very blood: "I should gasp to gurgles."—From "None Get Away," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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It is surprising how many good people there are who, being otherwise intelligent, yield their independence in political matters, consent to forego their personal opinions, and accept second-hand and ready-made ones provided for them by dealers in those articles. No one who takes pride in his personal appearance will wear second-hand clothing, and most well-dressed people prefer to order their suits in accordance with their purse and taste. But there has grown up a class of people engaged in politics which has not only arrogated to itself the leadership in all matters of opinion, but undertakes the direction and control of all the machinery of elections and government. What with county, State, and National conventions, county, State, Congressional, and National committees, clubs, ward and district organizations, primary elections, municipal, county, State, and general elections, the business of politics has become an extensive industry. It employs an army of operators, and its rewards are commensurate with the importance of the operations. It affords employment in official life to hundreds of thousands of people. Official salaries amount to millions beyond the first hundred, while the direct pay of office expresses but a small percentage of the earnings obtained from supplies, contracts, and the hundreds of employments incident to the management of governmental affairs. When it is considered that no preliminary education is demanded, no capital is required, and no especial qualification asked, it is not surprising that so many of the uneducated and the unfitted should seek this line of employment. Where the standard of moral fitness is so low, it is not surprising that the immoral think themselves good enough for politics; and when so many go unpunished for official stealing, it is not surprising that thieves think themselves honest enough for office. Politics has thus become a special industry, as distinct and as important as commerce, manufactures, or agriculture. It has one distinct and noticeable feature: from all the legitimate pursuits of life young men and old drift into politics; but from politics to legitimate industries rarely, if ever. The laborer, mechanic, or merchant who gets into politics rarely ever gets out. The young man started upon a political career rarely seeks another. When politics is considered from this standpoint, it is not, perhaps, surprising that the higher objects of party organization are lost sight of in the struggle for position. It is not surprising that the larger and the better class of citizens—those who do not make of politics a life pursuit, and who are engaged in other and to them more congenial and profitable occupa-

tions—should become indifferent, and neglect public affairs, thus allowing them to be controlled by the political and office-seeking class. To the party managers, and men looking for subordinate positions, the question of "availability" is an ever prominent one. Whenever a State, or county, or general ticket is to be presented, whether it is for the election of a President, Governor, or Mayor, all the lesser following of the party is anxious for an available leader. The first idea is to secure for the leading candidate one who, because favorably known and popular, or unknown, and therefore unobjectionable, will secure the most votes. This secures party success, and either keeps lesser men in office, or enables lesser men to get office. This principle in national politics has sacrificed Clay, Webster, Benton, Chase, Sumner, Seward, Thurman, and other statesmen as presidential candidates. It has sacrificed, and in all the States is continuing to sacrifice, the best, bravest, most experienced, and most honorable men in the nation. It rewards the trimmer, the coward, and the demagogue, while it consigns to private life the gifted and courageous men who had "rather be right than President," rather be right than hold office. The Democratic party of California has illustrated this contemptible policy in its recent State Convention, and the Republican party is liable to do the same cowardly thing when it meets in State Convention. General Stoneman is a Democratic figure-head, nominated for availability. He is an honorable, educated gentleman, dragged unwillingly from private life into the political arena, not because he possesses administrative capacity, not because he is intelligent upon public affairs, not because he will make a good governor, but because he is a good candidate, and will drag the train of lesser and meaner politicians into office, where they can subsist upon the people and eat their taxes. It is the same cowardly and unprincipled tactics that prompts conventions to shirk responsibility in declaring principles. If there is a popular cry, no matter how false or wicked, any clamor that fills the ears of the popular ass, the party convention seizes upon it, formulates it into the party platform, pledges the party candidate to carry it out, and appeals to the people through their prejudices for their votes. If there is a question of right, one involving some vital interest for the welfare of all, it is ignored, because there is danger to the party if it shall dare to do what is right—danger that it will lose the votes of men who are confessedly in the wrong.

This condition of things will be present in the coming Republican Convention. There is danger that the nominees will come from intrigue and combination. The great question, the great moral question, the one that involves the highest consideration of political economy, of social order, of obedience to law, of reduced taxation, of labor interests, and the highest interest of religion and civilization, is the Sunday law. Every person who pays taxes, every wife and mother, every American who respects the law, and every working man who would rest one day in seven, recognizes the propriety of a law that gives a day of rest and cessation from toil. All Christian men and women who believe in the Bible as the inspiration of God, and who pay anything more than lip homage to their Creator; every Roman Catholic who goes to morning mass or evening prayer on Sunday; every Protestant who professes the Christian faith; every Good Templar and good temperance man, and every moderate drinker who recognizes the curse of gin, and is not blind to the fact that nearly all of the crime, poverty, taxation, sin, misery, and shame of modern society is directly traceable to alcoholic drink, will favor a Sunday law—perhaps not this Sunday law in all its provisions, but a Sunday law that sets apart one day in seven for rest, recreation, worship, and relief from toil. And yet there is danger that the Republican party will not have the courage to embody that provision in its platform. Nine-tenths of its members will admit that it is right, and one-tenth, with noisy declamation, with frothy and lying eloquence, will declare that such a resolution is a restriction of personal liberty; that it limits freedom of conscience, and denies freedom of worship, and that it will lose votes to the Republican party, and the chances are even that the convention will refuse to face the music. When all this lying declamation is stripped of its hypocritical cunning, and when these orators of rum are smoked out of their hiding-places; when the whole thing is panned out, it will be found that it is defeated through a pusillanimous and cowardly fear of the distillery, brewery, corner-grocery, lager-beer saloon, and whisky-drinking interest. It will be through fear of losing the vote of that League of Freedom conspiracy that has unlawfully combined to defeat an existing law. It will be through a fear of losing that part of the German vote which loves beer better than it does the law; which regards the license of Sunday beer-drinking as of higher importance than any other privilege of American citizenship, and which would sacrifice patriotism to its belly and good government to its stomach. This is not a libel against the Germans, for it is not true of a majority of Germans, and we believe but a limited minority will leave the Republican party upon this issue. As to the Irish saloon and grocery-keeper, the Republican party never had his vote, never wanted it, and

if it has any of that kind, desires to part company with it. Of the Germans, the Republican party has now, and will retain, the better part; of the Irish, it has now, and will retain, the respectable few; and if the party in convention dare not come up to the level of openly declaring its position upon this Sunday law, it will be, and ought to be, defeated. It had better be in the minority of right than in the majority of wrong. In such minority it could do more good to the State, and to such a minority it would be honorable to belong. The Republican party in State Convention must meet this issue, and must not dodge it. If it will meet it courageously, and on all questions of right act boldly, and be bravely American, it will achieve a victory. If it deserves victory, and fails, it will even then have preserved its self-respect, and that is what the Democracy has not done in its nominations, and will not do in any triumph which it may achieve for its sham candidates upon a cowardly platform.

If the English government entered upon its late Egyptian programme for the purpose of collecting interest on Egyptian bonds for its English bond-holders, we are afraid the cost of collection may exceed the commission, and perhaps if it is about to result in a long and expensive war, England had better have assumed the debt. If England intended, by her fleets and armies, to secure a safer route to and from India, and a stronger grip upon the Suez Canal, it is likely to prove both a hazardous and costly experiment. If England desires to gobble up Egypt, and annex it as a dependency to the British crown, or to hold it as security for both Egyptian and Turkish debts, it is quite possible that the attempt will come to grief. As yet there is no assurance that France will further cooperate than to aid in protecting the Suez Canal as the world's commercial highway. Italy, Germany, Austria, and Russia have not, as yet, given any very emphatic assurance of national aid. The position of Ahrabi Bey, the strong and seemingly almost unanimous feeling of the Egyptian people toward the English and all foreigners, the military strength already displayed by the rebel chieftain, the threatened position of Alexandria, the occupation of Cairo, the unwillingness of the Sultan to send troops to Egypt, the physical character of the Egyptian country as a field of operations for English soldiers—all indicate that if England shall unaided undertake the subjugation of Egypt it will prove a most Herculean labor. Considering also the past history of the Mohammedan races, their fierce valor, their fanaticism, and their immense numbers, the contest becomes a formidable one. There is a large party in England that has not approved this Egyptian business, and though now silenced by patriotic feeling, when troops are being sent to the battle-field, do not approve of it. John Bright does not stand alone in his strong protest against this war, and is not unsupported in his opposition to a policy of which Disraeli was the exponent when he was premier, and Gladstone was not when he entered office. We do not feel much alarm at the idea of a "holy war." We are not at all doubtful of the result of a conflict between England and Egypt. If no civilized power becomes England's ally, none will become the ally of Egypt, and as between fanaticism, dead prophets, Mecca, Koran, and hanging coffins, with flint-locks for rifles, and smooth-bored for cannon on one side, and on the other iron-turreted and iron-clad ships with eighty-ton guns, small arms of precision in the hands of English soldiers, and behind an English army the wealth of English treasure and the guidance of English intelligence, there can be but one outcome. It may cost blood and treasure, but England will triumph over Egypt. We shall not moralize upon the causes that have led to this unhappy conflict, and our sympathies may not be rightly placed; but after all, right or wrong, England is to us England. She is our motherland; and when her sons are fighting under the shadow of the pyramids, against foes that murder women and children, and fly flags of truce for strategy of war, we feel toward her as we would have her people feel toward us when on our frontiers our pioneers are defending themselves against Indian massacres. We, too, have wronged a race, and yet we would not that English sympathy should go out to the race we have wronged as against us of their lineage and blood. The judgment of history is not to be formed till this conflict with Arabi Bey is ended, and the causes which have led to it are better understood.

One of the writer's earliest recollections of San Francisco is a water controversy that occurred in 1850. The water-works of that period consisted of an Italian, a mule with ten-gallon casks upon his back, and a sheep that constantly followed mule and master, as they supplied the town with water. Between the Italian and a Spanish woman upon Telegraph Hill, on a Sunday morning, there was a lively war of words and Spanish oaths over the chalk-marks of pail-ful scored upon the Spanish woman's barrel. From words came blows. The señora's barrel was overturned in the melee, the mule ran off with open faucets, the sheep followed in bleating terror, the Italian pursued, the woman cried, and the war ended. The woman, however, got no more water. The next San Fran-

cisco water-works were two-wheeled carts with great water-barrels, with horse, man, and pail, supplying families at so much per gallon from artesian wells at the corner of Market and Second Streets, where the Grand Hotel now is. After that came the enterprise of Colonel William G. Wood and his associates, to bring in the water of Mountain Lake by tunneling the Presidio hills. It failed for want of funds, after wrecking a handsome fortune. Miles of brick and cement aqueduct still remain to mark the early effort to supply San Francisco with water. Then came the Benchley enterprise, which brought the water of Lobos Creek in a wooden flume to North Beach, where it was pumped up for distribution. Then came the Spring Valley Water Company, the enterprise of George H. Ensign to distribute the waters of a spring which bubbled up in a depression near the present residence of J. B. Haggin, and made a trickling rivulet to the bay at North Beach. Benchley and Spring Valley were consolidated, and out of them grew to its present extensive proportions the Spring Valley Water Company's property. We are not attempting a history of San Francisco water projects, or the troubles that from the beginning beset the enterprises. But there has been a conflict from the day when the Italian man, the Spanish woman, the mule, and the sheep had the Sunday scrimmage on the hill. Every water enterprise has been in litigation. If all the money that has been expended by water companies in law and politics, for lawyers and lobbyists, in compromises and controversies, to legislatures and boards of aldermen, to newspapers, referees, and commissioners, to buy off rivals and silence threatened opposition, to avoid lawsuits, to enemies for blackmail and friends for friendly aid, had been invested in savings banks as a water fund, it would equal the present value of the Spring Valley Water Company's property. During all this time numerous water schemes have been projected, surveyed, talked about, and abandoned. We recall the Hoadley scheme to introduce certain streams from the Santa Cruz Mountains, the Tahoe project of Von Schmidt, the Blue Lakes, the El Dorado Springs, the waters of Russian River, of Clear Lake, of the San Joaquin, of Putah Creek, of a duck marsh in Contra Costa County, of the valley of the Calaveras, and ever so many others. All of these schemes were purely speculative; their projectors had no money; all depended upon the city; and all, save the proposition of Mayor Bryant to distribute the waters of a lake within the city limits, were chimerical and devoid of practical sense. During all this time, steadily intent upon a legitimate enterprise, the Spring Valley Water Company has been maturing and developing its water supply, extending its works, and keeping pace with the rapid growth of the city. Going beyond the boundaries of the county of San Francisco, it has purchased thousands of acres of grass lands in the hills of San Mateo; has acquired control of mountain springs and running streams, and has dammed up natural valleys for catchment, dug tunnels, laid miles of pipe, created artificial lakes capable of holding thousands of millions of gallons, built reservoirs for storage in country and town, and laid mains and distributing pipes. It has purchased the Valley of Calaveras, with its immense watershed, and the riparian rights connected with the stream that leads to the ocean, at a cost of a million dollars, in anticipation of the coming demands of an increased population. It has purchased riparian rights upon the borders of Lake Merced, where it has established great pumping works, with a capacity of seven million gallons, to be used in event of scarcity or accident occurring to the larger system, and as a reserve against the possible contingency of a water famine.

During all this time there has been no great conflagration. There has been no time when water was not abundant to fight fire. During all this time our streets have been sprinkled, our sewers flushed, our parks watered, our public buildings provided, and our city, to the top of its highest hill and to its remotest boundaries, supplied with clear, fresh, sweet, spring and cloud-caught water. During all this time we have had no serious epidemic, and during all this time our property has been insurable at minimum rates. All this has been done at reasonable cost, when we consider the constant opposition which this company has encountered. And it has all been done at the expense of less than one-fifteenth part of the people. It has all been done at the cost of those persons who in their industries or in their families have been compelled to consume water, or who, to adorn their grounds and beautify their places of residence, have been compelled to pay for it. The real estate speculator who buys land to hold and not to improve, has not paid a dollar to this business. The great warehouse that holds millions of personal property, where the great merchant who carries millions of stock has his values insured for less than one per cent., when without a sufficient water supply he would have to pay six, or he altogether uninsurable, pays for a single water-closet or faucet where clerks and porters may wash their hands. The non-resident millionaire pays nothing. The resident millionaire, rich in houses and stores to let, compels his tenants to pay his water-bills. These rich men ride over park drives

sprinkled at the expense of householders who indulge in the luxury of bath-tubs, and drive their swell spans in comfort provided by toiling draymen and poor men who drive express-wagons. And all this because it is demanded that real estate and personal property shall not be subject to a water-tax. "The city must have free water." There is no such thing as free water. Free water is impossible. "Free water" is the gag of demagogues. "Free water" means that the whole burden of the supply to this city should be paid for by those consumers who are compelled to have it, and the great hulk of wealthy men who own real estate and merchandise shall go free and untaxed. Free water is a humbug. It is a crime. It is a crime by means of which the wealthy escape their just burdens and wrongfully impose them on the class that can not escape the position of water consumers. There he land-rats and water-rats; there are land-thieves and water-thieves. These water-thieves are the criminal rich men and property-owners who escape the payment of a just tax that ought to be imposed for the flushing of sewers, the extinguishment of fires, sprinkling streets and parks, for supplying fountains and public buildings at the cost of the city, and chargeable upon the tax-roll of all its property.

The criminal advocate and apologist for these water thieves is the *Bulletin*, with the *Call* acting the part of associate counsel. The opposition of this copartnership of criminal advocates has outlived the desire of their retainers, for there are now very few, even of the most selfish of our wealthy class, who have not been convinced of the injustice and tyranny of the *Bulletin*'s free-water argument. As business men, they know that the Spring Valley Water Company is compelled to earn from somebody interest, dividends, and expenses on the capital invested. They know that this capital is measured not by what the water-works have cost, but by what the stock will sell for in the market; not what the land cost, for it has advanced in value; not what pipe is worth as iron, but what it will earn in distributing water. The pretense that this company should pay only on its actual disbursements for construction, and not be entitled to the advanced value of its property, is a dishonest one. It would be just as absurd to declare by law that the *Bulletin* publishing company should only earn the interest payable on government bonds for the value of its type, presses, material, and labor employed in its production, making no allowance for the time of its establishment, the good-will resulting from its long life of usefulness, and the immense talent employed in its daily make-up. This company took the risk of a large expenditure. It is the growth of years. When the enterprise took form San Francisco was an experimental village. It is now a great city. This stock has advanced from thirty to one hundred and fifteen. It has been a natural growth, and its stockholders are justly entitled to the increase. Its stockholders are innocent purchasers, most of them new holders, most of them non-residents. To scale the profits of a stock costing one hundred and fifteen to interest on an estimated value of half that amount is simple roguery, and the man or journal that advocates it is either knave or fool. To talk about watered stock to a buyer in the open market, or to attempt to hold him responsible for antecedent frauds, or mistakes, or crimes, is arrant nonsense. To talk about an original contract to supply free water to a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, made with a city of forty thousand; to supply free water to parks that at that time did not exist—for at the period referred to Portsmouth, Washington, and Union Squares had not a tree or shrub upon them, and Golden Gate Park had not been thought of—and to give free water to streets, sewers, and institutions that had not been created, is unadulterated hosh. It is to be remembered also that these early contracts have been changed by new legislation, have been modified by new laws, and have finally been altogether overturned by the adoption of a new constitution. This is the act of the people, and is a new departure so far as the Spring Valley Water Company is concerned. Under this new constitution the Supreme Court of the State has rightfully and finally decided that the city must pay for its water. Three boards of Supervisors have fixed rates. The people have acquiesced, and everybody except the *Bulletin* accepts the situation, and submits to the law. The *Bulletin* clamors for more litigation, and says the decision of the courts and the act of the board imposes an additional burden of two hundred and forty thousand dollars per annum, which two hundred and forty thousand dollars per annum is equal to four million dollars of six per cent. bonds. In this connection it talks about furniture, sewing-machines, kitchen utensils, pianos, and personal property being hurried by a debt of one million dollars, and real estate being hurried by three additional millions. The *Bulletin* knows, and the woman who runs a sewing-machine or wash-tub knows, and every consumer knows, that they are being relieved of a burden, and that this burden is being distributed equally to all property, where it belongs. There is not an intelligent and honest property-holder in San Francisco who does not recognize that fact, and there is no good citizen who will not

willingly submit to it. "This property has advanced from eighty-five cents on the dollar to one hundred and fifteen," says the *Bulletin*, as though this advance indicated something wrong. The writer recalls the time when a one hundred-vara lot, where the Palace Hotel now stands, sold for a Spanish ounce. The new river water company in London, the par value of which was one hundred pounds, is now worth thirty thousand pounds. Time was when the *Bulletin* was a hazardous experiment, and not worth the cost of its type; it is now a valuable property. Looking back over the long line of its dead owners, and back through the long list of Spring Valley Water Company's stock owners, the advanced value of both properties may be attributed to time, to the growth of a prosperous city, to well-invested money, and the well-directed efforts of wise and intelligent men; and there can be no better reason why the Spring Valley Water Company should furnish the city of San Francisco with free water than that the *Bulletin* publishing company should supply its hotels, harber-shops, street-cars, City Hall, public buildings, and reading-rooms with free *Bulletins*, and make its private subscribers pay the cost. The illustration is a good one. If in the early days James King of William had thus contracted, and had charged his subscribers fifty cents a week in consideration that all these public places should have free *Bulletins*, would Mr. Fitch think himself bound to keep up his price and give free papers to the public? In the face of the rivalry of other journals, and their reduced price, in the event of changed laws, and a decision of the Supreme Court that the public places were not entitled to free papers, would Mr. Fitch be anxious for a new hearing, as he professes to be over this decision denying free water to San Francisco?

A peculiar feature of this long and interminable controversy waged by the *Bulletin* against the Spring Valley Company is the fact that in the opinion of the editors of that journal everybody is wrong but themselves. Every one who entertains an opinion not in accord with them is controlled by some improper motive. The journal that differs is a Spring Valley organ. The judge or court who decides the law as they would not have it, is corrupt. The politicians who will not take pledges prescribed by them are criminals. The Supervisors who fix rates different from their estimate are dishonest officials. Three boards in succession have been denounced as dishonest. In the present board there are eleven corrupt men. Supreme judges are held up and named as guilty of corruption in office, and it would seem as if there were left but one honest and efficient officer in the municipal government, and that one is the city attorney, who refuses to do the bidding of the municipal government, and who is in active alliance with the *Bulletin* and *Call* that this vexatious, expensive, and useless litigation shall not cease. We congratulate our citizens that this controversy draws to an end; that our water-rates will be reduced; that new improvements will be added, additional water supply provided, and larger and more extended mains be laid, and that this long and vexatious wrangle draws to an end. If it had never begun, San Francisco would to-day have owned its water-works, as all other cities do and should do, and our city would have been supplied with abundant water at rates largely reduced from the present cost. The time has been when the city might have purchased this property for eight million dollars. The property would have paid a large and remunerative profit upon that sum. The *Bulletin* then saw a fraud in the proposed purchase, and opposed it. It was then worth not more than four million dollars in that journal's estimate. It denounced the attempted purchase. When the property advanced to ten million dollars the *Bulletin* thought it worth but five; and so on, as in spite of all its opposition, all its detraction and abuse, it went steadily upward in value to sixteen million dollars. The *Bulletin* would perhaps now consent that the purchaser obtain it at half that sum. It will still advance. As our city grows in population, as its wealth increases, and its manufacturing industries multiply, this property will grow with it, till the sixteen million dollars of value to-day will be doubled in the future. That our city does not own its own water-works and that it has no near prospect of acquiring any water supply, except at a most extravagant price, we may thank the meddling malevolence of the *Bulletin* and *Call*.

We do not look with alarm upon the passage of forty thousand Chinese across our continent. We would not regard it as an irreparable calamity if all these Mongolians should stop in Boston, establish themselves in the shoe business at Lynn, or form a colony in New York or Chicago. We look with complacency upon the opium dens now opening in Eastern cities. We hope in time to see the pious maiden ladies, and the soft-headed brothers of the evangelical denominations, advance in column upon these heathen with Sunday-school and prayer-meeting efforts for the salvation of their souls. We recognize that the East has to go through the experience of the West, and then we shall look for sensible and healthful legislation in the direction of limiting the immigration of Chinese laborers.

WHICH WAS THE BETTER SOLDIER?

A Study of the Civil War.

"A Union Veteran" contributes the following remarkable paper to a late number of *Our Continent*: No unprejudiced person can deny that in the war between the States the Confederate soldier was worth more, man for man, than the Federal volunteer. In proof of this need only be instanced the fact that the army of Northern Virginia, though constantly overmatched in numbers, always having an adversary lavishly supplied with material, which twice checked in its purposes was never defeated until the siege of Petersburg had depleted its ranks, and the near approach of Sherman had increased the disproportion of numbers to a limit that left no hope of success. On the other hand, this overmatched army had administered at least three crushing and overwhelming defeats upon its adversary. The aristocracy of the South furnished from the outset a most admirable corps of line and staff officers. They were just near enough to their men to permit familiarity and receive respect, and far enough from them to prevent insubordination. Coming from the same vicinage, every man knew his officer. Even where the officer was not personally known to his men, he represented a class whom they were accustomed to follow. It has been the fashion among both officers and men of the North to sneer at the discipline of the Confederate army. It is true that in non-essentials they very greatly excelled them. To the very last the drill of the Southern regiments was slack, dribbling, and uneven. In the essentials of discipline, however, they far excelled us. For neglect of duty their men were punished and punished speedily and severely. In trivialities, the Southern soldier was generally a slouch with impunity; but when it came to a real neglect of duty, straggling, pillaging, cowardice, and desertion, the terror of swift and terrible punishment was ever before his eyes. "What is that?" the writer once asked a Confederate prisoner as we looked down upon the camp of his division and saw a body of troops paraded and from the center shoot up a puff of white smoke. "Wal," was the cool reply, "I reckon it's ole Bragg a-startin' a new graveyard; 'tother must be nigh about full." Bragg was not a very successful general. He seemed to lack all power of adaptation to circumstances. But it was the army thus trained to obedience that, under General Joe Johnston, made the wonderful backward movement from Resaca to Atlanta—a movement not equaled in brilliancy, completeness, and difficulty by any other upon either side during the war, unless it be the death-grapple around Petersburg. The Southern soldier believed most devoutly in the martial superiority of the Southron, and it gave him a confidence in the outcome of the struggle which greatly enhanced his prowess. This was the very means of all others likely to make such troops effective. By constant employment and repeated victories he transformed them into veterans before they had fairly learned the movements from line into column and their reversals. But this was only half the advantage derived from this belief. The Northern soldier and the Northern leaders believed it also. To the Northern mind the Southerner was a being especially delighting in blood and war. The superiority of the Southern volunteer forces was at the outset directly or indirectly conceded by all. As ample proof of this state of mind it is necessary only to recall the abject terror that was produced throughout all the land by what was known as the "Black Horse Cavalry"—a legion by no means formidable in numbers nor remarkable for actual feats of arms. During the first year of the Confederacy's existence, however, the bare name of this death-head-and-bloody-bones corps was worth more to her cause than ten thousand of the best trained soldiery on earth could have been. The Southern soldier went into battle confident of his own prowess, and despising his foe. The Northern soldier entered the conflict determined to do his best, not shrinking from his duty, but overestimating his adversary and underestimating himself. This disparity of spirit—not of soldierly qualities—was greatly enhanced by the issue of the first general engagement, and the accession of the over-cautious McClellan to the command, with his confidence in pipe-clay and dress-parade, and his overwhelming dread of General Lee and Southern impetuosity. The secret of Grant's success lay in the fact that he did not believe in these. He considered the Northern volunteer as fully a match for his Southern adversary, and did not hesitate to attack whenever he believed himself to have the advantage in numbers or position. He appreciated the fact that the quickest way to make a recruit a veteran was to let him share the sweets of victory. Instead of opposing the enemy with "time and tactics," he threw his columns against them, and taught his men their tactics under fire. These conditions can never be paralleled again. They do not adhere in the people of either section. They were purely temporary and fortuitous. The South had no real advantage in the familiarity of its people with firearms. It is doubtful even if as large a proportion of their armies as of our Northern regiments were accustomed to arms of precision. So, too, their horsemanship was a thing more fanciful than real, at least in its results. In the actual soldierly qualities of the people of the two sections there is probably but little difference. All the talk about the impetuosity, reckless daring, and joy of battle which is said to characterize the South in contrast with the North is mere tattle. The charge at Mission Ridge, when the army of Grant outran his orders, and went to the summit instead of intrenching at the foot of the slope, was the great miracle of impetuosity of the whole war. On the other hand, the claim of greater staunchness, of stubborn, bulldog grip on the part of the North is equally nonsense. Petersburg is an eternal monument of the power of the South to stand punishment. The man who could boast of the superior staying power of the North with the fact of that marvelous defense before him exceeds in assurance the traditional government mule. The truth would seem to be that in mere soldierly qualities the men of the sections are very fairly balanced. The South has a better general preparation for camp life, while the North has more ingenuity, and is better able to supply deficiencies of equipment and the like. The North has more intelligence, but the South has more homogeneity.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Euphrosyne; or the Prospect.
 "Freed from its tenement of clay,"
 (So the prophetic legend ran),
 "As pure as dew, as bright as day,
 Shall rise the soul of Man,"
 I read; and in the shade by me
 Sat golden-haired Euphrosyne.
 Above our shaded orchard-seat
 The houghs stirred, scented in the light,
 And on the grass beneath our feet
 Lay blossoms pink and white;
 I held the hook upon my knee,
 Translating to Euphrosyne.
 'Twas an old melancholy rune,
 Writ by a Norseman long ago—
 Sad with the sense of stars and moon,
 Sea-wash, and frost, and snow—
 A vision of futurity!
 And wide-eyed heard Euphrosyne.
 "Stately and slow the heart shall beat
 To the low thro' of Time's soft tide,
 While shaded from the solar heat
 The Shapes walk heavenly-eyed."
 All round us hurt the starry lea,
 And warmly sighed Euphrosyne.
 "All shall be innocent and fair;
 Dim as a dream the days shall pass;
 No weed of shame shall blossom there,
 No snake crawl on the grass."
 "How happy such a world will he!"
 Sighed beautiful Euphrosyne.
 "Flesh shall be fled, sense shall be still,
 The old gray earth hurried and dead;
 The wicked world, with all things ill—
 Stone, rock, and tree—he fled."
 "No earth, no world!" softly sighed she,
 The little maid, Euphrosyne.
 She clasped her hands, she cast her eyes
 Over the landscape bright with May—
 Scented and sweet, with cloudless skies,
 Smiled the green world that day—
 Loud sang the thrush, low hummed the bee,
 And softly sighed Euphrosyne.
 "Sickness shall perish, grief and pain
 Be hurried with the hurried life;
 The aching heart, the weary brain,
 At last shall cease their strife."
 The gray tome trembled on my knee,
 But happy sat Euphrosyne.
 "The luminous house wherein we dwell,
 The haunted house of shame and lust,
 The callow spirit's fleshly shell,
 Shall crumble into dust;
 The flower shall fade, the scent fly free."
 She trembled now, Euphrosyne.
 Her warm, white bosom heaved with sighs;
 I felt her light breath come and go;
 She drank, with glorious lips and eyes,
 The summer's golden glow;
 She felt her life, and sighed "Ah me!"
 The flower of maids Euphrosyne.
 "And with the flower of flesh shall fade
 The venomous bloom of earthly love;
 No passion trance of man and maid
 Shall taint the life above;
 Flesh shall be fled, sex shall not be!"
 I paused, and watched Euphrosyne.
 Her hands were folded round her knees,
 Her eyes were fixed in a half dream;
 She shared the flame of flowers and trees,
 And drank the summer gleam;
 "Kiss sweet, kiss sweet!" upon the tree
 The thrush sang to Euphrosyne.
 A little maid of seventeen Mays,
 A happy child with golden hair,
 What should she know of Love's wild ways,
 Its hope, its pain, and prayer?
 "No love in heaven?—how strange 'twill be!"
 Still musing, sighed Euphrosyne.
 "No thoughts of perishable mould
 Shall break the rule of heavenly rest,
 But larger light, more still, more cold,
 More beautiful and best."
 Her heart was fluttering close to me,
 And quickly breathed Euphrosyne.
 "There shall he no more love!"—but here
 I paused, for from my side she sprang,
 And in her bird's voice loud and clear,
 Of love's young dream she sang—
 "Oh close the foolish book!" cried she,
 The happy maid, Euphrosyne.
 I closed the book, and from my hold
 She took it with her fingers white,
 Then down the path of green-and-gold
 She tripped with laughter light—
 "The book, not the glad world, shall be
 Deep-hurled," said Euphrosyne.
 Within an elm tree's hollow hole,
 Into the darkness damp and green,
 She thrust it, closing up the hole
 With sprays of lilac sheen—
 Then all the radiant flush of glee
 Fast faded from Euphrosyne.
 Pensively in the summer shine
 Her blue eyes filled with tears of bliss,
 She held her little mouth to mine
 In one long, heavenly kiss—
 "I love the earth, and life, and thee!"
 She whispered, my Euphrosyne.
 Sleep, Book, within thy burial-place,
 With flowers and fruits for epitaph!
 Kind Heaven, stoop down thy sunny face
 To hear the earth's glad laugh!
 Smile with your glorious eyes on me,
 Oh child of joy! Euphrosyne!
 —Robert Buchanan.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Langtry is to receive five hundred dollars a night, and all expenses for herself and maid, for one hundred nights in America.

The Queen is said to be displeased because Albert is not one of the leading names of her great-grandson, Prince Frederick William Victor.

Tennyson sees no one without an appointment, especially in the American tourist season, when he retreats from the Isle of Wight to a secluded nook of Hampshire.

The death is announced, at the age of seventy-eight, of Joseph Aloysius Hansom, the inventor of the famous cabs that bear his name, and one of the prominent architects of London.

Mrs. Mackay's threatened removal from Paris to New York, it is said, has struck terror to the hearts of the Parisians, hundreds of whom have fattened upon her lavish expenditures.

Having enjoyed such a remarkable bit of good fortune in the sale of his little Meissonier, Mr. Ruskin now proposes to sell ten of his Turners under the hammer. This, too, after his vigorous denunciation of picture-jobbing.

Bartholdi, designer of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," to be placed in New York harbor, is a man of great wealth, and has given twenty thousand dollars of his own fortune to defray the expenses of constructing the huge monument.

Austin Dobson could not sing with Beranger the praises of a garret. He lives in one of the prettiest of modern English houses where, among many attractive objects of art and nature, there are none more beautiful than his nine well-behaved olive-branches.

King Louis has just bestowed on his dear Wagner the two well-trained swans which have often drawn the small boat, containing Louis babied as Lohengrin, on the blue and moon-lit waters of the lake in the neighborhood of the royal castle of Hohenswansgard.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe says that there is no truth in the report that her daughter and Mr. Oscar Wilde are engaged to be married. She adds that they have no sympathy in common. This is a fact wherein Miss Maude Howe is certainly to be congratulated.

Magnificent are the presents sent by King Alfonso to the members of the commission that took the Order of the Garter to Madrid last year. The Prince of Wales received tapestries worth more than thirty thousand dollars. To the others are sent some superb specimens of Toledo arms, richly encrusted with gold.

Captain Lord Charles Beresford, of the war vessel *Condor*, which did such good work in the recent bombardment of Alexandria, is brother to the Marquis of Waterford. His age is thirty-six, and he is a favorite of the Prince of Wales. His brother William has the Victoria Cross for gallantry. Lord Charles has rescued many men from drowning.

The senior soldier in the German army is Emperor William, who is its head. In March he entered in his eighty-sixth year. The youngest soldier in the same army is the son of Duke Paul Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is scarcely yet a month old, and who has just been enrolled by the veteran Emperor in the Seventeenth Regiment of Mecklenburg Dragoons.

Few men have had a more interesting experience of the "late unpleasantness" than Major Wilmer McLean, who died a few days since in Alexandria, Virginia. He literally saw the beginning and the end of the war. It was on his farm that the battle of Bull Run was fought, and General Lee surrendered on his farm at Appomattox, to which he had moved with his family.

The Princess Victoria, of Hesse, runs her maiden aunt, Beatrice, pretty close in accomplishments, not to say good looks. She is said to be a gifted piece of royalty, painting, modelling, beside being a fine musician, and a very charming and interesting girl in the bosom of her family. Beatrice has a high nose and a temper that matches it, and is as proud as Lucifer himself. Both young women are in the market.

Since the downfall of the Southern Confederacy, Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, "the brains of the rebel government," has enjoyed great prosperity as a lawyer in England. Recently, in looking over his list of cases, he found that it included just half of all the suits from the entire realm that were before the House of Lords on appeal. His wife and daughter now live in Paris, the latter having married a French army officer.

Probably the wealthiest sexton in the world is the one who every Sunday ushers to their seats the congregation of St. James's Chapel, Elberon, N. J. He is a rather short, stout man, with a round, full face, beaming with contentment and benevolence. He lives near by in a seventy-thousand-dollar cottage, has a bank account of several millions, and is known to the world as G. W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger.

John Brown, the Queen's favorite servant, has about the best time in the spring, as the Queen's salmon fishing on the Dee is at his disposal, and her majesty's stretch, which extends from Invercauld Bridge to Balmoral Bridge, is one of the finest on the river, and contains many excellent pools. John Brown has enjoyed excellent sport during the last month, the river having been in capital order. One day he landed fourteen fine clean salmon.

Meissonier recompensed the physician who brought him safely out of his recent illness by presenting him with his (the painter's) own portrait, finely executed in water-colors. The great artist represents himself in it full length, clad in a long red dressing-gown, his sick-room garb. This, with picturesque head and flowing beard, gives him the appearance of some old Doge of Venice. The picture is reckoned by connoisseurs to be worth ten thousand dollars.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A German One.

A curious form of German humor appears in a book published at Berlin, under the title, "Schultze and Muller in London." Here is a passage: "At 5:45 we went to the great postoffice. The squeeze was tremendous round the newspaper-box, where the newspapers are thrust in in bales, and it is, indeed, on a grand scale, since the Times alone has sixteen million subscribers. I warned Schultze not to go so near the crush, but he did not hear me. As he was standing there came a great shock of newspaper boys running with bales of newspapers, and throwing them in at the window. A bale of newspapers hits Schultze on the head; he loses his balance and tips head-forward into the bureau. Half a dozen officials immediately seize him, stamp him in the stomach, and the unhappy Schultze is despatched in an unpaid news-package to the provinces. At this moment the box is closed with a snap. I rush against it, and cry: 'Schultze! Schultze!' But it is too late; your unhappy son-in-law was already packed in the post-cart. I ran into the bureau of the post-master, and demanded back your son-in-law. 'Is your friend addressed?' he asks. 'No,' I answered. 'Very well,' says the Englishman, 'M. Schultze will remain for six months in the bureau, and if no one applies for him, he will be burned as a dead letter.'

Rules for Riding.

In mounting, face the near side of the horse. The near side is the side nearest yourself. If you stand on the right side of the horse, which is the wrong side, when you mount you will face the crupper. Then everybody will know that your name is Johann Gottlieb Ernstgefolger. If you can not mount from the ground, lead the horse to high a fence, say "whoa" two or three times, and jump over the horse's ears. You will light somewhere on his neck, and will have plenty of time to adjust yourself while the horse is running away. Another method of mounting, largely practiced by young gentlemen from the city, is to balance yourself on one foot on the fence, and point the other leg at the horse in the general direction of the saddle, saying "whoa" all the time. The horse, after this gesture has been repeated a few times, backs away, pulls the alleged rider off the fence, and walks up and down the lane with him at a rapid gallop. This gives the rider, in about ten minutes, all the exercise he will want for a week. If by some miracle you manage to get into the saddle, hold on with both hands, and say "whoa." The faster the horse goes, the tighter you must hold on, and the louder you must "holler." If you are from New York or Philadelphia, you will shorten the stirrups until your knees are on a level with your chin. Then as you ride you will rise to your feet and stand in the attitude of a man peering over a fence to look for his dog, and then suddenly fall in the saddle like a man who has stepped on a banana peel. This is the English school. It is hard on the horse, but it is considered very graceful. A man can not wear loose teeth, however, and ride in this manner.—*Burdette.*

The Bad Boy Again.

"When is your ma coming back?" asked the groceryman of the bad boy, as he found him standing on the sidewalk when the grocery was opened in the morning, taking some pieces of brick out of his coat-tail pockets. "Oh, she got back at midnight last night," said the boy, as he ate a few blueberries out of a case. "That's what makes me up so early. Pa has been kicking at these pieces of brick with his bare feet, and when I came away he had his toes in his band and was trying to go back up the stairs on one foot. Pa baint got no sense." "I am afraid you are a terror," said the groceryman, as he looked at the innocent face of the boy. "You are always making your parents some trouble, and it is a wonder to me that they don't send you to the reform school. What devilry was you up to last night to get kicked this morning?" "No devilry, just a little fun. You see, ma went to Chicago to stay a week, and she got tired, and telegraphed she would be home last night; and pa was down town, and I forgot to give him the dispatch. And after he went to bed, me and a chum of mine thought we would have a Fourth of July. You see, my chum has got a big sister, and we hooked some of her clothes, and after pa got to snoring we put them in his room. Oh, you'd a laughed. We put a pair of number one slippers, with blue stockings, down in front of the rocking-chair beside pa's boots, and a red corset on a chair, and my chum's sister's best black silk dress on another chair, and a hat with a white feather on the bureau, and some frizzes on the gas-bracket, and everything we could find that belonged to a girl in my chum's sister's room. Oh, we got a red parasol, too, and left it right in the middle of the floor. Well, when I looked at the lay-out, and heard pa snoring, I thought I should die. You see, ma is easily excited. My chum slept with me that night, and when we heard the door-bell ring I stuffed a pillow in my mouth. There was nobody to meet ma at the depot, and she hired a hack and came right up. Nobody heard the bell but me, and I had to go down and let ma in. She was pretty angry, you bet, at not being met at the depot. 'Where's your father?' said she, as she began to go up-stairs. I told her I guessed pa had gone to sleep by this time, that he'd gone to bed an hour ago. Then I slipped up stairs, and looked over the banisters. Ma said something about heavens and earth, and where is the huzzy, and a lot of things I couldn't hear; and pa swore, and said it's no such thing, and the door slammed, and they talked for two hours. I s'pose they finally laid it to me, as they always do, 'cause pa called me very early this morning, and when I come down stairs he hurt my feelings. I see they had my chum's sister's clothes all pinned up in a newspaper, and I s'pose when I go back I shall have to carry them home, and then she'll be down on me too. I'll tell you what, I have got a good notion to take some shoemaker's wax and stick my chum on my back, and travel with a circus, as a double-headed boy from Borneo. A fellow could have more fun, and not get kicked all the time." And the boy sampled some strawberries in a case in front of the store, and went down the street whistling for his chum, who was looking out of an alley to see if the coast was clear.—*Peck's Sun.*

The peculiar costume of the dweller in Arizona is thus graphically described by a "tenderfoot": "In ordinary weather he wears a belt with pistols in it. When it grows chilly he puts on another belt with pistols in it, and when it becomes really cold he throws a Winchester rifle over his shoulder."

THE LATEST VERSE.

Cupid's Kiss.

'Twas as she slept that Cupid came,
His bow and arrows taking,
That she might feel his power in dreams
Who scorned his weapons waking.

As o'er her sleeping form he poised
The shaft that oft had missed her,
Her beauty touched his roguish heart—
He only stooped and kissed her.

Since when, upon her fair, soft cheek,
Love's amorous imprint keeping,
A charming dimple marks the place
Where Cupid kissed her, sleeping.
—*Walter Learned in August Century.*

In Sanctuary.

While pale with rage the wild surf springs
Athwart the harbor bar,
The safe ships fold their snowy wings
Beneath the evening star.
In this calm haven rocked to sleep,
All night they swing and sway,
Till mantles o'er the morning deep
The golden blush of day.

Here, safe from all the storms of fate,
From worldly rage and scorn,
Thus let me hold my hands and wait
The coming of the morn;
While all night long o'er moon-lit turf
The wind brings in from far
The moaning of the baffled surf
Athwart the harbor bar.
—*William Winter in August Harper.*

Homesick.

This were a miracle, if it could be!
If, never loitering since the prime of day,
Since kissing the cool lips of Northern May,
This drowsy wind at evening brought to me
The fragrant spirit of the apple-tree;
Or, if so far sweet sounds could make their way,
That I should hear the robin's twilight lay
Float o'er a thousand leagues of foamy sea!
Now, save I know those eyes exchange no beams
With yonder star, (so curves the earth between,) I'd say:
My friend doth from his casement lean,
And charge Canopus, by his pilot-gleams,
To bear love to my port and lovely dreams
Of homeward slopes new clothed with summer green.
—*Edith M. Thomas in August Century.*

The Gods Said Love is Blind.

The gods said Love is blind. The earth was young:
With foolish, youthful laughter, when it heard,
It caught and spoke the letter of the word;
And from that time till now has said and sung,
"Oh, Love is blind. The falsest face or tongue
Can cheat him, once his passion's thrill is stirred;
He is so blind, poor Love!"

Strange none demurred
At this, nor saw how hollow false it rung,
When all men know that sightless men can tell
Unnumbered things which vision can not find.
Powers of the air are leagued to guide them well;
And things invisible weave clew and spell,
By which all labyrinths they safely wind.
Ah, we were lost, if Love had not been blind!
—*H. H. in the August Atlantic.*

Elegiac Verse.

Peradventure of old, some bard in Ionian Islands,
Walking alone by the sea, hearing the wash of the waves,
Learned the secret from them of the beautiful verse
elegiac,
Breathing into his song motion and sound of the sea.
For as a wave of the sea, upheaving in long undulations,
Plunges loud on the sands, pauses, and turns, and retreats,
So the Hexameter, rising and sinking, with cadence
sonorous,
Falls; and in fluent rhythm back the Pentameter
flows.
Not in his youth alone, but in age, may the heart of
the poet
Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms in autumn
and spring.
Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough are the rhymes
of our poet;
Though it be Jacob's voice, Esau's, alas! are the
hands.
Let us be grateful to writers for what is left in the
inkstand;
When to leave off is an art only attained by the few.
How can the Three be One? you ask me; I answer
by asking,
Hail, and snow, and rain, are they not three, and
yet one?
By the mirage uplifted the land floats vague in the
ether,
Ships and the shadows of ships hang in the motion-
less air;
So by the art of the poet our common life is uplifted,
So, transfigured, the world floats in a luminous haze.
Like a French poem is life; being only perfect in
structure
When with the masculine rhymes mingled the fem-
inine are.
Down from the mountain descends the brooklet, re-
joicing in freedom;
Little it dreams of the mill hid in the valley below;
Glad with the joy of existence, the child goes singing
and laughing,
Little dreaming what toils lie in the future concealed.
As the ink from our pen, so flow our thoughts and
our feelings
When we begin to write, however sluggish before.
Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the Fountain of Youth
is within us;
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we grow in the
search.
If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little
above it;
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.
Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense in their
language;
While we are speaking the word, it is already the
Past.
In the twilight of age all things seem strange and
phantasmal,
As between daylight and dark ghost-like the land-
scape appears.
Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art is
of ending;
Many a poem is marred by a superfluous verse.
—*From Longfellow's Posthumous Volume of Poems.*

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"Be it so. I go, never to return.
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The paragraphers say that the throne is shaken to its centre the other day, when the Princess of Wales shook hands with an actress. The touch of the royal hand was no accolade to Mrs. Bancroft, who is a queen in her own special realm. Yet the hand-shake was a gracious act on the part of the pretty princess, who is always a bit of a Bohemian, and ready ever to extend the right hand of fellowship in the aristocracy of talent. People born in the aristocracy have a fondness for the theatre, as indeed they should have, since it is one of the choicest refinements of civilization, and it is curious to watch how steadily and surely all the great dramatic talent of the world has drifted to London, where royal patronage may shine upon it. It is singular fact that on the Fourth of July of this year almost every artist who stands in the very front rank of the drama was in London. We, on this outer edge of the world, have driven them away from us when they came to us. As surely as water finds its level, the taste of the San Francisco public has asserted itself. An artist may go away empty-handed and disappointed. This public wants nothing but negro minstrels and tumblers. It does not like its tumblers in canvas tents, nor its negro minstrels in crude theatres. It wants them both served up with red plush and *mise en scene*, a Sybaritic touch of fancy, which, strange to say, yet remains intact among the crumbling ruins of taste and discernment of this once hypercritical city. But it wants negroes and tumblers, and nothing more. They say "The Bankers are coming out with the Union Smokers."

Daughter" coming out with the Union Square people. There is a patrician ring to the very name of the play which handicaps it, and unless "The Banker's Daughter" introduce an olio somewhere somehow during the play, it will be doomed. Once the coming of a Union Square company would have been something to anticipate with delight, but unless Sarah Jewett can dance a clog dance, or Maud Harrison can give a clever imitation of Pat Rooney, there is really not very much sense in their coming to California. Not that these two ladies are likely to come in any case. Their quick instinct will warn them from the frontier; but the Union Square Company always means intelligence and artistic finish, and some must be coming who stand as proxies for this choice brace of actresses. Actress! The word has actually grown unfamiliar, as unfamiliar as the fascinating, grotesque creature, herself. One reads of

thing magnetic creature herself. One reads of them in books nowadays, but who ever hears of one in actual life any more? A gentle sensation used to pervade the entire town when one of those radiant creatures came overland with a big bundle of plays, and boxes full of wonderful toilets. Within three days her beautiful face, transfigured by the California sun, flashed from every shop window. She was the theme of conversation everywhere, whether in the drawing-room or the club. Controversies arose, and mimic war was waged. From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot her points were discussed; the glance of her eye, the curl of her lip, the turn of her head. Fancy going to the theatre now, and discussing the glance of Billy Rice's eye, the curl of his lip, the turn of his head. And yet he is all that is given us to take the place of the fleeting and unreal creatures of the past, and to gaze with the same enraptured eyes at the same things.

ture who yet gave us something to talk, and think, and have an opinion about in commonplace, everyday chat. It was quite like a breath from the olden time when I read the other day that Ellen Terry goes to rehearsal in a soft woolen dress of robin's-egg-blue, with a swinging silver chataleine, and missal at her side; and that she has a hammock swung somewhere in the flies in which she lies to study her lines. One can easily conjure up a picture of this lithè and supple æsthète thus arrayed and thus swinging. It is like one of those quaint Abbey illustrations to a Herrick poem. Whatever she may be as an actress, the woman has a downright genius for departing from the commonplace, and such genius is not to be scorned. I can fancy that even in her night-gown—and the night-gown is the mighty lever in the matter of costume—she might hit picturesque. Indeed, come to think of it, there are æsthetic night-gowns as well as day-robes, and it will only be when Ellen Terry shall be induced to the seaside, and induced to hide one of the staid blue flannel costumes bound with white tape, that she will lose her rare perfection in the peculiar. Fancy this London darling, who has re-created Juliet and Ophelia in beach-robe, prancing up and down the Monterey beach in blue flannel, and it becomes easy to realize how dependent we all are upon our affections for our individuality. And yet how we all prize our individuality. "I wish I were he or she," we say carelessly, a thousand and a thousand times again, and yet, if by a miracle such change were possible, is there not a deep, deep piece of self hidden we know not where, which we would not exchange for the gold of all the Indies, the beauty of all the Circæ, the brains of all the academics? And is not this little distinctive piece of self our individuality—that which moves us to our own special range of thoughts, feelings, opinions, desires, habits, principles, even dress? For is it not a curious thing that no matter how vast a throng one may find one's self in, one never sees any two people dressed exactly alike? Even in the much-maligned gentlemen's evening dress are there not points of difference, even as there are subtle points of difference when worn in the uniforms of a public institution where perfect uniform is rigorously enforced?

I saw two sisters in the street-car the other day, and as one followed the other in I thought I had at last found an absolute double. There were two black velvet hats, of similar shape, bristling with hearse-like plumes of similar gravity. There were two sets of thick black moustaches in a similar state of gumminess. There were two black velvet dresses, in a similar stage of decay, embellished with waves of guipure lace, similarly freshened up. There were two open-work collars, identical, stitch for stitch. There were two pairs of Louis Quinze heels appended to two pairs of feet, of equal tightness. Both pairs of

feet were crossed, and cocked up at an equal angle—an angle which no woman wearing new shoes seems to have any difficulty in finding. The difference had to come somewhere, and it broke out in the parasol handles, for the one was tipped with a leering pug's head, and the other with an unassuming twist of wood. I started out fancifully to build up a difference of character upon this—so little does it take to set one a-thinking—but I shall never know whether I read aright, as I shall never know many more and greater things which puzzle. If we were not all constrained by circumstances and coin, or rather the lack of it, we should all manifest in these outward ways far more variously than we do, our different individualities. For it is not every one who can follow his bent, though one man becomes a blacksmith by choice, even as another becomes a stringer of rhymes. What a happy dispensation it is that we all think and wish so differently.

True—to come back to the theatres by a circuitous route—that just now we all seem to be afflicted with a penchant toward the lowest rung of dramatic entertainment; but "behind the clouds there is light still shining"; and perhaps a reaction will bring a resurrection of taste. What if by some strange chance our first families should make "The Banker's Daughter" the fashion, and we should be restored once more to the normal atmosphere of drawing-rooms and dimly lit conservatories, fashionable badinage, dress, beauty, and acting, and this awful specialism should become a dully-remembered nightmare with the apotheosies of "my daughter Claribel" as a fitting curtain, for there really are left some plays and some actors over the way. We have not yet had "Odette," with the graceful, gliding Modjeska. And Octave Feuillet has written a new thing—a charming trifle, barren of plot and rich in wit. That most delightful story, "Far from the Madding Crowd," has been dramatized, and is running rivalry in London to its own unacknowledged twin, "The Squire," and all the upper Bohemism is at the feet again of the triumphant Sims, whose "Romany Rye" is the sensation of the hour, albeit he has made the gentleman a villain, and the gypsy a gentleman. But the English Zola may do as he likes, and an admiring throng will cry: "Whatever is right," and he tosses the foothall of success at his will. This list, taken from a recent London journal, which includes only one-half of the leading theatres, will show what a constellation of talent is in London just now:

At the Royal Italian Opera Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Pauline Lucca, Madame Albani, and Madame Sembrich have successively appeared in their most popular characters. The German Opera Company at Drury Lane added on Tuesday evening Weber's opera of "Euryanthe" to their attractive repertory. At Her Majesty's Theatre Signor Rossi, the Italian tragedian, played King Lear on Monday night in his native language, uttering only one line of English, and supported in the part of Cordelia by an English company. "Odoon" is continued at the Haymarket. The final representations of "Taken from Life" are announced at the Adelphi. At the Lyceum the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" is now on the verge of its hundredth representation. At the Princess's has been produced, with elaborate scenic effects, Mr. G. R. Sims's peculiarly realistic new drama, in five acts, called "Romany Rye." With this week Madame Sarah Bernhardt has closed her season at the Theatre Francaise. The last of French plays will now be continued for a fortnight by M. Coquelin and other members of the Comédie Francaise.

We were talking, a lot of us the other day, as a lot of people always are talking, about what we should do with the money if fabulous millions should suddenly descend upon us—a not unreasonable proposition, for fabulous millions do so descend in California—and a certain one was good enough to say that it would be his especial delight to contribute as handsomely as a European government to the support of the theatre and grand opera in San Francisco. Unfortunately the speaker was as poor as a rat, with a shining chance that he always will be so, and the outlook for the dramatic art is quite as gloomy as before he spoke. One may observe that these magnificent propositions are usually made by people without

BETSY B.

The son and namesake of the late William Vincent Wallace, the composer, has published a personal card in a New York journal explaining how his father sold the copyright of "Lurline," and how he parted with the copyright of "Maritana"—each literally "for a song." The card ends thus (after praising the French law of copyright): "Had Vincent Wallace been a Frenchman, his widow, in her old age, would not have been left in her need without a helping hand, nor would his son have been under the necessity of making a painful position public."

Monsieur Coquelin, the famous French actor, has made a great hit in London in his impersonation of Don Annilhal, the disreputable sot, in "L'Aventuriere." In his acting the nature of the drunken rascal is forcibly indicated. The cunning twinkle of the eyes; the swagger, so ready to vanish at the first symptom of danger; the insolence, which can so soon turn to servility, are all shown, and before Annilhal has been upon the stage ten minutes his whole character is as apparent as if a volume had been written to describe it.

The value of an original idea for the stage is illustrated by *The Lone Fisherman* in the burlesque, "Evangeline." The piece was a failure when first produced. On the second trial, however, when the character of the silent and ever-present fisherman was introduced, success resulted, and for five years the play has been in constant and profitable performance. *The Lone Fisherman* has now been stolen for the burlesque "Sindbad," at the Royalty Theatre, London, where he becomes *The Old Man* of the Sea.

On Thursday evening Billy Rice, of Haverly's Masodon Minstrels, had a grand benefit at the California Theatre. The entire minstrel force of the city turned out to support him, and the house was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. The "Broker's Daughter," in which the beneficiary took the leading rôle, with Pete Mack as the "daughter," was exceedingly laughable.

At Haverly's California Theatre the Mastodon Minstrels will continue to play next week. The Hanlon's on Monday evening begin their third week at the Baldwin.

Mr. William Warren, the actor, has just completed the thirty-fifth year of his unbroken connection with the Boston Museum.

The Annual Mechanics' Fair will open on the 15th of August next, at the new building of the Association.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Henry Irving the English actor, has two young sons who are following in his footsteps with bright promise of success. They recently appeared on the amateur stage at a fancy fair, Master Harry playing Joseph Surface, and Master Lawrence Charles Surface, in the screen scene from "The School for Scandal," and according to the London papers, acquitted themselves excellently well.

It is announced in a dispatch from London that Mr. J. H. Haverly has sold his right, title, and interest in his colored minstrel troupe for twelve thousand dollars cash to Mr. Charles Frohman, and that the troupe, which has been in England for some time past, will be brought back to this country and consolidated with Callender's Minstrels, a company organized last year by Messrs. Charles and Gus Frohman.

In 1844, Fanny Kemble, now resting quietly at Butlersville, near Philadelphia, got up a benefit at the St. James Theatre, London, for the distressed peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, which is notable in the annals of the drama. The play was "The Hunchback," Vandenhoff (the elder) playing Master Walter, Fanny Kemble Julia, and Henry Greville (dead) and Sir Henry de Bothe (still living), two celebrated amateurs, playing Modus and Tinsel. In the front row sat the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Wellington, and Rachel, who was then making her first professional visit to London.

Wagner has snubbed the Parisians. He has written a letter to the *Renaissance Musicale* announcing that he will not permit "Lohengrin" to be performed in Paris—first, because "Lohengrin" has gone round the world and can dispense with the honor, and next because it is impossible to represent it in French, and Parisians would not care to hear it in German. "My works," he writes, "are essentially German, and those who care to hear them should hear them in the original." Wagner can not be blamed very much when it is remembered that Victor Hugo has repeatedly expressed contempt for everything German, and that Sarah Bernhardt refused to act in Berlin.

It is well that the age of famous and charming actresses should be made known as approximately as politeness will allow. The senior actress of the French stage, the *doyen*ne, is Fargueil, who was born in 1819. Then follow in order Marie Laurent, born in 1826; Miolan-Carvalho, 1827; Favart, 1833; Madeleine Brohan, 1833; Pasca, 1835; Theresa, 1837; Rousseil, 1841; Blanche Pierson, 1842; Adeline Patti, 1843; Céline Montaland, 1843; Sarah Bernhard, 1844 (?); Leonide Lehlanc, 1846; Croizette, 1847; Broisat, 1848; Céline Chaumont, 1848; Sangalli, 1849; Judic, 1850; Théo, 1852; Jeanne Granier, 1852; Reichemberg, 1854; Baretta, 1856; Samary, 1857.

Abbey has finally concluded his arrangements with the great English actor, and Henry Irving will come to America, under Mr. Abbey's management, for the season of 1882-4, beginning October 29th. The engagement includes Miss Ellen Terry and the whole Lyceum Company. The complete scenery and properties of the theatre will be shipped to America. Irving will appear in six plays, including, "Hamlet," "Charles I.," "The Bells," "Louis XI.," and "The Lyons Mail." A New York *Tribune* reporter is informed by W. W. Tillotson, Abbey's agent, that they had intended to get either Bernhardt, Patti, or Irving, and had succeeded in the latter instance; also, that Edwin Booth will probably play with Irving in the American season of 1884.

About twenty years ago "Our American Cousin" was acted without the permission of the author, and when a suit was brought, the defendants swore that they had obtained the drama by memorizing it during regular performances. The Supreme court of Massachusetts decided that, in the case of an uncopied right play, the owner had no legal defense against such a proceeding. Under this ruling, the most valuable of foreign plays have been at the mercy of thieves, and managers who hought the American privilege could have no protection, except so far as business honor prevailed. Lately "The World" was memorized by two actors, named Byron and Mora, and the play thus obtained was produced at Hallack's Alhambra, Boston. As Tompkins & Hill had bought the right for Boston, they applied for an injunction. This was refused, the old view of the law being upheld; but on an appeal to the General Term the court has decided that the decision in the "Our American Cousin" case was erroneous. "A ticket of admission," says Judge Devens, "is a license to witness the play, but can not be treated as a license to the spectator to represent the drama if he can by memory recollect it. In whatever mode the copy is obtained, it is the use of it for representation, which operates to deprive the author of his rights."

It seems that the French stage is not in a much better condition than our own. M. Sardou says he will only write five or six more plays, and then he will retire for good. "I have made up my mind," said he, "not to undertake in my old age a fruitless struggle with the cosmopolitan public of Paris. The public have now is not the public we had when I made my début. Until 1870 the five or six first performances of a piece were given before audiences of Parisians, people of taste and education, who went to hear as well as to see. Nowadays the houses on the nights of *premieres* are made up of Egyptians, Tunisians, Turks, barbarians in *fezes* and blue jackets with gold buttons, who do not understand French, and are not amused unless they are shown a lot of naked women on the stage. This perversion of the public taste is without any remedy. In ten years there will no longer be any comedy played anywhere but at the Théâtre Français. Everywhere else there will be fine scenery, in the midst of which women will come on and undress themselves, to the great delight of the barbarians. With this prospect before them, dramatic authors will have to give way, and leave the stage to the inventors of tricks and to animals—it will be exhibitions in the place of comedies. Moreover, the coarseness of the public has spoiled all the actors. No one longer has any comedians. There are nothing but bad *opérette tenorini*. I know plenty of dramas and comedies which cannot be played for the want of tragedians and comedians. I prefer not to have my pieces played at all, than to have them ridiculously interpreted. It is because I foresee that it will soon be impossible to form a new troupe that I am getting ready to retire."

The following, from London *Truth*, is probably the most extraordinary "diamond sentence" ever arranged :

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 tetranitrooxysul
 trimethylnaphthyl
 phenylglyceryltri
 tetrathylidiamidol
 tetramethylidiano
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 tribromodimethyl
 tetraphenylphosph
 diphenylmethyl
 tetrahromocorol
 thiocarboxyldi
 chlorodimethyl
 phenyldicyan
 tetrahromoflu
 thalliumsulfo
 tribenzoylen
 resorcedia
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— IN A NICE THREE-STORY FRONT BRICK, painted in black and gold, No. 114 Sutter street, the inside clean and spacious, with abundant room for tables with clean linen, an American hill of fare, printed in English, with colored American waiters in clean white aprons, with *boutonniers* of flowers, courteous and polite as colored Americans always are, Mr. Charles L. Bird and E. R. Perrin have established a restaurant for ladies and gentlemen, which they have named

"THE QUAKER DAIRY."

Upon the walls of the room are hung engravings of American farm and cattle scenes, instead of vulgar pictures in chromo and color. There is no bar, nor wine, nor lager-beer, nor gin. There are no flies—neither living flies upon tables, nor dead flies in the syrup and butter. The butter is hard and cool. The syrup is maple—not maple from the Sandwich Islands, but the sweet crystallization of the maple grove, as we have tapped, and gathered, and boiled, and waxed it upon snow, upon our father's farm; as we have pulled it with farmers' girls in the old time, and as we like it now on pancakes, fresh-buttered and hot. With the pancakes, milk—not milk from a pump, nor swirl milk—but milk from a cow, a farmer's grass-fed cow; not hluie, but white; not made with chalk, but real, actual milk. And for this we paid twenty cents. It is as cheap as lager and blood-pudding and Limburger cheese, and ever so much healthier and nicer. All around us sat ladies and gentlemen—several lady artists from the studios, several nice-looking girls from the shops, clerks, merchants, business and professional men—and everything was plain, and sweet, and cheap, and clean. We looked over the hill fare, and we said to ourselves we will again visit

NO. 114 SUTTER STREET.

lush with pure milk, all sorts of griddle-cakes, pancakes, and slap-jacks; hot cakes, buckwheat cakes, corn, flannel, and hatter. We took flannel. Toast, "milk," "buttered," and "dry"; bread, "hot corn," "brown," "milk," "French," and "Gramham." Eggs in any form, and fresh. Fried pork and fish-falls. Strawberries and peaches, and all fruits in season with "cream." Melons in their season. Tea, coffee, and chocolate. Fricassee chicken on Sundays, with cream gravy and strawberry short-cake. We have always pitied the man or woman who was compelled to a restaurant life; for our idea of the cheap restaurant was associated with all sorts of incongruous things. The old adage of a peck of dirt as every one's inheritance outthrew itself at every spoonful and we were afraid that the one who spent his life in thus grubbing was being imposed upon. Our views of restaurant life were modified by the good society, good attendance, and good fare of the Quaker Dairy and we resolved to do our duty to San Francisco people by recommending them to visit and patronize THE QUAKER DAIRY AT NO. 114 SUTTER STREET.

Alice Oates is to be married again this fall. The man doesn't know anything about it, but when it's Alice's time to have another husband, somebody has to come.

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Next to cigar-makers, according to the London *Medical Times and Gazette*, printers are more numerous in New York lunatic asylums than men of any other trade.

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CCXXXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.
Sunday, July 30th.
Green Pea Soup.
Cantaloupe.

Chicken Fillets, larded and breaded.
Lyonnaise Potatoes. Boiled Smoked Tongue.
Egg Plant. Lima Beans.
Roast Pork.
Apple Sauce. Lettuce.
Jelly Omelet, Lady Fingers, Peaches, Apples, Grapes,
Gages, Apricots, Pears, Figs, Plums, Nectarines.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Cover a quart of green peas with hot water, and boil with an onion until they will mash easily. (The time will depend upon the age of the peas, but will be from twenty to thirty minutes.) Mash, and add a pint of stock or water. Cook together two tablespoonsful of butter and one of flour until smooth, but not brown. Add to the peas, and then add a cupful of cream and one of milk. Season with salt and pepper, and let it boil up over. Strain, and serve. A cupful of whipped cream at the last moment is an improvement.

CHICKEN FILLETS.—Lard the fillets, having four fine strips of pork for each, and season with salt and pepper. Dip in beaten egg and in fine bread crumbs. Fry ten minutes in boiling fat. Serve on a hot dish with a spoonful of Tartare sauce on each. (Tartare sauce, see No. CLXXXVIII.)

A WHOLESOME INFLUENCE.

The proprietors of the New England Baking Powder have not only supplied the demand for a pure powder, but have done more to enlighten consumers as to the baking powder business than all the other manufacturers put together. Their belief that Californians are willing to pay for an unadulterated, home-made article, is being strengthened daily by orders from all portions of the coast. Sensible, intelligent people are not deceived by articles in favor of certain baking powders, purporting to be in the interest of science. They question bare statements of purity, even if these are pretended to be fortified by endorsements from Congress, legislatures, boards of health, and fictitious government officials. Claims of this kind only show weakness. Such bodies have enough to do without going out of their way to advertise baking powders. What the public demands is a statement from manufacturers of all the ingredients their powder contains, and proof of this by full reports of reputable chemists. The proprietors of the New England Baking Powder are the first to meet this demand. They state openly that *nothing is used but the highest grades of refined cream tartar and bi-carbonate of soda*, and give undisputed testimony to prove all they claim.

A youth of Grand Rapids married the girl who was betrothed to his father. The pair returned to the bridegroom's parent for forgiveness, and got it, but it was not particularly hearty.

"OUR HOMES IN DANGER"

Is the subject of an address to be given by Mrs. Emily P. Stevens, in Children's Hall, corner of Pacific and Sansome streets, on Sunday evening, July 30. The reputation of Mrs. Stevens as an earnest worker in the temperance cause is as wide as the boundaries of this coast, and her extensive knowledge of the homes of California fully qualifies her to speak intelligently from her standpoint as to the danger which menaces the American home.

At Alton, Illinois, a preacher asked all Sunday-school children to stand up who intended to visit the wicked, soul-destroying circus. All but a lame girl stood up.—*Independent*.

—THE CELEBRATED MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE Club is about to bid farewell to California, departing at an early date for the East. Before leaving, the members have resolved to give a final series of concerts at Platt's Hall. The first will take place on next Monday evening, the 31st inst., the second and third occurring successively on the evenings of August third and fourth. They will be assisted by the talented singer, Miss Cora R. Miller. As a special feature of these concerts there will be performed three entire quartettes by Beethoven, consisting of two of the beautiful Rassumofsky set, and the exquisite Harp quartette. This club has met with unquestioned success both on this coast and in Australia, and without doubt all the music lovers in the city will avail themselves of this last opportunity to listen to its faultless performances.

An Arkansas bridegroom caught the bride in his arms, at the conclusion of the ceremony, and dislocated two of her ribs with a violent bug.

—RUSSIA SALVE IS THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, and flesh wounds.

The three graces—at breakfast, dinner, and supper.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

—IT IS WONDERFUL THAT A SUBTLE MIASMATIC poison should produce that peculiar condition of the system which prevails when alternate chills and burning heat freeze and scorch the body at regular intervals, and it is no less wonderful that medical skill has been able to reach and expel this poison from the system, as Ayer's Ague Cure always does.

Pericles used to say it was best for women to be seen and not heard. He evidently preferred the ballet to the circus.—*Boston Post*.

—MR. A. J. KELLEHER DESIRES TO INFORM HIS pupils that he will resume tuition on July 10th. Apply at Gray's music store, 117 Post, or at his residence, 2324 Clay Street.

The American men-of-war at Alexandria have done nobly. Every one of them kept out of range with the utmost success.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL remember that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

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Specimen of Our Artist's Humor.



(The Music Lesson.)

HUNDREDS OF DELIGHTED ONES see for the first time in their lives the JAPANESE ARTIST and EMBROIDERERS at work in their native costume at ICHI BAN, 22 and 24 Geary Street.

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PLATT'S HALL.

FAREWELL TO CALIFORNIA!

Monday Evening, July 31st, and Thursday
and Friday Evenings, Aug. 3d and 4th.

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CLUB OF BOSTON,

Assisted by

MISS CORA R. MILLER.

Among the special attractions to be presented at these Concerts will be three entire quartettes by Beethoven, including two of the celebrated Rassumofsky Set, and the famous Harp Quartette.

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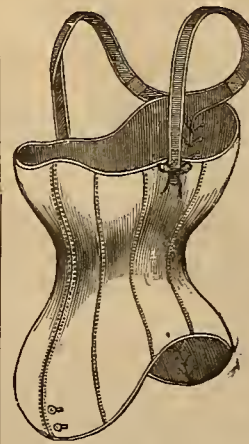
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OUR BEST REWARD.

WINSTON, FORSYTHE Co., N. C., March 15, 1880.
GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters. Very respectfully, REV. H. FERBER.

Bay City, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.
Hop Bitters Co.—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion, strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them. Dr. A. Pratt, Treatise of Chronic Diseases.

Send for Circulars of Testimonials, to
HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO.
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WEST'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT.—C. N. West's Electro-Medical Belts always have called all other electrical appliances. They have taken the premiums at all State Fairs. This new Belt excels every other that he has invented. Cures all diseases without medicine. Price, from \$5.00 to \$20.00. Warranted ten years. Patronized by the representative men and leading ladies of this and other States. Address or call on C. N. WEST, 652 Market Street, San Francisco.

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DODGE BROS.

STATIONERS,
Formerly 116 POST ST.,
REMOVED TO

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a dinner-party Archbishop Whately called out suddenly to the host: "Mr. Brown!" There was silence. "Mr. Brown, what is the proper female companion of this John Dory?" After the usual number of guesses an answer came, "Anne Chovy."

Miss Hope-Edwardes, in her little hook, "Eau-de-Nil," gives in one little anecdote a curious side glimpse into Egyptian character. When she once complained to a certain government official, as to a superior person, "Everybody seems to want hack-shesh," the great man replied, gravely and unhesitatingly: "Certainly—I also."

"I remember," says Labouchere in *Truth*, "being on intimate terms with a sculptor in Italy. I can not understand, some one said to him, 'how it is that the legs of your nymphs and Venuses are so abnormally thin.' 'I have,' he replied, 'a wife, as you know. She is jealous, and she regards her own legs as perfection. Were I to give my female statues proper legs, my domestic bliss would cease.'"

Bishop Horne had his dignity considerably taken down when he arrived to take possession of the episcopal palace at Norwich in 1791. Being amazed at the number of spectators on the occasion, he turned round upon the steps and exclaimed: "Bless us, bless us! what a concourse of people." "Oh, my lord," said a bystander, "this is a mere nothing to the crowd last Friday to see a man hanged."

It is related of Siehenkees, an eminent German scholar, that having finished reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who appeared to be listening with hated breath and eyelids cast down, he closed the book with inward satisfaction at the completion of his labors, only to hear the sharer of his joys exclaim: "My dear, pray don't put on your left stocking to-morrow—there is a hole in it."

The hutler of a certain Scottish laird, who had been in the family a number of years, at last resigned his situation because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Oh!" exclaimed his master, "if that be all, ye've very little to complain of." "Perhaps so," replied the hutler, "but I've decided in my own mind to put up with it no longer." "Go, then," said his lordship, "and be thankful for the rest of your life that ye're not married to her."

"It is always less embarrassing to make your toilet in the inner compartment," says the *Detroit Free Press* French correspondent, writing about the bathing-machines at a watering-place. "I was one day engaged in towel science when the door opened, and a couple of laughing young ladies, in brilliant stripes, came tripping up the steps. Happily the door of the inner compartment was nearly closed, and I kicked it shut with a suddenness that I expected would surprise the charming couple. Such was not the case, however. In the sweetest of English voices one said: 'Never mind, Lizzie! it's Belle and I, you know.' 'That's all right,' I said, from within. 'But if you and Belle will call about ten minutes later, I'll be happy to meet you. I'm not at home just now.' They did not linger."

Captain Farrow, of Isleboro, Maine, tells a good story at his own expense. The captain was trading in a small vessel along the coast, and at Tampa Bay he purchased twenty dozen chickens, paying four dollars a dozen for them. They were of all ages and sizes, some being ready for the pot and others scarcely done with their shells. At Key West a hotel-keeper came alongside, and asked the price of the chickens. The captain answered: "If you pick them out I shall charge you six dollars a dozen; but if you will let me pick them out you can have them for three dollars a dozen." "All right," said the hotel man, "you pick them out." The captain selected several dozens of the fledglings, expecting every moment to hear the purchaser cry "enough." But still he said, "go on." The captain saw the point at last; but he stuck to his bargain, and "selected" the entire lot, at a net loss to himself of twenty dollars.

During Hepworth Dixon's editorship of the *Athenaeum*, the independent outspokenness of its reviews of new books was the dominant feature of the periodical. Whether such hard-hitting was always discreet on the part of the assailant, or deserved by the victim, may be doubted. Now, although Dixon earned no end of approbrium in consequence of the severity of the strictures passed by his staff on books committed to their notice, he it said to his credit that there seldom existed a body of men who were allowed more of their own way. They wrote practically untrammelled. The scathing notice of Alexander Smith's poems which appeared in the *Athenaeum* was the work of two brother hards, both of whom, by the way, are living. When Mr. Gerald Massey joined the staff, at Dixon's request, his "instructions" were sent by the editor with the first batch of books he was commissioned to review. The inspiration ran as follows: "Be just; be generous; but if you do meet with a deadly ass, sling him up."

"I give the following anecdote," says the editor of the *London Figaro*, "on the authority of an eminent judge. Time was when jurymen were by law obliged to receive the Holy Communion before they were impanelled to try a criminal on capital charges. A well known 'blood' of the day, whose acquaintance with the ceremonies of the church was of the limited kind, happened to be chosen as a jurymen in a trial for murder. The 'blood' in question knew that he had to receive the Holy Communion, but had not the remotest notion how he was to receive it. On applying to a friend for advice, he was told that all he had to do was to go to church and do as he saw others doing about him. He went to church. Suddenly a lady, who was sitting next to him, rose, left her pew, and knelt at the altar steps. The gentleman in question followed her, and did likewise. The astonished clergyman was perhaps so astonished that he went on with the service. In due course the lady returned to her pew, and so did her companion, who was doubtless not a whit the wiser when he was informed that he was the only man who had ever been 'churched.'"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Seaside Sigh.

O you blue bathers,
Timorous twinelets,
Coying with Neptune,
Give me a grip of
Your dimple-dot knuckles,
Lo, I will lead you
Into deep water,
Over your banglets,
Out where the currents
Merge and entangle,
Out where old Ocean
Heaves his broad bosom,
Bare to the south wind,
Out where the sea-spray
Out-dazzles the sunlight,
Out where no waiter,
Waiter Teutonic,
Fly-specked promiscuous
As to his bald-spot,
Pauper of fancy,
Solid for business,
Waits with his checklet,
Dreadfully iterant,
"Vier Limonaden,
Halfe-a-dollar!" —H. C. Bunner.

Poet and Milkmaid.

The poet says a lovelier star
Than you ne'er bloomed in summer heav-
ens;
But he is wrong—your pedals are
Elevens.
The poet meets you in the wood,
And sees you skip in manner youthful,
And that inspires him; but he should
Be truthful.
He shouldn't call you Juno in
The breezy meadow, daisy-speckled;
Your neck's not swan-like, and your chin
Is freckled.
You carol like no feathered hard
When April blooms the garden glamour;
You screech, and with no great regard
For grammar.
You always wear a gingham hood,
And clothes whose beauty Worth might
question;
You're large and healthy, with a good
Digestion.
You lift great bags of meal, and far
You carry them, in manner airy;
And yet rapt poets say you are
A fairy.
Oh, when about your dainty lips
In high-flown figures sings the poet,
The while he sits and idly sips
His Meot.
Forth, then, by law he should be led,
In swallow-tail and hat of silk made,
And be compelled yourself to wed,
Oh, milkmaid.
And live with you in vine-clad cot,
With dandelions round it turning,
And spend his days, though cold or hot,
At churning.
'Twould make him weep to see you run
The bridle-dog in manner frantic;
In army shoon he'd find you un-
Romantic,
And quite forget the manner grand
In which he poetized your carriage;
Likewise regret his verses and
His marriage.

The milkmaid may be grace'ul, tall,
A primrose with large feet untainted;
She may be fawn-like, sweet, and all
She's painted.
But for my part I'd rather win
A so-called mindless, doll-faced, pretty
And languid flower, nurtured in
The city. —Puck.

The Masher.

"What is that, mother?"
"A masher, dear;
You will always find it standing here,
Posed on the corner of the street,
Proudly displaying its tiny feet,
Twirling its little ten-cent cane
And stupefying its tender brain
With the smoke of a paper cigarette,
Don't touch it, dear, it was raised a pet."
"Will it bite, mother?"
"Well, I should shout;
It will bite a free-lunch for all that's out."
—Unknown Liar.

Qui?

Who was the first in this broad land
To grip me firmly by the hand,
And introduce me to her band?
My Boarding Mam!
Who pierced me with her cruel eyes?
Who looked upon with least surprise
When in my soup I captured flies?
My Boarding Mam!
Who had a most obliging daughter,
Who gave me diluted water?
Which she called "tea," but hadn't oughter?
My Boarding Mam!
Who made the weakest coffee seen?
Who bought the strongest "oily margarine?"
Who made much soup from chicken lean?
My Boarding Mam!
Who filled me to the brim with hash?
Who each week relieved me of my cash?
Who liked her beer and "sour mash?"
My Boarding Mam!
Who fed me on most antique lamb,
And salted leather, which she called ham?
Who gave me lard to use as jam?
My Boarding Mam!
—The Judge.

Arabian Daze.

I am dying, Egypt, dying; or at least I ought to be;
I wish your biggest pyramid would settle down on
me.
I'm all broke up—indeed I am. This business doesn't
pay;
And now I'm off—I'm going west. Yours,
—Indianapolis Journal.



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SAN FRANCISCO.

ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 42) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 24) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 18th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 9) of Twenty-five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 12th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37.—San Francisco, July 15, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 75) of 25 Cents per share was declared on the capital stock of the company, payable on Thursday, the 27th day of July, 1882. Trustee books close with the 28th instant.

P. JACOBUS, Sec'y pro tem.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

ELISABETH VON HASSEL,
Plaintiff,
vs.
HENRY VON HASSEL,
FREDERICK M. HUSTED,
HENRY N. CLEMENT,
Defendants.

Superior Court.
Department No. 7.
No. 4767.
Order of Sale and De-
cree of Distribution.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Distribution issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 7, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Elisabeth Von Hassel, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment and Decree of Distribution against Henry Von Hassel, Frederick M. Husted, Henry N. Clement, defendants, on the 28th day of April, A. D. 1882, which said Judgment and Decree was, on the 29th day of April, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book One of said Court, at page 615, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Dorland Street, distant one hundred and ninety (190) feet westerly from the westerly line of Church Street; thence westerly along Dorland Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence northerly one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet, more or less, to a point one hundred (100) feet southerly from the southerly line of Corbett Street, and also being distant twenty-five (25) feet westerly from the north-westerly corner of Williams's fence; thence easterly twenty-five (25) feet to said corner, and thence westerly along Williams's westerly line one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning; being part of Mission Block No. 94.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 14th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of distribution, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, July 22, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

WM. MATHEWS, Attorney for Plaintiff.

July 22, 29, August 5 and 12.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

ANTHONY WADDY,
Plaintiff,
vs.
JAMES JONES,
Defendant.

Superior Court.
No. 5571.
Department No. 3.
Execution for Deficiency
after Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution for Deficiency after Foreclosure Sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Anthony Waddy, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against James Jones, defendant, on the sixth day of March, A. D. 1882, for the sum of 1,173 dollars, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon and costs, etc., and whereas an order of sale was on March 8, A. D. 1882, issued to the Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, which said order of sale was on May 16, 1882, returned by said Sheriff, showing a deficiency thereon in the sum of \$1,207.05, as appears of record, which said deficiency was docketed. Pursuant to said judgment and decree I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, James Jones, had on the sixteenth day of May, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter-described property, situate, lying, and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said city and county in the name of James Jones, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pleasant (formerly Riley) Street, distant twenty-two feet and nine inches easterly from the southeasterly corner of Jones and Pleasant Streets, and running thence easterly upon the southerly line of Pleasant Street, twenty-two feet and nine inches; thence southerly, at right angles, to Pleasant Street, sixty feet; thence westerly, and parallel with Pleasant Street, twenty-two feet nine inches; thence northerly sixty feet to place of beginning; being portion of fifty-vara lot No. 825, as shown on the official map of San Francisco.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF AUGUST, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, James Jones, had on the sixteenth day of May, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, July 15, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

B. B. NEWMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

July 15, 22, 29, and August 5.

AYER'S AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF OF

Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chill
Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague,
Fever and Bilious Fever, etc., and
indeed all the affections which
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"Flip"—A California Romance.

PART IV.—CHAPTER VI.

The wind charged down upon them, slamming the door at their backs, extinguishing the broad shaft of light that had momentarily shot out into the darkness, and swept them a dozen yards away. Gaining the lee of a madroño tree Lance opened his blanketed arms, enfolded the girl, and felt her for one brief moment tremble and nestle in his bosom like some frightened animal.

"Well," he said, gayly, "what next?"

Flip recovered herself.

"You're safe now anywhere outside the bouse. But did you expect them to-night?"

Lance shrugged his shoulders. "Why not?"

"Hush!" returned the girl; "they are coming this way."

The four flickering, scattered lights presently dropped into line. The trail had been found; they were coming nearer. Flip breathed quickly; the spiced aroma of her presence filled the blanket as he drew her tightly beside him. He had forgotten the storm that raged around them, the mysterious foe that was approaching, until Flip caught his sleeve with a slight laugh.

"Wby, it's Kennedy and Bijah!"

"Who's Kennedy and Bijah?" asked Lance, curiously.

"Kennedy's the postmaster, and Bijah's the butcher."

"What do they want?" continued Lance.

"Me," said Flip, cooly.

"You?"

"Yes; let's run away."

Half leading, half dragging her friend, Flip made her way with unerring woodcraft down the ravine. The sound of voices, and even the tumult of the storm became fainter; an acrid smell of burning green wood smarted Lance's lips and eyes. In the midst of the darkness beneath him gradually a faint, gigantic nimbus, like a lurid eye, glowed and sank, quivered and faded with the spent breath of the gale, as it penetrated their retreat.

"The pit," whispered Flip. "It's safe on the other side," she added, cautiously skirting the orbit of the great eye, and leading him to a sheltered nest of bark and sawdust. It was warm and odorless. Nevertheless, they both deemed it necessary to enwrap themselves in the single blanket. The eye heaved fitfully upon them. Occasionally a wave of lambent tremulousness passed across it. Its weirdness was an excuse for their drawing nearer each other in playful terror.

"Flip."

"Well?"

"What did the other two want?—to see you, too?"

"Likely," said Flip, without the least trace of coquetry.

"There's been a lot of strangers yer, off and on."

"Perhaps you'd like to go back and see them?"

"Do you want me to?"

Lance's reply was a kiss. Nevertheless he was vaguely uneasy. "Looks a little as if I were running away, don't it?" he suggested.

"No," said Flip; "they think you're only a squaw. It's me they're after."

Lance started a little at this infelicitous speech. A strange and irritating sensation had been creeping over him—it was his first experience of shame and remorse. "I reckon I'll go back and see," he said, rising abruptly.

Flip was silent. She was thinking. Believing that the men were seeking her only, she knew that their attention would be directed from her companion when it was found out he was no longer with her, and she dreaded to meet them in his irritable presence.

"Go," she said; "tell dad something's gone wrong in the diamond pit, and say I'm watching it for him here."

"And you?"

"I'll go there and wait for him. If he can't get rid of them, and they follow him, then I'll come back here, and meet you. Anyhow, I'll manage to have dad wait there a spell."

She took his hand, and led him back by a different path to the trail. He was surprised to find that the cabin, its window glowing from the fire, was only a hundred yards away.

"Go in the hack way, by the shed. Don't go in the room, nor near the light if you can. Don't talk inside, but call or heckon to dad. Remember," she said, with a laugh, "you're keeping watch of me for him. Pull your hair down on your eyes, so." This operation, like most feminine embellishments of the masculine toilet, was attended by a kiss, and Flip, stepping back into the shadow, vanished in the storm.

Lance's first movements were inconsistent with his assumed sex. He picked up his dragged skirt, and drew a bowie knife from his boot. From his bosom he took a revolver, turning the chambers noiselessly as he felt the caps. He then crept toward the cabin softly, and gained the shed. It was quite dark but for a pencil of light piercing a crack of the rude ill-fitting door that opened on the sitting-room. A single voice, not unfamiliar to him, raised in half-brutal triumph, greeted his ears. A name was mentioned—his own! His angry hand was on the latch. One moment more and he would have hurst the door, but in that instant

another name was uttered—a name that dropped his hand from the latch and the blood from his cheeks. He staggered backward, passed his hand swiftly across his forehead, recovered himself with a gesture of mingled rage and despair, and sinking on his knees beside the door, pressed his hot temples against the crack.

"Do I know Lance Harriott?" said the voice. "Do I know the d—d ruffian? Didn't I hunt him a year ago into the brush three miles from the Crossing? Didn't we lose sight of him the very day he turned up yer at this ranch, and got smuggled over into Monterey? Ain't it the same man as killed Arkansas Bob—Boh Ridley—the name he went by in Sonora? And who was Boh Ridley, eh? Why, you d—d old fool, it was Boh Fairley—YOUR SON!"

The old man's voice rose querulous and indistinct.

"What are ye talkin' about?" interrupted the first speaker.

"I tell you I know. Look at these pictures; I found 'em on his body. Look at 'em. Pictures of you and your girl. Praps you'll deny them. Praps you'll tell me I lie when I tell you he told me he was your son; told me how he ran away from you, how you were livin' somewhere in the mountains makin' gold or suthin' else outen charcoal. He told me who he was as a secret. He never let on he told it to any one else. And when I found that the man who killed him, Lance Harriott, had been hidin' here, had been sendin' spies all around to find out all about your son, had been foolin' you, and tryin' to ruin your gal as he had killed your hoy, I knew that he knew it too."

"LIAR!"

The door fell in with a crash. There was the sudden apparition of a demoniac face, still half hidden by the long, trailing black locks of hair that curled like Medusa's around it. A cry of terror filled the room. Three of the men dashed from the door, and fled precipitately. The man who had spoken sprang toward his rifle in the chimney corner. But the movement was his last; a blinding flash and shattering report interposed between him and his weapon. The impulse carried him forward headlong into the fire, that hissed and spluttered with his blood, and Lance Harriott, with his smoking pistol, strode past him to the door. Already far down the trail there were hurried voices, the crack and crackling of impending branches growing fainter and fainter in the distance. Lance turned back to the solitary living figure—the old man.

Yet he might have been dead too, he sat so rigid and motionless, his fixed eyes staring vacantly at the body on the hearth. Before him on the table lay the cheap photographs, one evidently of himself, taken in some remote epoch of complexion, one of a child, which Lance recognized as Flip.

"Tell me," said Lance, hoarsely, laying his quivering hand on the table, "was Boh Ridley your son?"

"My son," echoed the old man, in a strange, far-off voice, without turning his eyes from the corpse—"My son—is—is there!" pointing to the dead man. "Hush! Didn't he tell you so? Didn't you hear him say it? Dead—dead—shot dead!"

"Silence! Are you crazy, man?" repeated Lance, tremblingly; "that is not Boh Ridley, but a dog, a coward, a liar, gone to his reckoning. If your son was Boh Ridley, I swear to God I never knew it, now or—then. Do you hear me? Tell me! Do you believe me? Speak! You shall speak."

He laid his hand almost menacingly on the old man's shoulder. Fairley slowly raised his head. Lance fell back with a groan of horror. The weak lips were wreathed with a feeble, imploring smile, but the eyes wherein the fretful, peevish, suspicious spirit had dwelt were blank and tenantless; the flickering intellect that had lit them was blown out and vanished.

Lance walked toward the door, and remained motionless for a moment, gazing into the night. When he turned back again toward the fire his face was as colorless as the dead man's on the hearth; the fire of passion was gone from his beaten eyes; his step was hesitating and slow. He went up to the table.

"I say, old man," he said, with a strange smile and an odd, premature suggestion of the infinite weariness of death in his voice, "you wouldn't mind giving me this, would you?" and he took up the picture of Flip. The old man nodded repeatedly.

"Thank you," said Lance.

He went to the door, paused a moment, and returned. "Good-bye, old man," he said, holding out his hand. Fairley took it with a childish smile.

"He's dead," said the old man, softly, holding Lance's hand, but pointing to the hearth.

"Yes," said Lance, with the faintest of smiles on the palest of faces. "You feel sorry for any one that's dead, don't you?"

Fairley nodded again. Lance looked at him with eyes as remote as his own, shook his head, and turned away. When he reached the door, he laid his revolver carefully, and indeed somewhat ostentatiously, upon a chair. But when he stepped from the threshold, he stopped a moment in the light of the open door to examine the lock of a small derringer which he drew from his pocket. He then shut the door carefully, and with the same slow, hesitating step, felt his way into the night.

He had but one idea in his mind—to find some lonely

spot; some spot where the footsteps of man would never penetrate; some spot that would yield him rest, sleep, obliteration, forgetfulness, and above all, where he would be forgotten. He had seen such places—surely there were many—where bones were picked up of dead men who had faded from the earth and had left no other record. If he could only keep his senses now he might find such a spot. But he must be careful, for her little feet went everywhere, and she must never see him again, alive or dead. And in the midst of his thoughts, and the darkness, and the storm, he heard a voice at his side:

"Lance, how long you have been here!"

* * * * *

Left to himself, the old man again fell into a vacant contemplation of the dead body before him, until a stronger blast swept down like an avalanche upon the cabin, burst through the ill-fastened door and broken chimney, and, dashing the ashes and living embers over the floor, filled the room with blinding smoke and flame. Fairley rose with a feeble cry, and then, as if acted upon by some dominant memory, groped under the bed until he found his buckskin bag and his precious crystal, and fled precipitately from the room. Lifted by this second shock from his apathy, he returned to the fixed idea of his life—the discovery and creation of the diamond—and forgot all else. The feeble grasp that his shaken intellect kept of the events of the night relaxed, the disguised Lance, the story of his son, the murder, slipped into nothingness; there remained only the one idea—his nightly watch by the diamond pit. The instinct of long habit was stronger than the darkness or the onset of the storm, and he kept his tottering way over the stream and fallen timber until he reached the spot. A sudden tremor seemed to shake the lambent flame that had lured him on. He thought he heard the sound of voices; there were signs of recent disturbance—footprints in the sawdust! With a cry of rage and suspicion, Fairley slipped into the pit, and sprang toward the nearest opening. To his frenzied fancy it had been tampered with, his secret discovered, the fruit of his long labors stolen from him that very night. With superhuman strength he began to open the pit, scattering the half-charged logs right and left, and giving free vent to the suffocating gases that rose from the now incandescent charcoal. At times the fury of the gale would drive it back and hold it against the sides of the pit, leaving the opening free; at times, following the blind instinct of habit, the demented man would fall upon his face, and bury his nose and mouth in the wet bark and sawdust. At last, the paroxysm past, he sank back again in his old apathetic attitude of watching, the attitude he had so often kept beside his sylvan crucible. In this attitude, and in silence, he waited for the dawn.

It came with a hush in the storm; it came with blue openings in the broken up and tumbled heavens; it came with stars that glistened first and then paled, and at last sank, drowning in those deep cerulean lakes; it came with those cerulean lakes broadening into vaster seas, whose shores expanded at last into one illimitable ocean, cerulean no more, but flecked with crimson and opal dyes. It came with the lightly lifted, misty curtain of the day, torn and rent on crag and pine top, but always lifting, lifting. It came with the sparkle of emerald in the grasses, and the flash of diamonds in every spray, with a whisper in the awakening woods, and voices in the traveled roads and trails.

The sound of these voices stopped before the pit, and seemed to interrogate the old man. He came, and putting his finger on his lips, made a sign of caution. When three or four men had descended, he bade them follow him, saying, weakly and disjointedly, but persistently: "My boy . . . my son Robert . . . came home . . . came home at last . . . here with Flip . . . both of them . . . Come and see."

He had reached a little niche or nest in the hillside, and stopped, and suddenly drew aside a blanket. Beneath it, side by side, lay Flip and Lance, dead, with their cold bands clasped in each other's.

"Suffocated!" said two or three, turning with horror toward the broken-up and still smouldering pit.

"Asleep!" said the old man. "Asleep! I've seen 'em lying that way when they were habies together. Don't tell me. Don't say I don't know my own flesh and blood! So, so! my pretty ones!" He stooped and kissed them. Then drawing the blanket over them gently, he rose, and said softly, "Good-night!"

[THE END.]

King Louis of Bavaria has had trouble with his chief secretary, Herr Ziegler, who struck work because the king always turns night into day, that is to say, gets up when the sun sets and goes to bed at sunrise; thus business is always transacted during the night. Poor Ziegler used constantly, therefore, to be deprived of his natural rest. All the State business passed through his hands, as the ministers have always declined to read their different reports personally to the king, who would only listen to them lying in bed, and concealed behind a screen. After long parleying, Ziegler consented to resume work, but under conditions, the principal of which is that he is to be allowed to go to bed at ten o'clock in the evening, and not to be disturbed the next morning.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

By Archibald Forbes.

Of no nation which maintains a standing army are the troops so little *en evidence* as are those of the United States. Probably two-thirds of the population of the republic never saw so much of its army as a company of line infantry. The lodging of no war department in the world can compare for spacious splendor with that palace over against the White House in which the American Secretary of War and the American General of the Army have their official headquarters. There is a district of that beautiful metropolis in which it seems that almost every second building is occupied by some branch or other of military, or quasi-military administration. But the Chicago headquarters of General Sheridan's command, that stretches from the lakes to the gulf, and covers an area larger than the Continent of Europe, are located in the rented second floor of a mercantile building. The superficial observer remembers that its annual cost to the country amounts to some forty million dollars, and reflects that on an annual expenditure of only twelve and a half millions more Germany maintains a standing army of four hundred and twenty thousand men, with the machinery for increasing that strength to a million within a single week. And the conclusion is forced upon him that there must be an American army somewhere, if only he can find it. By far the larger portion of the American army is on service westward of the Missouri River. At Fort Leavenworth the explorer will find a general officer in command, whose personal experiences have been widely varied, and whose accumulated wealth of information on military topics in the Far West is equaled only by his courteous readiness to communicate that information. He will find also a school of instruction for officers that bids fair, as it develops—at present it is only in its first youth—to take rank as a staff college of a high order; and he will find, too, a military prison which will furnish the investigator with some curious material for comparison and contrast with those of other countries. The pay of the American soldier is thirteen dollars a month at the outset, fourteen dollars in his third year of service, fifteen in his fourth, and sixteen in his fifth. His rations, to the foreigner, is startling in its fullness and variety, with its "twelve ounces pork or bacon, or one and a quarter pounds salt or fresh beef, one pound six ounces soft bread or flour, or one pound hard bread, or one and a quarter pounds corn meal; and to each one hundred rations, fifteen pounds beans or peas, and ten pounds rice, ten pounds green coffee, or six pounds roasted and ground coffee, or one pound eight ounces tea, fifteen pounds sugar, four quarts vinegar, one and a quarter pounds candles, four pounds soap, three and three-quarter pounds salt, four ounces pepper, thirty pounds potatoes, one quart molasses." There is "working pay" for him to earn, at the rate of twenty-five cents a day for unskilled, fifty cents a day for skilled labor. He enlists for the moderate term of five years; so that if he dislikes the service his release is in the not far-off future. When after that term he is discharged without discredit, he stands entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of government land, which holding becomes his absolute property on a residence thereon for one year. If, again, he elects to make the army his profession, he may reenlist for successive terms of five years, while his physique holds good, receiving the pay of eighteen dollars a month from his first reenlistment. He may become a non-commissioned officer, with a maximum of twenty-seven dollars a month pay in the line, or thirty-nine dollars in the engineers, ordnance, and signal corps. And if he aspires to commissioned rank, there is nothing utopian in such hope. The "enlisted man" of the American army may attain any rank in that arm. The present Adjutant-General began his military career in this capacity, earning his promotion therefrom by gallantry in the Mexican war. It is the common belief in Europe that all officers of the American regular army are graduates of West Point; but this is quite an error. Take the cavalry arm, containing four hundred and thirty-two officers. Of this number thirty-eight have been enlisted men, commissioned directly from the lower ranks of the regular army. But this in nowise represents the proportion of officers who have begun their military career as "enlisted men." Eighty first joined the army as private soldiers of volunteer regiments employed during the civil war. Thus of the four hundred and thirty-two cavalry officers in the American army, there are no fewer than one hundred and eighteen "rankers," as officers who have risen from the ranks are called in the British army. These American "rankers" do not people the lower grades, as is mostly the case with the British "ranker." A second lieutenant in the American infantry commences on an annual income of fourteen hundred dollars, increasing by ten per cent. annually for each five years' service in the same grade, until an increase of forty per cent. has been reached. The corresponding pay in the British army is less than five hundred dollars a year—hardly enough to pay the mess bill. A captain in the American army enjoys an income of two thousand dollars a year, increasing ten per cent. for each five years' service in that rank. A colonel in the American service draws an annual revenue of three thousand five hundred dollars, rising by quinquennial installments to four thousand four hundred and eighty dollars. A major-general has seven thousand five hundred dollars. All these incomes are exclusive of quarters, fuel, and forage, on at least as liberal a scale as that in effect in the British army. A second lieutenant, invalided already during the first five years of his service, receives as "retired pay" for the rest of his life one thousand and fifty dollars a year. A major, in similar conditions, receives a life pension of two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars a year; if he has "put in" twenty years' service in that grade, his pension is three thousand dollars a year. I do not ask the British boy-soldier, his health permanently shattered by a campaign in Asbantee or Afghanistan, to fancy himself the life-possessor of a pension of two hundred and ten pounds a year; or the grizzled major, worn out by long and hard soldiering, to conceive his retirement on the comfortable income of six hundred pounds a year. But if Uncle Sam is a good paymaster, he in no wise believes in throwing his money away. He will have his fair day's work for his fair day's wages. He employs no more hands than he can utilize; and when

a man is no more fit for work he has to accept his retirement, with its decorous allowance. He considers that he pays a man well enough to do his duty; he holds that duty includes the best and fullest the man can do. If the man fails therein, he gets scant indulgence. Uncle Sam does not spend much time in inventing excuses for short-comings. In all this he differs utterly from his cousin, Dame Britannia. Her army is not a business profession; and so she can deal with it on business principles. She must stand by her failures; she must not own to herself that they are failures. The story of the Crimean war is studded thick with failures who were left unheeded because of unbusiness-like tenderness for men belonging to a profession which is not conducted on business-like principles. On Lord Chelmsford rested the responsibility of the mismanagement that resulted in the catastrophe of Isandula, and that officer owned his incompetence to undertake the responsibility of subsequent operations, and prayed to be relieved therefrom; but even such an appeal as this was overruled, and he was retained in command to prolong and leave unfinished a business of which his incapacity is the most abiding memory. Contrast such things with certain episodes of the American civil war. McClellan indeed got a long rope; but how short was the rope accorded to Pope, who came East with a meritorious record earned in the West, and against whose chances of success before Washington a concourse of circumstances combined. A single battle, which was simply not a success, sufficed to roll Hooker's head in the saw-dust. Again, command to a British officer, whether he achieves failure or success, invariably results in something advantageous. He is never disgraced; he frequently is promoted; he always is decorated. Chelmsford was made a G. C. B., and his friends were chagrined that he was not made a lieutenant-general. Peacock, who marched three miles in as many months, was made a C. M. G., rather a feeble testimonial of merit, and nevertheless a compliment. Pope I find to-day a brigadier-general in substantive rank; he was a major-general by brevet twenty years ago. Meade, who won Gettysburg, the most momentous battle of modern times, and who technically commanded the Army of the Potomac when Lee surrendered to it, died a major-general. Compare with Meade's scantiness of reward, and with Hancock's simple major-general's command of to-day, the honors heaped on Sir Garnet Wolseley for the Ashantee expedition—a creditable affair, doubtless, but *pace* the British Lion, scarcely comparable with Gettysburg. Gilmore nineteen years ago was in independent command, with the rank of major-general, of operations against Charleston; and the reduction of Fort Wagner, Morris Island, and Sumter ranks in intrinsic magnitude above any military operation in which Great Britain has been engaged since the Crimean War, if Lucknow and Delhi he excepted; yet Gilmore to-day is serving as a lieutenant-colonel of engineers. America sent as its military attaché to the Russian army for the campaign of '77-'78, a young engineer lieutenant. That officer had to struggle against the disadvantages incident to the inferiority of his rank. But he did honor to his country and its army by writing the standard history of the Russo-Turkish war, a work of so great merit that the Russian general staff has adopted it as an obligatory study for its aspirants—a work that has become the text-book of that war to every student of the art military. To-day this officer is plodding along in the rank he held before the American subaltern took rank among the military historians of the world. The Russian Emperor had conferred on him not a few medals and decorations, some in appreciation of his knowledge of his profession, others in compliment to that personal courage of which his constant presence in the forefront of operations was fruitful in occasions for the proof. But these, in its austerity, the nation through its Congress has denied him the privilege of wearing. England also had a military attaché with the Russians—an officer whose rank was that of captain and lieutenant-colonel in the Guards. He wrote no history of the war; but his services were rewarded with a full colonelcy in the army, overstepping one hundred and twenty seniors; an appointment as aide-de-camp to the Queen; the position of first secretary to the Vienna embassy, and permission to wear the order conferred on him by the Russian Emperor. At the first glance, an English cavalry officer, accustomed to the polish and trimness of his own command, might be excused for standing aghast in horror at the aspect of such a squadron of horsemen as that which I saw on parade at Camp Cumming, ready in every item for active service. The horses were stout, hard, active, and wiry, accustomed to endure hardship, and to graze, and stand quiet when picketed. The saddles were of the McClellan pattern—light, saving of the horses' backs, and easy for the rider. The kit—carried in small, pendulous saddlebags slung behind the cantle—was cut down to actual necessities, but no necessities for sensible campaigning were lacking. The arms were essentially practical—no *sabre*, a Smith and Wesson revolver, a Hotchkiss magazine carbine, (seven cartridges,) sighted to fourteen hundred yards, and carried conveniently on the saddle. Ammunition for the carbine, (sixty rounds,) carried in a most useful and accessible waist-belt, something like a bandolier; the revolver, ammunition, (thirty-six rounds,) carried in a less satisfactory waist-belt that might usefully be replaced by breast receptacles on the Circassian plan. Men, lean, wiry, tough-looking fellows, wearing clothes there could be no fear of spoiling, adepts by training in the rough horde-skirmish work that constitutes warfare in the Territories, individually and collectively self-reliant. Supplies for thirteen days accompany the column, on mules, reserves following on wagons. A detachment of American cavalry on march might, to the European conversant with standing armies, bear a suspicious resemblance to handitti; but it is carefully equipped for the kind of service on which it is employed, and possesses a practical adaptability that would probably occasion some astonishment in another kind of warfare, on the part of more conventional cavalry fresh from the harrack-yard. To the infantry, *mutatis mutandis*, applies much that has been said of the cavalry. It marches light, unincumbered by knapsacks; it carries the ammunition purposefully in the waist-belt; it does not hither with the hayonet incumbrance. It is armed with the Springfield rifle—a strong-shooting, far-carrying weapon. It wears neither stock nor standing collar. It has the helmet for hot weather; and its boots are susceptible of improvement.—*North American Review for August.*

CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

Morning at Mahaffeyville.

The tremulous boughs of the waving trees were raining down shadows that fell cool and fair upon Lurline Perkins's beautiful face as she stood silent and alone near the wooded. The murmurous sighing of the summer breeze was borne to her by the tranced air, and ever and anon there came up from the meadows the sound of the farmer's ax, as he felled the sturdy asparagus that was soon to delight the palates of the rich people in the city who could pay for it. Away to the eastward, mirroring back the azure dome of the sky, lay the lake, and the swell of its silver foam hut served to make the silence deeper.

The girl stood for several minutes as if entranced by the scene. Then, turning sadly away, she exclaimed in low, bitter tones: "I suppose I shall have to milk that dratted cow, and the sooner I get at it the better."—*From "Spring," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.*

"Give me the child."

As Beryl McCloskey spoke these words she looked into the face of Vivian Fairhope, the man to whom two years ago she had given the most precious treasure of a woman's life, her love, and in the delicate lines of her lovely face there was an expression that told more plainly than could words of a deep resolve the woman had taken.

Little Beatrice had been uneasy all the day, and now that the summer day was drawing to a close, and the long lines of rosy light that streamed up from below the western horizon seemed to rest like a benediction upon the heated earth, she was crying in the querulous, impatient way that brings alarm to a mother's heart.

Vivian handed the child to Beryl. "What are you going to do, darling?" he said.

Looking at him with deep brown eyes from which gleamed a passionate love-light, Beryl said, in tones of thrilling tenderness:

"I am going to spank it, dizzy."—*From "Beryl's Baby," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.*

"Give me the pie."

Out upon the lawn of the Castle McMurtry stood a young girl just in the springtide of youth. The scarlet roses that swung lazily to and fro in the bream of a June morning were not more beautiful than those which bloomed so brightly in the peachy cheeks of the Lady Constance McMurtry, and her slight hut faultlessly molded figure, set off to perfection by a plain morning-dress of white muslin, had in its movements more of grace and beauty than those of the grayhound which lay silently at the feet of his mistress, watching her every movement with intelligent and loving eyes. The girl's rippling golden hair was simply tied with a blue ribbon; the lovely, half-childish face was a poem complete in itself. It was a face that changed with every thought—one moment gay and bright, in another thoughtful and sad. As she spoke the words with which this chapter opens there was a wistful look upon the pretty face, and the deep-brown eyes shot forth a yearning, will-I-ever-find-the-hairbrush glance that was pitiful in its sad beauty.

For an instant Lord Wyverne did not reply. Then, placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, and looking into her eyes with a grave tenderness that told bow the ghastly horror of the scene was pressing upon him, he said, in tones that were almost a sob: "You must be brave, my child; must nerve yourself to bear a great grief."

"My God!" exclaimed the girl. "Tell me what has happened. It surely can not be that there is no pie?"

"No, my darling," replied the earl; "it is not so had as that. Your mother is dead."

"Ah!" said Constance, "how you frightened me. I thought surely it was the pie."—*From "The Earl's Daughter," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.*

"My darling papa!"

As she spoke these words to her father, the only father she had in all the wide, wide world, Myrtle Hathaway placed about his neck a pair of dimpled white arms, and looked into the bearded face with a trusting, I-would-het-seven-to-three-on-you look, that told more eloquently than any words of the deep love she bore him.

Bending over his daughter, and kissing her tenderly where the Bloom of Youth was thinnest, Mr. Hathaway seated himself on a *fauteuil*, the girl kneeling by his side.

"Do you love me very much, papa?" she asked, smoothing with her soft white hands the bronzed forehead over which the furrows of time were beginning to spread.

"Why, what a foolish question for my little one to ask," was the reply, and a kiss stopped the prattle of the pretty lips. "You know, my darling," the father continued, "that my whole life is wrapped up in yours; that your happiness is my joy, your disappointments my bitterest woes."

"And would you do anything to please me, papa?"

"Of course I would, my child. Why do you ask such a foolish question?"

"Then," said the girl slowly, every word telling by its patios of the earnestness with which it was spoken, "take me to the races to-morrow."

Reaching silently around to his pistol-pocket, Mr. Hathaway drew forth a quarter-stretch hodge and placed it in his daughter's hand. The girl looked at it eagerly, gave a little cry of joy, and kissed her father again.

Rising from the *fauteuil*, Mr. Hathaway went to the window, and looked out upon the night. "God help me," he said in husky tones, choking down a sob that was welling up from his supper, "I shall be broke to-morrow night, for there are two pacing-races and a free-for-all trot on the programme."—*From "The Deacon's Daughter," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.*

In Naples a kind of wife market is held every year. All the marriageable girls assemble in a room, to which young men of good character have access. Offer of marriage on the part of any young man is conveyed by allowing his handkerchief to drop before the object of his choice as he passes by. If the girl takes it up, she thereby signifies her acceptance, but her refusal, if she allows it to remain.

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

I do not believe in economy. Still, once in a while I practice it. Yet always to regret it, for it is a delusion and a snare.

Videlicet:

One day last week I was to take the afternoon train of the North Pacific Coast. There was a package at the Palace which I wanted sent to my residence. It was necessary that it should reach there before I left, as I had to take it with me. Behold, an exposition of economy came o'er me. I said to myself, "I will have this done by the Ten Cent Parcel Delivery. Thus shall I save fifteen cents." Ordinarily I use the messenger service of the District Telegraph Company, which I have always found expeditious and trustworthy. This time I did not. I saved my fifteen cents; but I repented it in dust and ashes.

This is the time-table: At 10:15 I gave the order to the ten-cent company. They said they would call at 11. They didn't call at 11. At 12, feeling much pleased with myself at my economy, I went to Marchand's and had an excellent luncheon. Having saved fifteen cents, I felt that I could afford it.

MENU.	
Slice of cold filet de bœuf, with a little mayonnaise sauce.	A rognon sauté, very good.
Some consommé with an egg in it.	An omelette aux fines herbes.
Café.	Vin à discretion.

Price, \$1.25.

Time, 12:55. Train to go at 1:35.

Returned to my residence. No parcel. Hired a coupé. Drove to Palace. N. P. Swore. Drove to Ten-cent Company. Parcel calmly reposing on shelf. Swore again. Sleepy person in charge evidently shocked. Swore at him. Bounced into coupé, drove furiously to hotel, just caught it. Cigar-case empty, whisky-flask empty. Doubts entertained regarding steamboat whisky and cigars. Did not fill either. Results of economy may be tabulated thus:

To coupé hire.....	\$2 00	By cash saved through economical operations of said Ten-cent company.....	\$0 15
To luncheon at Marchand's, superinduced by pleasurable glow caused by economy.....	1 25		
To imperfect and unsatisfactory digestion of aforesaid luncheon.....	2 50		
To physical anguish caused by said imperfect digestion.....	5 00		
To mental anguish owing to chances of salvation imperilled by violent, repeated, and blasphemous language concerning said Ten-cent company (about).....	50 00		
Total.....	\$60 75	Total.....	\$0 15

I have been camping out. As a rule, I object to the country. Or no—not exactly the country, but the natives and the fare. But this time we camped in the mountains, far from the gentle native, and the fare was good.

It was a very jolly party. First, there was Gourmet, chief of the party and chef of the cuisine; profoundly versed in viands, deeply learned in the lore of cates, dainties, and good cheer; a jolly fellow, whose only har at Saint Peter's gate will be that he snores loudly, gloomily, and in a minor key.

Then there was the Little Giant, most indefatigable of workers; a youth who is so dainty about his make-up that even in the heart of the redwoods he wore a polka-dot cravat, and carried a blue silk kerchief in the pocket of his over-shirt.

Next on the list comes the Clam Fiend. This individual devoted himself incessantly to the consumption of clams, raw. When we arose in the morning the figure of the Clam Fiend would be outlined against the sky, engaged in his fascinating pursuit. The last thing at night he would eat a dozen by way of a nightcap. He carried them with him continually, and whenever we wanted him it was only necessary to track him down by his trail of clam-shells.

Then there was Mahlistick, the artist. This person set up his easel in an opening in the redwoods, stretched his canvasses, arranged his color tubes upon a prostrate tree, and then lay upon his back, smoked, and stared at the sky. When interrogated as to his occupation, he would reply that he was "making studies." If he made any they are still in embryo, for he painted not. Mahlistick was very regular at meals.

Another member was the General, a retired veteran, whose military training had given him the habit of command. This habitude the remainder of the party resented, and devoted themselves assiduously to sitting upon the General.

Two darkeys to cook and wait rendered life easier.

Then there was Myself. I will not dwell upon my many merits.

Our mission was this: We had come as the advance guard of that host of good fellows who yearly repair to the forest to have their annual "jinks"; to forget for a brief space the carking cares and the wearisome tread-mill of life, to sing, to feast, to make merry, and there, in the heart of the forest, under the giant trees, to solemnly cremate the body of Care.

Our duties were many. We had to provide sleeping and eating quarters for a hundred and fifty men; we had to erect a bathing-platform and spring-boards on the shores of a miniature lake formed by an embouchure of the Russian River; we had to prepare a speaker's stand under the trees, to drape it with flags and festoon it with lanterns; we had to erect a frame-work of wood, that the weary wayfarer might slake his thirst in the conventional, American, and perpendicular manner. We had to do all this, I say, and we had further to jointly and severally abuse Mahlistick because he was lazy. As for myself, I worked so hard endeavoring to do a very little and convince the others that I was doing a great deal, that I am still fatigued.

In lieu of tents we erected cabins made of hoard frameworks, with boughs nailed to them. These edifices were by no means close, but on the contrary extremely light and airy. Their only drawback was that if a man rolled out of bed he was apt to roll through the side of the house. Then, too, in walking around the camp after dark one was in danger of walking through his domicile without knowing it.

But under the redwoods in summer time tents and cabins are needless. I slept one night under our hush roofs, but the cacophonous concert of snores drove me away. I took up my bed and walked. In the centre of a circle of trees I made my couch of straw. Then, wrapping the blanket drape of that couch about me, I laid me down to pleasant dreams. I will wager I slept better than Flood. Besides, the walls of my bed-room were two hundred feet high—much higher than his—and the moon came and looked down at me through the leafy ceiling far overhead, and made me good-night ere I sunk to sleep.

There is something solemn about a redwood grove. I abominate Wordsworth with a strong abomination, but he said a poetic thing when he wrote of "silent spires whose fingers point to heaven." And if a church steeple, made of common hoards and by commoner carpenters, he impressive, how much the more one of these mighty trees, made by a mighty Hand, and pointing to heaven through countless ages.

[Mem.—Théophile Gautier once ran across this line of Wordsworth's in an impure French novel. It so impressed him that he immediately sat down and wrote a beautiful poem, the refrain of which is a translation of Wordsworth's line—"clochers silencieux montrant du doigt le ciel."]

Never can one wake from a sweeter sleep, in a halmier air, to a brighter day, than in these California mountains, when the sun sends his long lines of light through the tops of the trees, and the birds call from the boughs above you. I am a battered denizen of the city, yet it moves me almost to poetry.

Do not fear—almost, but not quite.

In this mountain seclusion, then, we passed five peaceful, sylvan days. At the expiration of that time we were invaded by a hundred and fifty men bearing offensive traces of civilization. They insulted the forest by their toothpick shoes and crutch canes; they desecrated the river by going in swimming in hric-à-hrac bathing-suits; they defiled the forest aisles with the tin-foil wrappings of costly cigars and champagne bottles; the moan of the trees was drowned by the chorus of songs.

It was sacrilegious.

Yet there was a spark of manliness left in them. One individual had dared to wear a plug-hat in the face of nature. This hideous thing—this blot upon the landscape—was seized, confiscated, secreted, and ultimately sent skyward on the top of a large rocket. I hope it is going yet.

By way of breaking these sybarites in, we had arranged a little ramble for them—a trifling walk of a mile and a half before they had dinner. Along the road we had placed placards to cheer them on their weary way. Little facetiae such as "Are you tired?" "Are you *real* tired?" "Would you like to have a drink?" "It's only three miles more!" "Don't get weary, children!" and so forth. Just before they got into camp a large placard upon a tree informed them that they were "just half-way." At this point many expressed a desire to lie down and die. But they lived—lived to wish it again next day.

After a dinner which was eaten with an appetite many never had before, all repaired to the grove where the "jinks" was to be held. It was a scene of wondrous beauty. About four hundred Japanese lanterns were suspended from the trees, a complete circle some hundreds of yards in circumference being made around the central space where stood the speakers' stand. Another line of light led to the "wine-room." Still another avenue of lanterns showed the way to the camp where the cabins were. Near the speakers' stand burned an immense bonfire, the effect of the light from which, shooting up into the dark branches far above, was most peculiar. Around the circle, standing, seated on logs, and lying down, were grouped the Bohemians. In the background stood the persons indigenous to the country, both the male and female of the species, contemplating the scene with that determined *nil admirari* which is so characteristic of the humptious provincial.

The natives, by the way, look upon us with a mixture of pity and benevolent contempt. They regard us as a race of well-meaning and profitable lunatics.

Perhaps they are right.

After the usual quota of song, and speech, and story, there filed into the circle of light a band of huntsmen, with horn, and haldric, and jerkins of green. Can these be Robin Hood and his merry men?—Friar Tuck and Little John? Nay, not so, for they seat themselves at a rustic table, and fall to on a sylvan banquet. We are in the Forest of Arden, for there is the Banished Duke attended by the melancholy Jaques and my Lord of Amiens. A chorus hursts forth—"Under the greenwood tree"—and presently there file from out the forest yet others, escorting the successful huntsman, and the song changes—'tis "What shall he have who killed the Deer?" But look—here comes Orlando; he bids them pause, and presently old Adam enters, an-hungered and a-thirsting, and he is hidden to the board.

All things have an end—except eternity and a woman's tongue—and so the scenes soon ceases. Into the dark the huntsmen troop, singing "Blow, hlow, thou winter wind," and as they wind through the forest aisles the sobbing horns blend with the virile voices in a manner which one can not forget. "Virile"—I use the word advisedly. It means to me that which is pre-eminently masculine. It is the opposite of "effeminate" rather than of "feminine." [Compare English "male" and French "mâle."] There is to me no finer music than that made by the human voice; there is to me no finer chorus than a chorus of men's voices.

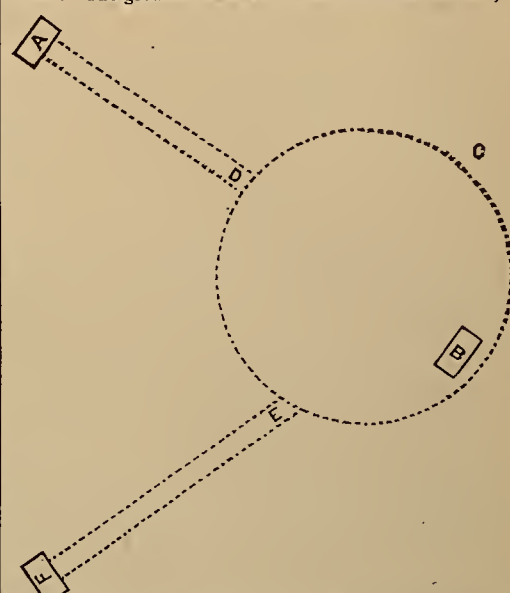
I shall always remember those scenes from "As You Like It" under the redwood trees.

But here comes a new procession. Filing out through the trees are black-robed and hooded figures, bearing a sombre catafalque. To the strains of a melancholy dirge they wind their way through the trees, to the place where has been

reared a funeral pyre. It is the body of Care—encoffined now, to be cremated anon. A prayer is said; all good Bohemians are adjured to cast their load of care into the flames. The flare of flashing torches lights up the scene; the prayer is done; the torch applied; rockets stream into the night; and the forked flames leap up toward heaven hearing with them, let us hope, at least some Bohemian burdens.

But the set programme is now over, and all abandon themselves to less formal fun. The hanqueting table of the Banished Duke is taken to the "wine-room"; candles stuck in empty champagne bottles furnish light; an impromptu "low jinks" takes place, which lasts far into the night, until the moon has lain herself down in the couch of fog which broods far out over the ocean, and the dissipated stars wink sleepily, and say "Good-morning."

At this stage it became necessary to find the way to the cabins. The grounds were laid out about in this fashion;



A represents the "wine-room"; B the speakers' stand; C the circle of lanterns surrounding the central space; D, the line of lanterns leading to the "wine-room"; E, the line of lanterns leading to the sleeping camp; F, the camp.

Some of the lanterns by this time had gone out. There were little gaps here and there. This was notably the case at D and E, where the lines intersected. The scene was so much changed that even those who had been there for days and arranged the grounds had difficulty in finding their way. To the new-comers, as may be imagined, it was a perfect labyrinth. One of them distrusted his ability to find the camp. Let us call him John. He sought another—a man with a lantern—a man named Henry. Quoth John:

"Henry, dear boy, you have a lantern. Will you show me the way to the camp?"

"Aye," said Henry, "with my little lantern even to the camp grounds will I gladly guide you."

They started. They went from A to D.

"We have only to follow the lanterns" said Henry, cheerfully.

They went to C, thence to B, thence to E, thence to D, thence to A.

"Henry, dear hoy," said John, "it seems to me we were here before."

"It looks familiar," said Henry, something chopfallen.

They started out again.

This time they went to D, thence to E, thence to B, thence to C, thence to D, thence to A. They stared at each other. They were at the place they had started from.

"Henry," said John, "this is the most extraordinary piece of circumlocution I ever saw."

"Circumlocution—how so?"

"Circumlocution is derived from the Latin *circum*, 'around,' and *cute*, 'smart'—hence, 'a smart way of getting around a thing.' Ha, ha!"

Henry glared gloomily into the dark, and spake no word. The night waxed on apace. There were now collected others who wanted to go home.

"Don't try it," said Henry, "the place is hewitched."

Having no confidence in Henry as a guide, the party chartered a servant with a lantern, who professed to know the way. Four times did the unhappy menial lead the party around the circle until they were discovered by a good Samaritan, (with a lantern,) who directed them into Avenue E, which led to their palatial cabins.

I was the Good Samaritan.

The wanderings of Mahlistick, the Clam Fiend, and two others from the trail, on their return to camp; their sudden disappearance in a stump-hole; their extrication therefrom by the Good Samaritan, using their legs as handles; the mishap of a Son of Mars, who rolled through the side of his cabin, to escape the waking-up brigade, and who suddenly rolled back again, of two evils choosing the lesser; the unfortunate adventure of the man who got up toward the third hour of the morning and went outside, to find on his return that he might much better have stayed in—are not all these in the unwritten chronicles of Bohemia? Aye, verily, my children.

But who could record the countless tricks that were played during those two days of jollity?—the amusing mishaps, the little adventures, the fantastic pranks of a hundred and fifty keen-witted men turned school-boys for the nonce? They will furnish food for reminiscence for a twelvemonth. And to their credit be it said, not a harsh word was spoken, not a jest was ill received, not a thing was done that any man could regret. Even the elders whose slumbers were disturbed by the more frolicsome youngsters with their singing

of drums and blowing of horns—even the elders took up the raveled sleeve of sleep again without a word of anger. And some of them even turned out and assisted the marauders in their disturbing of the peace.

Well, well, it is all over. Back to the city have we come, and become staid citizens once more. All the way down on our special train mirth reigned supreme. But when the hoat was reached, and we were amidst the humdrum crowd that filled it, with the city in sight, we insensibly became starchy. When we touched the wharf we were as decorous and as dull as every good citizen ought to be.

I met Gourmet on the street to-day, and his sleek vestments made me smile when I hethought me of the dungaree garments he affected in the woods. And coming out of the theatre last night I ran against a natty youth with light-topped toothpick shoes, a hoh-tail coat, a pancake hat, and an absurd cane. When I last had seen him he was attired in a blue flannel shirt, a pair of grimy trousers, and a polo cap.

It was the Clam Fiend.

ZULANO.

A Number of Weddings.

There have been a number of weddings celebrated during the present week, conspicuous among which was that of Lieutenant Frederick Huhert Lefavor, of the U. S. Steamship *Ranger*, and Miss Lizzie Story Collins, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Goldsmith, of this city. The ceremony of marriage took place at Saint John's Presbyterian Church on Wednesday last, August second, and was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Scott at a quarter to one o'clock. The church had been very tastefully and elaborately ornamented with flowers and evergreens, among which was a floral craft of exquisite design and make, and was largely filled with the friends of the parties, among whom were a perceptible sprinkling of army and navy officers and their ladies. The bride was dressed in a short traveling costume, and after partaking of a wedding breakfast at Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith's, on First Street, with a few very intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lefavor departed for the East on the 3:30 train. Lieutenant Ray, of the *Ranger*, acted as best man. The groom is noted as being one of the handsomest and best young fellows of the navy. Lefavor was born in Maine, but was appointed in the navy from Ohio, which State he claims as a residence. He entered the service on June 27, 1866.

At eight o'clock on the same evening, (Wednesday, August second,) at the residence of the bride, on California Street, Lieutenant Richard H. Townley, of the United States steamer *Alert*, was married to Miss Lillie Gerke, one of the daughters of the late Henry Gerke, long and extensively known as one of our leading and successful men. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Platt, in the presence of a few intimate friends. Lieutenant and Mrs. Townley leave for Nebraska in a few days, where the groom has relatives, and will then go to New York, where Mrs. Townley has a married sister. The groom was born in Ohio, but was appointed from Nebraska on the twentieth of June, 1870.

The marriage of Mr. Bliz H. Paxton and Miss Bessie Emerson, of Rochester, New York, took place at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. R. H. Harfield, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth ultimo. Only the families of the bride and groom and a few friends were present. A reception was held in the afternoon, at which time an elegant lunch was served. The bride was the recipient of numerous valuable presents. Mr. and Mrs. Paxton are on a tour through the southern part of the State. Upon their return they will reside for the coming fall and winter at the Grand Hotel.

At one o'clock on Thursday last, the third instant, Mr. George W. Reed, of San Francisco, was married, at the Episcopal church in Berkeley, to Miss Lillie L. Bonte, daughter of Rev. Dr. J. H. C. Bonte, secretary of the State University.

Among the reported engagements is that of Mr. Peder Sather, of Oakland, to Miss Hutchinson, a resident of the East at present; and a further report that the marriage will take place at an early date.

There is also an engagement of marriage between Major Whitney, U. S. A., and Miss Hattie Myrick, and the wedding is set for next month.

The Grand Army of the Republic give a grand excursion to Santa Cruz next Saturday. This is a charity; the best and sweetest charity. The money is to go to the widows and orphans of dead soldiers. Let us recall those times when our country was in its death struggle, and remember the loved ones of the war who died to save it. Every one who has leisure and money ought to go to Santa Cruz; every one who has money and no leisure ought to purchase a ticket and stay at home. The soldiers of the Grand Army deserve a good time; the widows and orphans deserve a good benefit. A romantic journey through a picturesque region, fun, feasting, frolicking, dancing, a seaside excursion, and all for three dollars, the three dollars going for charity.

On Tuesday evening, at the store of H. S. Crocker, on Bush Street near Sansome, an exhibition of the new Edison incandescent electric lights was given. It was conducted by the Pacific Coast owner of the patent, Mr. George S. Ladd, and was most successful. The lights proved to be entirely devoid of that bluish pallor peculiar to the Brush lights now in our streets. They burn with a pure, light-yellowish flame, which is steadier and far more agreeable than gas.

A Philadelphia correspondent of a Western paper says in regard to the exodus of fashionable Philadelphians: "I happen to know a lady who objects, on social principles, to going on Chestnut Street after the first of July. And really it is a fact that a well-dressed woman who ventures on a walk down Chestnut Street is stared at as a phenomenon."

Last week, at one of the Newport halls, Miss Maude Howe, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, was, upon her entrance into the hall-room, presented with a pure white lily by a prominent New York society man. Has this any reference to the Mediæval Poet?

The party which recently went to Alaska, including Sir Thomas Hesketh, Jules Tavernier, the artist, Fred Sharon, and others, has returned.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Count Gismond.
AIX IN PROVENCE.

Christ God, who savest men, save most
Of men Count Gismond who saved me!
Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,
Chose time and place and company
To suit it; when he struck at length
My honor, 'twas with all his strength.

And doubtless ere that he could draw
All points to one, he must have schemed!
That miserable morning saw
Few half so happy as I seemed,
While being dressed in queen's array
To give our Tourney prize away.

I thought they loved me, did me grace
To please themselves; 'twas all their deed;
God makes or fair or foul our face;
If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped
A word, and straight the play had stopped.

They, too, so heauteous! Each a queen
By virtue of her brow and breast;
Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
As I do. 'E'en when I was dressed,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head.

But no; they let me laugh, and sing
My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle stairs.

And they could let me take my state
And foolish throne amid applause
Of all come there to celebrate
My Queen's day—Oh, I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud!

How'er that be, all eyes were bent
Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down; 'twas time I should present
The victor's crown, but... there, 'twill last
No long time... the old mist again
Blinds me as then it did. How vain!

See! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys: I can proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly (to my face, indeed,)—
But Gauthier, and he thundered "Stay!"
And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say!"

"Bring torches! Wind the penance sheet
About her! Let her shun the chaste,
Or lay herself before their feet!
Shall she, whose hody I embraced
A night long, queen it in the day?
For honor's sake no crowns, I say!"

I? What I answered? As I live,
I never fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.
What says the body when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it? No more says the soul.

Till out strode Gismond; then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but at first view
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?

He strode to Gauthier; in his throat
Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one hack-handed blow that wrote
In blood men's verdict there. North, South,
East, West, I looked. The lie was dead
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

This glads me most, that I enjoyed
The heart of the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond, unalloyed
By any doubt of the event.
God took that on him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part. I did.

Did I not watch him while he let
His armourer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
The while! His foot... my memory leaves
No least stamp out nor how anon
He pulled his ringing gauntlets on.

And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finished, prone lay the false knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground;
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
Of sword, but open-breast drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

Which done, he dragged him to my feet,
And said, "Here die, but end thy breath
In full confession, lest thou fleet
From my first, to God's second death!
Say, hast thou lied?" And "I have lied
To God and her," he said, and died.

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked—
"What safe my heart holds, tho' no word
Could I repeat now, if I tasked
My powers forever, to a third
Dear even as you are. Pass the rest,
Until I sank upon his breast.

Over my head his arm he flung
Against the world; and scarce I felt
His sword, that dripped by me and swung,
A little shifted in its belt—
For he began to say the while
How south our home lay many a mile.

So 'mid the shouting multitude
We two walked forth to nevermore
Return. My cousins have pursued
Their life untroubled as before
I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
God lighten! May his soul find grace!

Our elder boy has got the clear,
Great brow; though when his brother's black
Full eye shows scorn, it... Gismond here?
And have you brought my tercel back?
I just was telling Adela
How many birds it struck since May.

—Robert Browning.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. J. T. Thompson and Miss Thompson, of Napa, went down to Monterey a few days ago to enjoy the charms of the seashore. Mrs. D. Ferris, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in this city. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Keyes have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook have also been spending a few days at Monterey. Miss Florence Perrine, of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. Miss Lida Church, of Sacramento, left that city a few days ago, accompanied by her mother, to enter the New England Conservatory of Music. Mrs. J. H. Carroll and her daughters, the Misses Flora and Minnie Carroll, of Sacramento, have gone to Howell Mountain, Napa County, to remain until November. Mrs. J. O. Broadhead and Miss Broadhead, of St. Louis, have been visiting Monterey, but are now at the Palace. General Beale came up from his ranch in Kern County on Wednesday last, and is at the Palace. Miss Etta Tracy, who has been staying at Monterey for several weeks, returned to the city last Monday. Captain Henry Metcalf, U. S. A., and Mrs. Metcalf, and J. W. Summerhayes, U. S. N., and Mrs. Summerhayes, have been at the Occidental during the week. Lieutenant-Commander O'Neil, U. S. N., who has been in the city with his family for a couple of weeks, sailed on Tuesday last for China. Hon. Newton Booth is spending the week in the city. Lieutenant-Commander Folger, U. S. N., and Paymaster Martin, of the *Alert*, went East on Tuesday last. Mrs. Henry Hazard, of Los Angeles, who has been visiting friends in this city, returned home on Wednesday last. Mrs. Nichols, of Benicia, is visiting friends here. G. H. Stafford and A. S. McCrea, U. S. N., are at the Occidental. Miss Watkins, of San Rafael, is at the Grand. J. M. Ingalls, U. S. A., is at the Palace. Miss Nonie Smith has returned home, and her sister, Miss Quica, is at Monterey. Mrs. W. M. Stewart is contemplating an Eastern tour. The engagement is announced of Miss Lillie Hastings, youngest daughter of Judge S. C. Hastings, to Dr. J. D. de Castello, of the U. S. N., late surgeon of the *Rodgers*. The doctor has gone East to seek a year's leave of absence, and the wedding will take place as soon after his return as possible. Miss Lillie is the sister of Mrs. Colonel Catherwood and Mrs. W. S. Keyes. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Miss Huntington and Miss Stoddard, of New York, accompanied by E. H. Pardee, also of New York, have been spending a portion of the present week at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn have returned from Sonoma County. Harry Durhrow, Charles Cole, George H. Redding, Frank P. Wilson, and Leon D. Smith, who went to Shasta and McCloud River two weeks ago, and who were upset in a coach and all bruised or otherwise hurt, have all returned and claimed that they have had a good time, notwithstanding the episode not put down in the programme. Mrs. Shreve has again gone to Monterey. J. H. Jewett and N. D. Rideout and family, of Marysville, have returned from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. I. N. Requa returned from the Yosemite Valley on Thursday last. Doctor and Mrs. E. T. Wilkins, of Napa, who have been visiting Monterey, and also friends in this city, have departed for home. Mrs. Senator John F. Miller and Miss Dora Miller leave London for New York in a few days. Mr. and Mrs. George F. Wheaton, of Oakland, are at Monterey. Mrs. Captain W. M. Moor returned from Monterey on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, and Miss Mollie Dodge have returned to the Palace from Monterey. C. F. Fargo and the Misses M. and F. Fargo, returned from Monterey on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Schmiadel and daughter returned to the Palace from San Rafael a few days ago. Charles McLaughlin returned from the Yosemite on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. A. Jenckes returned from Lake Tahoe to the Grand a few days ago. Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family and Miss Jennie Hanchett returned from Monterey on Monday last. The Misses Roberts, who have been living at Tuhbs's Hotel, Oakland, have taken up their permanent residence at the Grand. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bray, and Miss Bray returned from the sea-shore on Monday last. Mrs. H. C. Hooker returned from Monterey during the week. Mrs. Delehanty, wife of Lieutenant Delehanty, U. S. N., has returned to the Grand. Mrs. Greeley, wife of Lieutenant Greeley, of Arctic exploring fame, has returned from Clear Lake, and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Collier, on Van Ness Avenue. Mr. Mackay returned from the Yosemite on Saturday last. Mrs. George H. Rice is at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Mollie Phelan, her daughter, have arrived in Brooklyn, N. Y., where Mrs. Phelan has a sister, who visited San Francisco and Santa Cruz last summer. Mrs. S. D. Hovey is spending a few days at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd have also been visiting Monterey. Captain N. T. Smith and wife, of Menlo Park, have returned from Monterey. Mrs. F. G. Berry, Miss M. F. Berry, and Miss M. S. Berry went to Monterey on Saturday last. Mrs. M. D. Boruck has been visiting Sacramento. Miss Jennie Morgan, of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. Mrs. S. M. Bostwick, of Sacramento, has gone to Shasta to remain until October. Mr. and Mrs. John Boggs, of Colusa, have been visiting Monterey. Mrs. E. J. Bowen has returned from Monterey. Mr. Barron and family, of Santa Clara County, have taken up their residence at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Knight, of Marysville, have gone to Santa Cruz to remain a few weeks. Miss Hattie Rice has returned from Tahoe. Mrs. George K. Fitch has been spending a few days at Monterey. Colonel and Mrs. J. H. Dickinson have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, at Fruit Vale, during the present week. General Stoneman has returned to Los Angeles; Mrs. Stoneman is at San Rafael. Truxton Beale has returned from Tejon. Mrs. T. E. Rowan, of Los Angeles, accompanied by her son and Miss Rowan, is visiting in this city. Mrs. W. M. Siddons and her two daughters, the Misses Nellie and Daisy, went to Monterey on Tuesday last. The Misses Mary and Bertie Stanton, of Sacramento, are visiting friends in Alameda the present week. Albert Castle is at present staying in Paris. Mrs. J. G. Hoyt and child and Mrs. A. E. Hoyt, of Oakland, are spending a few days in Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey took their departure on August 1st for Lake Tahoe, for an extended trip.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In answer to the question as to whether General Stoneman drew mileage while traveling in government employment on a journey for which he was provided with a pass by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, we have received the following:

PRESIDIO, July 29, 1882.—General George Stoneman is a colonel, U. S. A., retired. Being a retired officer, he could not draw mileage for any journey that he might perform. Respectfully,
GEORGE P. ANOREWS, Lieutenant-Colonel First Artillery.

As this is not in accord with the statement made by General Stoneman to a personal friend of the editor of the *Argonaut*, we reserve to ourselves the privilege of hoping that the general will deem it appropriate for himself to state the facts concerning the matter. The law allows him the freedom of all railroads in this State while in performance of his duties as Railroad Commissioner. If under any other circumstances he has availed himself of free railroad passes to travel to the East and back with his family, on a trip of pleasure or of business connected with any other employment, then we may be permitted to remark that his attitude of hostility to corporations is not as pronounced as the political orators of his party would have us believe. That he has traveled on free passes during the past four years, and that by means of one he came and returned from the State Convention, where he was nominated as an anti-railroad candidate, we believe to be a fact. If General Stoneman can reconcile his acceptance of railroad favors with his attitude of political hostility, our columns are open for his explanation.

Lord Dundreary's story of the tail wagging the dog has its application in the Republican party of California. There are more independent than machine votes in it. The independent tail can always wag the party dog, whenever it undertakes the task. It may bark, and whine, and attempt to bite; but it must wag all the same. There is no safety in attempting to cut off the tail, for just as likely as not it will happen that the tail will be cut off so near the ears that it will look as though the party had lost its head.

If the accounts in the daily papers may be relied upon in reference to the proceedings of Mr. R. G. Sneath and the defunct bank of which he was president, then Mr. Sneath's conduct is especially reprehensible. We take it that a man who is honest, and has nothing to hide in the settlement of business accounts, is never called upon to play the bully or the blackguard. We take it also that when a brave man feels that he is in the right, and does undertake either rôle, he is not restrained by the presentation of a pocket-pistol. There are divers morals to be drawn from these oft-recurring scimmages among business men and merchants, and one is that in the exhibition of temper and use of bad language they are not upon a much higher plane than the seventh ward politicians. If this had been a political ward meeting, and R. G. Sneath had been a boss in the minority, some stalwart would doubtless have taken him by the slack of his trousers with a pair of tongs and dropped him out of the window. Sneath is unfortunate in his intercourse with business men. He is always in a quarrel, but curiously enough, in all the controversies and contentions that have distinguished his career he has always been in the right, and everybody else in the wrong. He is the amiable twelfth juror with whom the obstinate eleven refuse to agree.

Mrs. Pitts-Stevens is gaining a reputation for eloquence and marked ability in her field of temperance labor. Her recent lecture at Children's Hall, in this city, was largely attended by an intellectual and appreciative audience, all of whom agreed in hearing testimony to her ability as an orator, and her zeal in the temperance cause.

We commend to our readers a careful perusal of the communication on the débris question in this issue of the *Argonaut*. It is an able presentation of an important question—a question that is destined to become a leading political issue. If there is any answer that can be made to the agricultural and commercial side of this débris argument, we have yet to hear it. In our opinion, one agricultural township is of more real value to the world than all the gravel mines in the Sierra. The valley lands of the Sacramento are worth more than all the mines of the Sierra. When Judge Temple suggested impounding débris, as a compromise with the law, he made a mistake. It was his duty to announce the law, and let the consequences take care of themselves. Brush dams, or any kind of dams, is a delusion. When the mines are exhausted there will be no one interested to maintain them, floods will destroy them, and the accumulated débris will be a continued source of future injury to the valley lands, navigable streams, and the harbor of San Francisco. Gravel mining should be arrested.

The Board of Supervisors has authorized a sign-painter to enclose the Lotta fountain for three weeks with a high board fence, which he may use for advertisements. Some of our journals complain. Not so we. It would suit us if the Lotta fountain could be perpetually hidden from sight, for a more absurd piece of cheap iron was never set up in a city to commemorate the parsimony and vanity of a very common-place actress. It is an offense to good taste, and ought to be taken down.

At a recent temperance meeting held at St. Paul, Minnesota, by "The National Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Union," Bishop Ireland in his oration said: "The woes of the people of Ireland are mostly brought about by intemperance, and if they could be made temperate and kept so for fifteen years, they could buy out the entire island with the money they would otherwise spend for strong drink." We wish the Ireland Irish would make an effort in this direction, and if the American Irish would stop drinking whisky, save their money, and send it to Ireland, the whole business would be done in ten years. If the Pope's American Irish would let our politics alone, give up their Land-League meetings, and stop drinking whisky, we will agree on our part to abstain from calling attention to

their ignorance and bigotry, and encourage them to purchase Ireland, so that they may all go home. This would make a millennium in America and a Donnybrook in Ireland. We thank Bishop Ireland for the happy suggestion. In this connection let us be just enough to say that the earnest efforts of the Roman Church in the direction of temperance reform might be profitably imitated by our Protestant clergy.

Egyptian affairs have not materially changed within the week. The English are actively preparing for war. Arabi Bey is seemingly gaining popular strength, and has improved his military position. The Turk is making ready to invade Egypt with a stronger force than the English think desirable, hence they are evidencing a lack of faith in the sincerity of the Sultan. There is a curious and not very well authenticated rumor of a large host of Bedouins from the Soudan approaching Cairo under the leadership of a new prophet, who claims, as all Moslem prophets do, that he is a lineal descendant of Mahomet. The only skirmish that has taken place between the English and Egyptians is an admitted English defeat. The news comes through English sources. Cairo, the principal city of Egypt, is loyal to Arabi Bey. A serious war is now probable, with England to have the laboring oar.

Major McQuiddy, of Mussel Slough fame, is suggested by the *Post* as an appropriate candidate for governor for the Greenback wing of the Democracy. As indicated by his portrait, he is a handsome man, about twenty-eight years of age, with classic, clear-cut features of the Roman type; glossy, coal-black hair, and flowing beard. He was a hero in the civil war, and patriot on the Southern side. He served under Jackson and Price in Missouri; made Kansas bleed; and is a Christian gentleman of the Campbellite persuasion. In politics he is a consistent Democrat, and is grand-master of the Settlers' League. He is under indictment for crime, and has for some years successfully evaded service of a writ of arrest by the courts. The *Post* thinks the major would make a good anti-monopoly candidate for governor; and we agree with the *Post*, that any man who could attain distinction in the rebellion by service with Quantrel or Price, and can successfully evade the writ of a United States court for years, and successfully maintain possession of land he does not own, and has not paid for, is a very good type of Democrat, and one whom the non-rent-paying, Land-League Irish, the law-breaking members of the "League of Freedom," the rioters of the Sand-Lot, the tramps, and the party camp-followers could consistently and enthusiastically support. The only trouble about the major is that he could not well stump the State for fear of arrest; but the moment he became governor he could pardon himself.

Mr. Adolph Sutro is just now getting a little cheap advertising and undeserved notoriety by an article going the rounds of the newspapers that he is going to build a costly palatial sea-side hotel in San Francisco. Mr. Sutro has spent a few hundred dollars in grading a hill-top near the ocean, and planting trees upon it. He has left the State for a prolonged absence in Europe, and has no immediate, or at any time well-defined, intention of building a hotel at all. All the newspaper compliments to his enterprise and public spirit are simply journalistic rot. Sutro is a land-speculator in the suburbs of our city, holding land for other men's enterprise to give value to; just one of the kind of non-resident land-speculators the less of whom we have the better.

The movement of one county in instructing its delegates at the State Convention to vote for the Hon. James McM. Sbafter for governor, is an indication of a movement in the right direction. Delegates instructed for such men as Sbafter of Marin, Russ of Humboldt, Rhodes of Santa Clara, Reed of Yolo, Blake or Swift of San Francisco, Felton of San Mateo, Bard of San Buenaventura, Mansfield of Los Angeles, or ex-Senator Booth of Sacramento, could easily compromise and agree. With either of these gentlemen as a candidate, and with an open and manly declaration of right principles as a platform, the Republican party can carry this State. With a machine candidate "straddling the blind," and nominated by the worthless party camp-followers who pursue politics for loot, party plunder, and under promises of patronage to every political loafer who may do dirty work for him, the chances of Republican success are slim. Remember the Gorham campaign, for sometimes history repeats itself.

That branch of the Workingmen's party which meets at Metropolitan Temple, and is under the direction of Dr. Kalloch, is right in declaring that the Chinese question is not a dead issue, and that a governor should be chosen who would enforce proper quarantine laws, and a mayor for San Francisco who would enforce municipal ordinances to restrain Chinese nuisances within legal bounds. The Chinese question will become a very live issue unless the authorities, in the utmost good faith, endeavor to carry into effect all laws restricting Chinese immigration, and refrain from passing any laws or ordinances that shall unduly encourage the Chinese to remain among us. The Metropolitan branch of the Workingmen's party is wise in holding itself as a political reserve to wield the balance of power in favor of the party that takes the most advanced position upon all labor questions.

The Democratic orators are endeavoring to ignore the Sunday law issue. They are determined to evade it. In all their speeches they omit allusion to it. This is all very well, and will do for tactics until the Republican platform is made, candidates nominated, and the party artillery placed in position. They will then be compelled to face the music. The *Examiner*, in its issue of Wednesday, August sixth, in the fourth column of the first page, says: "This outcry against the repeal of the Sunday law is a tempest in a teapot, gotten up by a few Pharisees, Puritan fanatics, and demagogues. THIS LAW IS ESSENTIALLY EVIL, AND SHOULD BE ABOLISHED. * * * This law brings contempt on all other laws so long as it defaces the statute book. IT IS A DEAD LETTER AND A REPROACH." The *Examiner* is the organ of the party. Will the stump-speakers please paste this extract in their hats, and answer it?

VANITY FAIR.

It was something of a disappointment at a fashionable Philadelphia garden, when the favors, dainty satin jewel-cases, each supposed to contain an artistic gold bracelet, were opened, and all found to be empty. Some thief had managed in an inexplicable way to steal all the pretty *portebonheurs* just before the dance begun.

Newport ladies go on yachting parties and boating excursions as elegantly and elaborately dressed as if for a reception or high tea in the midst of the winter season. Mr. Howells will therefore have to costume his future heroines in some other dress than the dainty blue flannel which the heroine of "The Lady of Aroostook" wore, and which was so unknowingly appropriate for a voyage on the "blue and vasty deep."

Some of the girls at the Eastern watering-places are using for parasols Japanese umbrellas, coated with a dazzling glaze, says the Philadelphia *Progress*. When the dear creatures lay these charming inventions over their shoulders and whirl them carelessly about, the sun's rays are sent frolicking into the eyes of everybody within a good many yards, and the effect, if not pleasing, is astonishing. The small boy with a piece of looking-glass is suspected of the trick, but for once the small boy is innocent. These umbrellas, be it understood, are usually owned by girls who have advanced beyond their twenties.

It is the thing for smooth terriers to be adorned with a little plain gold bracelet soldered above the fore foot, and surmounted with a monogram, says the London *Globe*. Rough terriers, on the other hand, must wear a collar having a medallion or clasp, sometimes containing a photograph of the owner or of some particular friend of hers. What a delicate compliment to a dear friend to let your pet dog wear her picture around its neck! It is also ordained in swell society for every dog having any claims to be well cared for to wear tall boots when he goes out walking, and these must be made of doe-skin, with rubber riggs.

"Kadsura," a perfume extracted from a Japanese blossom of subtle fragrance, is just now the perfume par excellence of Parisian society, and looked upon as an indispensable item of toilet. The contents of the wardrobe and lace corbeille are sprinkled with a few drops of Kadsura. Handkerchief and glove-boxes have a little roll of Kadsura-steeped wadding inserted between the linings. Sachets have Kadsura powder plentifully sprinkled between the folds of painted satin or costly embroideries. Kadsura soap and cream has the first place on the dressing-table, and even the writing and work-table, what-not, and print or picture-easels breathe Kadsura.

A very pretty novelty in jewelry has made its appearance East within the last few weeks. It consists of leaves in diamonds, the foliage of some flowering plant, such as a rose, a lily-of-the-valley, a violet, etc. In the centre of the spray a small gold socket is arranged to hold a real or an artificial flower of the same plant as are the diamond leaves. The effect is exceedingly pretty, though some skill is needed to set the blossom aright amid its glittering foliage. The lily-of-the-valley lends itself admirably to this combination, the long, narrow leaf in diamonds forming a charming background for the delicate white bells of the flower. A spray of diamond rose-leaves surrounding a splendid crimson natural rose is also very handsome.

The jeweled garter craze has reached St. Louis. A jeweler there said to a reporter: "We are executing several large orders in diamonds this month, one of them being a particularly handsome pair of garter clasps for the wife of a Texas railroad manager. There is a growing demand for garter clasps for presents to ladies, and I expect to see them the craze during the holidays. These clasps are made up very elaborately, with monograms and jewels, and all that sort of thing, and must look very handsome when worn. You'd be surprised if I told you how many we had made for ladies whose names are quite familiar. They are generally ordered by the men for birthday and wedding gifts, and it is really quite the thing to make a present of that kind. Why, one of the most popular hotel men in the city was inquiring into the matter a day or two ago, with a view of having a pair made to send to some young lady friend." Query—What degree of relationship, outside of matrimony, warrants the presentation of a pair of garters to a lady?

"There is hardly any change," says Clara Belle, "in the styles of hating dresses. Most of these garments are blue flannel, and shapeless, as of yore. Indeed, to put on anything that fits at all, or is jaunty in cut, is to invite uncomplimentary attention. It is wise to hide one's identity in a broad-brimmed straw hat and a flannel bag of a garment when in the surf. About the only departure from this that a modest woman may make is to shape the blouse into her waist, without helting, and to shorten the skirt to half way between the knee and the hip; but to do that, unless in the case of a very thin woman, a corset must be worn. Bright colors for trimming are glaring and conspicuous in the sunlight, and should be avoided. So should bare arms, not only because they look too nude in the daytime, but that a single hour in the sun will tan their white skin to brown, ruining them for exposure in evening full dress for a time. A notable attempt at style in hating was made by a woman at Coney Island who, when you came to look under the shade of her tied-down hat, was revealed as forty, at least; but she was smoothly rounded, pliant, and graceful, and spectators generally mistook her for a young girl. Her house of gray flannel fitted her closely from neck to hips, and the skirt was too short to sit on. The trousers were by no means as loose as a sultana's, and ended just below the knees. Gray silk stockings and canvas slippers completed the toilet. Her arms were bare to the tops of her shoulders, and she made a point of flinging them about; but, even more than these attractive members, a profusion of broad, red braid on the costume served to fix all eyes upon her."

THE STORY OF A HUMAN HAND.

The Gallic Idea of a Scotch Lover's Ruse.

When I tell you that in my story there is a broken wheel and a storm, perhaps you will accuse me of romancing; but I did not break the wheel or cause the rain, and as my narrative is true, I assure you that the wheel of Lord Fergus's carriage broke opposite the door of an inn; also that there was a terrific storm in the mountains.

Lord Fergus was not an ordinary man. That he was a gentleman was evident. Aside from that, however, it would have been difficult to decide whether he were young or old, good or bad, handsome or otherwise. Sometimes brusque, his manners at other times were of captivating gentleness.

Occasionally, without apparent cause, he had sudden accessions of wild gayety or rapturous meditation. At such times all that was obscure and strange about this incomprehensible being was revealed, and seemed to concentrate, as in a double focus, in his eyes, intense, unfathomable, and majestic. His gaze exercised such a mesmeric influence over the gentler sex, that the noble lord always took the precaution of putting on green glasses when he desired to be loved for himself.

It is needless to add that he was generally regarded as a magnetizer. In vain did he contradict this explanation with great sincerity that it was not by magnetism at all, but by irradiation, sympathetic projection, that he sometimes quite involuntarily exercised a sort of fascination over some refined natures. No one believed it, so persistent are the vulgar in wishing to have explained by ordinary methods effects of which they can not comprehend the cause.

Be that as it may. After Lord Fergus had been sufficiently discussed, they all agreed it to be impossible to understand the man. The secret of his power lay entirely in the expression of his eye.

Lord Fergus was dreaming in the large waiting-room of the inn. The rolling of a carriage and the cracking of whips suddenly disturbed his reverie. Curious and idle as are all travelers, he hurried to the balcony, and saw a young lady descend from a four-horse carriage, who, as well as he could judge from so great a distance, appeared to be marvelously beautiful. The lady proved to be the Princess Gelsomina Cordileone. At that moment a heavy roll of thunder shook the house and made every window rattle. The princess, deathly pale and with clasped hands, hurried toward Lord Fergus, exclaiming:

"In heaven's name close all the doors and windows, and remain with me!"

In the midst of the frightful tumult of the elements they were imprisoned for two long hours. Every time Lord Fergus attempted to speak the princess, with a gesture of terror, entreated him to be silent. But if speech were denied them, their eyes were eloquent, and when the last crash of thunder had passed away, their destinies were more indissolubly united than if their acquaintance had extended over a period of years. 'Tis true, they had not spoken, but silent love is the most vehement.

"Milord," then said the princess, "I thank you for the service which you have rendered me. Now if you will be so kind as to order the carriage, my gratitude will be complete."

Lord Fergus with lightning rapidity went to do her bidding, and returning immediately, announced the carriage. The princess bestowed a gracious smile upon Lord Fergus, who bowed profoundly as she passed. But at that moment an expression of pain distorted the face of the princess. She stopped, pressed her hand to her left cheek, and exclaimed, with a suggestion of tears in her voice:

"Oh, how I suffer!" As she spoke she sank into a chair.

Lord Fergus felt no surprise. He had watched her preparations for departure with imperturbable calmness, but understood the language of love too well to suppose an adventure happening to two such powers as this lady and himself could end thus abruptly. I say two powers, for if Lord Fergus had a magnetic gaze, the princess possessed a voice of wonderful sweetness. The human ear has never heard anything comparable to its music. Clear, rich, and vibrant, it ruled, caressed, and inspired. At the first word she uttered Lord Fergus thought: "It is incontestable that if that voice commanded the sacrifice of my life, I should obey without hesitation." Therefore, in response to the lady's plaint he approached her, and having contemplated her with his supernatural regard, asked:

"Are you ill, princess?" and his intense look seemed to add: "Do you think I will permit you to suffer?"

The princess raised her fine eyes confidently to his face—eyes doubly beautiful from the tears of pain glistening like diamonds in their depths. "Yes, suffering intensely from neuralgia," she responded. "Oh, if some one could help me!"

"I will relieve you immediately," said Lord Fergus. "Lift up your head, and look at me." As he spoke he laid the point of his index finger between her eyes. Omnipotence of irradiation and sympathetic projection! The princess, without the slightest hesitation, with no embarrassment whatever, lifted up her head at once, and the operator passed his finger lightly along the right eyebrow. This prelude was so assured, so grave, that the most captious mind could not have refused to recognize in it a power sure of itself and of its infallibility. The princess felt it instantly, and all the sympathetic currents of her nature seemed to concentrate beneath that lovely brow which the light fingers of the operator were caressing. What followed, human language has no words to describe. The whole soul of Lord Fergus had passed into his fingers, and seemed to emanate in waves of electricity from their every extremity. He began by passing his hand over the forehead and cheeks of the princess, scarcely grazing them, causing the delicate skin to tremble as if brushed by a soft zephyr. Returning afterward to the junction of the two eyebrows, he followed the contour of the delicate arches with his thumb, swept, going back, the cheeks, and upward to the inner canthus of the eye, to touch lightly the nose, glide along the upper lip, linger a moment at the corner of the mouth, and reach at length the centre of the chin, where he stopped.

Lord Fergus, as an experienced operator, had reasons for stopping thus at this first phase—preliminary phase, in fact—for in starting anew from the chin, the operator became more

energetic and animated. He had sometimes encountered caprice and resistance from the sick who were unable to hear his irradiations. He hesitated, then, to observe the result of his efforts. But in this case the expectant and completely resigned expression of the lady left him in no doubt; and after remaining a moment with head thrown back and eyes closed, in order to collect his powers, he resumed his magnetic manipulations. Having laid both thumbs upon the chin, he described a fan with the fingers of each hand, enclosing the cheeks of the princess within it, moved his hands gently over all the surface of the face, slowly raising them to the temples, and lowering them until they glided below the ear to the back of the neck, and met in the fine, soft hair. He then requested the princess to move her head gently, that he might advantageously press and rub the cervical articulations and muscles. This movement had also the advantage of permitting the fingers to be thrust more deeply into the capillary mass, which is preëminently adapted for the transmission of electricity, as every one knows. The fingers of Lord Fergus executed then, in the perfumed tresses where they were buried, a series of passes exquisitely delicate. It was, in fact, the decisive moment of the operation, for the cure entirely depended upon the perfect correspondence between the fullness of the rachidian hulk, situated at the base of the brain, and the depletion of the nervous ganglions of the zygomatic arch, whose plethora occasioned the neuralgia in question. This finished, he undertook the third and last part of the operation, by far the most beautiful of all. His face expressed an inspiration truly august. As his hands fluttered over the surface of this almost divine face, he resembled an artist designing an angel's face, or a sculptor modelling the head of a goddess. He, with beating heart, and cheeks red with enthusiasm, seemed like Pygmalion animating his statue. At last, in a transport of power and triumph, placing the index finger of his right hand between the eyebrows of the princess, he said, with the air of a conqueror:

"You are cured."

The lady, lifting her magnificent eyes to his face, and taking his hand, replied in her melodious voice:

"It is true. I thank you."

And rising, she went to the stairway leaning upon the arm of the lord. He conducted her in perfect silence to her carriage. The postilion was already in the saddle. She stepped into the post-chaise, offered her hand to Lord Fergus, who kissed it respectfully, and said:

"Drive on."

"Princess," observed Lord Fergus, "the hand which has rested upon your face shall never touch anything else. I dedicate it to you." And before she could reply he made the signal of departure to the postilion, and bowed deeply; after which he reëntered the inn, and remained dreaming before the fire until a late hour of the night.

* * * * *

Eight days later the Princess Gelsomina was established in a little secluded village of Tyrol. A man on horseback, who claimed to have come from Berne by easy journeys, was inquiring for her. Riding up to the door of the inn, he leaned from his saddle, called for the inn-keeper, and asked:

"Is the Princess Gelsomina Cordileone here?"

"She is."

"Is she in her room?"

"Yes."

He dismounted, went upstairs, was introduced, and drawing a small case of white wood from a game-bag which he carried, presented it to the amazed lady, saying:

"This is from Lord Fergus Mac-Forlar."

Giving her no time to ask any particulars, he hastily descended the stairs, leaped upon his horse, and set off at a gallop. The princess, greatly agitated, ordered her servant to open the box. Having taken off the cover with many precautions, he informed her that it contained a package. The princess immediately dismissed him. As soon as she found herself alone she feverishly lifted from the case an object enveloped in white cambric. The cambric removed displayed an envelope of violet satin, with the arms of the princess and another person embroidered in silver upon it. Under the folds of satin something hard and angular was delineated. The lady unfolded the satin, and a silver box exquisitely chased, shaped like an Egyptian sarcophagus, appeared before her eyes. A tiny golden key hung from one of its feet. The princess took it off, inserted it in the lock, and opened it.

Upon a crimson velvet cushion bordered with a fringe of fine pearls, lay a human hand. The hand bore upon the little finger a ring, whose setting was a magnificent bezel stone. The princess gazed a moment spell-bound, then carefully reclosing the sarcophagus, and concealing the key in her bosom, she shrieked aloud. After which she threw herself upon a couch, arranged the folds of her dress, rang for her maid, and fainted. That hand was the right hand of Lord Fergus; that bezel, was the ring of Lord Fergus! In two hours she left the village, and was never seen there more.

We will not attempt to depict the state of maddening love in which this fantastic and surgical gift had plunged the unfortunate Gelsomina Cordileone. Never before did horror, astonishment, gratitude, and pity so blend in a woman's heart. Many a man had offered her his hand, but to have it amputated and present it to her upon a velvet cushion fringed with pearls, was indeed a novelty. In regarding herself in her mirror, she could truly say that no other woman in the world had ever been the object of such adoration. And then, as the hand was perfectly embalmed, she must needs take it often from its concealment to caress it, fancying this the best way to fulfill the wishes of the testator who had willed it to her.

Many months rolled away. The princess, overcome more and more with passionate regret, reproached herself for every imaginable wrong. She had masses said for the repose of the hand of Lord Fergus—prayers that it might grow again. At last she became frantic. Every effort that she made to find Lord Fergus was of no avail; the detectives of Europe, America, and Australia could not discover his retreat.

In the meantime what was the eccentric lord doing? He had bribed all the attendants of the princess; just as soon as she arrived at a hotel he con-

trolled that house; and during all this time he had watched her unceasingly, being concealed night and day in some one of her rooms. From such secret observatories he watched the progress of the malady which he had sown in that poor heart, until one day, deeming the time at last propitious, he stole from his hiding-place during his beloved's absence. Upon her return, the innkeeper announced to her with exceeding candor the arrival of an unknown gentleman. She had a presentiment as to his identity, as may be imagined. Hurrying to her dressing-room, she arrayed herself in the deepest mourning, after which she descended immediately to the salon, opened the door, and perceiving Lord Fergus, advanced a few steps toward him. He with great nonchalance pointed with his left hand to his right sleeve, which hung flat and empty at the end. The princess opened her arms.

But when Lord Fergus sprang forward in a transport of love easy to imagine, she recoiled, and with a cry of horror hid her face in her hands.

"I can not," sohed she. "I will never be able to."

Then falling upon her knees before the dismayed lord, she explained to him with tears that her gratitude toward him was boundless; that she had passed days and nights thinking only of him; was distracted for being the cause of his mutilation. Since that fatal day she had suffered the tortments of the lost; she had kissed the hand a hundred times a day; had twenty thousand masses said for his repose; prayers in every church and convent in the universe that a new hand might grow. She loved Lord Fergus; adored him; but his mutilation inspired her with repugnance and horror absolutely unconquerable. She would die of it, but she could never be his wife.

Lord Fergus listened attentively. He slowly raised his hand, gazed at the princess as if he would read her soul, and said:

"But you love me. And if my hand had not been amputated you would not have loved me."

The princess made a gesture which signified assent.

"And if my hand were not cut off, you would render me happy?"

The princess assented.

"Will you swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Upon my lost hand."

"Upon your lost hand," responded the weeping princess.

"Very well," said Lord Fergus, solemnly; "dry your tears, and be happy. God has answered your prayers, and performed a miracle. Behold!"

And throwing out his right arm, as a swimmer makes a stroke, Lord Fergus thrust from his sleeve a hand full of life and vigor.

* * * * *

They were sitting in a boat upon the Lake of Como, and as they drifted were enjoying the light breeze perfumed with the sweet scents of jasmine, violet, and orange blossom. As they idly floated they were talking about their courtship. Lord Fergus, with adorable fatuity, explained how he had won her.

"The hand I sent you, my love," said he, "I purchased from a thrifty nurse in the hospital at Beane; a skillful embalmer prepared it for me. The rest you know."

The princess looked at him, and struck him on the lips with a rose she bore in her hand.

"False, false!" cried she. "How could an unsophisticated woman resist such a diabolical ruse? But you remember our first meeting?"

"Yes."

"When I had the neuralgia?"

"Yes."

The princess laughed merrily as she exposed two rows of perfect pearly teeth. "Well, my love, I never had the neuralgia in my life."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French by Mrs. May A. Halsey.

Joseph Sadoc, C. P., Archbishop of San Francisco, makes an appeal to the clergy and laity of his diocese for the establishment of a theological seminary for the education of Romish priests at the old Mission of San José. He announces that "after prudent advice, chiefly from eminent 'directors of Rome, we have secured the precious services of 'learned and holy professors to conduct the institution," and for this purpose he directs an annual collection. Whereupon the Catholic family journal "devoted to the propagation," etc., says: "Woe to those Catholic parents who rob their children 'of their religious rights by sending them to Beelzebub's hat-tle-ground—the public school—when they have Catholic 'schools convenient to their residences. Such parents 'wantonly fly in the face of God by so doing," etc. "The 'Pope commands Catholic parents to send their children 'to Catholic schools. The bishops have all exhorted 'parents to the same end. The pastors in every see in the 'Union have spoken to the people from God's altar to save 'their children to the faith of their fathers by means of 'Catholic education." The church organ admonishes parents that they imperil the souls of their children by allowing them to attend the godless public schools, and advises them to withdraw their children, and send them to private and parish schools, taught by Jesuit fathers and Christian brothers, and by Sisters of Presentation, Mercy, Charity, Notre Dame, Holy Names, Sacred Heart, Saint Ursula, etc. If our public schools are such propagandas of the devil as this slanderous and lying organ of the Romish Church declares them to be, why does not the church, through its pope and prelates, its archbishops and priests, its editors and politicians, recommend Catholics to vacate their positions as school superintendents, teachers, janitors, carpenters, etc.? Why permit good Romanists to live upon the earnings of place in our public-school system, if it is such a wicked thing? Why peril the souls of Catholic school-marm's by exposing them on Beelzebub's battle-field? Why are good Catholics so anxious to be elected to our Board of Education? Why is a certain Irish Democratic Roman Catholic schoolmaster so persistent in his endeavor to become superintendent of the common schools of San Francisco? If the "Catholic family journal, devoted to the propagation," etc., is not too busy, we hope it will answer these conundrums.

TWO MAIDENS AT TAHOE.

An Intercepted Letter, Telling of their Sketching and Sauntering.

DEAR MEL: Taf and I are sketching up here in this delightful eyrie world. You poor creatures, groping down there in the fog, wind, and dust, are blind to the joys of liberty, else you would pack up and steal away, as we did on the Eastern-bound train. I am disposed to pity, with a sort of superior, self-satisfied feeling, all the unfortunates who can not come up and breathe Tahoe air. Taf, you know, is one of those jolly little people who slip through life, and make friends; so, owing to her amiability and our combined artistic abilities, we have had the entire world, metaphorically speaking, at our feet. We have tramped alone and in company until we have earned the name of "the tramps," and our appearance, after a day's hard work in the mountains, renders the name not inappropriate. If you had seen us on one of our trips to Emerald Bay, you might, if you were clever, describe it, but as for me, being quite the contrary, I fear I shall find it hopeless.

We started off at what lazy people here call an unearthly hour—six o'clock—being taken in tow by a jolly crowd of fishermen, who promised to deposit us in a convenient spot, and call for us in the evening. With spread umbrellas, and all sails—colors I might say—set, with a last cheery call to our fisher friends, who providentially or otherwise kept the lunch, we began work. But the giants of the Sierra were laughing at our puny efforts to depict their rock-bound castles, and in their merriment resorted to their ten-pin rolling to frighten us. The echoes of their goblin laughter floated down from the cañons on the rising wind, and the thunder of their balls, reverberated from every mountain, and seemed crashing through the walls of stone and floors of granite. Presently the rain descended, and we were drenched. The boatmen came disconsolately in with a string of fish to the fire which we had lighted of pine cones and branches. The thunder peals grew less and less frequent, the wind subsided, the sheet of emerald at our feet resumed its liquid glancing in the sunshine, the broiling trout sizzled on the coals, and we crept out on our leafy shelters to gather hungrily about the well-spread lunch, and in the popping of corks and merry jests we forgot our bedraggled condition, and laughed, and sang, and smoked a friendly cigarette—we may be Bohemian here, and not shock the proprieties; but all too soon, for the clouds closed dark above again, and we rowed home in a dripping condition.

Nothing, however, damps our spirits. We have been crushed by numerous parties, but, like india-rubber balls, we rise again when released from pressure. So long as we confine ourselves to legitimate business we get on smoothly. It is only when we undertake trout-fishing in the brooks at daylight that we come to grief. Two blooming fishermen—who, out of charity alone, shall remain nameless—inveigled innocent Taf and I into this new trouble. They fired us with ambition to land the "speckled beauties," and got us up at four in the morning. We went out, daintily shod in French boots and the last Parisian hose. We walked through a meadow, (let me mention in single file,) the gentlemen leading—you will understand why from the inclosed hasty sketch of Taf. You may imagine my own lovely appearance. Pen could not tell it. We left our friends on the banks of Squaw Creek, vowing in stentorian tones that they were looking straight into the water. I suppose they were, but we heard a chuckle far over that meadow. When we go fishing now, we wear gum boots, and go alone.



Sketching at Tahoe has its disadvantages, but we have managed to outlive them all. There are pleasanter occupations than sitting bours in the broiling sun, opposite a dazzling cascade, with an umbrella three sizes too small, or carrying twenty pounds of color-box and canvas three miles on a stony road—like the road to Jordan—only to find yourself at the beginning of the trail to your objective point, which lies over boulders and crags, straight up the mountain side a mile. It takes an enthusiast to endure patiently the bruises, the scratches, the sunburn, and the ants (with a big A). Each night we tenderly anoint our bruised bodies with mustang liniment and St. Jacob's oil, saturate faces, hands, and emphatically noses with glycerine and other soothing remedies, and rise with the lark as good as new. In turn we have visited all the points of interest. Cascade Lake nestles in the heart of the great mountains, and being more than a hundred feet above Tahoe, rushes into it pell-mell, out through a raging brook, over rocks and logs, and all obstacles. Above the lake are the falls, which are probably the prettiest of any; though at every place one is tempted into saying, "This is the finest thing we have seen." Fallen Leaf Lake is much nearer, being but two miles from the hotel; but when we walked it a day or so ago, in the middle of the afternoon, we estimated the distance at a good fifteen miles. It would be useless for me to attempt a pen-and-ink description of these lovely lakes and bays. At every turn there is a new revelation of beauty. The reflections of great snow-capped mountains repeat themselves in every pond and pool. All along the river banks and lake shores lie the long cool shadows where the sunlight rarely comes, or only glistens with a dancing light which makes the shadows blacker. The bluest of blue skies bends above us with now and then fleecy clouds, which pile themselves up only to retain the sunset glows of tender mellow color, and give us new beauties to admire. Before us always gleams the lake with its ever-varying colors changing from silvery whiteness to azure, then to a deep emerald flecked with gold. Then again it will catch the rosy glow of the sunset, and blaze like a sea of fire, until one's eyes, wearied of the gorgeous color, turn with relief back to the shady grove which fringes the shore. In every crevice in the rocks bloom wild roses, where their subtle sweetness fills all the air. Along the streams great white day lilies, red-throated columbine, and spotted tiger-bells strew the banks with their floral riches. Even the unsightly sage-brush puts on its dainty yellow dress, and vies with the sunflower in the endeavor to make the world esthetic. It is an embarrassment of riches for an artist where every glance reveals a picture in which one is bewildered by hazy, purplish distances, brilliant bits of

foliage, and sleeping pond-lilies for foregrounds, and scarce knows where to choose. One could write on interminably about the drives to nooks and corners, and walks to shady lookouts, but you never would know half their charms unless you came yourself to see them.

I have questioned the natives regarding the legendary lore of the region, but it is wanting to complete the perfect loveliness of the picture. Tahoe translated has the unromantic signification of "Big sheet of clear water," which is a trifle better than Mark Twain's rendering as "Grasshopper soup." "Fallen Leaf" takes its name from one of the warlike braves who led his people to war with the Piutes and other tribes many summers ago. These Indians, who are of the most degraded type, are thoroughly impregnated with superstitions. Many years ago several of them were drowned off the point at the entrance to Emerald Bay, and not an Indian has since ever stood on that point. Strange to say they have no canoes, and never go at all upon the lake in boats, believing that if they should do so they would be instantly devoured by a monstrous fish, which they suppose inhabits these waters, and which they call the "Capitane." They have a great antipathy to having pictures made of them, and when I interviewed one of the squaws as to the possibility of getting her to sit long enough to make a drawing of her, she said: "Ob, white woman maky picture taky way off San Francisco, maky ki-iy Indian go die." What "ki-iy" means I have failed to discover. At any rate, I failed to get a model.

When fishing gets monotonous we always have providentially some other excitement to meet the exigencies of the case. A few evenings since a distracted father came rubbing frantically in upon our quiet game of whist, inquiring for a lost boy. We listened with a helpless sympathy to his buried story of how the child wandered away at dusk. We could not help him, for the night was dark, and any attempt to traverse these trackless mountains would have resulted only in new misfortunes; so we drew heart-rending pictures of the mother's agony, and surmised as to whether or no he was drowned. At daybreak the next morning the masculine portion of the community went forth to assist in the search, only to meet the news that the child was found. He accounted for himself by saying that he went out to pick gum, and the moon saw him and went along, and they—the moon and himself—stayed together until he got tired, and went to sleep. When he woke it was morning, and he started home, still clinging to the bat-fall of pine gum the moon helped him to pick. When a boy will not get lost to accommodate us we find other less barrowing centres of interest. We have unearthed a thorough-going violinist, who is a most amusing genius. He insists that we do not know how to dance the Lancers in San Francisco, and proposed to teach us, getting frightfully cross and scolding roundly when we did not dance to suit him. He later developed, beside his proficiency in the art of teaching dancing, a talent for negro melodies, and so our impromptu bops wind up with "The Stuckin' o' the Corn" and "Ole Dan Tucker."

This altitude, six thousand feet above the sea level—please remember the height—develops amiability. I have never seen so thoroughly kind and accommodating people. From the distinguished judge, who is here, to the colored porter who cleans our boots, one and all have a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Even the boatmen and the cooks, who are proverbially cross, here escape the character of their races, and share the general sunny tempers.

Society wings its way to other nests, and has thus far, except for slight and easily repulsed onslaughts, left us in peace. We have had here only jolly, unconventional people, who came to have a good time, and bad it. It has not been a criminal offense to go without crimps and crinoline; style does not count, and we are consequently at peace with all the world, and with each other—neither scandal nor dress. It is Arcadia, and we are shepherds and shepherdesses.

I have climbed the rocks and mountains, clambered up to bear the near thunder of the cascades, ridden, boated, fished, sketched, bathed in the limpid waters, lolled on the cool clean grass, told stories around the great bonfire, listened to sweet nothings in shady corners, sung in the moonlight upon the still waters, and yet Tahoe has not palled upon me. With the world and care going by on the other side, we are happy. TUFFY.

Mr. Wolf, formerly United States Consul-General to Egypt, speaks very highly of Arabi Pasha. In Mr. Wolf's opinion he is an honest, and certainly from an Egyptian standpoint, a highly educated and intelligent man. Mr. Wolf, when bidding him good-bye upon leaving Egypt, said: "I hope, your Excellency, that when I return I shall find you well and Egypt happy." "Happy? bappy?" he responded. "One of our sheiks, who had a bad wife, once preached in the mosque, saying 'All who love God and fear their wives stand up.' All stood up except one. Surprised, after the service the sheik approached the man and said: 'You heard what I said?' 'Yes.' 'You did not stand up.' 'No.' 'You must be bappy then? Tell me your secret; how do you get along with your wife?' And he responded: 'Who tells you I am bappy? You are bappier than I. My wife gave me such a drubbing to-day that I can not stand up.' Europe," Arabi added, "can at least stand up, but poor Egypt has a broken back."

It is well known that for several years before his death Emerson's memory was very untrustworthy. But it was with a fine sense of humor that he appreciated the little difficulties caused him by this weakness. One day his daughter saw him diligently searching for something, and would have aided him, but he could not tell what he wanted. His treacherous memory had let slip the name of the article. At last he turned to her with merry inspiration twinkling in his eyes, and said: "It is the thing that people take away." She at once brought him his umbrella, and all was right.

It is proposed to honor the memory of Garibaldi by changing the name of his old home from Isola di Caprera to Isola di Garibaldi, and by building there a hospital for invalid soldiers, who shall be the guardians of his tomb, and a lofty lighthouse, which all mariners on the Mediterranean would know forever as the Garibaldi beacon.

ATTIC SALT.

E. P. Whipple: Wherever you find humor you find patbos close by its side.

John Bunyan: Some things are of that nature as to make one's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache.

Disraeli: We are now in want of an art to teach how books are to be read, rather than to read them. Such an art is practicable.

Smollett: Ooe wit, like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives a zest and flavor to the dish, but more than one serves only to spoil the pottage.

Haliburton: Fun has no limits. It is like the human race and face: there is a family likeness among all the species, but they all differ.

Sir William d'Avenant: I've search'd records, and can not find that Magna Charta does allow a subject to live by his wits; there is no statute for it.

Lord Bacon: Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.

James Dyer: Libraries are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, might bring forth something for ornament, as much for curiosity, and more for use.

Sheridan: Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at a jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

W. M. Thackeray: I dare say I made a gaby of myself to the world; pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man.

Fuller: He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Such let thy jests be that they may not grind the credit of thy friend, and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.

Charles Lamb: I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking I am reading. I can not sit and think; books think for me. I have no repugnances. Sbafesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low.

Anon: A good jest in time of misfortune is food and drink. It is strength to the arm, digestion to the stomach, and courage to the heart. A prosperous man can afford to be melancholy; but if the miserable are so, they are worse than dead—it is sure to kill them.

Sydney Smith: No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the bappier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.

Horace Smith: A library! What laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study are here sublimized into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves!

Goethe: There are three classes of readers: some enjoy without judgment; others judge without enjoyment; and some there are who judge while they enjoy, and enjoy while they judge. The latter class reproduces the work of art on which it is engaged. Its numbers are very small.

Sydney Smith: Genuine and innocent wit is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could not direct his way by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

W. M. Thackeray: A great number of my best witticisms have been a little late in making their appearance in the world. If we could but bear the unspoken jokes, how we should all laugh! If we could speak them bow witty we should be. When you have left the room you have no notion what clever things I was going to say, when you balked me by going away.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: A man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors. There is no adaptation or universal applicability in men, but each has his special talent; and the mastery of successful men consists in adroitly keeping themselves where and when that turn shall be oftenest to be practiced.

Leigh Hunt: The golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind all is blackness, and darkness, and dissolution. Before is hope, and soft airs, and the flowers, and the sweet season of bay; and people will cross the fields, reading or walking with one another; and instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things will be the rain which they drink with delight; and there will be sleep on the grass at mid-day, and early rising in the morning, and long moonlight evenings.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were bid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

Coleridge: The first class of readers may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the gems,

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1882.

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The principle underlying our form of government, that there shall be freedom of conscience and liberty of religious worship, is undoubtedly dear to every intelligent citizen. There was a period in the world's history when this declaration carried with it the assertion of a personal prerogative essential to the enjoyment of personal liberty. This sentiment, recognized by every American as covering an inviolable right, is just now being invoked on all sides for the encouragement of vice and protection of crime. As bedbugs and other vermin breed beneath the wings of bats, so do all sorts of shams, false pretenses, follies, and crimes hide themselves to breed under the wings of our American bird of freedom. Freedom of conscience and the right to follow it in the exercise of religious worship embodied a doctrine that carried with it a declaration of war against the most outrageous of tyrannies. It was a rebellion against abuses which had long existed. It was the first step to the emancipation of the human intellect from superstitions. It was the first challenge of war against the despotism of the church and the tyranny of the State. It was the first act in the direction of divorce between church and State. It is to be preserved, and its meaning, within a rightful interpretation, must not be restricted. But it must be rightfully interpreted, and liberty to worship God must not be so defined that it will become a license to commit crime and freedom to serve the devil. Just recently a class of very questionable persons, who are guilty of very questionable practices, have petitioned our Board of Supervisors that they may be permitted to play their tricks of legerdemain, table-tipping, rapping, slate-writing, materializations, mind-readings, fortune-telling, disease-curing, and the other humbug tricks which they carry on under the guise of spirit manifestations, without a license, because they say it is their religion. It is undoubtedly their religion to impose upon and cheat their fellow-citizens for coin; but, although this business may involve a question of conscience, it is not an act of worship. The prestidigitator who practices sleight-of-hand, the professional juggler or wizard who imposes his tricks upon a paying audience, the fortune-teller by palmistry or cards, the mountebank of ropes and corded knots, and the vender of quack-medicines, have all the same right to become exempt from paying taxes or license as the class that plays its tricks and practices its lying artifices under the name of Spiritualism. All the religions of earth have been charged with their guiles, and some have flourished upon their well-maintained delusions; but we had hoped the age had passed when a new religion was to be imposed upon the world that had its birth in the cracking toe-joints of the Rochester knaves. It is a church without a bishop, whose priests are knockers, and whose worshippers

are fools. But, after all, the Spiritualists are not altogether without excuse, because there are many curious phenomena that have puzzled the scientific wise-acres, and, while we have just a little bit of indulgence toward the ignorant and foolish, who think they catch glimpses through the gates ajar, we have no patience with the money-making rogue who pretends that he or she can draw aside the black drapery that hangs at the entrance of the tomb, and through all ages has so guarded the mysteries that lie beyond that no human intelligence has caught an insight thereof. Perhaps, after all, the most marvelous demonstration in this direction is by the Democratic party, in its endeavor to catch the vote of the lager-drinking Dutchman, by allowing him to drink beer upon a Sunday, and the whisky-drinking Irishman to keep open his alcoholic hell under the pretense of "freedom of conscience and liberty to worship God according to the dictates thereof." We have heard of libations to the heathen gods—to Bacchus, the wine god, and to the old demi-god, Silenus, bald, flat-nosed, and drunk, riding on a broad-backed ass; and we know that in the earlier days in India, Greece, and Rome mythology gives us the idea of a religion based upon the vine; but it was reserved for Dave Terry and the Democracy to found a political party upon the juice of corn and barley, which in the assertion of its own religious freedom to get drunk on a Sunday, should set at defiance the opinions of all those who for conscience' sake would keep holy the Sabbath day, and for conscience' sake would not get drunk at all. To the Democracy of California was reserved the privilege of declaring in State Convention that the right to sell and drink whisky in an open and licensed saloon on Sunday was a matter of conscience and religious worship—a right guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States; that the right to manufacture drunkards, to desolate homes, to promote crime, to increase poverty, and to multiply taxes, is one of those inalienable privileges so dear to the Democrat in the pursuit of votes—so invaluable and inviolate that organized society, in the performance of its governmental functions, shall have no power to interfere with it, or arrest it, even for one day in the week. Mormonism is our last illustration of vermin that breed under the wing of our American eagle. A class composed mostly of aliens, credulous of the fantastic story that there were found metallic plates with cabalistic letters which dissolved under the inspired interpretation of a sham prophet; gathered from the very ignorant of the world; forming in our West a political colony, with leaders in whom developed the ambition to establish a hierarchy. Driven through crime and treason to the valley of the great Salt Lake, this people have endeavored, in defiance of our civilization and our laws, to give religious sanction to a crime, and to cover polygamic lust with the constitutional protection that secures freedom of conscience to any crime, and liberty to cover any vile practice with the mantle of religion. In defiance of civilization, in opposition to Congress, in contempt of law, and against the direct decisions of our supreme tribunal, this polygamous colony has undertaken to defy the authority of the United States in the practice of a crime under the pretense of religious liberty, and, strangely enough, there were found Democrats in Congress who had the shameless audacity to give ear to this mendacious and hypocritical plea. If the time shall ever come when Spiritualists, Sunday-law breakers, and Mormons can practice their follies and their crimes unrestrained by law because it will interfere with their conscience, we may look confidently forward to the period when incest and child-murder shall have the sanction of law; when the Sutte of India shall be recognized, and human sacrifices be allowed; when the crime of a Guiteau shall have thrown over it the protecting shield of conscience, and all guilt, sin, and violence shall find excuse in the liberty of a religious exercise. There is no crime or folly, there is no human passion, that has not found its indulgence sanctioned by some religion in some era of the world's history. The conscience that finds apology for crime, and the religion that would sanction the overthrow of law, order, and good government, or interfere with and destroy the personal rights of others, must, in the interest of society and good government, be directed and restrained. Hence we say to the Board of Supervisors: make the spiritualists, preachers, doctors, fortune-tellers, and trick-players pay for licenses to humbug the people. To the people of the State: prevent Dave Terry, the League of Freedom, and the Democracy from repealing the Sunday law. And to the Congress of the United States: enforce the law, and punish the crime of polygamy in Utah as you would enforce the law and punish crime elsewhere; and let these criminals find such consolation as they may in suffering for conscience' sake, and in being martyrs to their religious opinions.

The temperance movement, which has been so long agitated and which has accomplished such unsatisfactory results, has taken a new and more practical direction, and one from which real and permanent reforms may be fairly anticipated. We regard the experiments now being made in Kansas and Iowa as of the utmost importance, involving questions of political and social economy that em-

body the most serious considerations. Civilization presents no more important question than is involved in the solution of the problem concerning alcoholic drink as a social beverage. To enumerate the evil consequences that flow from the use of ardent spirits is to catalogue nearly all the ills to which human flesh is heir, and nearly all the crimes and casualties which occur to the human family. It is a misfortune that heretofore this question has not been treated as one of practical importance—has not been considered in its consequences by statesmen, but has been left to the control of individuals, and has somehow been driven out of broad politics, and been relegated to the church, the Sunday-school, and the temperance society. Total abstinence people are very good people, and total abstinence societies are undoubtedly useful in their way; but they are altogether ineffectual to resist or remedy the evils that flow from the use of alcoholic drink. The distillery, and drinking traffic, and the immense commerce in liquors laugh at the bodkin thrusts of women and temperance people; sneer at the prayers of the pious, and treat with contemptuous indifference the tears of women and the unorganized efforts of men. Six hundred million dollars in value of alcohol is annually consumed in the United States, and increasing at the rate of a hundred millions in a decade. With its vast millions of capital, and its manufacturers, venders, and drinkers. it comprises an innumerable army of formidable strength. Against such an interest nothing can prevail. Against such a force nothing can attempt successful resistance, except it be a class with greater wealth, and an army of greater numbers, and with an interest as direct and powerful as that embraced in the alcoholic army. This class exists. For every soldier in the army of rum there are ten volunteers standing ready to enlist against him. For every hundred millions of wealth there are a thousand millions of capital willing to be employed in opposition. It rests upon the tax-payers of America. Whenever the men and women who own the property of the nation, and who pay its taxes, shall realize that upon them falls all the burdens of the traffic in rum; that they are compelled to pay this six hundred millions annually for the benefit of distillers, brewers, and saloon-keepers; that the expenses of government, municipal, State, and general, are multiplied a hundred times over by the traffic in alcohol, and that the evil and the expense is on the increase—when they once realize these facts, and once consider them as they consider any other political or economical question, then they will organize. The temperance question will then become a political question. It will be carried into the politics of the country, and when it is, the rum interest will go to the wall. This condition of things is now being brought about. Temperance questions are being considered not altogether in their moral or religious aspect. In England the licensed victualers have been strong enough so far to control Parliament; but the enemy grows stronger year by year. Sir Wilfred Lawson finds powerful allies gathered around him, and the time has already come when the alcoholic interests are content to accept compromises for the modification of existing laws. In the United States the temperance movement grows stronger and stronger year by year. It embraces those who use stimulants in moderation, and those who can not govern their own appetites. But its strength of recruits is coming from the tax-payers, who are unwilling longer to pay for the support of paupers and the punishment of criminals made by alcoholic indulgence. The experiment is in the new and growing States of Kansas and Iowa. The local-option movement everywhere is a new departure. In the States named "prohibition" is sanctioned by the organic law. It is embodied in the constitution, and supported by a public opinion that will elect judges and furnish jurors. It is a grand experiment in the direction of a civilization that for centuries has been under the beel of a ruinous and destructive traffic. We hope it may succeed; and look to it, if successful—as we have no doubt it will be—as a departure in the direction of the grandest reform that has been inaugurated in centuries of time. If the temperance movement succeeds in Iowa and Kansas, it will spread to the neighboring States; it will reach California, and become an issue here. Ours is a vine-growing and wine-making State, and prohibition may not be attempted if control and regulation may be found to answer the purpose. But it is a mistake, which the Democratic party has made in its eagerness to secure the whisky vote. It was a fearful mistake when, in bidding for that vote, it undertook, in alliance with an avowed law-breaking organization—the "League of Freedom"—to trample under foot the Sunday law. It was a declaration to society that its best interests and its most honored traditions must be sacrificed so that the alcoholic trade might profit and prosper. This has aroused men who have heretofore taken no part in the temperance movement. It has alarmed good citizens and tax-payers to ask the question, "Where will the exactions of this traffic stop?" Men and property-owners who are not professors of religion, who do not attend church on Sunday, who have not taken temperance pledges, and who do not believe in blue-laws, are aroused to the fact that the conflict exists, and that, in their own interest, and in the protection of their property, they are compelled to take sides.

If the manufacturers and dealers in alcohol are wise, they will not challenge the tax-payers to this combat, for they have but one place to go. It has now become a political issue in this State as to whether the drinking-saloon shall be favored over all other industries, and be permitted in defiance of law to sell its poisons on Sunday. To do this, to catch the vote of the conscienceless maker and the vile and unprincipled mob of whisky-venders, the Democratic party has resolved to repeal the Sunday law. The Republican party will, we think and hope, meet this issue squarely, and go to the people upon it. It is a practical one, and involves considerations of the greatest importance to all classes of society. When the Republican party shall lose the moral courage to dare to do the right thing in politics, declare the right principles in its platform, and put the right men in nomination for office, it will deserve defeat. To close gin-mills, whisky-saloons, and all kinds of drinking-doggeries on Sunday is the duty of all civilized and Christian communities.

From Lexington, Massachusetts, from a lady's correspondence to a relative, and not designed for publication, we make the following extract:

MY DEAR FATHER: I can't help writing you a few words to ask you to tell me what the real feeling in California is on this Chinese question. I know how you and Emeline felt when I was there; but I want to know what you think now. It seems as if the heads of the *Argonaut* have been turned. They talk in the wildest way about everybody who thinks our treaty with China should be respected, and they talk in a real Kearney style about Massachusetts and her senators. Even if they can't think as the President and some other wise people do, I should not think they would use the kind of language they have so denounced in Kearney. You see I have no way of knowing anything about the California feeling except what I get from the papers, and that is one side. Do write me what you, and the people you talk with, think about it, and if there is much excitement about it there. When I was there you used to be threatened if you employed Chinamen. Are you now? I have always admired the free, bold way in which the *Argonaut* attacked the evils of the day. But the language its editor uses in the paper of April 8th I think is beneath any gentleman.

Your daughter,

LIZZIE.

In reply to our friend's daughter Lizzie, we confess and apologize for our bad language in our paper of April 8th; not to the senators of Massachusetts, nor to the other Republican politicians who forfeited their honor and violated their pledges upon the Chinese question, and who, in senatorial action, repudiated the obligations they entered into at Chicago; not to the pietists and sentimentalists of New England, who, in their desire to save the souls of the heathen Chinese, would bring them to America for missionary effort, and thereby endanger American youth by bringing them in contact with the vices of this most miserable race, and enable them to acquire habits that destroy soul and body—crimes and vices that feed our penitentiaries, asylums, and mad-houses with the victims of gambling, opium, and syphilis; not to the merchants and railroad magnates, who, for the gain of commerce and the greed of profit, would sink this country to that depth of social degradation that characterizes the condition of this most abominable of Oriental nations—a country in which if our friend's daughter had had the misfortune to be born, and born of poor parents, she might have been put in a basket of odier twigs, and sent down the Yank-tze-Kiang to the ocean, as food for fish, or have been reared and sold as a prostitute and slave to ply her vocation in San Francisco at the bidding of some nasty hag; not to the men of broad acres or manufacturing industries who think wealth the only barometer of a nation's progress, and cheap labor the solution of all questions of political economy—our apologies are not made to these, nor to any one who does not believe that the progress of American civilization and the preservation of American republican government depends upon an intelligent, homogeneous people, capable of becoming citizens and performing the responsible duties of citizenship. To such of our citizens who do not know how the senior senator from Massachusetts spells his name, we apologize. We are not prepared to admit that upon this question the president has shown himself over-wise, and we think that all the world and all the people in it who do not agree with us upon the Chinese question are wrong. Our language in discussing this topic was "plain," and if it at times was almost "profane," our friend's daughter will permit us to remind her that there are certain questions where other than strong language will not do the subject justice. We recall the instance of the deacon who drove oxen; of the good clergyman with a load of winter apples, going up-hill, when the tail-board of his wagon dropped off; of the emigrant who met with family difficulties a mile from water, and of the very excellent lady who, coming late to the train, found a profane gentleman imprecating his luck at being left, and thanked him for expressing her sentiments. So we used strong and wicked language upon the Chinese question against Hoar of Massachusetts and others to satisfy those good people who are wicked enough to "think swear," but lack the moral courage to swear out loud with good round oaths of denunciation against the political, puritanical, and commercial villains who would imperil the country for sentiment, hypocrisy, or coin. We beg leave to assure Miss Lizzie, of Lexington, Massachusetts, that we in California think that Chinese immigration should be restricted and discouraged, and that this is the unanimous opinion of all

honest, disinterested, and intelligent people. This does not include certain manufacturers and railroad-builders who are making money out of the Chinese, or certain preachers who think they can fool Saint Peter, and steal into Abraham's bosom with a false check for deeds of sham piety and lip hypocrisy.

The *Bulletin* drowns hard, but we believe it has now gone under water for the last time. It looks very much to us as if it had realized Mr. Mantalini's gloomy apprehension, and become a "demonition moist body." It has fought the Spring Valley Water Company long and persistently. We do not expect to witness any more of its convulsive kickings or struggles against the inevitable. The Board of Supervisors, the Supreme Court, and the public have put it in a bag, tied a stone around it, and thrown it into deep water, from whence not even the thunderings of its own clamor will be able to bring it to the surface. But the dead carcass always generates a gas, and this comes to the surface in air bubbles. It is so with cats. It is so with newspapers. One of the gaseous air bubbles came to the surface in Tuesday's editorial, and reads thus: "There is a streak of communism in the 'business that may yet assume immense proportions. If 'property is to bear some of the expense of the water supplied consumers, it may soon be asked, why not all? The 'stockholders of the Water Company are large property owners. This is the 'poisoned chalice' that may yet be 'applied to their lips. Indeed, one of the Supervisors 'engaged in this business threatened that if the present demand were not conceded the larger one to which 'reference has been made would soon be insisted 'upon. But all this time the persons who are threatened seem to sleep sounder than Epimenides." Epimenides was a poet who flourished some seven centuries anterior to the birth of Christ. He slept, and slept soundly, fifty-seven years. He wrote a poem on the argonautic expedition, which we are sorry to say is lost, as we would be glad to reprint it as an "Old Favorite." Epimenides is also dead. There is a streak of communism in the final disposition of the water question, for the decision of the Supreme Court places the burden of water supply where it properly belongs—upon real property, personal property, and consumers, upon non-resident and resident property owners, upon the owners of improved and unimproved property; and if the owners of Spring Valley Water Company's stock are compelled to pay their just quota of supplying this city with water by a tax upon their property, we see no objection to it. If the alternative is presented, that consumers shall pay for all water, or property pay for all water, we favor placing the tax upon property, and then water consumers would pay a very large proportion of the whole amount, because they are large owners of property. The practical rule as now applied, is this: Tenants make their landlords pay the water rate as an almost universal rule, and thus the water burden falls upon a few property owners, while the larger and wealthier owners of real estate escape, and the owners of personal property pay nothing. To illustrate the dishonesty of the *Bulletin's* argument, let us call the reader's attention to this fact, and let him follow the reasoning to its conclusion, and see where this water logic will land him. The *Bulletin* insists that the Spring Valley Water Company shall furnish free water for streets, sewers, parks, public buildings, for extinguishing fires, and for all other municipal uses, and that the consumers shall pay all that is necessary to maintain the company, pay interest on capital, make repairs, and for maintenance of extension of system. At the same time the *Bulletin* argues that any other corporation has the right to introduce water from any other source, and not be subject to any of these public duties, because the new corporation or company will not have contracted so to do. Any company or individual may, bore an artesian well, build water-tanks, use the streets for mains and distributing pipes, and sell the water to customers without becoming subject to any liability for free water. The Chinese may establish a water company for their own locality, and all these new concerns, corporations, companies, or individuals may not be compelled to establish fire-hydrants, or to use their water for sprinkling streets and parks, flushing sewers, or extinguishing fires, or otherwise contribute water for any public necessity. Carry this principle out till the town is thus provided with water, and the whole private consumption would be furnished from these private sources. The Spring Valley Water Company would still, under the *Bulletin's* interpretation of its contract, be compelled to maintain its works for the sole purpose of furnishing "free water to the public." All the water demanded by the public for the health of the community, for the comfort of the people, for beautifying parks, for extinguishing fires, and for supplying the public buildings and fountains would be drawn from the Spring Valley Company's mains for nothing, while all the water that should be paid for for private use would come from private individuals and companies. Spring Valley would thus be compelled to protect the city from conflagrations, and to supply water for public use without a dollar of revenue. Does the *Bulletin* so far presume upon the ignorance of the public, or upon its selfishness, as to believe that it desires anything of the

kind? The *Bulletin* knows, and every intelligent man knows, that unless the Spring Valley Water Company can maintain its revenue it can not maintain its water service. When the money fails, the water will fail. When the income of the company no longer justifies its existence and the maintenance of its reservoirs, mains, distributing pipes, and hydrants, it will shut down its gates and retire from business; and as this water supply is in another county, and out of the jurisdiction of the municipal government of San Francisco, there is no judicial mandate that can compel it to bring water to San Francisco. It is a plain and simple business proposition that this company will supply our city with water just so long as it pays, and no longer. It is equally plain that all property benefited by the water should pay for its use. To advocate artesian wells, or water from any source of supply, and not exact from the individuals or companies owning them the same exactions as apply to Spring Valley, is neither reasonable nor honest. When this controversy ends, and the Spring Valley Water Works Company can get out of law, out of politics, and out from under the lash of its enemies, then, and not till then, can we hope for reductions in the cost of water, and for such extensions of the system as the wants of a growing city demand. When the water company is placed upon the same footing with all others dealing in this water commodity, and fairly paid by the city for the water it uses, then it will be able to enter into a fair competition with all water-merchants. If this is communism, we are communists. It certainly is not agrarianism. It does not declare that water is not property which anybody may take without compensation; or if water is property, it does not declare that "property is theft," which any demagogue, political vagabond, lobbyist, or blackmailer may steal or confiscate. It would be just as equitable—for it involves the identical principle—to say that a gas company should light streets, parks, and public places for nothing, for the privilege of supplying private individuals with light for their dwellings or places of business. This would compel the personal consumer to pay for a commodity that is used by the municipal government for the advantage of all. Gas-light is a convenience to all; it is a police agent for the prevention of crime; it adds to the comfort and safety of all our citizens; it is used in public buildings by the people's servants. So much of it as is thus used is a charge upon the general fund, and rightfully so. It is a tax upon all property, and this is recognized as just and fair. To impose all this burden upon the few who reside in San Francisco and use gas, would be unjust and altogether inequitable. We must close this argument, lest our heavy canonading should bring the dead corpse of the *Bulletin* to the surface again, and God knows we are tired of this kind of literature. We have endured it now for some fifteen years in the *Bulletin* and *Call*, and if, like Epimenides, they will go to sleep over the Spring Valley water question for fifty-seven years, we shall hope ere then to have reached those golden clouds where water is pure and abundant, where water controversies are no longer heard, and we shall be content to allow the *Bulletin* and *Call's* editors and proprietors to constitute themselves free-water advocates, and pursue their controversy in that other and hotter place where the water question is a more important one than we regard it here.

The editor of the *Argonaut* is an independent Republican, with enough of pride to think, inasmuch as he is not desirous of political preferment, that the party needs his services and support more than he needs the support of the party. The Republican party can not exist without the aid of its independent voters. Independent voters will not follow the lead of professional politicians. When a candidate for governor makes use of these hirelings to force a nomination which he would not otherwise attain, and to which he is not entitled, the independent voter is absolved from his party allegiance, and permitted to do as he pleases. Application: The editor of the *Argonaut* has lived twenty-eight years in the same house and in the same ward, and in order to serve his party is ambitious to go as a delegate to the State Convention. A candidate for governor, claiming residence in another county, comes to San Francisco and engages a gang of professional ward strikers to go into the writer's precinct, and, by fraudulent practices, defeat him. This the gubernatorial candidate has a right to do. But it allows the defeated delegate to get into the convention the best way he can; to defeat the candidate's nomination, if he can, by exposing his associates, his character, and his practices; and, in the event of the gubernatorial candidate's nomination, justifies the writer in opposing his election by all the efforts which an honorable partisan may put forth. And when the thing is over, it is for fair-minded and intelligent Republicans to say which is the bolter, the candidate for delegate or the candidate for governor; which the sore-head, the beaten delegate or the beaten governor.

On the Oostonaula River, in Georgia, a catfish twenty-five feet long swallowed a three-year-old calf, and both died. At San José, in California, the Democratic party swallowed General Stoneman. They are now struggling in deep water. We are looking on from the bank in great anxiety. Our sympathy is with the calf.

Having given space last week to an article presenting the miners' side of this question, we now print the following communication, giving the farmers' side:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As you opened your columns last week to a communication on the debris question from Mr. E. L. McClure, of Dutch Flat, written "from a resident miner's standpoint," I venture to hope that you will find space for a reply from the standpoint of a resident of the Valley. It may be dangerous for the *Argonaut* to invite communications on this topic, as, if it gave place to them, all its columns might become as much choked with debris literature as are the channels of the rivers with debris. The question is one that admits of such a wide range of discussion that it is difficult to deal with it in a circumscribed space.

Mr. McClure's defense of the hydraulic mining side of this question rests upon two main points: first, that the hydraulic miners have the right to prosecute their destructive industry as they have been doing, and second, it is expedient that they should be allowed to so prosecute it.

And first, as to the question of right. Mr. McClure begins by asserting the right to mine, which nobody denies. Dumpage being necessary in all mining operations, he makes the question-begging deduction that the right to mine includes the "right of dumpage." Upon the basis of this assumed right of dumpage he makes it appear that the hydraulic miners are entirely justified in discharging their debris into the rivers. This portion of his argument is based upon a confusion of terms. It is true that all mining necessitates dumping, but the necessity of dumping and the right to dump are two entirely different and distinct propositions. It does not follow because mining can not be carried on without a place of deposit for the resulting debris, that the miner has a right to dump his debris where he pleases. So long as he dumps the debris upon his own ground, and restrains it from flowing upon the ground of others, he is exercising a natural right. But this is precisely what the hydraulic miner does not do. He discharges the debris from his low laud in such a way that the streams deposit it upon the land of others, to their manifest injury.

It is, in fact, but reopening a settled question to discuss this point of "right." In the trial of the Gold Run suit every fact and every argument that some of the best legal minds in the State could bring forward on this point was submitted and reviewed. And with what result? Judge Temple, after a long and laborious consultation of all the authorities cited, says in his decision "that the defendant has not acquired any right to the use of the bed of the American River, or of the Sacramento River, as places of deposit for its mining tailings." He also finds "that the said acts of defendant constitute a public nuisance, in that they are an obstruction of the free use by a considerable number of the citizens of the State of their said lands situate along the banks of said river, so as to interfere with the comfortable enjoyment thereof, and in that they unlawfully obstruct the free passage and use in the customary manner of the said Sacramento River." Clearly these quotations dispose of that pretence of right which the miners set up. It was only the other day that a convention of hydraulic miners at Nevada City formally indorsed Judge Temple's decision. Is it not idle, then, for any one to assert this "right to dump"?

And now to the question of expediency. Mr. McClure's argument is that hydraulic mining has done little damage; that its continuance could do little damage; that the industry should be protected on the ground that gold is needed in commerce; that the damage caused by hydraulic mining is insignificant compared to the wealth it has produced; and, finally, that the benefits to be derived from the continuance of the industry far outweigh any damages to which its continuance could possibly give rise.

The damages resulting from hydraulic mining may be divided into direct and indirect. Some of the direct damages have been set forth in a pamphlet written by Doctor M. M. Chipman. His researches into the sources of malaria led him to visit this section, and he was so impressed with the evidences that he saw of the destructiveness of mining debris, that he spent ten weeks in traveling through what may be termed the debris districts, gathering facts and figures in relation to the damage done. The actual depreciation and ruin directly caused by mining debris, so far as he was able to obtain data, amounted to fifteen million nine hundred and forty-four thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine dollars; there having been forty thousand and fifty acres of rich fruit and garden land ruined, and two hundred and seventy thousand nine hundred and ninety-one acres of other valuable land damaged and lessened in value.

Mr. McClure, it has been shown, is very wide of the mark in saying that "the actual damage narrows down to a small strip of land lying along the rivers, and even this can be protected without stopping the mines." The fact is that most of the bottom lands along the rivers, claimed as their own by the hydraulic miners, were long ago buried under debris. Fifteen thousand acres of as good land as ever the sun shone on are covered ten feet deep with debris from the Yuba River. The natural bed of the Yuba was long since filled up, and now the river wanders at will over the bottom lands. The "high" land of the plains is in many places below the low-water plane of the river, which is prevented from leaving the bottom lands only by immense levees, whose construction has entailed an enormous outlay. The cost of the repairs and additions annually made to these levees keeps poor the farmers of this district. The same burden of levee-building rests upon the farmers of Butte, Sutter, Yolo, Sacramento, and Placer, as well as those living on the banks of the debris-laden tributaries of the San Joaquin.

In regard to the indirect damages from hydraulic mining, whole pages of the *Argonaut* might be filled, and yet the subject would seem to demand further extension. In the nature of the case these indirect damages do not admit of anything approaching to an exact estimate. Had it not been for hydraulic mining, who can say what would not be the value of the fat lands ruined, and what the value of their annual products? Who can say what industries would have sprung up in this valley, and what its population and wealth would be? G. G. Briggs, who planted the first orchard in Northern California, has stoutly maintained that hydraulic mining, directly and indirectly, has damaged California to the extent of five hundred million dollars. The famous orchard which he planted, now buried out of sight in debris, would, in the judgment of fruit-growers, to-day be worth at least half a million dollars had hydraulic mining never been. Who can estimate the mental suffering that has resulted from the destruction of scores of happy homes? Mining debris has made homeless tramps of men once prosperous, and has sent other men to their graves broken-hearted to untimely graves. These are not fanciful sufferings. Witness the case of James Keyes, the plaintiff in the first debris suit, dying in poverty, of grief at the destruction of his home and farm.

All the evil that hydraulic mining has so far inflicted is as nothing to the evil that threatens to follow from its continuance. Should the filling continue in that section of the Yuba River which flows through the plain, the river will inevitably, in some time of flood, sweep across of Yuba County to the Feather River, and on through Sutter County to the Sacramento. Through the new channel thus formed the united streams would flow, and no power on earth could turn them back. Nothing but the restraints of levees prevented this threatened calamity from recurring last winter. Such a catastrophe would inevitably ruin the greater portion of these two counties, and would occasion a serious disturbance in the drainage of the whole valley.

Mr. McClure may ignore the power of gravitation, and the power of running water to transfer its motion. These forces nevertheless exist. They are steadily filling with debris from hydraulic mines the bed of the Sacramento River, and the bay into which it empties. It is needless to go over ground that has often been traversed, and give facts and figures in relation to the filling up of the Sacramento River. A mass of evidence in relation to this point was submitted during the trial of the Gold Run case. Nothing but ignorance or meanness can explain a denial of the oft-proved fact that the Sacramento River is steadily filling up. In 1879 State Engineer Hall found the maximum filling in front of Sacramento to be twenty-five feet, and the average fifteen feet. Colonel Mendell reported to the War Department, in January, 1882, that the level of the beds of the Yuba and the Bear has risen "in an elevation of several feet above the banks. These instances," he adds,

"may be taken to illustrate the ultimate condition of the Sacramento and Feather rivers under a continuance of the influences to which they are subjected. The abandonment of existing channels is a consequence to be apprehended." Colonel Mendell is certainly a competent engineer, and he has never been suspected of hostility to hydraulic mining. And yet Mr. McClure says "the destruction of the navigable rivers is impossible!"

Now for a few facts in regard to the hay. The following quotations are from Colonel Mendell's report: "The surveys (San Pablo Bay) of 1863 and 1878 are distinguished by a deposit of 76,025,000 cubic yards, made in the interval. The depth of deposit averaged over the area of comparison, 2 1/4 square miles, would be 3.1 feet. . . . The mean reduction in width of channel, . . . is 2,820 feet, which is twenty-two per cent. of the mean width of 1855. A comparison of maps of three and one-half miles on the Sacramento, near its mouth, and one mile at the mouth of the San Joaquin, shows a deposit of two million cubic yards in the Sacramento, and five hundred thousand in the San Joaquin, between 1867 and 1878." "A comparison of charts of Carquinez Straits during different dates indicates the formation of large deposits in recent years." (This report was made January 1, 1882.) Enough has been said to show that there is danger of the destruction of the river system of the Sacramento Valley, and of serious injury to the bay. The far-reaching consequences of such destruction must be left to the reader's imagination.

The argument that hydraulic mining should be protected because of the importance of gold to the world's commerce, is not founded upon a very careful study of political economy. Gold is not wealth in any true sense, and its value is simply that of a convenient "counter" of wealth. If all the gold were swept out of the world to-morrow, the world would be scarcely one whit poorer in all that makes actual wealth. Individual loss, and great and general obstruction of business would be inevitable, but in a comparatively short time the commerce of the world would adjust itself to the new conditions, and business might ultimately go on without gold as well as it ever had with it. This point need not be dwelt upon.

The comparison of the damages caused by hydraulic mining with the wealth it has produced, or rather the profit realized on its gold production, can be made only in a general way. Mr. McClure makes some wild statements in regard to the gold production of the State. Nothing but "thousands of millions" will content him, whereas the data of Garnett, Raymond, and Valentine, accepted as authoritative, give an aggregate of about \$7,178,000,000 as the total gold production of California since 1847. Hydraulic mining did not begin until 1855, and was not of much importance until 1860. The average gold production of California for the twenty years between 1860 and 1880, was about \$25,000,000 a year, as shown by Mr. Valentine's tables. Of this amount the hydraulic mines probably did not contribute more than an average of \$7,000,000 annually, between 1870 and 1880, and not more than an average of \$5,000,000 annually, between 1860 and 1870. We have then a total yield of \$75,000,000 from the hydraulic mines. It must be remembered that this is product, not profit. The distinction is important. Ten men that have lost heavily in hydraulic mining can be found for one that has made a dollar out of the business. It is notorious that there has been far more profit in selling hydraulic mines at inflated prices than in working them. Some of the hydraulic mines that have a tremendous output of debris have never paid a cent in dividends, and probably never will. Many of the hydraulic mines have leveled numerous assessments, and have never paid a dividend. But, conceding that the industry pays, it may be assumed that ten per cent. of the total yield of nine hundred and fifty million dollars above estimated represents profit. This gives fifteen million dollars of profit. When the estimated total profits of the hydraulic mines (fifteen million dollars) is set opposite the estimated total loss in the valley, (five hundred million dollars,) it is seen that the comparison is one that the hydraulic miners should not invite. And when it is considered that the land ruined is ruined probably for centuries to come, the value of what might have been the products of that once fertile land during centuries of cultivation must be taken into account.

The future of the Sacramento Valley can not be described in terms too gloomy if the hydraulic mines are to be permitted to continue discharging their debris into the river. A vast desert without adequate drainage, and incapable of cultivation, the best portion of it would in ten years become. The damage that has already been done is as nothing to the damage which in that event may be expected. Just enough mischief has so far been done to bring the whole of the best portion of the valley, its towns and cities, to the verge of complete and final destruction. Marysville is in jeopardy, and the situation of Sacramento will ultimately be worse than that of Marysville now. The construction of dams in the Yuba may for a time postpone, but can not prevent, the calamity that awaits Marysville if hydraulic mining is to go on. The miners have never claimed that dams would hold back more than sixty per cent. of the debris put into the river above the dams, and thirty per cent. of what may be put into the Yuba annually hereafter would be enough to complete the work of destruction in the valley. The use of the electric light has practically doubled the duty of each inch of water flowing to the hydraulic mines. The amount of debris entering the Yuba from the hydraulic mines was in 1880 about twenty million cubic yards. The introduction of the electric light must have given rise to a large increase in the flow of mining debris. Mr. McClure is quite right in saying "that the remaining gravel to be washed contains but a small per centage of material that can be carried in solution." But if by "solution" he means suspension, he is entirely wrong. Debris is not carried in solution; it is carried in suspension. Only a comparatively small portion of the "trap gravel" has been worked off in the hydraulic mines, as a whole. "Gravel mine" is a misnomer. The debris from the hydraulic mines is mainly sand and pipe-clay. Colonel Mendell estimates that there are six hundred million cubic yards of "gravel" workable by the hydraulic process lying yet untouched in the Yuba River claims—a quantity of which could probably not be worked out in less than twenty years.

Colonel Mendell's estimate of the quantity of debris annually discharged by hydraulic mines into the Yuba River is nineteen million four hundred thousand cubic yards. A very simple calculation will show that this quantity of debris would fill Market Street in San Francisco to a depth of seventy-five feet for a length of eleven miles, taking the width of the street to be forty yards. The statement seems incredible, but it will be found correct. The quantity of debris discharged into the Yuba has been estimated by various engineers with substantially the same result. This illustration should convey to your readers some idea of the gigantic nature of the evil that the people of the Sacramento Valley have to contend with.

The Yuba River furnishes the worst example of the flow of mining debris, but there are many other streams bearing detritus to the Valley. These are Dry and Butte creeks, Dry Creek No. 2, and the Feather, Bear, American, Cosumnes, Mokelumne, Calaveras, Stanislaus, and Tuolumne rivers, with Dry Creek No. 3, which with Mule, Sutter, and Jackson creeks, are all pouring their quota of hydraulic mining debris into the basins of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. In 1880 all these rivers and creeks, the Yuba included, were transporting over fifty million cubic yards of debris into the one great interior valley of the State.

There is another point of importance to be considered. There is already enough debris in the Yuba, Bear, American, and Sacramento rivers, below all sites for dams, to constitute a source of danger. Filling to a greater or less extent the river channels, the presence of these deposits raises the flood level. If the dumping of debris into the rivers should cease, the water, being no longer burdened with debris from the mines, would attack these deposits and gradually carry them down to the sea. So long as the head-waters are kept charged with detritus, however, there can be no scouring action in the channels, and such scouring appears to be the natural solution of the debris problem.

There are many other aspects of this question upon which I should like to touch, but I feel that I have already transgressed too much upon your space. It should be understood, however, that the people of the valley make no war upon drift and quartz mining. Those methods of mining do them no harm, and that they fully understand. Enough has been said to show that there is good reason for getting "slickeys" into politics. Slickeys is the paramount issue in this section of the State, and it is hoped that all public-spirited citizens in California will make common cause with the people of the valley, whose homes and whose lives are imperilled by the lawless operations of the hydraulic miners.

MARYSVILLE, Cal., July 30, 1882.

WM. A. LAWSON.

LITERARY NOTES.

Edmund W. Gosse is the author of a life of "Thomas Gray," in the "English Men of Letters" series. Mr. Gosse states in the preface that this volume differs from its biographical predecessors in that expansion instead of compression has been the method employed in writing it. In fact the only other life of the poet which had any pretensions to a biography would fill about thirty pages of Mr. Gosse's book. Gray's life was rather uneventful, one of its chief interests being the poet's friendship with Horace Walpole. The present biographer has, however, made it one of the most attractive of the series. Published by Harper & Brothers; for sale by Bancroft; price, seventy-five cents.

The third "Catalogue of the San Francisco Free Library" is just out. It has been prepared with great care, and reflects much credit upon its compilers. Since November, 1880, there have been sixteen thousand new volumes added to the library. These have been catalogued in eight separate lists: A list of all the English books added since 1880; all novels, and all the juvenile works; the remaining lists contain successively all German, French, Spanish, Swedish, Latin, and the works in other languages. These lists are prepared by single alphabet, including authors' names, titles, and subjects; so that any one who remembers either the author of a work, or its title, or else what it is about, can find by the catalogue whether the book is in the library. Price, seventy-five cents.

Announcements: The forthcoming Round-Robin novel is entitled "Leone," and is a chronicle of modern Italy, written by an Italian. The demand for Miss Edith Simcox's "Episodes in the Lives of Men, Women, and Lovers," has been great enough to justify the printing of an American edition by J. R. Osgood & Co. A new Christmas publication, with a page double the size of that of *Harper's Weekly*, and wholly unprecedented in the matter of its illustrations, will be published this year by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Its title will be "Harper's Christmas Pictures and Papers, done by the Title Club and its Literary Friends." A single engraving of a picture by Elihu Vedder, which is being executed for it by Cole, is thirty-three inches by twenty-one in size. "The Life of Ole Bull," which Mrs. Ole Bull is writing, will contain, beside a steel portrait of the great violinist, several engravings from photographs, showing Mr. Bull's method of holding the violin. Mr. Frank Cushing, the adopted Zuni, will exhibit his literary metal in the September *Atlantic* in a paper on a "Saddle Trip to the Country of the Havasupai." A book which promises to be one full of picturesque interest is "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," by John Ashton. It is taken from original sources, and is to be handsomely illustrated. It is now going through the press in London. J. R. Osgood & Co. have imported a limited edition of Professor von Siebenster's "Tibetan Tales"—specimens of the folk-lore of Central Asia, collected from several volumes of the "Memirs" of the Academy of St. Petersburg. London, it is reported, is to have a rival to *The Century* in the shape of a revised and improved edition of *The Burlington*.

Three new additions have been made to the "Trans-Atlantic Novels." "Lady Beauty," by Allan Muir, whose "Harold Saxon" is perhaps his best known novel in this country, is a rather pleasantly written and chatty English story, with not much plot, but with a graceful heroine. The second novel is a translation by E. H. Hazen from the French of Ludovic Halévy's "Abbé Constantine." Halévy has done some bright work, and every page of his varied stories and librettos gleams with sparkling wit. Any one who has followed the librettos of "La Belle Helene," "Orphée aux Enfers," or "La Grande Duchesse" will realize this. Many of his stories, although cleverly written, are possessed of most dubious morals, while, on the contrary, many are characterized by the greatest purity. Two years ago Halévy sent a copy of a charming and pathetic story, which he had just published, in his little niece, then in a convent near Tours. The Mother Superior of the convent took pains to read the story. So much was she delighted with its religious tendencies that she straightway sent to Paris for a full edition of Halévy's works for the convent library. The books arrived, and were distributed throughout the institution with pious injunctions to read these literary models for edification. The good mother was highly gratified to find that these books were more sought after than anything else in the library. She realized the reason when, two days after, a scandalized sister brought for her perusal the classic book of stories which includes "Madame et Monsieur Cardinal," "Abbé Constantine," the present story, is charming in its style, and irreproachable in its morals. It will greatly interest Americans from the fact that it involves the Mackay family in Paris. The author has clothed the rich American and his family in a rosy mist of romance. Mrs. Mackay could ask for no more delicate flattery than the pen sketch which Halévy has made of her under the name of "Mrs. Scott." The third novel of this series is by Annie Edwards, and is entitled "At the Eleventh Hour." Miss Edwards will be remembered chiefly by her popular story, "Ought We to Visit Her?" "At the Eleventh Hour" is an English society novel, with a rather striking plot and strong action. The style is frequently too profuse, and with a tendency toward the exaggerated emotional. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; for sale by Bancroft; price of each, sixty cents.

Miscellany: The *Californian* for August contains a well-written article by Miss Heath, on the "Society of Decorative Art of California." Leonard Kip's story, "Thaloe," is continued. Edward Kirkpatrick begins a series of interesting papers on "The Basques." A pretty Japanese love story is by H. C. Liddell. "Intellect versus Influence," is by C. T. Hopkins. The usual variety of stories, sketches, reviews, and editorials.—R. Worthington, of New York, announces for immediate publication Theodore Tilton's new book entitled "Swahian Stories," consisting of eighteen tales, legendary, historical, and fanciful, some tragic and others humorous, done in various metres and all in rhyme; also Algernon Swinburne's new book, which contains some of the finest poems and sonnets he has ever written, entitled "Tristram of Lyonesse," and other poems.—Mr. T. B. Aldrich, the editor of the *Atlantic*, is now in Europe. He will visit the Northern countries, possibly Russia, and return in the fall.—That clever satire on the modern advanced woman, "The Revolt of Man," is the work of Mr. Walter Besant, the novelist and essayist.—The two literary brothers De Goncourt propose to found a new academy, of which all the ten members are to be prose writers, and each is to receive a life pension of twelve hundred dollars. An annual prize of one thousand dollars will be given for the best work of the year, to be chosen by the academy. This scheme was arranged twenty years ago, and the fortune of the brothers is to serve as the foundation. The ten members are to be named in the will of Edmund de Goncourt, and as vacancies occur they will be filled by election. Among the first ten to be Alphonse Daudet and Messieurs Zola and Vuilleum.—At an extra meeting of the Browning Society, held in London the other day, the entertainment consisted of recitations, readings, and music, the words of the songs executed being of course those of the author of "Sordello." Mr. Stanford's settings of the "Cavalier Tunes" are said to have been the most successful.—Mr. Swinburne's new volume, "Tristram of Lyonesse," is dedicated in a touching sonnet to Theodore Watts, the critic. It was written on the third anniversary of the day when the two went to live together at Putney.—Two hundred copies of a remarkable book, "Le Livre de Marc Polo," have just been printed in Stockholm. The original MS.—a relic of the fourteenth century—was taken from the library of Charles V. of France, and is a valuable account of the travels of the celebrated Venetian. Professor Nordenskjöld has written a preface for the book.—Mr. Edmund C. Stedman is at present varying the delights of floating down the Connecticut lagoons by what to so true a literary man is as great a pleasure—hard work with his pen.—Ouida complains that the greatest injury to the modern novel is its appearance in serial form, preceding publication as a whole. It compels the writer to sacrifice form and harmony in the object of attaining an exciting climax for each division of his work.—About seven thousand decorations have been given to distinguished persons in France during the past twelve years. It is surprising to find that contemporary French poets have had little share in this shower of honors. Only three lyrical poets, François Coppee, Sully-Prudhomme, and André Theuriot, have been decorated.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Handsome?" said the Louisville man; "why, handsome's no name for the girls of our town!" And when a Boston man agreed with him, and said it wasn't, the Louisville man hauled out a revolver.—*Boston Post.*

"Which is the first and most important sacrament?" asked an Austin Sunday-school teacher of a little girl in his class. "Marriage," was the prompt response. "Oh, no; baptism is the first and most important sacrament," replied the teacher. "It may be in some families, but marriage always comes first in our family. We are respectable people, we are."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Jack," said an affectionate mother of Stapleton, the other morning, "you really must come home earlier nights. Do you suppose Esmeralda likes to have you stay so late?" "I'll tell you how it was," replied Jack. "You see, she was sitting on my hat, and I felt a little delicate about mentioning the fact." "Very well, I'll give you a bit of advice. The next time don't hold the hat in your lap."—*Staten Island Gazette.*

Fred Flasher and Miss Florentia Flounce were discussing the mental power of controlling thought. Said Flasher: "I will give you a pair of gloves if you can think of positively nothing for five minutes, and still be awake." "Done," she responded. Five minutes passed. "I've won the gloves," she exclaimed. "How did you manage to think of nothing for the whole five minutes?" he asked, eagerly. "I fastened my mind on your moustache, and kept it there," she replied, triumphantly. The referee awarded her the gloves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Colonel Smiketoo, one of our prominent railroad officials, was detained at home the other morning by the arrival of a little stranger. When he came down to the office, finally, the clerks all looked up expectantly. Finally one ventured to ask: "Everything all right?" Colonel S.—"Yes." "Glad things went smoothly," said another. "Thank you," said the colonel. "How much does it weigh?" asked a third. "Ten pounds." "What is it, a boy or a girl?" said the first party. Colonel Smiketoo (with a look of surprise)—"Really, my son, I forgot to ask."—*The Bohemian.*

Monselet and Jundt were dining at a table d'hôte in Switzerland a few years ago. Before them sat a party of hated Teutons, who were served with a splendid mountain trout while they merely got a stale pastry. The two Frenchmen gazed anxiously at the fish, while their *vis-a-vis* as gloatingly eyed the pastry. A happy idea suddenly flashed across Jundt. Cutting the pie in two, he set to work upon his share and devoured it, uttering the while loud encomiums upon its composition, flavor, etc. Passing the second half to Monselet, he said to the latter, sotto voce: "Eat it." "But it is a month old," objected Monselet. "Never mind. Don't you see the Prussians are dying for it? Eat it—out of patriotism." Monselet no longer hesitated, and swallowed the unsavory food with every appearance of relish.—*Le Figaro.*

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you anything further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition; but I will tell you a little story about two dogs. George had a nice little dog, that was as gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at the passers-by, nor at strange dogs, and would never bite anybody or anything. Thomas's dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs, and would sometimes tear them quite cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions he had been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all the strange men who came along, and would bite them unless somebody interfered. Now, boys, which was the dog you would like to own, George's or Thomas's?" Instantly came the answer in one eager shout, "Thomas's!"—*Boston Transcript.*

At one of the Thomas concerts at Chicago the other evening the electric lights suddenly went out, leaving the audience in perfect darkness for a few minutes. This was thought glorious by some of the young couples present, and over in the southeast corner of Section B some one was heard to say, in a suppressed undertone: "Jewillikens, Susie, what the deuce have you got in your mouth?" Just then the light blazed up again, and a young man was noticed holding his hand over his mouth. A stream of blood was trickling through his fingers, and the expression on his face touched the observer's heart. His girl took something out of her mouth, and put it in her pocket, looking pained and guilty. She led him quietly to the door, and they passed out. Young ladies should not wear their hairpins in their mouths. It is not the place for them, and a wound in the side of the jaw made by coming suddenly and painfully in contact with a cruel two-pointed hairpin at a time when his heart is set on a moment of ecstatic bliss, might result in a coolness on the part of the young man which would be heart-rending.—*Peck's Sun.*

The other day a hanker at Liège was giving a little dinner-party to which ten guests had been hidden beside himself and his wife, when in dropped a friend from the antipodes, and invited himself to dinner, making the fatal thirteenth. The banker, to conjure ill-luck, rushed down stairs to his office, found the cashier just about to leave for the evening, dragged him upstairs, fitted him with a dress-coat, and led him triumphantly into the drawing-room, amid the applause of the relieved guests, three of whom declared that they would not sit down to the best dinner ever served if there were thirteen at table. At that moment the hell rang, and a note was brought from one of the guests, whose wife had suddenly fallen ill, and who, consequently, was unable to be present. Thirteen again! Gloom and despair; and the cashier, finding himself the Jonah of the evening, volunteered to depart. The banker sees him down stairs, and is expressing his regrets when—joy!—the family doctor heaves in sight. Him the host secures, and happy in being able to offer the hospitalities of his table to his kind-hearted and sorely tried employee, returns to the drawing-room. Dinner is ordered to be placed upon the table, and, just as all is ready, the hostess, who is in delicate health, and who has been unduly excited by all the untoward events, faints dead away, and has to be put to bed. Thirteen again! This time there is nothing for the cashier but to go and die with what appetite he may at the corner restaurant.—*New York World.*

THE LATEST VERSE.

The Ball-Room Rainbow.

Fold away my rainbow,
In its stripes most fair;
Keep its fragile beauty
From the western glare.
In my heaven no longer
Storm and sunshine meet;
And those hues so brilliant
Seal no promise sweet.

These are robes transfigured,
Which I wore in days
When youth's trenchant prism
Carved the solar rays.
Quietly dismiss them;
Fold them each to each,
In harmonious blending,
Eloquent as speech.

Hunting-green most royal,
With an edge of gold;
I, a maiden huntress,
Chased through fancy's world,
Beautiful companions,
Quarries to be hit,
Snared them with my splendor,
Pierced them with my wit.

Here's imperial purple
For a brimming heart;
Only two could taste what
Neither knew apart.
Raise the lofty goblet!
Ring the jocund horn!
Time has swept the banquet
For which this was worn.

Here is rosy redness;
Such a blush wore I,
When the youth I dreamed of
Praised me, passing nigh.
Spread it in the sunset,
Hide it in the rose;
My pink day is over,
Shadows veil its close.

In this blue, meo saw me
Like a turquoise bright,
With a charm of childhood
In my dewy light.
Summer skies may wave it
O'er a sapphire sea,
No more need to save it
For my pageantry.

Youth's sharp prism sunders:
Age unites in one
Silvery web, that whitens
In the winter's sun.
Fold away my rainbow
In its silken rest;
I of Truth's far glory
An immortal guest.

—Julia Ward Howe.

Caprera.

Upon thy granite peaks—not in the depths
Of royal palaces—I feel the heath
Of liberty—O my lone isle, Caprera!
Thy hushes are my park—and unadorned
But safe alodgment thy imposing mass
Gives me, untainted by the servile crowd.
Thy few inhabitants are rough and rude
As the stern rocks that form thy darkling crown,
And like them, proud—disdain to bend the knee.
The rushing hurricane in this retreat,
Where slave nor tyrant finds a resting-place,
Is my sole concert. Horrid are thy paths,
But by the rolling wheel of insolence
I am not crushed, neither is my pure brow
Splashed by vile mud. Far from all lies, I here
Th' infinite contemplate; and when my eye—
Forever by thought—circles the spaces vast,
To the recesses of this azure dome
That worlds encloses, to the infinite
Intelligence I turn with deepening sense
Of gratitude. . . . (illegible).
For it bestowed upon me th' immortal spark
Which makes me ever kin to the Eternal.

—Translated from a Posthumous Poem of Giuseppe Garibaldi.

Possibilities.

Where are the poets unto whom belong
The Olympian heights; whose singing shafts
Were sent
Straight to the mark, and not from hows half
bent,
But with the utmost tension of the thong?

Where are the stately argosies of song,
Whose rushing keels made music as they went
Sailing in search of some new continent,
With all sail set, and steady winds and strong?

Perhaps there lives some dreany hoy, untaught
In schools, some graduate of the field or street,
Who shall become a master of the art,
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,
Fearless, and first, and steering with his fleet
For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

—From Longfellow's Posthumous Volume of Poems.

Eyes.

(After the French of Sally Prudhomme.)
Bright eyes innumerable—dark or blue,
All loved, all beautiful—have seen the dawn;
The tombs forever hide them from our view;
And yet from heaven the sun is oot withdrawn.
Nights magical, and sweeter than the days,
For eyes unnumbered have enchantment made;
The stars in violet deeps forever blaze—
Those eyes are filled with semipternal shade!

O do not tell me they are sightless now!
It can't be! No; they have only turned
Somewhere away from us—we know not how—
Toward that Unseen whose oame no man has
learned.

Even as the astral fires that flame above
Vanish by day, yet never leave the sky;
So for the sweeter light of eyes we love
There is a setting—but they never die!

Eyes blue or dark—loved eyes whose lids we close,
Ye do not die!—ye see athwart the gloom!
Ye ope again to view the awful Rose
Of some vast-deepening dawn beyond the tomb.

—Lafcadio Hearn.

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IN THE STREET-CARS.

"Betsy," said Jack, the other day, "put on your toggery, and let us go take a ride in the street-cars." I know very well what he wants. Jack likes to discuss the human species from this point of vantage, and it is just about the hour when people are beginning to go home.

"Jack," I say, "should you not like to hear the human species discussing us as we so often discuss them?"

But Jack hoots at the idea, and crushes me to silence.

"Betsy," he said, "this superstructure of ideas which you have built upon my fondness for riding in the street-cars is arrant nonsense. I do not go to study life. I go for the air; and I choose the street-car partly because its motion is easier than that of a carriage, and principally because it is very much cheaper. I do not consider that we are a sufficiently peculiar looking pair to invite the discussion of our car companions, and," he continued, with something like a listless drawl, "I have never observed anything markedly peculiar among them."

So saying, he assisted me into the car, and I promptly proceeded to stumble over a basket containing two white geese, which were constraining their necks to look with pink-eyed amazement upon the outside world. Their destinies were presided over by a nervous old woman upon whom the rude hand of toil had left its hard mark. One would have known her to be a peasant from over the seas as surely as if one had met her clattering along a Holland road in wooden *sabots*. The noise of the streets and the atmosphere of the city hewidened her. Her plain skirts, her comfortable jumper, her green-gingham apron, her red head-kerchief belonged in country ways and by-places. She was ill at ease, uncomfortable, uncertain, and discovered at the end of the block, after a curiously hybrid discussion with the conductor, that she was in the wrong car; whereat she and the geese were turned loose into the seething throng of Kearny Street, and they became swallowed in the crowd. Remembering Jack's last remark, I stole a glance at him, but he declined to meet my eye, and directed his attention instead to the inevitable two in the corner, who were enlarging upon the chances of the gubernatorial contest. They put their hats upon the back of their heads, clasped their hands around their knees, tossed off considerable information for the benefit of whom it might concern regarding political manipulators, and came to as if out of a state of stupefaction when the conductor stopped to "punch in the presence of the passenger." Each plunged wildly into his pocket, drew out a handful of coin, and fished around in it for a small piece. The one who found it first handed it over, the other gave a brief grunt of thanks, and in a second more they were giving each other the political history of Estee, Stoneman & Co.

As the conductor passed down the line four ladies, who had gotten in together, and who were chattering away like birds, passed up each her little five-cent piece, and closed each her little porte-monnaie with a snap. Jack smiled in an amused manner.

"Betsy," said he, "is there any generic name for that sort of thing among your sex?"

"Yes," I said, "we call it the Boston treat, or going snacks, and we like it."

"My dear," quoth Jack, "could you bring your strong intelligence to hear upon the matter, and tell me, in a disinterested way, why women are stingy?"

Jack likes to note the points of difference between men and women; but he argues always from the lofty pedestal upon which nature placed him when it made him a man, while he expects me to take a perfectly neutral position. I become in truth the German "it" in our discourses, and must take a bird's-eye view of the strengths and foibles of my sex from an imaginary peak of isolation. I remind myself irresistibly of Charles Lamb, who, among the absurd images which he had a special faculty for seeing, evoked once an elephant in a coach-office coming gravely to have his trunk hooked, and a mermaid over a fish-kettle cooking her own tail. I mention the mermaid to Jack, who quietly declines to see the humor of the situation, and repeats his question. So I answer somewhat dogmatically: "Women are not stingy; women are economical."

"Call it what you like," says Jack; "but how do you account for it?"

"Why, easily enough, if it comes to that," I retort, as the conversation drops into short sentences; "easily enough. They have not the segregation of the funds. You do not know," I continue, "what an admiration we have for the magnificent way in which a man draws money out of his pocket, or the rooted antipathy we all have to seeing a little purse in a man's hand. It suggests such glorious abundance, when the twenties and the tens, with a sprinkling of half-dollars, come sociably together at a clutch. It is like a perpetual game of grab-bag."

"Should you call that economy?" asked Jack, glancing at a small boy on the opposite seat. The boy has grown out of knickerbockers a year ago, but he has a round, well-turned leg, and fond mothers with boys legged like this keep them in knickerbockers as long as they can. He wears sturdy, strong-soled shoes and thick-ribbed stockings, and upon the knee of each trouser leg is laid in the most workmanlike manner a patch of stout leather.

"Yes, indeed, I do," I said; "I call it an economy in time, patience, cloth, and temper. This is

no poor man's child, and that is no makeshift of poverty to preserve a shred of cloth. I will engage that this boy is the son of a well-conditioned man and an ingenious woman, who are determined to give him all the pleasure that can be gotten out of boyhood, without any of the small worries about patching, and mending, and keeping clean, which make it a misery. I regard those leather patches as dispensers of human happiness, as well as a stroke of ingenuity and a master stroke of economy, and I don't see anything stingy about them." I perorate, somewhat defiantly.

"Why, neither do I," said Jack, amazed. "We got off that subject long ago, and I agree with you perfectly in every particular."

I can not see that we had much of an argument, after all, and this is a man's easiest and favorite way of getting through a loophole.

At this the car began to grow crowded. "Now, Betsy, I am not going to give up my seat unless some one comes in whom I know, and you will observe that the first man who rises to give up his seat will be the humblest individual in the car. The lady who accepts it will smile her thanks as sweetly as if he were a howling swell, and he will cast a look of conscious extenuation around the car which will seem to say 'heartless rascals, you see what true gentlemanly instinct a ragged coat may cover.' This will be all affectation, Betsy, for although this ragged-coat philosophy is greatly overdone, it still has its day, and the smiling lady will affect a democracy of spirit which she does not feel. They say that the increase of education disinclines the human mind to religion. It reveals many shams as well; and among other things teaches how very unnecessary it is to be polite to a lot of people whom one will never see again. I shall coldly and grimly retain my seat, and the man in the ragged coat will tell some one that a well-dressed brute sat still in the car while poor, tired he gave up his seat like a gentleman. And here comes my poor little schoolmistress," cried Jack, suddenly, "I must give her a seat." But some one further down the line was equally courteous a little sooner than Jack, and he resumed his place.

"How did you know that lady was a schoolmistress?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "to say truth I am not sure of it, but I often ride in the cars with her, and I see that she is a gentlewoman, and that she carries her luncheon with her; also, she has tried a round dozen of ways to make that luncheon look like an innocent parcel of something else. Sometimes it is in a bag, sometimes in a box, sometimes in an ordinary paper of white brown; but I always know instinctively that it is something edible. I know that the ordinary householder does not carry her luncheon about town with her, and that a lady who earns her bread may not carry her mid-day meal in a tin-pail, like a road-maker. Hence I conclude that she is either in the Mint or the schools, and without rhyme or reason I have settled upon the schools."

"You are a gentleman of rare perspicacity and discernment," I remark.

Jack hates to be showered with syllables; but I am spared his retort, for three strangers enter who are strangers indeed. What is that indefinable something which tells us, even in the thronged mart of a city, that people are not of our own hurg, even though they have no identifying mark of having come from the Rocky Mountains? These are rather distinguished-looking strangers, and Jack immediately assumes that they are army people. Being pressed to tell why, he does not know, and promptly abandons his opinion. Upon reflection I am convinced that they are theatrical people, and being asked why I think so, I give Jack two reasons.

"To begin with," I say, "both of the ladies' dresses are very stylishly made out of very little material—a trick which actresses alone know."

"The female detective," speaks Jack, oracularly, to the air.

"Secondly," I say, "their faces, all three, have that mobility of expression which grows upon the stage-face with using. If you meet a musician, even not knowing that he is one, you will observe the suppleness of his hands, and that his fingers seem to be lightly hung at the joints. In a trained player's face you will see the muscles *couchants*, as it were, and ready to spring into action at the touch of fancy. Sometimes I imagine their features enlarge with time, and that the whole face takes on that curious look of use, which is indescribable, and which one finds only in the faces of those who have lived much and deeply, or those who have played the passions in mimic lives."

"Whoa, Betsy!" cries Jack at this juncture. "My dearest girl, when you get launched forth upon that sort of thing you do acquit yourself of more 'dog-dasted' nonsense, to quote from my esteemed Spooendyke, than one could find in the funny papers for a month. Do you mean to tell me that a mere glance at three innocent-looking, well-dressed travelers has primed you with all this?"

But I retreat into dignified silence, and will say no more.

"Betsy," says Jack, insinuatingly, as the car begins to empty, and we near the terminus, "the conductor looks to me like a man with a rooted sorrow. Couldn't you give me a point on it?"

But I am not to be drawn out again after being sat upon, and we are well upon our homeward way in a long silence, which Jack breaks at last with:

"I say, Betsy, those might be the Union Square people, after all, for I see that despite your gloomy prophesy, both Sara Jewett and Maud Harrison are to open at the California."

But they were not the Union Square people, and yet I was right. Still, having introduced the Union Square subject, we jogged home quite peaceably, for, with a long dramatic season of seven weeks in store for us, with countless arguments ahead, what was left to quarrel about? BETSY B.

This evening is the last performance of "Le Voyage en Suisse," by the Hanlons at the Baldwin Theatre. On next Monday evening they commence a season of comic pantomime, which will be preceded each evening by the laughable comedy in two acts, "Milk-white." The Mastodon Minstrels at Haverly's California give their farewell performance this evening. On next Monday evening this theatre will be occupied by the New York Union Square Company in "The Banker's Daughter." The Standard and Bush Street theatres are still closed. The benefit performance given on Thursday evening by the Hanlons to Mr. Thomas Maguire was very successful, and netted a large sum. On last evening Messrs. Mayer and McConnell received a benefit from the Mastodon Minstrels, assisted by a number of local artists, at Haverly's California Theatre. The house was crowded by the friends of the two beneficiaries, and the performance was a financial success.

THE THEATRICAL CLUBS OF LONDON.

A writer in the August number of *Lippincott's Magazine* gives the following description of three English dramatic clubs: Of the three London clubs—the Green Room, the Junior Garrick, and the Savage—the first-named is the most directly representative of the drama and the stage. The Savage and the Junior Garrick each in its time has held the pride of place, but the Green Room holds it now, by virtue of its closer adherence to the "qualification" test. Some years ago the Savage was the club to visit if you wished to witness a notable gathering of actors and journalists. Then came the Junior Garrick, which, in the intention of its founders, was to be, truly and purely, the actors' club; and so it was for a few years. Nearly every person you met there was connected with the stage—dramatic author, dramatic critic, or mimic. It was John Oxenford's favorite club, and William Brough and Andrew Halliday were regular in their attendance. These three men—the memory of whom is cherished by all who knew them—have joined another club, the qualification for which is death. While they lived, the Junior Garrick flourished; but gradually, as with most other similar institutions, the foundation was sapped by a continually swelling stream of members having no connection whatever with the stage. The Junior Garrick would very likely have become a thing of the past had it not been for Mr. Thomas Mowbray, who offered to pay off the liabilities, and carry on the club as usual, on condition of its being transferred to him. The members were in a quandary; they clamored within, while the creditors clamored without. A stormy general meeting was held, and Mr. Mowbray's offer was accepted by a somewhat narrow majority, if I recollect aright, and thenceforward the Junior Garrick was a proprietary club. It is now prospering, has upon its books nearly five hundred members—a larger number than either the Savage or the Green Room possesses; but they are a mixed lot, and the actors are few and far between. Before it became proprietary, the Junior Garrick was, in addition to the names of those I have already mentioned, a favorite resort of J. L. Toole, David James, Thomas Thorne, James Fernandez, and other notable actors and managers, who were to be seen pretty regularly at the supper tables; but upon the establishment of the Green Room, these gentlemen, especially Messrs. Toole, James, and Thorne, transferred their allegiance, and worked hard to make the new club a success. At the yearly dinner of the Junior Garrick, Lord Alfred Paget generally occupies the chair. He is not the president of the club, as the Duke of Beaufort is of the Green Room, but he is a friend of Mr. Mowbray, and takes great interest in the club and in theatrical matters generally. Whether this kind of patronage on the part of distinguished aristocratic personages is of advantage to art clubs is an open question. Some fastidious persons I know resent it, but they are in a minority. The subject is apropos of the forthcoming visit of the Prince of Wales to the Savage Club, concerning which a great variety of opinion has been, and will continue to be, expressed. It is understood that the prince, having heard that at the regular Saturday dinner of the Savages an entertainment, to which the term unique might be applied, was generally given by the members—a species of olla-podrida not to be met with in any other club-room in London—had a curiosity just to "drop in," as Paul Pry expresses it, in a friendly way, to see what sort of an affair it is. It is a thousand pities that the Savages have resolved to entertain the Prince at Willis's rooms, instead of at their own club, for this is certainly not what their royal visitor desired. The excuse is that the club premises were not large enough to accommodate all the members who were anxious to attend, and that there would have been a rush, a scramble, and a squeeze. Financially, the club is now in a better position than it has been since its formation; it has a balance at the bank which is likely to grow larger. There is a positive danger in this deplorable fact—for the Savage is, or should be, essentially a Bohemian club. In this aspect, and because its modest rooms were frequented by men lean in purse and full in brain-power—Bohemian free-lances, whose wit was keen, and bright, and sharp, not disdaining fortune, but making light of empty pockets, better contented with pipe and pewter than they are now with cigars and champagne—in this aspect by the great charm of the club in its palmy days. It was this which made it so fascinating to Artemus Ward. There, night after night, did he meet with kindred souls, between whom and himself was forged a stronger link than can be fashioned out of twenty-two-carat gold. He was idolized there, and old members speak of him invariably with affectionate admiration and regret. The Savage Club was a republic of intellect, and to be one of the band was a higher distinction than could be conferred by an Order of the Bath. There was safety in poverty and Bohemianism; there is peril in swallow-tails and a large balance at the bank.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Concert.

The distinguishing feature of the three farewell concerts given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, has been the presentation at each of a Beethoven quartette. At the first concert of the series, which took place on Monday evening last, the Eighth Quartette, in E minor, Op. 59, (No. 2 of the famous Rasoumofsky set,) was played with much thoughtfulness and care. The four movements of this beautiful composition consist of an *allegro*, an *adagio*, an *allegretto*, and the *finale*. All were rendered with great delicacy of feeling and expression, the *adagio* being particularly enjoyable. The *allegretto* was less smoothly played than any one of the other movements; but the number, as a whole, was of the utmost interest. Beethoven's quartette music is indeed "a new world, full of sublime conceptions and revelations," and this second Rasoumofsky quartette is an outcome of the master's ripest genius. The *allegro vivace* of the Mendelssohn Quintette in B flat, Op. 87; the *adagio* "God Save the Emperor," and variations from Haydn's Quartette, No. 67; and a gavotte by Silas, were the remaining concerted numbers of the programme, and were all warmly received. Miss Miller was in excellent voice, and sang her cavatina from "Lucia," "Regnava nel Silenzio," to the satisfaction of an audience lavish in commendation. She was recalled, and obligingly gave a light little setting of "I Love the Merry, Merry Sunshine." The song was well enough in its way; but its way was very small indeed, and Miss Miller does not satisfy in ballads. Her second song was Clay's "She wandered down the mountain side." A flute solo by Mr. Schade consisted of a fantasia on an air by Aht, and was executed with his usual wonderful facility. In response to an encore, Mr. Schade gave elaborate variations on a melody from "Sonnambula." Mr. Giese's selection (played with never-failing and always contagious enthusiasm) was a composition by Servalis, "O Cara Memoria." But to Mr. Schmitzler, on this occasion, belong the honors of the evening. His solo on themes from "Faust," by Wieniawski, was a performance full of fire and genius, and his encore was equally admirable. The concert, altogether, was one of the best ever given here by the Quintette. SAN FRANCISCO, August 3, 1882. F. A.

Mr. Albert Friedenthal, an artist who enjoys an excellent reputation in Europe, and who up to the time of his departure held the position of teacher of piano at the Berlio Coeservatoire of Music, is at present in this city. He is a pupil of Franz Liszt and Professor Kullack, and beside being a virtuoso on the piano is a composer of songs and concertos which have elicited highly flattering criticisms from the musical world.

Obscure Intimations.

"Success Without Money or Beauty"—M. L. T., Bellota.—Declined.
"This Devilish"—S. S.—Declined.
"Manitou Springs"—F. S.—Declined.
"The Cause of the Unmarried"—W. H. R.—Accepted.

The London press is particularly hard upon Eben Plympton, and he has been badly slated. The *Morning Post* concludes its notice by simply remarking of Mr. Plympton that "the gentleman who tried to play De Mauprat has mistaken his vocation."

The exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, beginning the 15th instant, at its pavilion, promises, according to the managers, to be one of the finest efforts in that direction ever made in this city.

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— NEARLY EVERYBODY THAT PASSES THE WINDOW of the Diamond Palace, stops to examine the beautiful jewels of the dome of the Pantheon, done in mosaic of gold and golden quartz. This ought to be sent to the exposition at Denver. So we just stepped in and asked Colonel Andrews, why he did not do this thing. The colonel remarked that it was altogether too costly and valuable to be entrusted on such a journey, and that while it embraced specimens of all our gold ledges, they were selected rather for their colors, their susceptibility of polish, and their fineness, rather than to demonstrate their value as gold-bearing veins; and that it was intended to illustrate the jeweler's art in California rather than its mineral resources. While we were thus conversing, a lady remarked that this jewel had attracted her attention, not only for its rare beauty and exquisite finish and value, but because, as a gem of art, it was altogether unique and original. She had visited all the cities of Europe, and with a taste for everything that was admirable in art, and especially rich and tasteful in the line of jewelry, she had seen nothing at all comparable to this. She concluded by saying: "You will excuse me, Colonel Andrews, for the suggestion, but I can tell you what you ought to do with this jewel." The colonel politely expressing his desire to hear the suggestion, she said: "Mr. Mackay ought to purchase it, send it to Paris, and place it in his elegant salon, where it would be seen and admired by all the best people of Europe. It would be exceedingly appropriate for him as a miner, and would be such a recognition of his former employment as would indicate that the king of mines had no sensitiveness to the fact that his vast wealth was acquired from the gold and silver mines of the Sierra, in which himself had worked, and I am sure Mrs. Mackay would take pride in pointing to the golden link that had united her fortunes with a toiling miner in their early lives. This jewel," said the lady, "would be especially appropriate among the crown jewels, and in the royal treasury of the king of the Comstock." We all assented. It is always a rare distinction to have a work of art more valuable than any thing of its kind original, and that can not be duplicated.

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MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

Importers of DIAMONDS and other PRECIOUS STONES,
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(Of the late Firm of BRAVERMAN & LEVY.)

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DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR GOODS AT AUCTION, but STORE THEM with H. WINDEL & CO., NO. 310 STOCKTON STREET. Furniture, Pianos, Household Goods, Paintings, Trunks, etc., well taken care of. We have three large, airy, brick buildings, and no rent to pay, and can store goods very moderate. Money advanced on goods at one per cent. per month. We guarantee against damage and moths, and can give references dating back 20 years.

SONGS, One Cent Each

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1 Baby Mine. | 121 Kiss Me, Kiss Your Darling. | 228 Love Among the Roses. |
| 2 The Old Cabin Home. | 122 A Flower from Mother's Grave. | 229 Old Arm Chair (as sung by Barry.) |
| 3 The Little Ones at Home. | 123 The Old Log Cabin on the Hill. | 230 The Sailor's Grave, (In the Garden) |
| 4 See That My Grave's Kept Green. | 124 Coming Thru' the Rye. | 231 Farmer's Daughter; or Chickens |
| 5 Grandfather's Clock. | 125 Must We, Then, Meet as Strangers | 232 Oh! Dem Golden Slippers |
| 6 Where Was Moses when the Light | 126 The Kiss Behind the Door. | 233 Poor, but a Gentleman Still. |
| 7 Sweet By and By. (Went Out. | 127 I'll Remember You, Love, in My | 234 Nobody's Darling but Mine. |
| 8 Whoo, Emma. (Maggie.) | 128 You May Look, but Men's Touch. | 235 Put My Little Shoes Away. |
| 9 When you and I were Young | 129 There's Always a Seat in the Par- | 236 Darling Nellie Gray. |
| 10 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home. | 130 for You. | 237 Little Brown J. |
| 11 Take This Letter to My Mother. | 131 I've no Mother Now, I'm Weeping | 238 Ben Bolt. |
| 12 A Model Love Letter.—Comic | 132 Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground. | 239 Good-Bye Sweetheart. |
| 13 Wife's Commandments.—Comic. | 133 Say a Kind Word When You Can. | 240 Sadie Ray. |
| 14 Husband's Commandments. | 134 Don't You Go, Tommy, Don't Go. | 241 Tim Pinigan's Wake. |
| 15 Little Old Love-Cabin in the Lane. | 135 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs. | 242 The Hat My Father Wore. |
| 16 Marching Through Georgia. | 136 Korah O'Neil. | 243 I've Only Been Down to the Club. |
| 17 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea. | 137 Waiting, My Darling, for Thee. | 244 Kiss Me Again. |
| 18 Take Back the Heart. | 138 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died | 245 The Vacant Chair. |
| 19 The Faded Coat of Blue. (Night. | 139 Tasting on the Old Camp Ground. | 246 The Sweet Sunny South. |
| 20 My Old Kentucky Home, Good- | 140 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling. | 247 Come Home Father. |
| 21 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still | 141 Filtration of the Fan. | 248 Little Maggie May. |
| 22 I'll be all Smiles to Night Love. | 142 Why Did She Leave Him? (other. | 249 Molly Bawn. |
| 23 Listen to the Mocking Bird. | 143 Thou Hast Learned to Love Me. | 250 Sally in Our Alley. |
| 24 Sunday Night When the Parlor's | 144 There's None Like a Mother. | 251 Poor Old Ned. |
| 25 The Typist's Warning. (Fall. | 145 Why Did She Leave Him? (other. | 252 Man in the Moon is Looking. |
| 26 The Girl I Left Behind Me. | 146 Whiner Softly, Mother's Dying. | 253 Broken Down. |
| 27 Little Buttercup. | 147 Will You Love Me, When I'm Old. | 254 My Little One's Waiting for Me. |
| 28 Carry Me Back to Old Virginia. | 148 Annie Laurie. | 255 I'll Go Back to my Old Love Again |
| 29 The Old Man's Drunk Again. | 149 Sherman's March to the Sea. | 256 The Butcher Boy. |
| 30 I Am Waiting, Esie Dear. | 150 Come, Birdie, Come. | 257 I've Gotta Get Back to Dixie. |
| 31 Take Me Back to Home & Mother | | 258 Where is My Boy To-Night. |
| 32 Come, Sit by My Side, Darling. | | 259 The Five Cent Shave. |

We will send by mail, post-paid, any ten of these songs for 10 cents; any twenty-five songs for 15 cents; any fifty for 25 cents. Or we will send all the above one hundred songs, post-paid for 40 cents. Remember, we will not send less than ten songs. Order songs by numbers only. Send on a separate paper. Valuable Catalogue Free. Mention this paper. WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

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POSITIVELY LAST WEEK

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HANLONS.

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EVERYTHING NEW.

The Grand Comic Pantomime in One Act, entitled

THE MISCHIEVOUS PARROTS.

The evening's performance will commence with the Two-Act

Comedy of

MILK-WHITE.

KNABE PIANOS!

A LARGE INVOICE JUST RECEIVED. CALL and see these magnificent instruments before purchasing elsewhere.

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OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.

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ELECTRO-MEDICAL BELT
WEST'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT.—C. N. West's Electro-Medical Belts always have excellent other electrical appliances. They have taken the premiums at all State Fairs. This new Belt excels every other that he has invented. Cures all diseases without medicine. Price, from \$5.00 to \$20.00. Warranted ten years. Patronized by the representative men and leading ladies of this and other States. Address or call on C. N. WEST, 652 Market Street, San Francisco.

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RUPTURE Cured. Greatest Invention of the Age. PIERCE & SON

704 SAC ST., San Fran. Cal.

(Department No. 7.)

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

A. F. BENJAMIN, Plaintiff, Superior Court. (Late 4th District Court.)

JACOB LEVY, Defendant. EXECUTION.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested, on the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein A. F. Benjamin, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Jacob Levy, defendant, on the 1st day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$3,327.97—100 U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the 1st day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereafter described property, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Jacob Levy, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Tyler Street, distant 165 feet westerly from the west line of Franklin Street, running thence westerly along said north line of Tyler Street 27 6-12 feet; thence at right-angles northerly 120 feet; thence at right-angles easterly 27 6-12 feet; and thence at right-angles southerly 120 feet to the point of commencement. Together with the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances.

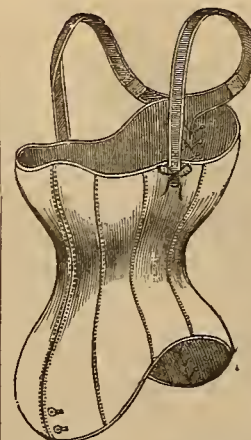
Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 28th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the first day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, August 5, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. E. L. BRANDT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

August 5, 12, 19, 26.



THE "DRESS REFORM"

CORSET.
Specialty for Stout Figures, by mail, \$3.00. Send waist, hip, and bust measure. Also, Shoulder Braces, Union Under Flannels, Ladies' and Children's Comfort Waists, Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc.

Send for Circular. The only Depot for these Goods.

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326
Sutter St.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

An Elegant Corset to Order for \$4.

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210 BATTERY STREET,
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DEPOTS:

Beale Street Wharf, San Francisco.
Foster's Wharf - - - Oakland.

[Department No. 7.]

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT,
City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EMMA J. FAIRBAIRN, Plaintiff,

NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF

California send Greeting to NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion, and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessities of life; and awarding the custody of the child of the parties hereto to plaintiff. Also, requiring defendant to pay such sums as the Court may deem proper for the support of plaintiff and her child, and costs of suit, together with general relief. Reference to the complaint is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two.

(Seal.) DAVID WILDER, Clerk.

By I. D. RUGGLES, Deputy Clerk.

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR FUR-

NITURE, PIANOS, and HOUSEHOLD GOODS, at auction sales, while you are boarding or out of the city, but

STORE THEM,

As well as your Trunks and Paintings, with

J. H. MOTT & CO.,

647 Market St., Second Floor.

Nucleus Block, large, airy brick building, with elevator. MONEY LOANED on valuable goods. Terms moderate.

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NEW TREATMENT BY INHALATION for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. Prepared by DR. STANLEY & P. ALLEN, Philadelphia, Pa. Package contains all directions, and is easily sent by express, ready for USE AT HOME. H. E. MATHEWS, Forwarding Agent, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. Send for Free Pamphlets.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

The Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, August 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, dividend No. 44, of Seventy-five cents per share was declared, payable on Saturday, August 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary. Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DODGE BROS. STATIONERS, Formerly 116 POST ST., REMOVED TO NO. 32 GEARY ST.

THE INNER MAN.

In China they make a delicious soup of tea-leaves, which is said to be like consommé, but far more palatable.

Francatelli is authority for the statement that the palate is as capable and nearly as worthy of education as the eye and the ear.

Epicures contend that the best way to eat asparagus is cold, with a dressing of oil and vinegar. To eat it hot they declare to be an abomination.

Some clever Frenchman has invented an artificial celery which has created a great sensation, especially as he refuses to divulge the secret of its manufacture.

A new fashion at Eastern dinner parties is to introduce mineral waters in the middle of the meal in place of sorbet. The idea is said to be to help digestion.

Blanc-mange of olden times was an altogether different dish from what we have now under that name, and used to include in its ingredients almonds, rice, salt, and even aniseed.

"Show me a man eating lettuce," said Lord Beaconsfield, "and I will tell you what manner of man he is." The highest epicurean authorities all agree that to cut lettuce is to ruin it.

It is now the fashionable thing at a New York dinner party to have the menu expressed and printed in the old English style, and to have imitations of dishes famous four or five hundred years ago.

Louise Chandler Moulton says in *Our Continent* that people in good society are at liberty to eat fish with a knife as well as a fork, and that a special silver fish-knife is now provided at all *recherche* dinners.

At a fish-dinner in London lately they had salmon, turbot, flounders, perch, eels, a chartrouse of sole, rôté of whiting, lobster cutlets, mackerel à la maitre d'hôtel, trout, mullet, an omelet of whitebait, and curried skate.

Virchow, the eminent German professor, denies that he is, as charged, the opponent of soup. He says he merely declared that meat broths are neither nutritious nor substantial, and he further says it is the height of absurdity to eat hot meats.

In one of her recent articles on gastronomy, Miss Juliet Corson describes a soup made of white wine, eaten cold, and which she affirms to be a favorite dish in Austria. Another wine-soup she describes is made one-half of consommé and the other half of claret.

At a recent private dinner party at Pinard's, in New York, the strawberries were served inside of a large artificial strawberry made of ice-cream, and tinted to resemble the real fruit. The surprise was clever, and the combination of fruit and cream delicious.

According to a London journal "peculiar people" are they who dine at three o'clock, who cut lettuce with a knife, and who drink red wine with salmon. And it might be added, equally peculiar are the people who eat ice cream and drink coffee simultaneously.

Some audacious men of France lately dined upon the heart and ham of a lion. The meat was found firm, but not palatable, and the heart, although very skillfully prepared with truffles, was voted excessively tough and indigestible. Altogether, the king of the forest was a failure.

A recent number of the London *Lancet* comes out against suppers, and asserts that they are a mistake, unless they are, in fact, if not in name, late dinners, and taken at a reasonably early hour. The maxim of health should be: Sup early and sup lightly; or, if you do dine late, do not sup at all.

Members of the Athenæum Club, of London, were recently reminded of the time when bustards were plentiful in England by the unwonted appearance of "roast bustard" on the bill of fare. The specimen, which weighed a hen, weighed twenty pounds, was sent from Hungary, where the bird is still not uncommon.

Some time ago the distinguished Washington gastronome, Mr. Sam Ward, declared that, except at the private tables of his friends and at clubs, he had never sat down to a first-class dinner in London. To this remark the London *Caterer* takes exception, and endeavors to prove that Mr. Ward has done the great city of London terrible injustice.

Summer dinners, observes the Boston *Herald* in commenting on the present heated term in that city, should never have anything on the table when the guests sit down but flowers and the dessert, the ice pitchers or carafes, and bowls of ice, the glass, china, and silver, and this should all be simple and not profuse. It is better for almost everybody to eat a hot dinner, even in hot weather. An egg salad is an excellent cold dish for lunch or a picnic dinner. Boil your eggs hard, slice them, cover with a mayonnaise dressing, and put a few lettuce-leaves about the plate. Cold custards, Charlotte Russe, and cream stiffened with gelatine and delicately flavored, are very nice at a summer dinner, with home-made cake.

An alteration in the arrangement of the dinner table has been already adopted by the more refined and delicate dinner-givers of London. The tablecloths are no longer of the snowdrop white which their grandmothers were so proud to display on the polished mahogany board, but are of the color best suited to the furniture and the walls of the room. Some are now being exhibited in the show rooms in Waterloo place of a neutral tint of brown "made to go with every color." The table is adorned with flower-pots all down the centre. These are enclosed in covers of bright-colored plush, embroidered in gay colors, and are really more effective than the most expensive Sevres china could possibly be. But the greatest innovation of all is that to be seen in the new Japanese paper dinner napkins, which are considered much prettier than the shining white square of damask.

CCXL.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons. Sunday, August 6th.

Oka Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Soft-Shell Crabs.
Ox Tails à la Tartare.
Spinach, Young Beets.
Roast Venison. Port Wine and Currant Jelly Sauce.
Baked Potatoes.
Tomato Salad.
Apricot Pie.
Peaches, Apples, Figs, Plums, Gages, Pears, Nectarines, and Grapes.

OX TAILS A LA TARTARE.—Two small ox tails, one egg, half a cupful of bread crumbs, salt, pepper, one pint of stock, a bouquet of sweet herbs. Cut the tails into four-inch pieces, and put them in to boil with the stock and sweet herbs. Let them simmer two hours; take up, drain, and cool. When cold, dip them in the beaten egg and in the bread crumbs. Fry in boiling fat until a golden brown. Have Tartare sauce spread in the centre of a cold dish, and arrange the tails on this. Garnish with parsley.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Little Drops.

Little drops of claret
Now and then at first,
Forms an awful habit,
And a dreadful thirst.

Little drops of lager,
Then a glass of ale;
Lastly rum and whisky,
Tell the drunkard's tale.

Little drops of brandy,
If you drink them clear,
Bring the maddening jim-jams,
And the drunkard's hier.

—Various Liars.

England's Song in Egypt.

Strike for the sacred "Status Quo,"
Your country's fame consulting;
Where bounteous Nile's dark waters flow
Stands Arabi insulating.

Our fleet's to Alexandria gone,
Our troops shall go to Cairo;
On! Christian brethren, boldly on!
To sack the land of Pharaoh.

With heavy loans that land is rife,
Much Jews have lent the stranger;
What British soldier'll grudge his life
When ten per cent is in danger?

We'll nail our colors to the mast,
Our strength the world surprising;
Though British troops be falling fast,
Egyptian honours are rising.

Then let the jingo drum-beat roll—
Dread sound for every foe—
We'll live and die for the "Control."
The sacred "Status Quo!"

—New York World.

The Maiden's Prayer.

In all humility I ask
A blessing on my loves;
A bath-tub hat, a Jersey basque,
And terra-cotta gloves.

Give me this day my caramels,
My bangs and lemon glaze;
My crimps and net invisible,
My sunshade trimmed with lace.

Give me my hoots with shot-tower heels,
My new hack hair, and take
Good care to give me six square meals
Of candy, cream, and cake.

I know to sin I am a slave,
And should ask naught, but then
This list of 'em I've got to have,
So whoop 'em up! Amen.

—Unknown Liar.

The Cucumber.

The cucumber came in the gloaming,
And crept in the urchin's maw;
Now that doubled-up angel is roaming
Through realms his dear parents ne'er saw.

For they on this sad earth are weeping,
And gnashing their teeth in despair;
Their cup of cold sorrow is heaping—
They are minus a ten-year-old heir.

—Unknown Liar.

Silently Stole Away.

"I'll tell you a little snake story!"
Cried Arabi from the shore;
"Of great Cleopatra it shall be,
And you'll want to bear some more!"

"Oh, what are you giving us, Arabi Bey?"
The men of the fleet replied;
"You'd better go off and be out of the way!"
Cried Arabi, "I glide!"—New York Liar.

Grayson MacArthur's Ride.

Lieutenant MacArthur's tent was pitched
Down in the glen—a brook hard by—
When all of a sudden from twenty throats
Came up a wild and deafening cry.
"The flood! the flood!" were the awful words
That filled MacArthur with dire dismay,
For the flood bore down on this gallant tent—
And MacArthur one hundred yards away.

Lieutenant Twelves was as white as a sheet,
And Captain Carpenter paled with fright;
"There's a treasure rare in that tent!" they cried,
"Which the flood will carry forever from sight."
And in vain they called on the god of war,
In vain they cursed the unhappy day—
The tent went down in the seething foam—
MacArthur one hundred yards away.

MacArthur knew what the moaning meant,
And he vaulted astride of a burro's back—
"Oh, haste thee, hie thee, all into the flood!"
To save my treasure from ruin and rack!
These were the words the soldiers heard
The gallant chief to the burro say;
The tent went merrily floating off—
MacArthur full seventy feet away.

Bold and erect the warrior sat,
With his plumes afloat on the joyous wind—
The hurro got bravely down to his work
And his paint-brush tail stood out behind.
Like a dart they flew—that hurro staid
And the warrior clad in his armor gray—
The swimming tent gave a lurch, and flopped—
MacArthur a dozen feet away!

The waters bided, and the breakers roared,
As the tent flopped over on its side,
And, lo! to the warrior's gaze appeared
The treasure plunging through the tide.
In—into the boiling surf he plunged,
Into the foam, and the mist and spray—
The treasure careened and the burro lay—
MacArthur a couple of feet away!

'Twas a glorious ride, and the troops all cheered
As the warrior came from the swelling tide;
The treasure—his demijohn—'e strapped
With a proud hurra to his dripping side.
When history's page is being filled
With deeds of valor performed to-day,
Forget not the burro and demijohn—
And MacArthur one hundred yards away!
—Denver Tribune.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.



The few compositions which have won the confidence of mankind and become household words, among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, or maintained it so long, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvelous cures, that have won for it a confidence in its virtues, never equalled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cures of Coughs, Colds, and Consumption that can be made by medical skill. Indeed, the Cherry Pectoral has really robbed the most dangerous diseases of their terrors to a great extent, and given a feeling of immunity from their painful effects, that is well founded, if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely defense. The prudent should not neglect it, and the wise will not keep it by you for the protection it affords by its early use in sudden attacks.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 42) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BEST AND BELCHER SILVER
Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 24) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 18th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 6) of Twenty-five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

Office—Room 79 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NO MYSTIFIED SECRECY.
We take pride in telling that Hop Bitters are made of such well known and valuable medicines as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, which are so much used, relied on and recommended by the best physicians of all schools, that no further proof of their value is needed. These plants are compounded under the most eminent physicians and chemists, with the other valuable remedies, into the simple, harmless and powerful curative, Hop Bitters, that begins to restore, strengthen, build up and cure from the first dose, and that continually, until perfect health and strength is restored.
That poor, bed-ridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. Will you let them suffer? Send for Circular to HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO., Rochester, N. Y., Toronto, Ont., or London, Eng.

NATHANIEL GRAY. C. S. WRIGHT. J. A. CAMPBELL.
N. GRAY & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS
641 Sacramento Street.

S. P. COLLINS & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

dealers in Old London Dock Brandies, Port Wine, Sherries, and all the choicest brands Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liqueurs, etc. 229 MONTGOMERY, and 511 CALIFORNIA STREETS, S. F.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

ELISABETH VON HASSEL, Plaintiff,
vs.
HENRY VON HASSEL, FREDERICK M. HUSTED, HENRY N. CLEMENT, Defendants.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Distribution issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 7, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Elisabeth Von Hassel, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment and Decree of Distribution against Henry Von Hassel, Frederick M. Husted, Henry N. Clement, defendants, on the 28th day of April, A. D. 1882, which said Judgment and Decree was, on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book One of said Court, at page 645, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Dorland Street, distant one hundred and ninety (190) feet westerly from the westerly line of Church Street; thence westerly along Dorland Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, more or less, to a point one hundred (100) feet southerly from the southerly line of Corbett Street, and also being distant twenty-five (25) feet westerly from the north-westerly corner of Williams' fence; thence easterly twenty-five (25) feet to said corner, and thence westerly along Williams' westerly line one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning; being part of Mission Block No. 94.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 14th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of distribution, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, July 22, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
WM. MATHEWS, Attorney for Plaintiff.
July 22, 29, August 5 and 12.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

ANTHONY WADDY, Plaintiff,
vs.
JAMES JONES, Defendant.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution for Deficiency after Foreclosure Sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Anthony Waddy, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against James Jones, defendant, on the sixth day of March, A. D. 1882, for the sum of 1,173 dollars, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon, and costs, etc., and whereas a deed of sale was on March 8, A. D. 1882, issued to the Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, which said order of sale was on May 16, 1882, returned by said Sheriff, showing a deficiency thereon in the sum of \$2,207.05, as appears of record, which said deficiency was docketed. Pursuant to said judgment and decree I have viewed upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, James Jones, had on the sixteenth day of May, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter-described property, situate, lying, and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said city and county the name of James Jones, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pleasant (formerly Riley) Street, distant twenty-two feet and nine inches easterly from the southeasterly corner of Jones and Pleasant Streets, and running thence easterly upon the southerly line of Pleasant Street, twenty-two feet and nine inches; thence southerly, at right angles, to Pleasant Street, sixty feet; thence westerly, and parallel with Pleasant Street, twenty-two feet nine inches; thence northerly sixty feet to place of beginning; being portion of fifty-vara lot No. 825, as shown on the official map of San Francisco.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF AUGUST, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, James Jones, had on the sixteenth day of May, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, July 15, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
B. B. NEWMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.
July 15, 22, 29, and August 5.

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Loans and Discounts.....	1,755,000 20
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Money on hand.....	632,365 30
LIABILITIES.	
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
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The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 12, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE WRAITH OF STEPHEN ARNOLD.

A Story of the War.

I.

"Stay, illusion! If thou hast any sound, or use of voice, speak to me; if there be any good thing to be done that may to thee do ease, and grace to me, speak to me!"

A few days after the battle of Jonesboro, having received a forty days' furlough, I determined to pass the time in the neighborhood of a quiet little town near the Alabama line and the beautiful Tallapoosa River, and started alone on horseback from a point near Stone Mountain. Leaving Atlanta to the west, I went southward, intending to cross the Chattahoochee at Jones's bridge. In making for the road leading thither I reached the east end of what had been the battle-field before I had recalled the localities, and only became conscious of the fact when my faithful and intelligent horse began to manifest great interest in some old rifle-pits by the roadside. Soon the road began to be broken and impracticable from the débris of a line of hastily built earthworks. The evening was warm, and the sunlight streamed over my face as I rode slowly westward.

When I had reached the point where the battle had raged most fiercely the road became so nearly impassable that I turned out of it, intending to make my way through the scattered brushwood on a line as nearly parallel with it as possible. As soon as I struck into this stunted oak brush there started into life and activity what seemed to me to be acres and acres of flies, which swarmed past in a stream apparently as wide and ceaseless as a river. At the same time I began to grow sick with the foetid deadly odor of rotting flesh and blood. It was the perfume of mortality rising from dried-up pools of blood that had spurted from the veins of gallant men who had so recently met in sanguinary combat. This was increased by the corpses of dead artillery and cavalry horses scattered here and there through the underbrush, and the trenches filled with the seething corpses of hastily half-buried soldiers. The flies rained upon my hands, my face, my clothing, poured against my horse, and attempted to settle down upon both horse and rider in swarms, in streams, in clouds. There were flies of all kinds, green-headed flies, black flies, large and small, of every conceivable movement, some slow, dull, lazy, some hissing and buzzing as they flitted by like flashes, some circling and droning around and around.

An awful silence brooded over the desolate region, and here and there black patches of shadow, floating over the dreary earth, marked where the vultures, gorged and satiated with their devilish feast, had risen slowly and reluctantly, and were silently wheeling overhead upon their funeral wings. I was in the midst of the horrors of that most horrible scene in the drama of war—a battle-field shortly after the battle.

Sick and disgusted, almost overpowered by the silent, ghastly horrors of the line of battle, I turned still more to the right, in order to avoid them, and kept in a course nearly parallel with the main road which I had quitted. But every few hundred yards brought me back again upon the line along which the combat had raged, and to the horrors I was seeking to avoid. Some strange, weird, unearthly influence seemed operating upon both myself and my horse, by which our course was imperceptibly but unfailingly deflected in the direction of the line of battle. My trusty Auster was foot-sore and weary, as I had had no opportunity to have him reshod for a good while. Our progress was slow at best, but no matter how I beld the reins, no matter what the topography of the ground might be, it seemed impossible to travel on a line parallel with the road along which the breastworks ran without continually drifting back to them again. The ceaseless repetition of this fact began to excite my mental activity, and (if indeed I have any such feelings) my superstitious fancies.

What was it, then? Why was it? What influence thus persistently drifted us back to that fearful battle-line along the trenches? I might have found something to account for my own seeming tendency in that direction by referring it to morbid imaginings born of the loneliness and horror of the surrounding circumstances; but how account for the seemingly kindred fascination which infected the brave and faithful beast which bore me? Finally I turned his head more away from the line of works, and held the rein with a firm and unyielding hand. In the course of the next few hundred yards, by stepping almost imperceptibly sideways, he was back again upon the line of battle. And so it went on until the sun was sinking in the west, and travel off the road became more and more difficult.

About dark I crossed a ravine that ran in a nearly northern direction away from the battle-field. I guided my horse determinedly along its course, having concluded to find a spring where I could give him water, and halt until morning. In a mile, or less, I came to an opening where a small farm had been, and found a spring gushing from the hill and flowing into the ravine along which I had come. There I dismounted, and watered my horse. Taking the grain-bag from the saddle, I gave him his ration of shelled corn, and unloosed and removed the saddle and bridle-bit, that he might eat comfortably, leaving the head-stall upon him and the halter. I spread my blankets at the root of a tree, placed my saddle

so as to answer for a pillow when I might wish to go to sleep, and sat down to consume the bread, onion, and dried beef which constituted my usual fare when traveling. The night came down in profound silence, and the large moon rose beautifully, so that the darkness was hardly increased by the transition from twilight to moonlight.

Auster was always a deliberate feeder when there was no occasion for any hurry, and I had finished my luncheon and lighted my pipe before he had eaten his corn. I went a little further down the ravine to cut some succulent shrubs for him, that even in the fall answer a horse well in place of fodder, especially the buds for next year's blossoms and the tender shoots on which they grow.

During the whole time I was dimly conscious that my horse and I were not altogether alone in this gloomy desolation. It did not occur to me, however, that this sense of the presence of something beside my horse and myself grew out of any thought of the possible propinquity of any other man or beast, and the consciousness of the impression itself was too shadowy and indistinct to be unpleasantly obtrusive. I do not think, however, that I would have been startled or surprised if I had heard a human voice addressing me. Having secured a good, big armful of the shrub for Auster, I returned to him, and threw them down in a pile at his feet. Then resuming my seat upon the blanket, and reclining against the saddle, I continued to smoke, while Auster browsed upon the shrubs I had given him, and the large moon rose higher and higher in the cloudless sky. But as my faithful horse got near the end of his repast he seemed to become anxious and disturbed. Every now and then he would raise his head and look around him, as if expecting the approach of some one, and would stand with his pointed, silky ears set forward, as if to catch some indistinct and distant sound. Then he would move his head aside, as if to avoid an unseen hand extended to catch his halter; and then he would stop chewing the tender twig held between his teeth, while he gazed at me for a moment with grave, inquiring eyes, and gave that low, peculiar ruhle-ruhle sound with his lips by which a horse recognizes the presence of an acquaintance.

"What is the matter, old fellow?" said I. "There is nobody here. Keep still!"

He put his face close down to mine, and again I patted him, and talked it over with him, until he seemed to be reassured. But he could not rest. Again he began that curious movement with his head, for all the world as if to keep some one from taking him by the halter. These same manœuvres were rehearsed for the third time, and then I said:

"If there is anything up there to trouble us, old fellow, we will go and find out what it is."

I put the bit in his mouth again, re-saddled him, put on my blankets, and mounted. I let the reins hang loosely on his neck, and said, "Go on, Auster." The horse went slowly on until I supposed that we had come within a few yards of the old earthworks, some distance west of where I had turned away from them to follow the ravine. In passing through a patch of scrub-oak that was hardly as high as his hack, Auster stood still. "Go on, sir," I said, and turning partly round, the horse started, but stopped at the very first step. "Go on, sir," I said again; and turning a little further round, he took another step, and stopped again.

My horse was manifestly laboring under some strange and shadowy fear, and thinking it possible that he might be frightened into leaving me, I concluded to take down the halter and hitch him, while I examined the underbrush to ascertain what might be lurking in it. I had become satisfied that there was something there, and if I had any definite idea on the subject, I think I rather expected to find a crippled horse, or a wounded soldier who had been overlooked at the time of the late battle.

The ground was flecked with shadows cast by the underbrush. As I looked around, seeking for something suitable to hitch to, my attention was caught by what I supposed to be the top part of the stump of a small sapling that stood up, shattered and white, as if it had been cut off by a cannon-ball.

I put my left hand upon it to ascertain whether the halter could be securely fastened to it. No sooner had my hand come in contact with the top of the supposed stump than it shut down like the fingers of a human hand, and clasped my own like a vise.

It was the dead arm of a corpse sticking straight up from the shallow trench, in which it had been partially buried, to a height of more than two feet.

I am no coward; but when there alone, amid the surrounding horrors, in the ghastly moonlight, unexpectedly I felt the fingers of that dead man's hand grasp mine in their chilling clutch, a thrill of terror swept over me, and for one brief instant I think I would have taken to my heels if the dead hand had not held me so fast in its skeleton grasp. It was only for an instant, however. Quick as a flash of lightning it occurred to me that, although the fact was incredibly strange and repulsive, there was really nothing in the nature of danger about it; and as instantaneously also it occurred to me that if there should be any necessity for doing so, I could get my knife out of my pocket with my right hand, and cut the dead arm off at the wrist, and so release myself. I was utterly at a loss for a meaning to this marvel, and remained utterly passive. It seemed to me that all I had ever

heard or read of mental hallucinations, odic force, psychology, witchcraft, and spiritualism, recurred to my mind at once, clearly and without any consciousness of mnemonic effort to receive it. At last I exclaimed:

"If there is any life or being connected in any way with this corpse that desires to communicate with me, I ask for some word or sign indicative of such desire."

Instantly the skeleton hand, upon which the dry and shriveled skin remained, relaxed its grasp, and then lightly closed again upon my own, but without any of that spasmodic force with which in the first instance it had clutched my hand.

"If that pressure of my hand signifies 'yes,' repeat it." Again the bony fingers relaxed their hold, and lightly resumed it.

Then I said: "If it is possible for you to appear to me visibly, do so. If it is possible, press my hand again. If not, otherwise."

The dead fingers remained immovable, and I said: "Can you then speak to me?"

The dead hand made no sign.

"Do you mean that it is impossible for you to speak to me?"

Again the bony fingers relaxed for a moment, and again renewed their grasp.

After a little reflection, I spoke: "I take it to be true, then, that in order to get any information as to what you may desire, it will be necessary for me to put questions which may be answered by 'yes' or by 'no.' When this hand presses mine, you mean 'yes'; and when it does not, you mean 'no'?"

The skeleton fingers relaxed, and then renewed their hold upon my hand.

Of course I know that this is all strange, unphilosophical, fantastic, incredible, perhaps "impossible," but then I also know that it actually happened just as I have narrated it; and the line of communication having been thus established, I conversed with the skeleton, or with some one speaking through its hand, about as follows:

"Were you a soldier?"

"Yes."

"This coat-sleeve seems to have been blue: were you a Yankee?"

"No."

"A Confederate?"

"Yes."

"From the east side of the Mississippi?"

"No."

"From the west side?"

"Yes."

"From Missouri?"

"No."

"From Arkansas?"

"Yes."

"Is there any way possible by which more intelligible or expeditious communication can be had between us?"

"Yes, yes!" with apparent eagerness.

"You say you can not speak to me, nor become visible to me. Is this because there is no 'medium,' or third person present?"

"No."

"I desire to learn whether this more direct communication can be established here, or whether it will be necessary to go elsewhere. Can it be done here, and now?"

"Yes," eagerly.

"Can it be done by writing?"

"Yes."

"I have a small blank-book in my pocket, and a bit of pencil. Shall I undertake to write your wishes, allowing you to guide the pencil?"

"No."

"Is there, then, a better way than that?"

"Yes."

"You use this skeleton hand to communicate with me. Can you write with it if I put the pencil in these fingers, and hold my note-book against them?"

"Yes," with great eagerness.

I put my pencil between the skeleton's fingers, which opened to receive it, and held beneath a blank page of my note-book. Immediately I saw the dead hand in the act of writing, and after a little it ceased, as if the message had been completed. I looked at the book, but the moonlight, although brilliant, was not bright enough for me to read the lines which I could faintly trace upon the pages. So I lit a match, and made a blaze with dry leaves and twigs sufficient to enable me to read. I managed to trace the writing as follows:

"Twenty feet beyond the spring where you fed your horse, on the south side of a large log, you will find a blank-book—a quartermaster's book of blanks. Get it; I have more to write than your note-book will contain. For God's sake do not forsake me. I suffer fearfully, and you can aid me if you will. I think you have too much good sense to fear me."

I read this singular message, and then said:

"I do not fear. I desire to help you if I can. I will go for the book, and will return as speedily as I can, and you may rest assured that I will not forsake you."

I went off to the spring, and without any difficulty found the large book of quartermaster's blanks, and set out on my return.

I can hardly describe my own emotions during the time

which was required to make this solitary little journey. I said to myself: "I am not laboring under any hallucination nor delusion; I am not frightened; I am not dreaming; I am not insane nor feverish; but am perfectly calm and collected, and in the full and normal use of all my faculties. I will see this to the end."

I determined to follow it out in spite of my loathing of the old battle-field and of my repugnance to that skeleton band and arm.

I returned to the trench, sat down beside that dead band, and having placed my pencil in the bony fingers again, I held the large blank book up to it, and said:

"Write what you wish."

Again the pencil glided to and fro over the broad page, and finally stopped.

I read as follows:

"For pity's sake help me—I am suffering. Bend this arm down level with the ground, and place the book and the pencil under this dead hand. It will take long to write all that I desire to say, and you can go to sleep. You can read it when you awake."

The night was so clear and beautiful that I had not thought of making a blanket tent for my own accommodation, but having determined to see this strange adventure to the end, I set about the work at once. Having cut some plant poles about as thick as two fingers, and more than six feet long, I sharpened both ends with my knife, and bending the poles into the shape of a half-boop, I stuck them firmly into the ground, several feet apart, and then throwing my blankets over them, I drew them together at the ends, and fastened them to the ground with wooden pins. The tent was completed, and having crawled under it, I bent down the skeleton arm that stood up stark and stiff just within, and placed its bony hand upon the open page, and the pencil in the skeleton fingers. Having lit my pipe, I lay down with my head on the saddle, and smoked away in the darkness. For a long time I could distinguish the light, scraping sound of the pencil as it glided swiftly along the pages, and occasionally heard the rustling of the pages as they were turned over. I wondered at the marvelous phenomenon, and speculated as to what would come of it, until, overcome by weariness, I fell peacefully asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

With the death of Madame de Balzac and the dispersal of her husband's literary effects a great many stories are now current in regard to the illustrious romancist. Here is one from the *Figaro*, which seems to have some probability about it, as it is in keeping with the imagination of De Balzac, who was the most impracticable of authors: An editor wanted Balzac to write a few pages in a book descriptive of Paris, to be entitled "Les Rues de Paris," and La Rue Richelieu was allotted to the novelist. When asked what emolument he would want for some four pages of printed matter, his reply was: "Three thousand francs." Publisher and editor were amazed at the price. Then Balzac explained the matter as follows: "If you want me to paint a landscape or a figure-piece, I suppose you will allow me to study my subject in all its details. Very well. How can I describe La Rue Richelieu, simply in its commercial aspect, without visiting, one after another, all the shops? Suppose I start on the Boulevard, necessarily I must breakfast at the Café Cardinal; then I shall buy some music at Brandus's, a fowling-piece next door, and a breastpin at the jeweler's. I never could do the thing properly without ordering a suit of clothes, a pair of boots, a hat, a dozen shirts, a score of cravats—" "Stop," said one of the editors; "one step more would have carried you to the shop where they sell cashmere shawls." There is no doubt that Balzac would have done exactly as he said for the construction of his article, for of all realists he was the most painstaking.

Some free translations: Ambulavit in litore—"He went out on a litter." Ergo Iris devolat et supra caput astitit—"Therefore Iris flew down, and stood upon her head." Sectam Epicuri flagitium magistram esse—"The mistress of Epicurus was cut through with faults." Qui dedit ergo tribus patris aconita—"Who gave poison to his three fathers." Rara in tumi facundia Pano—"Eloquence is rare in their hands." Tiburno in gurgite mergis mara caput histerque—"Soak your head in the Tiber two or three times." Instruxit triplicem aciem—"He drew three axes." Contraria tellus nubibus assiduis pluvisque madescit et austro—"The spunky earth got mad at the nibbling asses and the austere plover."

S. M. Brookes, says the *Chicago Times*, is still in that city. A committee of the Calumet Club has examined his pictures of early Chicago, and there is some prospect that they may come into possession of the club. While little claim is made for them as works of art, they have a local value which will increase with the years, as they are perhaps the only accurate representations of the little town, with its few one-story houses, from which a great city has grown since 1833. The artist has sold a number of his remarkable still-life pictures.

Lord Augustus Fitzroy, brother to the late duke, and successor to the title, was poor, a plain colonel in the army, with the small pay of an equerry to the queen. His eldest son, now Earl of Euston, and heir to the title, while an officer in the rifle brigade married a woman of the lowest character, whom he met at a drinking-saloon. A thriving family is the fruit. The shabby woman's appearance among the nobility as a full-fledged countess is not bailed with the enthusiasm such an event would ordinarily create.

James Gordon Bennett has ordered a monster yacht to be built for him in Liverpool. It will be two hundred and fifty feet long, and eleven hundred tons burthen. The *Namouna* has evidently proved too limited in accommodation. If the present one proves too much the other way, Mr. Bennett may be able to sell her to one of the ocean steamship lines.

"For whom are you tolling the bell?" asked a gentleman of a sexton in a country village. "For Mrs. —" was the reply. "What!" said the gentleman, "she is not dead!" "Not dead? Then I have tolled a lie."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Minstrel's Song.

Oh, sing unto my roundelay!
Oh, drop the hazy tear with me!
Dance no more at holiday;
Like a running river be,
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as the thrush's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh, he lies by the willow tree!
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the hushed dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the hirsars
Round his holy corpse to gree;
Ouphante fairy, light your fires;
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reyes,
Bear me to your lethal tide,
I die! I come! my true-love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.
—Thomas Chatterton.

Rosabelle.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the harge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle lady, deign to stay;
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day."

"The hackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the water-sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh."

"Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindsay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the hall,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall."

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindsay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous haze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddled all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs unconfined lie;
Each haron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacrilege and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar fane-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed hattlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved hutteress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's harons hold
Lie hurried within that proud chapel;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was hurried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle. —Sir Walter Scott.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Prince Victor Napoleon will in November enter the artillery branch of the French army for a year's military service.

Mr. George Augustus Sala has consented to be the first president of the first Journalists' Club in the British metropolis.

Minnie Hawk and her husband, the Chevalier von Hesse Wartegg, are spending the season at Marienbad, in Bohemia. Mr. Roswell Smith, publisher and principal owner of *The Century*, is also at the same picturesque resort.

When Gounod was but three years old he showed remarkable musical talent. He was able, with his face turned to the wall, to tell what key a person was playing in, and would follow successfully different modulations of various pieces.

Henri Rochefort knows all about the death of Skobeleff, he says. A soporific draught was mixed with his wine, and in his sleep the gallant soldier was strangled. M. Rochefort always expected this to happen, and would have prophesied it, only prophecy is always a good deal safer after the event.

Lady Wilde's Saturday receptions are described as forming a most agreeable rendezvous, not only for aesthetes, but for writers, actors, painters, and even politicians and would-be philosophers. The guests all meet on even footing, as they are ushered up a quaint staircase into cosy salons, illuminated by a dim rosy-bued light, where they are greeted by their hostess with a graceful courtesy which is her characteristic charm.

The late General Skobeleff was fond of Paris. He spoke French admirably, and loved French literature and all things French. When quartered in out-of-the-way places he always saved up his money to go and spend it in Paris. He was there when the Carlist war broke out, and joined the Pretender under a false name. It was the experience he gained and utilized while besieging a town in this war which enabled him afterward to take Plevna.

In common with a host of other celebrities, the Count D'Orsay, his celebrated friend, Lady Blessington, and her husband, have passed away leaving no descendants. D'Orsay left no children by his ill-starred marriage with Lady Harriet Gardiner, nor had that lady any issue by her second husband, Mr. Cowper. The title of Blessington is extinct, and, with a very small exception, nothing remains of an estate of two hundred thousand dollars a year.

Immediately after it was decided that the Irish judges were to have greater responsibility under the Crimes act, they were informed by the government that steps would be taken to afford them personal protection, and two detectives were put "on" each judge. Chief-Justice Morris, however, characteristically refused this honor from the very commencement. He has adopted the more sensible plan of going about in a pot hat and shooting-jacket, so that it will be hard to take him for a judge.

In referring to the talented Lafcadio Hearn, who writes the interesting translations from the foreign press, and the fantastic stories which appear in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, the *Gulf Coast Advertiser* remarks: "Few know under what difficulty his work is prepared. The sight of one eye is entirely gone, and the other much impaired, yet he struggles bravely against his afflictions." His translation of "One of Cleopatra's Nights" met with much favorable commendation from the press.

A letter written at Alexandria by a woman gives a bigly romantic explanation of the Egyptian question. Her story is that Arabi, early in his career, fell madly in love with an Egyptian girl, the daughter of a fellah; but the unscrupulous Ismail, then Khedive, also took a fancy to the girl, and had her carried off to his harem, without even saying "by your leave." He tried to pacify the luckless Arabi by making him a bey; but Arabi never forgave the injury, and from that moment vowed dire vengeance upon Ismail and all his family. This is peculiarly a woman's solution of the problem.

The romantic elopement of Mademoiselle Marie d'Imecourt, which is hardly yet forgotten, has been followed by her regular and sober marriage with the Comte de Solms. This gentleman is a son of a Bonaparte princess, who has since been known as Madame Ratazzi and Madame de Rute. Mademoiselle d'Imecourt's first marriage with the son of the Turkish Ambassador in London was broken legally, but the first marriage hardly excited more comment than the second has excited. There is something incongruous in a union between the daughter of a staunch Legitimist family and a son of Madame Ratazzi.

A striking bit of history is told by the inscription on the marble tablets erected the other day in a room of a house in Velletri, Italy, by the authorities of that notable little city: "In this chamber," it reads, "Ferdinand II., of Bourbon, on the night of XVII. May, MDCCCLXIX, in face of a few regiments of volunteers, vainly sought to sleep in the midst of an army. Here reposed, victorious, on the following night, Giuseppe Garibaldi. Pius IX., returning from Portici to Rome, here dreamt of grandeur and stability of government among foreign swords. Here returned in MDCCCLXXV, and here, the country free and secure, slept Giuseppe Garibaldi. And here no one will ever sleep again."

Admiral Nicholson, who commands the American fleet at Alexandria, has the faculty of preserving his imperturbability under all circumstances. At dinner on his flag-ship, the *Lancaster*, one day, just previous to his departure for the Mediterranean last fall, a waiter, newly shipped, went to uncork a champagne bottle. He cut the strings, holding the head of the bottle toward the admiral. The cork flew out with a loud "pop," and a fountain of wine spouted over the dignified commander of the Mediterranean fleet. The waiter was petrified with dismay, and stood bolding the bottle turned full upon his victim till one of the admiral's staff told the man to turn around, which he did, distributing what was left of the wine impartially over the rest of the company. The admiral did not move a muscle.

THE EMPIRE CITY.

Society Swells—their Trousers, and their Designs on Mrs. Langtry.

New York is full of visitors. They come from all over the world, and are mainly distinguished through their immense capacity for wonderment, their extreme gullibility, and their trousers. I hasten to add that my knowledge does not go beyond male visitors when I refer to trousers. It would be difficult to tell how many hundred thousand visitors there are, but it is never difficult to point them out in the streets. The surest and most tangible proof is unquestionably their trousers. I have mused on this subject nearly all day long, and have seen possibly a quarter of a million human legs (male) since I rose at noon, and wandered around to the Vienna Café for breakfast. The tables are out on the sidewalk, slightly sheltered from the crowd by some pots and shrubs, and we can thus sit and eat breakfast within five feet of the great crowd that rushes down Broadway in the morning, and up in the afternoon. I lounged about and looked at legs; and after seeing several hundred thousand I came to the conclusion that the leg-covering of a New Yorker resembles no one else's leg-covering, and that he walks as no other citizen walks. He invariably wears his trousers tight. There is no deviation from this. There are degrees of narrowness, of course, and some cases so extreme that the wearers look as if they could never sit down in the world without flying through at the knees; but the fact remains that a New Yorker wears tight trousers, and furthermore, he wears them so long that two wrinkles are carefully kept over the instep. If you see a man with trousers which, though tight are short, put him down at once as from Boston. If another one wears trousers which are made tight all the way down to the middle of the shin, and then suddenly "sprung" out large so as to make the foot appear less gigantic, put him down at once as a Philadelphian, whose courage always forsakes him at the last moment. And if a man wears trousers that are neither tight nor loose, but cut straight down, yell "Chicago," and ten to one he'll say "Here!" But a New Yorker wears them long and tight, and he walks with great care. It is not the rush-and-run walk that I refer to, but the walk up town at night when going home from business. The characteristic of a New York man's walk is a very strait carriage and a twenty-eight-inch step. While observing it to-day, I was at a loss to account for it until I remembered how many thousands of our young men belong to the militia. It is a fine thing, and gives a rather soldierly bearing to them; but at the best, I am bound to admit that New Yorkers do not carry themselves as well as Londoners. I refer of course to the English gentleman, not to the prancing cockney, with his toes turned in and elbows akimbo. Englishmen carry their heads in much finer style than we do, I am sorry to say, because I don't care to say anything good of them after their outrageous treatment of our Hillsdale crew.

A large number of Spaniards and Italians are in the city now. Many of them passed me to-day, strolling delicately along with graceful movements, on feet encased in high-heeled shoes that looked as though they belonged to their wives. Their shoulders are always too heavily padded. Many of them were in the café, where they sipped coffee and chattered incessantly. There are not so many as a short while ago, when the French Consul was in town. He used to go very often to the café, and there was quite a little coterie of foreign notables. That is, they were notable because they bore titles. Among them were Count de la Luna, Count Lowenhaupt, Count Geoffroi, Baron di Fava, M. C. Nogurass, Baron d'Arnos, and a handful of Spanish noblemen from their headquarters in Fourteenth Street. They sat and chatted incessantly, and made no end of fun of their surroundings. They were very poor customers of the café, seldom eating anything, taking at the most an ice, and they stared at the ladies inveterately. I may remark in this connection that the ladies enjoyed being stared at by them without doubt.

There are no end of people from the North, South, and West of the United States. The men wear baggy trousers and long black coats, and the women voluminous skirts, much too long. They wander about in the scorching heat with their faces fiery red, and their hands uncomfortably large, looking holed, saturated, and almost overcome, but feeling sublimely happy. They are taken in and done for in the most astonishing manner by all sorts of charlatans in the streets, and seem to enjoy it. Three of them, two men and a woman, from Wisconsin I should judge, were walking along Twelfth Street a day or two ago, when a "roper," as he is technically called, saw them from afar, and he prepared himself. I knew what was coming, but it was a quiet street, and very warm, so I sat down on the steps of one of the houses, and watched the operations of the "roper" with languid interest. The "roper" gazed narrowly up and down the street, and seeing no policeman in sight, winked foxily at me, thereby, I presume, making me accessory to the crime, unfolded a sectional stand, and placed upon it his little satchel. Then he threw the satchel open, and revealed a couple of handfuls of little packages containing soap, and wrapped up in red paper, which he mixed up carefully with his hands, and began in a loud voice:

"People wonder how I do it. Statesmen, orators, scientists, logicians, diplomats, and prize-fighters wonder how I do it. I wonder sometimes myself; but it certainly is done, and I am the man that does it."

This caught the ears of the countrymen, and they slowly gathered around the young man. I then went through the manoeuvres of a sham-battle with myself. I said: "Now, those people have probably very little money, and they are going to be outrageously done up. Shall I warn them, and get slugged some night by the 'roper,' when I am returning late, as a reward for my virtue? Or shall I sit here in the shade and see them done up?" I decided to see them done, and haven't had a single qualm of conscience since, which shows the effect of the heat on an uncommonly virtuous temperament. It was the usual game. The young man said he was selling that soap, which would do everything, from removing grease spots to curing insanity, for fifty cents a cake. The reason he charged so much was because there was so much money wrapped around the cakes of soap.

Here he picked up four of the packages, and opened them carelessly. All but one had five-dollar bills wrapped around the soap. The packages were about half an inch square. The young man apparently put the prize cakes back with the others, but in reality slid them into their little compartment underneath. Then he opened eight or ten more cakes, showing in all about sixty dollars, and after carelessly mixing the packages up asked the countrymen if they wanted to buy. Did they? Well, I guess; and they began to pick them out, paying their little fifty cents every time, but never, of course, finding the money that wasn't there. They couldn't understand their ill-luck, and kept at it, the woman being the most anxious of the three, till their money was exhausted, when they hurried away, looking nervous and frightened. The "roper," nine dollars richer, if I kept a correct tally, burst into a beaming smile, increased my gift by another confidential wink, stuck a cigar in his mouth, and said: "Beautiful gillers! Would you please give me a light, gov'nor?" I shook my head, and he passed on, hoping there was no offense, while I sat there, wondering over the stupidity of the three rural visitors. They are constantly being swindled, and are before the police justices every day trying to reclaim their own, when not in the hospitals recovering from the effects of having blown out the gas, which they do with unfailing regularity and effect.

This has been the most remarkable summer season New York has seen in many years. There seems to be no system about going into the country, and many people are still in town. Newport has not yet waked up thoroughly, though things are moving along. Long Branch isn't half full, while a year ago it was crowded. Coney Island has almost no fashionable permanent guests. Saratoga has not half its usual quota of really good people; and the other watering-places are all howling about the light patronage. Beside this, many people, like young August Belmont and his beautiful wife, the Townsends, the Wills, the Kingslands, and others, are returning from Europe right in the middle of summer. They land, and stop in the city until they can fix on a summing place.

There will be lots of fun, this fall and winter, over the beautiful Mrs. Langtry. The young society and club men are already telling what they will do when she comes, and looking forward to no end of fun. How superbly they will be "left." They seem to imagine that because Mrs. Langtry has gone on the stage she not only is no longer a lady, but is one of the breed of actresses about whom morbid, overgrown boys and would-be fast young men are constantly dreaming and talking. The afore-mentioned young society and club men make another ingenuous mistake when they imagine that the woman who has had the future king of England at her beck and call, and whose position in London society was assured by *l'été-à-l'été* luncheons with the Princess of Wales, will be flattered and fluttered by the lordly attentions of the young society and club men. Ah, my manager, says that her *hauteur* is overpowering. He never saw her but once, and then she scarcely addressed him. She will live in the greatest seclusion while here, and go very little into society. Like Bernhardt, she comes to make money, and she will certainly make it, too. Her husband does not accompany her, of course. She will have nothing to do with him—which, after all, is proper, as he is unquestionably a mean-spirited little wretch.

Quite of the other sort is the husband of the other beauty, Madame Théo, who also comes in September for a short season of opera bouffe. Her husband has always struck me as being absolutely the beau ideal of a professional lady's conjugal appendage. He is a tailor, and a very good one, but instead of abandoning his noble art when his beautiful wife became the pet of Paris, he stuck to it like a trooper, and worked night and day making her costumes. Nothing deterred him. Wealth came and fame came, but he dug right on, devising costumes for her with a whole-hearted fervor that commanded her love, and made her wardrobe the envy of every woman in France. His whole object was to show his wife's "points," if such a word can be applied to a woman as plump and round as a peach. He has succeeded, for Madame Théo is said to look more nude and naughty with all her clothes on than most women do coming out of a bath. Let Mr. Catherine Lewis, Mr. Clara Morris, Mr. Emma Abbott, and the host of others take pattern by this admirable husband of the renowned Théo. Parisians believe the famous little opera-bouffe singer to be the most beautiful woman in the world. She has a lovely little face, immense eyes, and a pretty mouth. Beside, she has a reputation the reverse of Emma Abbott's, so she will undoubtedly "go" with New Yorkers, who in company with the rest of American citizens, are fond of piquant things with big eyes, who sing naughty songs, and dress in costumes of absorbing cohesiveness. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 4, 1882.

Why English ladies can not dress well, with the opportunities they possess, is beyond the comprehension of an American, remarks the London correspondent of the Boston *Courier*. They tell you, solemnly, that their fashions come from France; and yet when, after gazing at a French model, (as they are called,) you ask for a London-made gown, the difference is at once perceptible. The shops are delightfully well stocked, and everything necessary to a beautiful and a harmonious costuming is here. At Howell & James's we are bewildered at the quantity of beautiful materials, and the tasteful arrangement of the place. It seems a little odd to us to see all the fur stores filled with goods, just as they would be in the winter season. And it also strikes us as still stranger, while walking in the park, to meet ladies robed in lawn and muslin topped by *fur capes*. English children are all hicklegs just now, colored stockings being quite *passé*. But the bright color of their faces only makes a becoming contrast with their inky extremities.

At the best houses in England the artistes mix with the company after a concert, and sup with them; but at Buckingham Palace they are ignored. Nobody sees them except when they are singing, and they sup together in a hack apartment. It is believed that the Prince of Wales would be glad to alter this Escorial-like plan, but the Queen does not care to authorize so root-and-branch an innovation.

CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

"Back, I say!"

The silvered form of the sea was plashing in rhythmic cadence on the white sands of the beach, while here and there a flock of wavering light from the signal buoy on Sardine Shoals—that dreaded spot beneath whose treacherous waves so many goodly ships freighted with precious burdens from far Cathay and Muskegon had disappeared forever—brought into hold relief against the sky Giroflé McClosky's off foot as she stood by Bertram Perkins's side that soft June evening.

"You do not love me," said the girl, speaking slowly, "or you would not speak so cruelly. On this beautiful night, when the hills are suffused with amber haze, through which the stars glow in silent splendor, we should think of naught but love."

For an instant the man did not reply. Then the girl stretched forth to him her bare white arms which glistened like marble in the growing dusk; but he heeded them not.

"Will you not speak to me, sweetheart?" she said, an infinite pathos in the words.

No answer came. Again the outstretched arms pleaded mutely and with pitiful eloquence for the joy that was never to be. Looking at her with a haughty, almost Vice-President-Davis expression on his face, Bertram again said: "Back, I say!"

With a despairing gleam in her darksome eyes, Giroflé turned away, and began to sob as if her corset would break.

"God help me," she said, despairingly, "I can not hack."

"Why not?" asked Bertram.

"Because," was the reply, in tear-stained tones, "my polonaise is too eternally tight."—From "Whoa, Emma," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.

"God help me!"

Standing by the window in an attitude of careless grace Beryl O'Flannigan spoke the words, in low, hither tones, that told too plainly of the sorrow that was breaking her young heart. In her pretty white dress and ornaments of gold Beryl was indeed handsome. Brow, and throat, and cheek were as white as the fair cyclamen leaves that she had gathered in Brierton Wood that September afternoon, while the lustrous hazel eyes that peeped out from beneath a pair of brown lashes were sadly beautiful in the intensity of their pleading. But the dimpled face was pale, and the *riant* mouth as grave as a nun's.

Turning, Beryl stepped to the open door. The west wind met her with a caress as she emerged into the open air. Somewhere in the far blue overhead a lark was singing, and a hindle cow with foreshortened tail was sharply outlined against the western sky. As she stood there, thinking of the days gone by that were so filled with joy, her mother came softly beside her.

"There is no pie," she said.

Beryl's eyes grew dim with tears of longing, her little hands were lifted as if they could really reach out and gather back the happy past.

"All my life is mist and storm," she said, despairingly, "with not even a pie to send one ruddy gleam of hope athwart the horizon's sullen front."

The mother was bending over her child more tenderly than ever now. "Come into the house, my darling," she said, "there is a jar of doughnuts."

"Merciful heavens!" cried the girl; "what have you been giving me?"—From "How Beryl Jumped the Track," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.

"Speak to me, Rupert."

Kneeling by his side as he sat on a *fauteuil* in the parlor of Coastcliff Castle, that summer evening, Gwendolen Mahaffy placed her little white hand in the broad, front-brake-man-on-a-freight-train palm of Rupert McMurry, and pleaded with her soft brown eyes. She was there at his feet, a lovely, brilliant creature, with some of the witchery of the wildwood in her lithe, listless grace of limb and poise. Rupert saw the pretty eyes dimmed with tears, the drooping mouth quivering in the intensity of its pain, and in an instant he had caught her in his arms. With a little sob of sweet content, she kissed him until his cheeks glowed like a girl's through their tan.

"We will never quarrel again, sweetheart," Rupert said, shifting his right leg slightly, so that the heiress could secure a more comfortable perch. "Never again must the black wrath of jealousy come between us, but through all the years that stretch away into the future we must sail together upon the shimmering sea of love."

"He is a lovely liar," said Gwendolen, softly to herself, after Rupert had gone, "and I must not let him get away." And then, seating herself at the piano, she began to play—gay dance music at first, but soon gliding into more mournful measures. Soft adagios and exquisite sonatas filled the room with melody, and stopped the street-cars. At last, with a sudden clang of sweet chords, she broke into a Breton love-song—a touching little ballad that she had heard the peasant women sing at their spinning-wheels in the red, warm-looking light before their cottage doors. It was a simple but pathetic thing, and when she had finished the refrain—

Go and start the kitchen fire,
Turn the gas a little higher,
Run and tell your Aunt Maria
Baby's got the cramp—

Her eyes were dim, and she broke down in a passion of tears. As she sat there, sobbing as if her heart would break, she felt an arm stealing gently around her neck, and soon a hearded face was pressed to her cheeks. Looking up in alarm, she saw that it was Rupert.

"Why are you weeping, my angel?" he asked, stroking with tender grace the blonde hair that was lying so trustfully against his vest. "Can you not tell me your sorrow?"

For an instant Gwendolen did not speak. Then, looking up to him, she said, in low, broken accents:

"I was thinking, precious, that if we ever did get married, and the baby *did* have a cramp, we could not start the fire—"

And a look of frozen horror overspread the pure young face.

"Why," asked Rupert, in agonized tones, "why not?"

"Because," said Gwendolen, "you are too eternally lazy to have any kindling-wood ready over night."—From "She Sat on Him," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Loring and Quintette Concerts.

It is many a month since four concerts of such merit as those given by the Loring and Quintette clubs have taken place in one week in San Francisco. This unusual series of musical events was introduced on Monday evening by the first farewell concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette, which has already been noticed. This was followed on Wednesday by the opening number of the Loring Club's sixth season; and as the quintette appeared on this occasion, the entertainment was one in spirit with the succeeding performances of the week. Under the direction of their leader, Mr. D. W. Loring, the members of the chorus contributed several effective numbers to the evening's programme. Mendelssohn's strong and dignified part-song, "To the Sons of Art," was rendered with much stability—a quality often recognized in finished instrumental performances than in vocal achievements. When it is perceptible enough in the latter to be leaned upon, so to speak, an important end has been gained; and the solid structure of firm and steady harmony which rose resolutely under the motion of Mr. Loring's haton was almost unwavering. Of different but equal excellence was the presentation of "Salentin von Isenherg," by Rheinberger. The careful management of its lights and shades was artistic, and very picturesque was this highly descriptive little tone-poem, full of tragedy and mystic German moonlight. Still another number awakening general approbation was an "Ave Maria" by Aht. A subdued murmur of accompaniment serves as a background for a hesecching solo part, of much melodic beauty, which was taken by Dr. Bettencourt. The peculiar quality of voice possessed by this gentleman may be described as velvety. Its smoothness and softness are so marked, that if they were accompanied by a less throaty formation of tone, and infallibility of pitch, these characteristics would be remarkable. Dr. Bettencourt's voice is neither strong, round, nor always true; but its *timbre* is certainly very marked, and its effect in the "Ave Maria" was novel. An animated "Rhine Wine Song," by Liszt, "Spring Mats," by Behr, "Good-night," by Kücken, and "The Three Glasses," by Fischer, completed the choruses. The ensemble numbers played by the Quintette were two movements from the quintette in C, Op. 29, by Beethoven, and the *andante* and *canzonetta*, from Mendelssohn's E flat quartette. The *canzonetta* was loudly re-demanded, and the Quintette greeted with applause at every available opportunity. Solos were given by Miss Miller and Mr. Giese, who were both in happy mood. None of Miss Miller's English selections have been more pleasingly sung than was "The Bird that Came in Spring," on this occasion. The flute obligato to this graceful song by Benedict, was charmingly played by Mr. Schade; later, Miss Miller gave Cherubini's "Ave Maria," with a fine clarionette obligato played by Mr. Ryan, and as an encore, a vivacious composition by Campani. Mr. Giese's "Souvenir de Spa," by Servais, was the *bonne-bouche* of the evening, however. Mr. Giese gave of his musical bounty with a lavishness that he has not exhibited since his first days among us. It touched the depths of feeling; and after that mocking little Etude with which he responded to outbursts of applause, one knew not whether to laugh or cry. On Thursday came the second Quintette concert, memorable in many ways, but chiefly for the fine performance of the ninth quartette, in C, Op. 59, (No. 3 of the Rasoumofsky set,) by Beethoven. The four movements of this famous work are:

- a.—Introduzione—*andante con moto* and *allegro vivace*.
- b.—*Andante con moto*, quasi *allegretto*.
- c.—Menuetto.
- d.—Finale, *allegro molto*.

All musicians are aware of the especial celebrity attached to the Rasoumofsky set among the Beethoven quartettes. Stay-at-home Californians are rarely afforded an opportunity of listening to any interpretation at all of works of this character; and so finished a performance of them as one hears from the Quintette Club would command admiration the world over. It is impossible perhaps at a single hearing to form a practical judgment of composition so opulent in thought and varied in expression as are these quartettes; but at least one's keenest poetical appreciation may be exercised, and extreme delight be awakened. In addition to the quartette, the *allegro con fuoco*, from Mendelssohn's E flat quartette, Op. 44, was given, and an extremely taking adaptation of Soedermann's little "Swedish Wedding March" was played. Mr. Schade performed a Grand Fantaisie in F, for the flute, by Briccialdi, and obligingly responded to an encore. Mr. Ryan's interesting solo was a "Chant du Soir" by Hamm; Mr. Giese was recalled after playing an arrangement of his own of a "Feuille d'Alum," by Vieuxtemps, and Mr. Schnitzler was artistic as always in the "Andante, and Rondo Capriccioso," by Saint-Saëns. Miss Miller sang a scene and air from "Der Freischütz," "Pretty Primrose Flower," as an encore, and a cleverly written song by Mr. Ryan, entitled "Your Name."

But enjoyable as were all the events of Thursday evening, Friday's programme was still more satisfactory. Its first number was the *allegro moderato*, from Mozart's quintette in G minor—a movement of touching grace and beauty. Miss Miller followed in the difficult aria from the mad scene in "Lucia," with flute obligato, which proved to be one of her most brilliant efforts. The excellence of tune in which she sings could not have been better shown than by the accurate relation her voice sustained to the obligato, with its trying and difficult intervals. Miss Miller has a fine voice; it is sweet and strong, and her execution is unquestionably good. But as a singer she is surprisingly destitute of fire, feeling, and sympathy, and her pronunciation of English words is almost unintelligible. The familiarity of her encore, Mr. Redding's "Little Mountain Maid" song, helped matters slightly. But the lovely Schubert *lied*, "Thou art the rest," was veiled in mystery, as far as language goes. Its passionate climax, "Come, heart's delight, come here and stay," was given without a particle of enthusiasm, and yet, mechanically, the whole thing was faultlessly done. The *pièce de résistance* of the evening was, of course, Beethoven's tenth quartette in E flat, Op. 74, known as the "Harp Quartette," by reason of the effect produced through profuse

introduction of arpeggio passages. Its four movements consist of:

- a.—*Poco adagio* and *allegro*.
- b.—*Adagio ma non troppo*.
- c.—*Presto*.
- d.—*Allegretto con variazioni*.

It goes without saying that this famous and beautiful work was finely interpreted. All that delicate shading, refined expression, and technical perfection could do for its faithful presentation was certainly carried out; the first and last movements were characterized by a wealth of lyric life, and a clear coherency of treatment; but the second, if most involved, was also the most deeply and suggestively thoughtful. The fascinating scherzo, from the quartette in G, Op. 99, by Rubinstein, the Boccherini menuetto, completed the ensemble numbers. A peculiar inspiration seemed to have fallen upon the soloists of the evening. Mr. Schnitzler played with much power Sarasatè's fantasia on gypsy airs, and the "Chaconne," by Bach. To his instincts of artistic fitness this young violinist at times adds great force of feeling and magnetic brilliancy. His playing on Friday night was marvelous. The notes of his instrument took delicate flight, like visible sparks of fire, and vanished away, only to leave us longing, and wishing them back again. Mr. Giese, too, was in the happiest of humors. The "Souvenir de Spa" was deep-voiced, complaining or merry as he willed, and the "Etude" which followed, a carnival of whims. The Romance and Rondo for clarionette, composed and played by Mr. Ryan, aroused much approbation. The composition itself was an unaffected strain of graceful melody, and Mr. Ryan was particularly fortunate in the management of his mellow-throated instrument. To him, and to all the members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club San Francisco owes many thanks, for with the closing notes of the little "Menuetto" ended on Friday evening one of the happiest periods of our musical history.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 9, 1882.

In Memoriam.

JUDGE DELOS LAKE—DIED AUGUST 9, 1882.

Within the sunlight of his home and pride,
Where Love stood sentinel with jealous care,
Through the dear watch, each heart to heart replied,
"All's well with him we guard—the morn is fair."
New honors came with every opening year,
So nobly earned none questioned the acclaim;
No man outranked him, for he stood the peer
Of all who sought the right—not tinsel fame.

Loyal and learn'd, chivalrous, brave and true—
A princely Bayard on Life's tented field—
His outstretched hands no measured pulses knew;
"Without Reproach" is graven on his shield.

Upon that shield we lay him down to rest;
Closed are the lips that hope and succor gave,
The falcon eye Death's hand has gently pressed,
The steadfast friend is hidden by the grave.

Within the sunlight of his home he died,
And Love stands sentinel with ceaseless moan,
Where heart to heart, in anguished tones replied:
"Our king is dead—the light of morn has flown."

SAN FRANCISCO, August 11, 1882.

A pleasant event was the large and successful surprise party that was tendered on last Tuesday evening to General and Mrs. George S. Evans, at the family residence. The occasion was their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and also the fifty-sixth birthday of the general. The spacious grounds were enclosed with canvas, and illuminated by Chinese lanterns. The entire first floor of the house, where dancing to Ballenberg's hand was enjoyed, was canvased, and the rooms profusely decorated with flowers, smilax, and other vines. The company made their appearance at half-past eight o'clock, and half an hour later a procession headed by the general and his wife, and followed first by their six children, and then the guests, entered the parlors, when the couple took up their position in the front bay-window under a floral crown of choice flowers, and there had the nuptial knot again tied by the minister who had united them so many years before. The remainder of the evening was passed in dancing, in the partaking of a fine collation, and in admiring the large display of silver-wedding gifts.

Various classes of people have various patron cities: Twins—Paris. Tramps—Rome. Travelers—Turin. Dancers—Basle. Laundresses—Washington. Wicked people—Cincinnati. Ballet girls—Padua. Curious people—Pekin. Courting couples—Dublin. Drinkers—Cork. Pork-dealers—Hamburg. Musicians—Tunis. Vacillating sick folks—Constant to no pill. And so forth.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "It is well known that Mr. Bryant was a purist in the use of English. For years he kept a list of tabooed words in his office. Not one of these vulgarisms was allowed to go into his newspaper." The *Bulletin*, says the *Times*, is not an apt pupil. "Tabooed" was one of the words rigorously excluded.

A Mr. Gotch has started as a rival to Oscar Wilde, and is drawing crowds to his æsthetic lectures in London. He pronounces the present male attire idiotic, condemns hat, coat, and vest, and reserves special bitterness for trousers. He goes in for knickerbockers and stockings, no shirt-fronts, no coat-tails, and no pockets.

A certain sharp attorney was said to be in had circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said: "Have you heard about poor R—?" His business is going to the devil." Jerrold—"That's all right then; he is sure to get it hack again."

A London actress has written a letter to the Lord Chamberlain, (the Earl of Kenmare,) who revises plays and their "business," asking that he will abate the nuisance of *décolleté* dresses in the stalls and boxes, as they are annoying to ladies on the stage.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

Some objects just found in Neufchatel are considered by Swiss archaeologists to throw a new light on the history of the lake-dwellers. Among them are a carriage wheel with iron rim, iron swords, and many human bones.

A peddler on an Iowa railroad concluded that, in the intervals of regular business, he might win some money from passengers as a three-card monte operator. After practicing with the cards until he considered himself an adept, he chose a green-looking man for a first victim; but this person was a professional gambler, and the peddler quickly lost one hundred and fifty dollars, for the recovery of which he has brought suit.

Mr. Hansom, who lately died, and who goes down to fame by the cab which bears his name, was a Roman Catholic of good family, and architect of many notable structures for the English Catholics, including the Duke of Norfolk, for whom he did much work at Arundel Castle. The carriage known as brougham was designed for Lord Brougham, and the clarence was named after the Duke, (afterward William IV.) for whom the first were built by the great coachmakers, Laurie & Manner, of London.

Let no trusting American citizen console himself with the reflection that the war in Egypt does not concern him. If he uses mucilage—as most likely he does—the war does concern him very nearly. The chief supply of gum arabic, which lies at the foundation of mucilage, is shipped from Alexandria, and the closing of that port will cut it off. There is a deep significance, therefore, as well as sound sense, in expressing a hope that the English admiral and his home backers will "screw their courage to the sticking place." Mucilagiously speaking, Alexandria is just now the sucking place.

At Ashton-under-Lyne, England, a custom is continued called "Riding the Black Lad." It consists in placing upon horseback the effigy of a man in armor, and after leading it through the town, using it as a butt at which the assembled people shoot, under pretense of putting it to an ignominious death. The figure represents Sir Ralph Assheton, who, according to tradition, oppressively exercised his privilege of fining those who omitted to extirpate corn marigolds from their lands, riding in black armor, with numerous followers over the fields, and levying penalties for neglect.

Not long ago the president of a French court examined a young man for a long time as to his insanity, and was so convinced that he was perfectly sane that he exclaimed: "I swear that if either of us is insane, it is I, and not this young man." The doctor of the lunatic asylum, who was in court, whispered to the judge to ask him about his mother. The judge did so, and the unfortunate patient, who was on all other subjects of more than ordinary intelligence, said: "My mother? She is here in my watch." And he opened his watch, saying, "Speak to these gentlemen, mamma," and then shutting it up, kissed it.

From some memoranda lately published by the Earl of Belmore it appears that in Ireland in 1737 a man's daily wages were seven cents. But then a cow cost from seven dollars and a half to ten dollars, and meal was one dollar and seventy-five cents per hundred pounds, while in 1719 a quarter of mutton cost thirty-one cents, and twenty-eight pounds of beef sixty-one cents. So again to-day untraveled Americans are often amazed at what seem such low salaries abroad, but then in Brussels, for instance, a much better room can be had for one dollar and a half a week than in New York for four dollars.

How many toes has a cat? This was one of the questions asked a certain class in a Paterson, New Jersey, school during examination week, and as simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it. In the emergency the principal was applied to for a solution, and he also, with a good-natured smile, gave it up, when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by so simple a question, hit upon the idea of sending out a delegation of boys to scour the neighborhood for a cat. Several boys went out, and having been successful, a returning board was at once appointed, and the toes counted, when, to the relief of all, it was learned that a cat possesses eighteen toes, ten on the front feet and eight on the hind feet.

An Arab on entering a house removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side, while his wife milks the cow on the left side. In writing a letter he puts nearly all his compliments on the outside. With him the point of a pin is its head, while its head is made its heel. His head must be wrapped up warm even in summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs, and he measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats scarcely anything for breakfast, about as much for dinner, but after the work of the day is done he sits down to a full meal swimming in oil, or better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of his house wait till his lordship is done. He rides a donkey when traveling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, and of ever vacating his seat for a woman.

Everybody knows, observes a Paris journal of a recent date, under what circumstances Henri IV. was stabbed by Ravallac. While still brandishing the knife, he was arrested by the orders of the Duc d'Épernon, the knife being wrenched from his hand by Pietro de Malaghiño, an Italian attached to his suite, who afterward declared he had dropped the weapon in the crowd. It would appear, however, that Malaghiño, who was a great amateur of curiosities, kept his historical relic until his death, when he left it to his descendants. It is difficult to say how it came in possession of Maurice de Saxe afterward; but certain it is that a month before his death the marshal made it a present to his physician, Sénac. Sénac bequeathed it to his son, M. Sénac de Meilhan, who presented it to the Marquis de Créqui, at whose death it became the property of the Baron de Blachefort, her cousin, when again it was lost sight of for nearly sixty years, until it turned up the other day in the Bureau of the Commissary of Police in the Quartier Latin, being then owned by a student whose father had been steward to the Raimboval family. This student had been for some time in the greatest poverty. The other morning he found himself absolutely penniless. Determined to put an end to his existence, he plunged it into his breast. Fortunately, it was too blunt to do much harm, and the unhappy youth only succeeded in inflicting a wound from the effects of which he will be cured in a fortnight.

The writer of an editorial article published in a recent issue of an Italian newspaper called the *Sentinella del Midi*, asserts that Garibaldi was slain at Aspromonte, and has, ever since that fatal day, been impersonated by a Livornese, whose resemblance to him was a matter of public notoriety for some years before the general's death. It is further alleged that the late King Victor Emanuel must be held responsible for the substitution in question, an expedient of his own suggestion for averting a downright breach between the Garibaldian faction and the dynasty. Several of the real Garibaldi's fellow-campaigners in Uruguay have at different times testified publicly to the hoax thus practiced upon the Italian nation, but to no purpose, although their allegations have been uniformly supported by indisputable physical evidence. They point, for instance, to the fact that Garibaldi's hands and feet were small and finely formed, while those of his impersonator were large and ill-shaped; that the former could scarcely write his own name, while the latter was a skilled and fluent penman. "This imposture," observes the writer, "accounts for the unconcealed antipathy entertained by Menotti and Ricciotti Garibaldi toward their dead father's impersonator, whom Menotti could never meet without breaking out into abusive language; while Ricciotti, although resident upon the island of Caprera, steadfastly declined to cross the impostor's threshold." It is worthy of mention that the *Fanfulla*, an organ of the Italian government, denounces the above-mentioned article in good round terms; but nevertheless reproduces it in its entirety, surrounded by a broad, black border.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

What shall we say of the death of Delos Lake? He filled a large space in this our small community. Not loved by all when living, he will be regretted by all now that he is dead. He was not a great man; he was an able man. He was not a great lawyer; but he was a most earnest and successful advocate, and a most excellent lawyer. He was a staunch, bold, and true friend. He could strike and spare not. He was brilliant, genial, and most companionable; but he could wound with a witticism and sting with caustic and bitter words. He was generous and brave, and had the courage that dared to defend the right when the right was not popular, and to shield the weak when the weak was wrong. He was in the prime of life, and in successful practice of a profession he loved. He stood among leaders in their front rank. He failed of attaining political distinction only because he was wanting in every mean art of the demagogue, and because he lacked every qualification that makes a proud and brave man acceptable to a cowardly and ignorant mob. Judge Lake died at his beautiful home, suddenly, in a moment, but not without warning, for now we learn to appreciate his bravery when we are advised that, during many months past, he has felt the shadow of the dark angel hovering over him; that behind his sunny demeanor and cheerful and quiet manner there lurked the ever-haunting thought of sudden death. Those who have been hurt by his stinging epigrams, or brought in contact with the sharp angles of his positive character, will treasure no resentments now that the grave has closed over him. The grief will be most bitter among those whom he loved, and who loved him—his wife and children. The shadow of his departure will linger longest over the home and loved ones whom his death has made desolate.

To those who are seriously intent on suicide, we would suggest that an instantaneous and painless death may be obtained by climbing an electric lamp-post and touching the wire. It will be found effective, and altogether a nicer way of ridding one's self of a no longer useful world, than by the vulgar mode of death by drowning, or with poison, knife, or pistol.

Through accident, and a desire to please certain young ladies, the writer found himself one evening this week at the "Tivoli." The Tivoli is a nondescript opera-house, a sort of foreign graft upon American manners, a cross between a lager-beer saloon and a concert hall. It is a spacious, cheap, uncomfortable hall, with hard chairs and sloppy tables, where anybody who has two hits can go, drink beer or gin, smoke bad cigars or worse cigarettes, with his hat on, and listen to music not of the first quality, to an opera not of the best *morale*, sung and played by artists not of the highest professional character. The house was comfortably filled with respectable middle-class people, and served to afford them a very satisfactory amusement. The audience was well-dressed, well-behaved, quiet, and orderly, and was composed mostly of people not born in America. The "Vienna Garden," the "Winter Garden," and the "Fountain" are places of similar resort, with the same general features of cheapness, music, beer, ham sandwiches, and Limburger cheese. They are German "hier-gartens" and the French "jardin chantant," made to accommodate itself to our climate by coming in from outdoors under the protection of a roof. While we do not quarrel with any one whose tastes prompt him to the enjoyment of this kind of thing, or criticize his right to thus spend his evenings, we take the liberty of saying to those American parents who have been brought up to another kind of recreation, that in our opinion the old-fashioned American way is better for their children than this foreign thing which is being grafted upon our institutions. It is not only desirable but indispensable that amusement and recreation should be provided for our young folk; but when it comes to a mixed audience in a beer hall, with the free colloquium that beer-tables invite, we are old-fashioned enough to think that our girls can find safer and better places to enjoy themselves than at the Tivoli, Winter Garden, Vienna Garden, or the Fountain.

The San Diego Union favors the nomination of Joseph Russ, of Humboldt, for governor, and pays him a well-deserved compliment, as follows:

We want a candidate for governor whose party soundness can not be brought into question, who has a practical familiarity with politics, who knows men and things, and who has decided opinions, but whose chief merit consists in his standing as a man of the people. We think the gentleman who possesses in a special degree the qualifications we have recited is Joseph Russ, of Humboldt. We believe him to be not only the best man, but the most available man the Republicans can nominate. We have no doubt at all that he would be elected. With such a man at the head of the ticket, and no weak lumber anywhere below, the Republican success in November would be assured. We believe the object of putting a ticket in the field is to elect it.

Let the San Francisco Irish be called together at once. Let the alarm be rung out from the old Monumental hell on Portsmouth Square. America is in danger. San Francisco has been insulted. Harry George has been arrested in Dublin by England's haughty minions of power. The iron heel of the Saxon is on the neck of Harry George. He has been snatched. Let San Francisco rise in the dignity and majesty of her might. Let her call upon her Irish braves, her noble Celts, to resent this cruel Saxon wrong. Let the MacMahon Grenadiers gird on their armor, and the brave Wolf Tones whet their swords for war. Let the Sarsfield Guards rally to the rescue of England's last captive of war. Let the Green Sons of Erin and the Order of Ancient Hibernians lay down the shovel and the hod, grasp the sunburst and the harp, snatch their rusty claymores, put a shamrock in their button-holes, and with avenging fire and sword and talking jawbone invade the haughty realm. Let the Land-Leaguers at once assemble to express their Celtic and just indignation, and while the warriors don their armor let the females of the Land League begin to scrape their linen undergarments for lint; and in the meantime let the usual finance committee bestir itself to gather money from servant girls and laboring men to avenge this wrong to an American Irishman who generously gave up a lucrative office in San Francisco, tore himself from the embrace of home, family, and the

Democratic party to aid suffering Ireland to steal the property of land-owners; to encourage non-rent-paying tenants to murder landlords, and to help the most distressful island on its downward road from progress to poverty, from peace to political discontent, from the frying-pan of factious strife into the fire of rebellious war.

Who is Plunkett? W. A. Plunkett is the name subscribed to a column and a half review of the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the Spring Valley Water Works vs. the Board of Supervisors. This new and unknown Daniel, who has so recently come to judgment in the water case, gravely concludes an opinion overruling and reversing the decision of the Supreme Court as follows:

After a careful perusal of the respective opinions of the majority and the minority of the court, and a perfectly impartial examination of the constitution and the statutes bearing upon the case between the Spring Valley Water Works and the Board of Supervisors, I find it impossible to resist the conclusion that the city is entitled to free water, according to the terms of the act of 1853.

W. A. PLUNKETT.

Who the devil is Plunkett?

General Stoneman's nomination by the Democratic convention was to him a great personal compliment. It was obtained through no intrigue nor by any of the improper appliances that too often characterize the pursuit of office by the professional office-seeker. Whether elected or defeated, he will come clear and stainless out of the campaign. If the Republican convention can nominate an equally unexceptional man, and in an equally clean way, in spite of unscrupulous machine politicians—a man who will spend no money in convention, and make no promises to delegates—it will be a long step toward success. If San Francisco had had her way in convention, Stoneman would have been beaten. The country heat the town. The San Francisco machine politicians, composed of the same men who in the Democratic party endeavored to nominate George Hearst, are now at work to nominate M. M. Estee. The Hearst rank and file were led by Buckley. The same faction, composed of the same element, is now led by Messrs. W. Higgins, James Gannon, and Richard Chute, Esquire. When there is a Democratic fight on hand, Buckley steps to the front. When a Republican fight is on hand, Higgins & Co. step to the front. Mr. Estee's nomination is being pressed by this element in politics, and it is this element that we do not favor. We do not think Mr. Estee is a representative of that higher, purer, and cleaner politics that we would like to see in ascendancy in this State. If he is a representative of a Sunday law—in favor of subjecting the liquor traffic to the control of the courts; if he is a resolute and manly opponent of party intrigue; if he take an independent and judicial attitude toward Mussel Slough rebels, Sand-lot agitators, gravel-sluicers, League of Freedom criminals, and corner-grocery whisky-sellers, he will disconnect himself from this nasty element of his party, rise superior to it, and not place himself under obligation to it. It is for these reasons that we do not regard him as the strongest candidate. Nor do we think that in event of election, under such circumstances, he could make the best governor. Hence we exercise our right of discussing these things in advance of the convention. At the convention we shall hear nothing but eulogy—"Sierra to the sea" declamation. This is the time, and the press is the place, to consider the choice of men seeking nomination. When the nomination is made, the party mouth is closed. Nor is any apology necessary to Mr. Estee. He is an avowed candidate, and has been for months. The machine is active for him. His partisans and friends are endeavoring to secure delegates pledged to him. They are endeavoring to keep out of the convention every known opponent. They are not over-scrupulous in their modes of party warfare; so they must not complain if Mr. Estee and his friends, and his character as a public man, and his modes of party management, should become the subject of comment.

The reason we desire to see James McM. Shafter nominated for governor is because, in our opinion, he is a strong and respectable nominee, with whom the probabilities of success will be very great, and the accident of defeat honorable. We think him a broad-minded, resolute, and independent man, with the courage of moral convictions, the ability to carry his convictions into our code of laws, and the nerve to give the laws, when enacted, executive enforcement. If a law of the legislature should come to him for approval, we believe he has sufficient legal learning to determine whether it would be in harmony with the constitution. We think him capable, honest, and available. We expect to support anybody whom the Republican Convention will nominate. We have a first, second, and following choice, down to nine. If any one of the nine gets the nomination, he will have our support, if he has the moral courage to stand on a platform that has a strong moral underpinning—and that means, will support a rational Sunday law.

When Mr. Turguet was French Minister of the Fine Arts an old woman submitted to his inspection a beautiful vase which she said her son, a sailor, had given her long ago. No one could decide as to its origin, but Mr. Turguet saw that it was a fine work of art, and gave her what she asked. Some time afterward a Siamese swell was astounded on seeing it in the Ceramic Museum at Sevres. He declared it to be one of the sacred vases of Siam, whose exportation is strictly forbidden, and which are only in use in the grand temple at Bangkok. He valued it at five thousand dollars. The government gave the old woman a pension of two hundred and forty dollars a year.

The marriage of Miss Betty Evarts, daughter of Mr. William M. Evarts, to Edward Perkins, a son of Mr. Charles Perkins, of Boston, was announced to take place at Windsor, Vermont, Wednesday, August 2d. The engagement has been a long and happy one, unmarred even by a letter from the father of the bride.

Upward of thirteen million letters and postal-cards are posted daily in the world; 3,418,000,000 letters are annually distributed in Europe, 1,246,000,000 in America, 76,000,000 in Asia, 36,000,000 in Australia, and 11,000,000 in Africa.

SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

The Styles in Furniture, Carpets, and Curtains at Present Popular.

A pretty thing in carpets is known as the Moquette carpet. It is certainly quite beautiful. In appearance it resembles the renowned Axminster, both in texture and in figures, showing soft, delicate colors in small designs, principally flowers. The borders that go with the Moquette are brilliant, and when one is made up it looks like a large handsome rug. The price of these carpets ranges from two dollars and twenty-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents. But the prettiest novelty in this line, although not as expensive as the Moquette carpet, is the Smyrna. In appearance it reminds one of the Turkish rugs. It is almost as thick as a board, and with both sides alike, which is certainly an advantage. It is one yard wide, and sells for one dollar and seventy-five cents. The border, however, which is only half the width, costs one dollar and a-half. I saw a carpet of this description being made up the other day. The warp was of black, and the woof of a rich cream color, upon which were designs of leaves and vines, done in heavy red, black, blue, yellow, and green, with the red and black predominating. The border displayed a quantity of black and yellow. Those large, sprawling figures, where the colors are contorted in all sorts of unheard of designs and flowers, the like of which was never seen in nature, may now be considered among the things that were. Borders to carpets now appear to be indispensable, and no carpet is complete without a border. Smyrna mats are also largely displayed by our merchants, and are quite pleasing to the sight. Then, there is the Yeddo mat. These come in very peculiar and odd-looking patterns of hric-a-hrac, and range in price from five dollars up to seven dollars and a-half. It is astonishing how great a favorite red window shades have grown. What were at one time considered "loud," "vulgar," and by many positively "disreputable," are now all in vogue. Perhaps one reason of their popularity is owing to the delicate rose tint they cast upon the room and the complexions of the occupants. They certainly are not easily soiled. There are two shades of these reds—one a pale, and the other a dark red. The "crushed strawberry," however, is the most sought for. These look especially pretty under white lace draperies. There are other shades, however, that are very fashionable, among which is a sort of linen known as opaque. These shades come in all the subdued tints of gray and brown colors, and many of them are highly ornamental, with gilt hands or various designs; while others come in the plain. The purchaser first has his room furnished, then an artist surveys the apartments. This artist takes note of the predominant colors and arrangement of the furniture, and then paints the shades that they may be in perfect harmony with the rest. A favorite design for this style of work is to have scrolls or twisted ornaments running over the lower part of the curtain—not straight, but running diagonally from the left-hand corner, the space between the bars of gilt being filled in with work representing lace, or other designs, while at the upper end of the bars appears, gracefully drooping, a branch of flowers, fruit, etc., also done in gilt. Cornices to curtains are but little used now, massive but handsome poles taking their place. These poles are made either in gilt or in woods to correspond with the wood of the furniture. Gilt, of course, is considered the most fashionable, with brackets of the same to hold them up. The Madras curtains take the lead as fashionable drapery for windows. Some are completely covered with embroidery, while others have only a deep border of two or three feet. In looking through these curtains, or rather the embroidered part, it gives the effect of stained glass, as the colors wrought on the thin material, which is something of a cheese-cloth, are of the same tints used in the colored glass. The ground-work is of an *ecru* tint, and said to be very durable. They are sold as high as twenty-five and thirty dollars, though there are some, with less work, to be had at ten dollars. In furniture I saw many novelties, both in design and material. Among them were different chairs for the parlor. One in particular is called the "conversation chair." It is made of oiled rose-wood. The posts at the corners are exquisitely carved into owl-heads. The chair is arranged for two seats, something like the old-fashioned *à-la-tête*, only instead of having the back in curves, it is square or of Grecian pattern, which is a decided novelty. The upholstery is of the richest quality of velours. A new style of bay-window chair is of mahogany, and another of ebony, both upholstered in satin brocade, with scroll arms, and the backs much lower than formerly. This is quite an improvement on the old style, as the backs do not interfere with the light. A reception chair of Cocobola-wood also claimed my attention. This wood is very pretty, having a slight purplish tint, though very dark. The back of this chair is perfectly straight and ornamented with embossed wood, showing medium-sized flowers. The seat is to be worked in embossed satin. The price placed upon it is one hundred and forty dollars. Another piece of the same kind of furniture, which has already been sold to a gentleman across the bay for three hundred dollars, was intended for the centre of a large parlor. It was arranged for six seats, but in three sections, each section having two seats, and instead of being a circle it was hexagonal in shape. The wood-work was exquisitely carved Cocobola, and these six-sided pieces are decidedly new. Amaranth is another very rare wood, and consequently very expensive. It is found principally in high-priced cabinets. Some unique shapes in hat-racks are taking the place of old-styled ones. These new designs are seen in exaggerated fans, horse-shoes, and crane's heads, with cut-glass mirrors, and hooks of silver, gilt, or bronze. New sconces are shown in ebony and fancy plush. The woods most in vogue for chamber-sets are mahogany, ash, bird's-eye maple, primavera, laurel, and toa-wood. This toa-wood, which is indigenous to the South Sea Islands, and very rare, resembles the walnut, although of a much finer and more finished grain. It is chiefly used in chamber-sets. A stylish combination of woods is the mahogany and ash, the laurel and primavera, bird's-eye maple and mahogany. The tomana is another wood much in favor just now. It comes from the South Pacific Islands, and is susceptible of a high polish.

August 9, 1882.

AN ICHTHYOLOGICAL SYMPOSIUM.

A few days ago I went out walking in Golden Gate Park, and had just dropped down upon a bench for a rest, when an elderly-looking person approached, seated himself near me, and opened up a conversation by an abrupt interrogatory, thus:

"I'll bet you that you are the same old ferasfer that I once saw down near the coast of Florida, and don't you contradict me, for I'm a trepang of dimensions."

Now, that wasn't a peculiarly cordial salutation by any means; and if I had been out in the park alone I should have made no answer; but as there were hundreds of men and women passing each way, I concluded that I might as well encounter the odd party fearlessly, and so I replied by asking:

"So you are a trepang of dimensions, are you? And pray, sir, what is a trepang?"

"Did I needlessly throw away breath by declaring myself a trepang? Didn't you know, sir, the moment you saw me, that I was a lost member of the Holothuria Floridae? Or did you take me for one of those curious fishes, Periophthalmus and Boliophthalmus? They leave the water, come to think of it, just as I do, and run along the shore by a series of hops and jumps, very much after the fashion of the genus Rana, their wonderfully developed pectorals serving as the means of progress. When at rest, these fishes stand erect, resting on their fins, their heads elevated as if listening, and with their prominent eyes presenting a very curious appearance. Or maybe you take me for a species of the Anabas, which is also frequently seen out of water, having special organs for enabling it to breathe air. Ah ha! I believe you take me for that curious little fellow called the Antennarius, in irregular markings of olive and white, the mouth and fins decorated with a marvelous arrangement of waving harbels of flesh. Their pectoral fins, you know, are developed so that they have almost the appearance of limbs for progression on land; in fact, a common name for the creature is walking-fish. They are generally found, however, lying upon the surface of the water, half submerged in the Sargassum, of which they may be said to be mimics, as they are of the exact tint of the weed, and are thus protected from the Larus Zonotrichus, as it soars over the great patches in search of food."

"I take you, my friend, for a wandering lunatic," I replied, "and you had better go along about your business."

"You don't mean to say that I am crazy?"

"I mean to affirm that you are as crazy as a loon."

"You are very much mistaken; I am not the least bit out of my head. I am an odd fish, I will admit, and you will no doubt say so; but, thank heaven, I am an amphibious slug, and can travel by sea or by land. As I have once before remarked, I am a trepang of dimensions, and don't you fail to admire me as such."

I assured the curiosity that no person living could betray a more ardent admiration than myself for a real genuine trepang, and then for the first time I turned toward the visitor, and surveyed him carefully. He was shaped and dressed like a human being, and yet there was something decidedly fishy about him. His head was covered with sea-weed, and his ears looked like the fins of some big sea animal, and I thought that he had the smell of fish about him. His mouth looked more and more like that of a Nantucket cod every time I looked at it, and his hands seemed to be covered with scales. The buttons on his clothes were real barnacles; his watch-chain was made of sea-shells; his cane was the tail of a stingray; his watch was of abalone shell, and his long red-and-white fingers reminded me of the claws of a boiled lobster. Really, I concluded that he was indeed at least part fish.

There was silence for about five minutes, when I remarked:

"To tell you the truth, sir, I don't know what a trepang is. What is a trepang?"

"A trepang, my friend, is a delicate fish which grows to perfection in the Indian ocean, and is sometimes called a sea-slug, or a sea-cucumber. But I am no longer a trepang. I am now a catfish, of the genus Aspredo. By the way, sir, the catfish of Guiana are a curious species, and I will tell you something about them. I call them egg-carriers, because during breeding season, or on the approach of breeding season, pedicels appear upon the ventral surface, having curious cups upon them. The eggs having been deposited, the fish settles down upon them, each pedicle picking up an egg, which seems to attach itself by a glutinous secretion, hanging and dangling like so many bells or harbels. So they are carried around until the young are hatched and escape, when the pedicels disappear until the next breeding-time comes around. Agassiz, speaking of a member of the family, says: 'Who can see the catfish move about with its young, like a hen with her brood; or the sunfish hovering over its eggs, and protecting them for weeks, without becoming satisfied that the feeling which prompts these acts is of the same kind with that which attaches the cow to its calf?' Aristotle says that the catfish is conspicuous among river fishes for the care that it takes of its young; for the female, having deposited her eggs and departed, the male sets himself to watch the precious deposit, and keeps off other fishes for forty or fifty days, by which time the young have grown sufficiently to escape from their enemies. There is a catfish in South America whose male catches up the eggs in his mouth, and carries them until they are hatched. Catfish of the genus Doras and Calichthys travel in the dry season overland in search of water, moving over meadows in dense columns; and when the ponds dry up, hurrowing in the mud. During rainy seasons these fish make regular nests of leaves, and carefully cover them up, which, during the process of hatching, are assiduously watched and courageously defended by both males and females."

And then my friend took a long breath, and I told him that his stories, about catfish in particular, were very interesting; and he proceeded:

"Do you know there are catfish that can sing?"

I answered that I did not.

"Why," he continued, "Aristotle mentions a fish by the name of Choiros, inhabiting the river Chitor, in the Mediterranean, as being one of the fishes that have the power of emitting sounds. The Choiros is enumerated by Strabo

among the fishes of the Nile, and it is said that the horns or spires on its head prevent the crocodiles from attacking it. These vocal productions of the catfish have been investigated by Sir Thomas Tennent, at Batticaloa, in northern Ceylon, who says: 'In the evening, when the moon had risen, I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. We rowed about two hundred yards northeast of the jetty, by the front gate. There was not a breath of wind, and not a ripple but that caused by the dip of our oars; and on coming to the point already mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself—the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the sound was greatly increased in volume by its conduction. They varied considerably at different points as we moved across the lake, as if the number of animals from which they proceeded was greater in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until, on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed.'"

"I never was so intensely interested in the Siluridae before, although I have read of some very large ones."

"Large ones!" he exclaimed, some of the barnacles dropping from his clothes at the time, and his face assuming an ultra-marine tint, "why, Pliny describes them so large and so voracious as to devour a horse, and I have many a time seen one hungry enough to eat an elephant. Grossinger mentions one which measured sixteen feet, and says that on one occasion a poor fisherman, on the confines of Turkey, captured one of these omnivorous fishes which had in its stomach the entire corpse of a woman! What do you think of that?"

"I consider that a mighty big fish story."

"Well, I can tell you bigger ones. Many years ago, during the eruption of a volcano near Ithra, South America, hot, muddy water poured from crevices seventeen thousand feet above the sea, bringing with it millions of catfish, so many, in fact, that fatal fevers ensued from their subsequent decay for miles around. The Malapteuri, found in the rivers of North Africa, are remarkable for their power of giving electric shocks; the Arahs call them Raad, or thunder, while in the Niger they are known as Ishenza. Another Egyptian catfish, of the genus Clarias, was once worshiped in Latopolis, now known as Esneh, while those of the genus Hoplosternum are extremely valued on account of the strong smelling *buni* that is obtained from them, and which in Africa was formerly, and still is, an important article of exchange. Another curious catfish, the Stegophilus insidiosus, has the operculum set with curved spines, which enables the fish to attach itself to stones in rapid currents. A blind catfish, of the genus Gronias, is found in a subterranean tributary of the Conestoga River, in Pennsylvania; and two other genera, the Arges and Broutes, are nearly, if not quite, blind. But enough of this. I am no longer a catfish; I am a sea-serpent of dimensions!"

And like a flash of lightning the half-man-half-fish was transformed into an immense sea-snake (*Serpens marinus magnus*) at least a hundred feet long, and curled himself up before me, and in a voice like a fog-horn, said:

"I am his traditional snakeship, sir; and I am known as the destroying angel of the deep. I am a monster, and don't you fail to impress that unmistakable fact upon the tablets of your memory. But do not fear; such an infinitesimal morsel as you are wouldn't make the hundredth part of a small bite for me. I swallow ships, with all their contents, and pick my teeth with their masts! I took down the Collins steamship *Pacific*, and one hundred and eighty-six men, women, and children, at one swallow, in mid-ocean, one cold morning in January, 1856. Sometimes I destroy vessels for the fun of the thing, which may give you some idea of what became of the steamship *City of Boston*, which I sunk in the Atlantic in February, 1870, and all on board, by a single movement of my tail!"

"But I have never believed in sea-serpents," I said, interrupting the monster.

"That's because you are a greater man than Agassiz, eh?" came the fog-horn tones, sarcastically. "That illustrious naturalist, in a lecture delivered in Philadelphia, March 20, 1849, expressed his belief in the existence of the sea-serpent, which he thought was a survivor of the almost extinct species of the Ichthyosaurus or Plesiosaurus, and believed it would one day be secured alive. Pontoppidan, who is one of the earliest authorities on this subject, says that vessels have been destroyed by sea-serpents in Norwegian waters. In the records of the New England Linnæan Society there is testimony received in 1817 from a resident of one of the islands in Penobscot Bay, that he had often seen a serpent as large as a sloop's boom, and about sixty or seventy feet long. One of these enormous creatures, he asserted, had some years before leaped over a schooner lying in the bay, between the masts, and while the men on board were so frightened that they ran into the hold, the weight of the serpent sunk the vessel, which was of eighteen tons burden, fine streak of plank. For many years he was a regular visitor at Nahant and Gloucester, in which places he was seen by persons of unquestionable intelligence and veracity. Amos Lawrence, on April 26, 1849, wrote that he had never had any doubt of the existence of the sea-serpent since the morning he was seen off Nahant by old Martial Prince, through his famous mast-head spy-glass. Such intelligent and reliable men as Samuel Cahot, Daniel P. Parker, Colonel Harris, once the commander at Fort Independence; Captain Sturgis, formerly of the revenue-cutter *Hamilton*, and many others, are on record as having declared that they have been eye-witnesses of the movements of a sea-serpent off Boston Light."

And then, he swallowed me, alive!

And now comes the narrative of the most delightful part of my adventure; for the belly of that fish into which I had been taken without a scratch was an aquarium of such magnitude and magnificence as to baffle perfect description. Its vastness exceeded that of any apartment I had ever seen, and was seemingly many miles in length and several in width. Through the middle of this grotto or aquarium meandered a stream at least an eighth of a mile in width, and many fathoms deep. I gazed with wonder and admiration

upon the dazzling splendors of this matchless subterranean domain, unsurpassed as it was by the enchanting palace of Aladdin, even. I was accompanied by a guide, (a starfish,) who took me in directions which commanded a view of the high-vaulted arch over my head, studded with stalactites of every size and form, and covered with iridescent crystallizations. In some places the water trickled down the walls in miniature cataracts, and in other places, formed by the dropping of water from the ceiling, there were stalagmites, some of the purest white, and others tinted with a delicate rose and straw-color; some colossal, and others so gossamer-like that it seemed as if a breath might melt them away.

The aquarium was lighted by the Phytosoma, Atlanticum, Thynnus, Pelamys, Sardon, Biphora, Cyanea, Caryophylla, Gorgonias, Pennatula, Phosphorea, Renillareniformis, and other phosphorescent fishes. There were phosphorescent shells, too, of the Pholas, Polyopthalmus, Chaniolodus, Scopelus, Petropod-eleodora, Munida tennimana, and Gerjonia trideus species, which here and there throughout the grotto gave out flashes and illuminations like the electric lights.

There had evidently been a procession arranged for my entertainment, and the memory of that incomparable spectacle will never fade away. The procession was all night passing a given point, and was headed by a corps of drumfish; then came an immense swordfish, which seemed to have command of the cavalcade; then came sperm and common whale, all gorgeously illuminated by their own oils; then followed, in good order, platoons of mero, tintarero, and other voracious fish, including enormous man-eaters from off the coast of Florida, and others from the harbor of Havana, and smaller ones from Acapulco and Santa Cruz; then followed, in regular order, scup and tautog from Narragansett Bay; weakfish and bluefish, from the fishing banks near New York; shad from the Hudson, Connecticut, and Potomac rivers, and some from California waters; catfish from the Schuylkill and Wissahickon; halibut and cod from New England waters, and sheephead, mackerel, haddock, blackfish, hickory shad, eels, porgies, tinkers, flounders, flukes, kingfish, hutter-fish, and many others from the Northern Atlantic Coast to the Gulf of Mexico; trout, pickerel, pike, perch, and suckers, from New England lakes and rivers; sheephead, and pompano—splendid specimens—from Mobile and Pensacola bays; whitefish, and trout, and bass, from western and northwestern lakes and rivers; fish from the Gila River; immense jewfish from the mouth of the Colorado; a variety of trout from California and Oregon lakes and rivers; salmon from the Sacramento and Columbia rivers; baracouda, turbot, rockcod, herring, mackerel, Spanish mackerel, tomcod, flounder, redfish, surf-fish, perch, sea-trout, flatfish, shrimp, sole, sturgeon, sardines, anchovies, greenfish, sea-bass, pompano, sheephead, and many others too numerous to mention from the bays and waters off the Coast of California; halibut and codfish, from Alaskan waters; goldfish, cuttle-fish, angel-fish, sunfish, starfish, and jelly-fish, in great varieties; flying-fish from the Pacific Ocean and from the Caribbean Sea; serpulæ, with three eyes, and serpulæ with clusters of eyes on their tentacles; annelids of all colors, shapes, and sizes; amphipods, squids, gasteropods, stingrays, carnivorous and vegetarian; mollusks of all descriptions; abalones, mussels, lobsters, prawn, crabs, cockles, clams, scallops, oysters, and other shell-fish and crustaceans; turtle, terrapin, and sheath fish; Chromides, Hydrogonus, Geophagus, and Physalia, from South American waters; Jarow, and Mana, and Tral-hote; Melanura, and other blind fish from the Mammoth Cave and from Cuban and African waters; then hellows-fish, parr, steleret, honito, dah, grayling, manatus, gudgeon, dolphin, graining, ling, grampus, kingfish, minnows, pilot-fish, roach, haddock, dace, pollock, stickleback, tench, white-hait, and porpoise; and then an ugly looking lot of wrasse, thornhack, sea-wolf, trichinrius, flying-gurnard, torpedo, do-ree, moonfish, pipefish, stingfish, sly silurus, short sunfish, namhal, sculpin, starry-ray, dugong, father-lasher, goby, plaice, houndfish, sea-mouse, sawfish, garfish, lumpfish, malapterurus, electricus, glofish, ocellated blenny, gymbote, and milleis-thumb, and a great many others. Then came a huge cephalopod from Conception Bay; great schools of Nautili, Argonauta, and Spirula, and then the Paper Nautilus of Aristotle, Pliny, Pope, Johnson, and Montgomery, and of others who have contributed excessively to the halo of romance and poetry thrown over these remarkable creatures; then followed a curious fish known as the Gillichthys mirabilis, (Gill's wonderful fish,) to be found in all California marshes; then a lot of skate, which many people look upon with horror, and which Hogarth prejudiced the English against in one of his caricatures of the Boulogne Gate, and which many a chef converts into *filets au gratin*, by cutting off the meaty portions, and serves for turbot; then a platoon of Glyptocephalus cynoglossus, or in plain English, the pole-flounder, the new fish introduced to the people of this country by Professor Baird, and which nature has made with such a small mouth that it can not seize a hook; then a troop of murries, of which the ancient Romans were inordinately fond; then pigfish, from the waters about Sandy Hook and Long Branch, croaking a chorus; and then the maigre, cooing like a dove; then some fine specimens of brown mullet, from Florida, which, so Daniel Webster and Fanny Elssler have many times declared, have no superior as a pan fish; then a magnificent body of carp, which Badham says, "used to form an unfailing supply of orthodox diet for Lent and meager days, and was never wanting in larder or pond." Some of these were beauties, and had been raised on lettuce and celery leaves to perfection; how I would have liked to have had a three-pounder served from the boiling kettle with its scales untouched! Then came, as follows, a prodigious number of Finland herring; hream, from the Polar sea; red-snapper, from the hidden banks off St. Augustine; pearlfish from the Gulf of Finland; parrotfish, flying gurnet, salmon trout, sea-perch, zebra-fish, whiting, silver-bream, and twenty-seven other varieties from Australia. Then lampreys, the fish so much esteemed by the ancient Romans, and upon which Lucullus fattened; Idus melanotus, with a body almost as red as the gold fish of China. Then the following-named exotic fish: Gourami, of India, a fish of exquisite flavor; rock-bass, of Canada; mummichog of North America; transparent fish, of Bengal; macropodus, of Cochin China, its scales representing in themselves all the colors of the rainbow, and displaying vertical bands in yellow, red, and blue, intersected by stripes

of changing color running from the head to the tail, sometimes called paradise fish, and is, among its kind, what the bird of paradise is among the feathered tribes; kin-yu, of Japan; omhre, of Turkey; catfish, of the Danube; doras, of Buenos Ayres; loach, from the north of Europe; telescope fish, from China and Japan, pictures of which are often seen in California; and the climbing fish of the Ganges, which often climb trees to quite a height in search of food, and is sometimes found upon the broad leaves of the palm-tree. Although the climbing-fish is said to be consumed in large quantities by the upper classes in India, says some writer on the subject, it has never been strictly considered as a food-fish, while its curious habits and form make it very interesting as an ornamental one.

As far as the eye could reach in any direction upon either side of the central stream, were to be seen angling implements of all kinds—weirs, hauling-seines, trawls, purse-nets, gill-nets, explosives, apparatus used in fish-culture, sponges, whalebones, oyster-cultural processes, utensils and implements, maps and plates of fishing streams, aquaria, artificial rivers, reservoirs, dead fish, skeletons, and fish-eggs preserved, cast in plaster, and colored; natural sea-water preserved pure, with all its properties, and rendered imputrescible by a new process; apparatus with an orifice for the forcing of oxygen into the water of aquaria, and plans in relief of transformations made in various marshes and rivers which had become breeding-places for fish and crustacea. The streets upon either side of the central stream resembled the shell roads leading from New Orleans to Ponchartrain, and from Mobile to Magnolia, twenty-five years ago. The hitching-posts were made of shafts of coral from the Mediterranean Sea, capped by mother-of-pearl from San Diego abalones, and there were monuments of hoxes of honeless and preserved fish, and pyramids of hermetically-sealed cans of lobsters, clams, oysters, salmon, white-fish, mackerel, sardines, anchovies, and caviare.

Then came an ichthyological repast, *pure et simple*, as follows:

MENU.		
Selected Oysters on the Half-Shell.		
'POTAGES.		
Green Turtle Soup.	Fish Chowder.	
HORS D'ŒUVRES.		
Tartelettes of Craw-fish.	Quenelles of Rockcod.	
RELEVÉS.		
Trout.	Tomcod.	Smelt.
ENTREES.		
Filet of Sole.	Cutlets of Baracuda.	Soufflé of Salmon.
Deviled Crabs.	Shrimp Salad.	
Sea-hass en Brochette à la Ravigote.		
FROID.		
Sardines.	Galantine of Eels.	Anchovies.
DESSERT.		
Clam Fritters.		

Among the distinguished persons present were Hon. H. Fish, of New York; Preserved Fish, of Providence, R. I.; Herring, the safe manufacturer; Bass, the ale manufacturer; Judge Roach, of Santa Barbara; Professor Gill, of the Smithsonian Institution; the Fish Commissioners of the Pacific Coast, and other well-known ichthyophagists. There were also several ladies present dressed in salmon-colored silks. At the conclusion of the repast the Rev. Mr. Eels repeated the benediction.

Then the lights were suddenly extinguished, and for a moment the aquarium was as dark and as silent as a grave. Presently something like daylight came, and with it came out of the water toward me a great, fleshy, huluous enormity, with eyes like locomotive head-lights, and a thousand boneless-looking arms dangling in all directions; and I heard a voice saying:

"Look out for me, for I am an Octopus *Pentactus* of dimensions!"

At the sight of a devil-fish I made an immediate attempt to escape; and, in doing so, fell off the bench in the park where I had been sleeping for an hour or more. I looked around about me, found I was on *terra firma*, and then picked up my hook on ichthyology, (which had fallen from my hands during my *siesta*), and felt relieved, as I took a street-car for down town, that it was from the arms of Morpheus, and not from the tentacles of an octopus that I was fleeing.

BEN C. TRUMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1882.

In his last lecture at Newport, Mr. Oscar Wilde, speaking from a platform decorated with hric-a-brac and Japanese vases, insisted that women's dress should be made in the simple style of former days. Like Mother Eve? No, Oscar, not yet; we can not stand so much æsthetics all at once. Mr. Wilde could not have selected a more appropriate place than Newport for the expression of his opinion that woman's dress should be made in the simple style of former days, when garments descended from parents to children; but there can be no doubt that men would favor the change. Many—a great many—years ago all modest women were clad in robes almost identical with the bathing-dresses of to-day, except that they did not wear trimmings, stockings, and trousers, and man's admiration for a pretty woman in a bathing-dress exceeds any that is given to the helle of the hall-room. But Mr. Wilde forgets that good figures, which were the rule in those days, are now the exception.

The festive and youthful Lord Shrewsbury, who has just made Mrs. Mundy his bride, is a regular scourge to his family, and his recent marriage has not improved his unenviable notoriety at home or abroad. His wife, however, does not lose sight of the fact that she is entitled now to wear a coronet, and is playing her low trumps right skillfully. No one familiar with the peculiar codes of the English aristocracy will be surprised if my Lady Shrewsbury is received with open arms before many moons have waned. She can not go to court, but that doesn't matter so long as those who do accept the situation.

The spot where Maximilian and his two companions were executed is marked only by a rude pile of stones and a cross. The inhabitants of Queretaro have repeatedly asked permission of the government to erect there a fitting monument, but the request has invariably been refused.

A DICKER OF DOWLES.

The following verses, taken from the August *St. Nicholas*, contain words not now in general use, but which may be found in Webster or Worcester. A key is appended below.

Once a culver(1) roiled(2) a corby,(3)
Chiding his furious(4) prowls;
And the corby from the culver
Tozed(5) in wrath a dicker(6) of dowles.(7)

"Give me back my dowles, O Corby!
Tozed from me with cruel force."
"When you hring a cogue(8) of culis;(9)
Frihble(10) Culver, we will scorse!"(11)

Through the dorp(12) beyond the hill-top,
To appease the knaggy(13) rook,
Flew the culver; spied some culis
Left to cool, and to the cook:

"Let me have a cogue of culis,
Daff(14) me not with angry scowls.
I will take it to the corby
And get back my dicker of dowles."

"Fetch me first a trug(15) of cobbles,"(16)
Said the cook; and, undismayed,
To the colleh(17) sped the culver,
And a trug of cobbles prayed.

"Collier, give a trug of cobbles
For the cook, who'll give to me
Cullis for the edacious(18) corby.
Then I'll once more heppen(19) he."

"Fetch me first a knitch(20) of chatwood,(21)
Culver," said the collier grim.
Culver sought a frim(22) woodmonger,
And the chatwood begged of him.

"Give to me a knitch of chatwood,
From the collier that will huy
For the cook a trug of cobbles,
Then with culis I will fly

To the roiled, dicacious(23) corby,
And he'll give me back once more
All my pretty dowles, the dicker
That he tozed from me before."

"You shall have the knitch of chatwood
If you'll through the hortyard(24) pass,
And this rory(25) croceous(26) pansy
Give to yonder sonsy(27) lass."

Through the hortyard twirled(28) the culver,
With the rory croceous pounce(29);
Hattle,(30) cocket,(31) vafrous,(32) pawky,(33)
Hoiting,(34) chirring,(35) did advance.

There, beside a muxy(36) dossier,(37)
With a spaddle(38) in her hand
Cruddled(39) close the sonsy lassie
Whin(40) excerpting(41) from her hand.

Down he dropped the pounce so rory,
Degging(42) her with dew-drops sweet;
Back he flew to the woodmonger,
Claiming chatwood for the feat.

Next he this, the knitch of chatwood,
Quickly to the collier took;
Collier gave the trug of cobbles
Which won culis from the cook.

Back, then, with the cogue of culis—
Cullis made from fuhhy(43) fowls—
Flew the culver, and the corby
Gave to him his dicker of dowles.

1—Dove; 2—exasperated; 3—raven; 4—thievish; 5—pulled; 6—quantity; 7—down; 8—wooden bowl; 9—meat-broth; 10—frivolous; 11—exchange; 12—hamlet; 13—rough-tempered; 14—put aside; 15—hod; 16—rounded fragments of stone or coal; 17—coal-digger; 18—greedy; 19—comfortable; 20—faggot; 21—small sticks; 22—flourishing; 23—talkative; 24—orchard; 25—dewy; 26—yellow; 27—happy; 28—whirled; 29—pansy; 30—wild; 31—brisk; 32—cunning; 33—arch; 34—capering; 35—cooing; 36—dirty; 37—basket; 38—small spade; 39—stooped; 40—gorse or furze; 41—picking; 42—sprinkling; 43—plump.

George William Curtis in 1855 became a silent partner in the business firm of Dix, Edwards & Co., the publishers of *Putnam's Monthly*. He invested ten thousand dollars in the concern, but had no part in its management. Two years later the firm failed, and Mr. Curtis, through some informality in drawing up the articles of partnership, was declared to be legally responsible for a portion of its debts. Many of his friends held that he was in no way bound beyond the ten thousand dollars, and urged him to test the question in the courts. Mr. Curtis refused, although his decision involved the assumption by him of a debt of one hundred thousand dollars. He surrendered all his property. In sixteen years, by most arduous labor, writing and lecturing, he paid the last dollar of the debt.

Mrs. Burnett, the author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," dresses in the highest style of æstheticism. At a recent entertainment in Washington she wore a gown described as the "Esmeralda." It was of shaded gray silk, with all the fullness of the drapery gathered both back and front into a yoke at the shoulders, and falling thence in one unbroken sweep to the floor. It was not confined in the least at the waist, and was buttoned in the back like a child's apron from the neck to the bottom of the skirt. There was a puff of cardinal satin on each shoulder, the sleeves were long and tight, and a small pleating of the bright satin finished the bottom of the skirt and neck.

The latest thing in bonnets, says the London *Figaro*, is a beautiful arrangement of spun glass. The bonnets are more "fetching" than anything ever yet turned out in silk, satin, or straw, being brighter in lustre and hue, and what is better than all, they are impervious to rain. At present their manufacture is restricted to Venice, and their price is rather high; but if there is a demand for them, no doubt they will be produced at a reasonable cost. A few ladies wore them last week in the Bois at Paris.

A Wagner festival is in progress at Beyreuth, which town is in Bavaria. It is hardly necessary to state that the government of Bavaria is an absolute monarchy.

PARIS FÊTES.

The Celebrations Which Attended Three Momentous Events.

For at least two days Paris has been in an uproar of celebration. There were three great events to call forth the populace: the dedication of the tomb of Michelet, the opening of the new Hotel de Ville, and finally, the greatest, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille.

The morning of the 13th of July dawned brightly, and large crowds could be seen hurrying toward Père-la-Chaise. M. Jules Ferry was the person chosen to represent the government at this interesting unveiling of Michelet's monument. It was an appropriate selection, as Ferry was especially admired by Michelet from the fact that, while he was an ardent Republican, he was at the same time a devout Catholic.

The tomb I consider rather ugly. Michelet is represented as just having expired, and is half enshrouded in a winding sheet. The breast and arms are bare, and the face has a painful and ghastly look. Above rises the Genius of History, whose face and form were copied from Madame Michelet. With one finger she points to heaven, and with the other has just traced upon a marble tablet the legend: "L'histoire est une résurrection." The monument is the joint contribution of all the European nations, and cost a vast sum to build. M. Ferry delivered a fine oration, and the impressive ceremonies were concluded.

In the afternoon there was a grand review of the Scholastic battalion in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville. This consisted of fourteen-year-old youths, educated under municipal auspices. It had been the universal desire of the city authorities that the boys should drill on the 14th at Longchamps, and form part of the manoeuvres of the regular army; but the cruel Minister of War refused his consent, at the earnest wish of some surly army officers. Consequently the boys had a procession of their own. After their drill, which was exceedingly creditable, they were dined in the Salle Saint Jean of the Hotel de Ville, in which very hall, shortly after, took place the inaugural dinner. The battalion then had the privilege of going to two or three circus performances, which were held for its especial benefit. At about six o'clock the guests of the larger banquet began to arrive. First came President Grévy, escorted by the legislative and municipal authorities; after them came the foreign and other invited guests.

The new Hotel de Ville has already cost nearly five million dollars, and will cost many more ere its interior decoration is perfected. It is built upon the spot on which stood the old building, which was destroyed by the Communists in 1871.

During the banquet, which was partaken of by five hundred and forty guests, two fine military bands and the chorus from the Grand Opera House discoursed sweet strains of music. Three speeches were then made: one by M. Sonjeon, a second by M. Floquet, prefect of the Seine, and a reply to both by M. Grévy. After the banquet, the guests retired for a short time to the municipal chambers, while the tables were cleared away for the grand reception. This was attended by over seven thousand persons, and was crowded to repletion.

Early on the 14th the streets were filled with the gay merry-makers. M. Camescasse had issued an order to prevent street-dancing, but such a universal howl went up from the press and the indignant citizens that he was glad to hastily countermand the order, and permit the innocent revelry to proceed. At half-past nine o'clock every one could be seen hurrying for the train which was to hear the spectators to the race-course of Longchamps to witness the grand review of troops. The parade began at a little before two o'clock, and it was a fine sight to witness twenty thousand men go marching by. The Battalion de Saint Cyr headed the march. When the infantry approached there was great excitement. At its head was a corps of drummers, with a superb drum-major at its head. This is the first occasion since the revocation of Farre's stupid act abolishing the army-drum, that this instrument has appeared before the Paris public; and you may be sure that there was much rejoicing over the fact. People leaped in the air, shouting "Bravo! bravo! les Tamhours!" The crowd then made a rush for the cars and conveyances, in order to reach the city in time for the regatta and water tournaments. Many stayed home from the review in order to attend the free performances at the half dozen theatres especially paid by the government for the occasion.

A week ago there died at Mantes an interesting personage. He was no less than the son of the late Duke de Berri, and the elder half brother of the present Comte de Chambord. In 1801, when the Bourbons had taken refuge in England to escape the revolutionary furies, the Duke de Berri, nephew of Louis XVI. and son of him who was afterward King Charles X. of France, fell desperately in love with the lovely daughter of a Kentish clergyman. Talleyrand himself fell in love with her because of her beauty and sweetness of disposition. In order to make the marriage binding, Amy Brown, for that was her name, consented to become a Roman Catholic. The two were married by a Roman priest, and registered in legal form.

But fate and the duke's family were against their happiness. After the births of three children—a son, George, and two daughters—the duke was persuaded to visit Italy, unaccompanied by his English family. Once there, his relatives persuaded him to repudiate the marriage. An order of annulment was secured from the Pope, although the children were considered as legitimate, and shortly after the duke was wedded to Marie Louise, daughter of the king of Naples, who several years after gave birth to the present Count de Chambord.

Poor Amy Brown went over to Paris with her three children to interview her recreant husband; but the police arrested her, and only permitted her to reside in Boulogne. She was granted a pension, and her two daughters were ennobled by their great uncle, Louis XVIII. The girls were married to two noblemen; but the boy never wedded. He has always passed a retired and dignified existence, engaged in acts of charity. His age at his death was somewhere near eighty years.

BABILLARD.

PARIS, July 15, 1882.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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Of a gentleman, a member of the "Christian Church," visiting San Francisco, we made some inquiries concerning the feeling that existed in the country in reference to the political issue made over the Sunday law. "Is it," we asked, "a live issue, that takes hold of the voter? And will it control him in his vote? Or is it a mere sentiment? Will it affect the entire State ticket, or only candidates for the legislature in their local nominations?" His answer was, in substance, that the sentiment is deep and wide-spread among the more respectable Democrats—church-members, and others—that the Democratic party has been guilty not only of a deliberate and wanton disregard of the feelings of all religious persons, that it has attacked Sunday not only as a day of religious worship, but has assaulted an institution that belongs to civilization, and done so in the interest of law-breakers and a criminal class in order to secure votes. "I am," said this gentleman, "not in any sense an illiberal Sabbatarian. I take as literal the words of our Saviour when He declared that 'the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.' I perform my necessary Sunday labors. I attend church with my family on the Sabbath day. I am not opposed to healthful recreation or innocent amusement on that day for my children. I assume, as a matter of law, right, and humanity, that my servants and my animals may rest. My household looks naturally to Sunday for the enjoyment of a quiet holiday. All my life I have lived under a Sunday law. I always understood that contracts could not be lawfully made on that day, that courts could not issue civil processes, and that banks, postoffices, the village stores, and mechanics' shops were all closed. I am a farmer, and if I wanted to purchase goods, get my mail, or have my horses shod, I went to the village on Saturday. Thus, in my county, Saturday afternoon became, by common consent, a sort of half-holiday, and all the neighboring farmers congregated at the village. I never thought much about Sunday laws—in fact, I never heard much about them until of recent years. The first real serious opposition to a Sunday law that I ever heard of came from San Francisco. Upon inquiry, I ascertained that the liquor dealers would not close on Sunday. They claimed the right to keep open saloons for selling grog. This was some years ago, and when the case was taken to the Supreme Court, and it was decided by Judge Terry that it was unconstitutional to close the whisky saloons on Sunday, while all other occupations might not be conducted, I was of course very much surprised. But it, as I thought, affected only the city. I was a farmer. It was not to me or my neighbors a live question, and I thought but little of it. Then the temperance people

became active, and I heard a great deal of local option. A Good Templars' Lodge was formed in the neighborhood. I am, I suppose, a temperance man. I have never signed a pledge or joined a temperance society. I drink wine. I have a small vineyard, and I make wine. I recognize the evil of alcoholic drink. I know the consequences in crime, poverty, domestic trouble, taxes, and discomforts which exist in the world by reason of the use of alcohol; and when this legal contest came between the temperance people and the saloon people, I was naturally in sympathy with the temperance people. When the Supreme Court decided that saloons must be closed on Sunday, I felt, as I suppose all law-abiding citizens felt, that the law ought to be obeyed; and when the beer-brewers, distillers, wholesale liquor dealers, lager beer saloon-keepers, and corner grocery whisky vendors of San Francisco formed an organization, raised funds, hired lawyers, bribed jurors, and impeded the course of justice by thronging the courts with cases, I felt just the least bit indignant. But still it was a city question, and I did not lie awake nights over it. I thought the temperance people and the whisky people might fight it out. When the Democratic State Convention assembled I did not dream of this question becoming a party issue, because I supposed that the principle of allowing Sunday as a day of rest, recreation, and worship was a recognized one, and had been accepted and protected by law for perhaps hundreds of years. When, therefore, I found that the Democratic party had, in the interest of whisky-makers and traffickers determined to break down and destroy the whole spirit of the Sunday law, wipe out the distinction between it and other days; allow courts and banks, stores and shops to keep open; allow no protection to labor, no rest to working men on Sunday, I gave the matter some attention. I talked with my neighbors about it. We asked ourselves the occasion of this new departure, and we have come to the conclusion that the Democratic party wants the whisky vote more than it wants the church vote, and that it wants the criminal element of society more than it wants the respectable element. The League of Freedom organization is a combination of law-breakers in the interest of alcohol; and in this interest, and to secure its political support, the Democracy has determined to destroy the Sunday law. It was the act of the convention, and the party must be responsible for it. The conduct of the party is in this respect un-American. This 'league' of law-breakers is composed mostly of foreigners, and a few abandoned, unworthy, and criminal native-born. To destroy the Sunday law is to strike society and civilization a fatal blow. I and my immediate neighbors will vote the Republican ticket, if it takes the other side of this question, and nominates for governor a representative candidate. If not, I presume we will not vote at all. If there is anything to choose between candidates, I will vote for those I think best. If there is nothing to choose, I shall stay at home on election day." So far as we can learn, there is a very quiet under-current of opinion running in this direction. It takes with it an undemonstrative class of professing Christians, of moderate and undemonstrative temperance people, and a large number of native-born Americans, who think the time has come when, in the interest of so honored and acceptable an institution as Sunday, Americans should not permit themselves to be overrun by foreign manners. A very large class of Democrats who are neither professors of religion nor total-abstinence men, will not vote the ticket because of its cowardly subservience to this criminal, un-American, foreign, and whisky combination. It is a mistaken idea, and a libel upon the Germans, to think that a majority of them do not uphold a Sunday law, and we must do the Irish the justice to admit that all of them who pay any respect to the teachings of their religion, or who have any regard for the promptings of civilized life, are opposed to open saloons on Sunday, and to that extent desire to see the Sunday law upheld and enforced.

The Egyptian position remains *in statu quo*. Whether the English were whipped in their reconnaissance against Arah Bey, no one outside of the fighting force can find out; whether Turkey is in sympathy with England or Egypt, is a profound diplomatic secret; whether France will aid England, and Germany be content; whether Italy and Austria will unite to protect the Suez canal; whether the old Bear of the North is not arousing himself from the paw-sucking winter of a long peace, and getting ready to pour his irresistible Cossacks down upon the Bosphorus, are all inscrutable mysteries of that kind which time can alone explain. Of the false prophet of the Soudan and his innumerable myriads of invading Bedouins, the Associated Press no longer informs us. As we are not in the confidence of Admiral Seymour at Alexandria, nor of Lord Dufferin at Constantinople, nor of Bismarck, nor indeed—and we are mortified in making the admission—of any of the leading diplomats and statesmen of Europe, we find ourselves embarrassed in advising what ought to be done, or in explaining the complicated political tangle. Mr. Gladstone said at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London that "the forces have gone to Egypt in the protection of

"great interests to the empire. Unless those interests exist "it would not have been possible for us to find justification "for intervention; but let it be known and proclaimed from "this spot—which affords a channel of communication with "the world not inferior to the senate itself—that those inter- "ests are not ours alone, but in interests we have in common "with every State in Europe—nay, with the whole civilized "world." Referring to the Suez canal, he said: "It is es- "sential for mankind that that gate should be open, and that "country in which it is situated should be peaceable and or- "derly, and under a legal government. The utmost we have "in view, though the burden and honor of performing it may "fall upon ourselves, is a work that is essential for every "country in Europe to perform, and the performance of "which can not but redound, if it be associated with high "and disinterested objects, to the honor of those upon whom "the burden is cast. We don't go to war with the Egyptian "people, but to rescue them from the oppression of military "tyranny. Nor do we make war upon the Mohammedan "religion. Englishmen respect the convictions of believers "in every other faith. We do not want to repress the growth "of liberty in Egypt, but desire that she be prosperous. "England goes to Egypt with clean hands, and with no se- "cret intention to conceal from other nations. There is a "class of men besides the military who require to be over- "awed, who were the instruments of former oppression, "and who wish well to military tyranny because they would "provide for the revival of abuses and cruelty already ex- "tinguished or mitigated." When we read this, and recalled the splendid service of this distinguished statesman; when we remembered that he was England's premier, and that it was his strong hand that grasped the throttle-valve of the engine of war operating in the Delta of the Nile; when we recalled the fact that this declaration of England's purpose was made for the consideration of the world, and that upon its truth be staked the bard-won and proudly worn reputation of a long, laborious, and honored life, we guessed it might be true. When we contrast the condition of Egypt and its people with people under England's supremacy, it occurred to us as possible that under English rule and English law they might not suffer more, nor be worse treated, than under Moslem rule and Mohammedan law, and that perhaps good might come out of this struggle. Happily we are relieved somewhat from discussing these questions because they are so ably and intelligently handled by our contemporaries of the daily press. When Colonel Jackson of the Post, Mr. Pickering of the Call, and Mr. Parsons of the Sacramento Record-Union turn their powerful minds to the solution of any of these great European questions, we feel that the matter is in safe and able hands; and while we have our own opinions upon this new and English mode for the enforcement and collection of national debts, we feel a modesty that prevents us from intruding those opinions upon Colonel Jackson, Mr. Pickering, and Mr. Parsons. It was a Napoleonic idea that there should be established an international congress for the adjudication and settlement of international questions. We improve upon that idea by suggesting to Gladstone, Earl Dufferin, Prince Bismarck, Humbert of Italy, and their associate kings and emperors, that here in California they might find a triumvirate of talented and impartial editors who would undertake with confidence to successfully arbitrate this Egyptian difficulty.

Our readers have been often treated to an account of the authentic and marvelous apparition of the Sacred Mother Mary at the Roman Catholic chapel at Knock, in County Mayo, Ireland. On nights when the little village depended on the moon for its light, when the corporation was off its contract with the gas company to illuminate the town, at about the witching hour of twelve, when ghosts roam in church-yards, village sepulchres yawn, and the sheeted dead do squeak and gibber to scare lovers home at proper hours, and village tapsters send out their drunks, this stone image of the holy figure, carved in granite, was given to genuflections. It would raise its arms of adamant above its granite head, open its ponderous jaws, and in pantomime of facial contortion and moving limbs, bless the silent world of Knock, in the County Mayo. This veritable account is authenticated by several holy fathers and pious men who, bap- pening to be out somewhat late at night, have seen this miraculous manifestation. Such miracles as can "make stones to dance" are infrequent, even in Ireland; and thus the little stone church, with its miraculous gable, sprang into deserved notoriety; and as one miracle begets another, it was soon found out that the cement, chipped granite, and debris of the miraculous gable of the stone chapel at Knock would, if taken with proper faith, remedy all sorts of disease; while a midnight pilgrimage to the gable end would perform the most astonishing of cures. The good Father Kavanagh, not being unwilling to turn an honest penny, opened a traffic in this holy debris with pilgrims and curiosity-seekers visiting this holy place, and sold them, as relics of the chapel, so much brick, mortar, and woodwork that the building became unsafe, and now, as we learn, the ecclesiastical authorities have ordered it pulled down, and a new and handsome chapel erected near by. The ruins of the origi-

nal edifice are fenced about and protected from the larcenous hands of such good and bigoted Romanists as think them worth stealing. These ruins still maintain their marvelous properties, and the good Father Kavanagh still makes holy merchandise of them. Their miraculous properties are as strong now as ever, and their curative qualities have not lessened. Taking advantage of the fact that he has relations residing at Knock, Mr. James Finchley, of New York city, has procured nearly a quart of this valuable débris, which he has for sale to the holy Roman faithful who believe in its miraculous properties, and the mortar is now on the market for general use. It is regarded as the best curative agency now offered to the public. The holy water of the miraculous spring at Lourdes, Jordan water, or the water of the two springs at Rome where Saint Paul's head hounded, are not at all comparable to the holy cement of the miraculous gable at Knock, warranted to cure, if one only has faith—not faith to remove mountains, but that kind of faith that enables a patient to take the gable end of a Catholic church in broken doses. Mr. James Finchley is now advertising his miraculous medicine, furnishing guarantees from the "clergy in charge" that it is genuine, and warranted to cure. We commend this church rubbish to such as are bigoted and superstitious enough to believe the lying story that there ever was any marvelous apparition upon the gable end of the Church at Knock, or that there is any curative property in this brick and mortar that does not belong to any brick manufactured by Phil Caduc, or to any mortar carried in a hod by any of the Pope's Democratic Irish in this city. Our good Christian Catholic readers who have an intelligent appreciation of the line between religion and knavery, between spiritualism and arrant nonsense, between reverence for holy things and the superstitions and hypocrisy with which priestcraft deals with ignorance, will pardon us if we make fun of this absurd story, which no intelligent person will seriously claim is other than a mercenary pretense to get money to build another church. The Roman Catholic Church is the strongest human organization that to-day exists upon earth. It embraces in its ranks most devout and learned men; it commands inexhaustible wealth; it dates back eighteen centuries; it is strengthened by inter-supporting organizations, that give it apparent strength to last through time. But it is not strong enough, well enough organized, old enough, rich enough, nor does it embrace among its members enough brains or religious fervor to enable it to convince an intelligent age that stone images genuflect by moonlight, or that the débris of a ruined church-wall contains curative properties to heal the sick. The age in which such absurd stories obtained credence has passed. The people to whom a belief in miracles is possible are dead, and thank God but few are now being horn upon whom the wicked inventions of lying priests can impose the belief in miraculous gables as a quack medicine.

The recent decisions of our Federal judges, Field, Sawyer, and Hoffman, upon Chinese questions, such as the pigtail ordinance, Asiatic prostitutes, Mongolian laundries, etc., are steadily and persistently in favor of the barbarian. It is the law of this and all other civilized communities, that when the criminal is prepared for incarceration he shall be stripped, washed, and shorn of his hair. When this almost universal custom had the sanction of a municipal ordinance, and was made applicable to the Chinaman's braided queue, somehow or other the queue became a matter of conscience, worship, or religious observance, that gave it protection from the sheriff's shears. When a vile old hag, who had been plying her dreadful vocation in an alley devoted to window-tapping Chinese harlots, returned from China with new slaves for her shamles of prostitution, a lack of technical evidence turned harlot and victims loose to find their way direct to Stout's alley, where they are now murdering our youth by diseases that defy the skill of surgery and the science of medicine. When in the midst of our town and in all its busy places there lurks the Chinese wash-house, sometimes an opium den, and always dangerous of fire, it is found to be impossible that either the property-owners of the vicinage or the authority of the municipal government is sufficient to remedy the evil or abate the nuisance. The learning and the integrity of these eminent jurists place them above our criticism. We can not question their law or the purity of their motives, but we are, all the same, surprised and alarmed at the tendency of these, our Federal judges, to uphold every interest of our unwelcome guests. It really seems as though whenever the interest of our race comes in contact with the Chinese, our laws are generally protective, and our judges kindly considerate and jealously watchful of the Mongolian. If all these lesser adjudications are so uniformly in the direction of China, have we not cause for alarm lest in meeting the great question of Chinese immigration, and the greater question of naturalization, our Federal judges should stand up so straight in the stern impartiality of their international law that the Chinese will invade us through the hollow of their backs; that while they plant themselves so firmly, and stretch their limbs so wildly as to span the ocean and bridge the continent, that the Chinese may sneak between their legs for

our invasion? We look up with awful veneration to the law; we bow to its majesty, and we fairly bump ourselves in hending reverence to the Federal judiciary; but, all the same, we modestly express the opinion that the municipal government of San Francisco exercises rightful power in controlling the location of Chinese laundries, in resisting the importation of Asiatic barlots, and in cutting off the hair of Chinese criminals.

Another air-hubbub from the drowned cat. It is the *Call* that emits from its dead corpus the following declarations in reference to the Spring Valley Company's right of property in water: "Water is not property," says the *Call*; "water is a gift that nature bestows upon the people for the good of all." "Water falls from the clouds, and no one has a proprietary right to water in its original channels." "The water company has no claim of property in water, because it does not make it, and has no deed from the party who created it." "The water company does not produce water; it only handles what nature has produced for the good of all." "It does not own a drop of water; but may properly charge only for its distribution." "Water is nature's gift." This kind of twaddle fills a column in the *Call*. It is a specimen extract of a hundred columns of the same dreary bosh. There is not a school-girl on a primary bench who, having the ability to read, can not detect the illogical nonsense of this argument. There is property in water, the same as there is property in any one of God's gifts or creations. There is property in land, in air, and in light. Land becomes private property when reduced to possession. No man makes land, and no man has ever had a parchment deed from God, who made it. The wild beast is *fera natura* until he is reduced to possession; but he is property when he is captured. The elephant Jumbo is a case in point. Fishes are only free until caught; when caught they are property, *e. g.*, Woodward's seals. Water in the clouds, the ocean, or the running stream is by no means property; but when caught and held in reservoirs, when pumped for distribution, when diverted by rightful authority in pipes for use, it is as much property as milk in cans, wine in jugs, or oil in bottles. The Spring Valley Water Company go to San Mateo County, and buy land in fee simple title absolute for the collecting of the water that falls upon it from that part of the heavens, which they also own, for the title of land extends from the earth's centre to the zenith. They build reservoirs on their own lands, and through their own lands, having purchased the right of way. They convey their own water, in their own pipes, to reservoirs in San Francisco, built and owned by them. From this point they enjoy a franchise common to all—to gas, to water, to milk, to fruit, to vegetable peddlers, to Chinamen, white men, and negroes—viz: to carry their pipes, properly placed and under proper restrictions, to the consumer. The same right to carry gas or water under the streets is enjoyed by the milkman and merchant to carry their merchandise for distribution over the streets. The water company's title to water in pipes is the same as to water in pails. Water in a pail is as much property as when, after sugar and lemon are added, it becomes lemonade. Water in reservoirs, pipes, mains, and hydrants is property. Nor does it make any sort of difference to the consumer of water whether he pays for it as property, or whether he pays for its distribution; whether the company has property in it, or "use" for its control. The man who is thirsty has no time to watch these airy, gassy hubbubs of the law. The man of sense knows that he has the same right to bring water, and is under the same obligation to pay for water brought from San Mateo in pipes as though it had been hauled the entire distance in a water-cart. The water of the Mahmoudieh Canal, in Alexandria, is as much property as that condensed and purified from Lake Marconis. Water being property, and the Spring Valley Company having the natural and legal right to sell it, it follows that no one has a right to use it without paying for it; that no one has a right to steal it; and if the individual has not the right to steal it, so the municipal government has not the right to confiscate it. If it be used for fires, streets, sewers, parks, and public buildings, the city must pay for it, and charge to tax-payers like all other municipal expenses; and if the individual would use it, he must pay for it at such rates as he can agree upon with the company, or as may be fixed by the Board of Supervisors, which is charged with the annual adjustment of rates. There is no difference between the principles involved in the commerce of water in California and those of oil in Pennsylvania. Oil is a product of nature; it was created by God; it is a gift of Providence bestowed upon the people for the good of all; it bubbles up from the earth, and there is no proprietary right in oil; it flows in veins through the earth, as does water; there are oil springs and water springs, oil wells and water wells. Does any one doubt that the oil that comes to the surface, or is pumped or run into the tank of the land-owner, belongs to him? Is there any difference in principle between the oil that comes from the earth into the claimant's possession, and the water that comes from the clouds? Oil is carried in pipes from

the wells to the cities for sale. Has any idiot ever yet undertaken to declare that oil was not property, and that it might not be treated as merchandise, and sold for such price as its owners may demand for it. Has either the city of Philadelphia or Pittsburg, or has Oil City, ever set up the claim, through its board of supervisors or aldermen, that it had a right of free oil to illuminate those cities, and light their streets, parks, and public buildings; or the right to fix, without the consenting voice of the oil company, the price which citizens should pay for the commodity to fill their lamps or lubricate their machinery? If the San Francisco *Daily Morning Call* was printed in Philadelphia, and should set up such a doctrine with reference to oil, and should keep at it for fifteen years, and finally, after the question had been settled by the people at the polls, by the municipal government in three consecutive general decisions; after the Supreme Court of the State had adjudicated it, and on motion for rehearing again adjudicated it; and after all this the *Call* should persist in its absurd, illogical, and illegal attitude, we should think it was emitting offensive air-bubbles for the purpose of blackmail. The *Argonaut* uses this word "BLACKMAIL" in reference to the *Call* and its proprietors in retort for the mean and slanderous insinuation of being the organ of the water company. This water question is a public one. It is like any other that comes within the range of discussion as a question of political economy, as affecting all citizens, and as especially affecting the interest of the poorer consumers of an indispensable necessity. We discuss it, as we do all popular questions, in the interest of seventeen thousand consumers who, in our judgment, are unjustly taxed for water, and compelled to hear a burden that should be enforced upon all property and property-owners alike. We would let this controversy rest with the decision of the courts and the supervisors; but, so long as we are charged with being the "organ," we shall retort by saying that the course of the *Call* seems to us to be prompted by a desire to be bushed with coin, and to this we affix the epithet "blackmail." The Spring Valley Water Company presents to this community a business proposition, and is entitled to have the same protection of law and the same fair treatment that any public enterprise enjoys. It has the right of appeal to the common sense and common honesty of the community for its protection. When it violates law, it should be punished. When its affairs come before the public for discussion by the journals, it has a right to fair and impartial criticism. Its side of the argument has a right to be heard, and its opponents have a right to be heard; and it is altogether unbecoming for the *Call* and *Bulletin* to iterate the charge of interested and partial advocacy on the part of journals differing from them on this water question. The presumptions of blackmail are as strong against them as the presumptions of interest on the part of the *Post*, or any other journal defending the rights of the Spring Valley Water Company.

The *Examiner* pays the *Argonaut* the compliment of reprinting its choicest editorial paragraphs. We are altogether mistaken if there are not many intelligent readers of the *Examiner* in the Democratic party who wish that paper would be as indiscreet as the *Argonaut*, and once in a while dare to give utterance to an American sentiment, and occasionally write its real opinions concerning that class of foreigners who break our laws and bring our institutions into contempt—Irish Land-Leaguers and German beer-leaguers. It would be refreshing, if in all this broad America one Democratic newspaper could be found that had the moral courage to utter its honest political convictions. The men who own and who edit the Democratic organ are brave men. They are rich and talented. Yet there is not a mother's son of the whole cowardly staff who dares to write an honest opinion upon the Mussel Slough criminals, the Sand-Lot mob, the Land-League agitators, the League of Freedom conspirators, or the gravel mine depredators. They dare not use the terms "Germans," "Irish," "Jews," "squatters," or "slickens," without slobbering compliments, offensive to honest men because insincere. They dare not advocate any measure not in the platform; they dare not oppose anything in it. It is this sort of cowardly subservience to class vote that brings political parties, politicians, and party newspapers into contempt. To assault the party opponent, right or wrong, to uphold the party candidate, right or wrong, is the duty of the party organ and the party orator. To vote the party ticket through thick and thin is the duty of the Democratic partisan. In all these particulars the *Examiner* is thoroughly Bourbon.

The Sunday law is the only barrier between the laboring man and the capitalist that secures for him a day of rest in each week. Break down this law, and the capitalist will steal the day. He will compel every man to work for him on Sunday. If he will not work, capital will find a man who will. At first there will be seven-days' wages, and after that a week's work will be a week long with a week's pay. The laboring man who can not see this, and who is not willing to vote with the party that upholds a Sunday law, lacks common sense, and is guilty of dishonesty to himself.

COMPANY TO DINNER.

The Vital Subject of Roast-veal Causes a Matrimonial Unpleasantness.

[With the assistance of Toinette, the cook, the head of the household has set the table, and he now awaits his spouse, who has been out shopping all day. At five o'clock she returns.]

She—I hurried home, my dear, because I knew that if I was not here to look after things nothing would be done properly.

He—I was just about to observe, my love, that when a woman expects company to dinner it is, if anything, preferable that she should remain at home, and not spend the day doing the dressmakers' shops.

She—You might as well say at once that you would like me to come down to dinner to-night stick, stark naked, for you know just as well as I do that I hadn't a stitch fit to put on.

He—Hum! Curious that whenever we give a dinner or go to a party you haven't a stitch fit to put on, though to my certain knowledge the moths are devouring whole cupboards full of your dresses.

She—Just like you to avoid answering my question. Any way, I was not sorry to give you a chance of showing how you would manage to get along supposing I were to die. What have you ordered for dinner?

He—We have first, two mackerel—two enormous mackerel—real whales. Then a nice jugged hare, a lovely piece of roast-veal, a salad, some asparagus.

She—But that's a regular janitor's Sunday dinner—your mackerel, your veal, your jugged hare.

He—It was a learned hare, my dear; belonged to a showman that left it in his room when he slipped away, being unable to pay the rent. The dealer guarantees it to be a learned hare.

She—Then you must be sure to bring that fact out before the guests, so that they may appreciate it duly. We had better serve it up with preserves, and tell them it is a Russian dish. That'll tickle M. de Lèchelard—the old savant adores eccentric things.

He—Oh, that reminds me: De Lèchelard isn't coming to-night; he has to read a paper on something somewhere. We shall be just six at table.

She—Then we have ten times too much meat. Toinette! [The cook appears.] Take the veal off the spit; we shan't want it. [Exit Toinette.] Mother and sister Hortense are coming to-morrow, and the veal will do for them.

He (hesitatingly)—Ye-es, but we shall have barely enough to-night; some one'll go home hungry.

She—Then, when we have had the jugged learned hare, let us keep them waiting half an hour, as if we expected something from the restaurant, and at last you can say, gloomily: "Here, I suppose we had better let Toinette bring in the asparagus; but it's the last penny of my money they'll ever see!"

He—A capital idea. I had better say, "It's the last louis they'll ever get from me!" It'll sound more imposing.

She—Precisely; and after she has brought in the coffee Toinette can ring the outside bell, and come into the parlor, and say, "It's the truffled fowl from Bignon's, madame."

He—Yes; and I will go out furiously as if to give the man a wiggling for being so late.

She—Yes; and while you are out you can lock up the hot-les we had at dinner that have anything left in them, for, between you and me, I have my doubts about Toinette.

He—You are right, my love. Still, it's going to be a pretty close fit, this feed.

She—With the jugged learned hare we'll give them some of your Pouillac.

He—Ugh, it's sour as vinegar; it's only fit to make pickles with.

She—But we must use it up somehow. Toinette won't drink it. You can tell them that it's one of the last five hot-les that you got when the Emperor's cellar was sold out. I can fancy that I hear them smacking their lips, and remarking that the despot knew what good wine was.

He—Ye-es, it's all very ingenious; but still I think the veal—Now, if you'll take my advice, you'll tell Toinette to put the veal on again.

She (coldly)—You might as well tell her, while you are about it, to throw the remnants of our fortune out of the window.

He—Oh, nonsense! One little roast of veal.

She—There is no nonsense about it. The incident is a precious revelation of your character. You have an insane desire to air your magnificence before strangers; if you had your own way, it would be only a little roast of veal to-day, but to-morrow you would want to buy a palace to receive your company in. Oh, I haven't studied you all these five years for nothing!

He (resignedly)—Well, well, have it your own way.

She—Who will ever suspect us of economy when they see our silver? I mean to have all the silver on the table to-night, if it is only to take the shine out of that wretched Madame Dulac, who is so vain of her plated stuff that she'd like to wear forks in her hair, like a Congou negress, if she only dared to.

He—Well, and now, how shall we arrange them at table? We'll put Charnu at your right, I suppose?

She—Do you fancy for a moment that I want him at my right—that wretched little fellow who is always turning over the contents of his plate as if he were analyzing them, and sends it away barely touched? I'm sure that when he's at home he's glad enough to get a soup-bone to gnaw.

He—Well, then, have Dulac.

She—Thank you! That man is a perpetual trial to my nerves when he is at table. He always has the decanter in his hand, and yet he finds time to eat—to devour! The way that the victuals disappear from his plate always make me believe he carries a tin-horn under his coat to stow away provisions in for another siege.

He—But, my dear, we must arrange our guests in pairs, and I shall have to have the ladies on each side of me.

She—What? And I'll find that Madame Charnu before me?—If you want to spoil my dinner just put that Madame Charnu before me. It takes away my appetite to see her with her glass screwed into her eye, and her head down lower

than her elbows, scrutinizing her plate as if she was repairing a watch.

He—But, my dear, you know the poor woman is short-sighted.

She—Short-sighted? She isn't too short-sighted to be able to see well enough to deceive her husband!

He—Then, suppose we change the seats, and put Madame Dulac there.

She—Do, if you want to see me have an attack of hysterics. The minute any one says anything she breaks in, "Oh, worse than that happened to me once!" and she goes on to tell about that great fright that she had, and that scared her so that she was out of her senses for a while. I like that "for a while."

He—But, my dear, as we have only four guests, and you won't have any of them on your side of the table or on the other side, you must see that—When you asked them to dinner, you didn't surely intend that they were to eat in the kitchen?

She—When—I asked—them? I? Me?

He—Yes, when you asked them—

She—I never asked them!

He—Why, don't you remember at the Salon, when you said: "If you don't come and dine with us, my husband'll be positively unhappy," and as I couldn't say before them, "Oh, hosh, you know I won't!" I merely smiled and howled, and they accepted your invitation.

She—It may have been so, but they should have declined it. If they had had the slightest acquaintance with good manners and the usages of society, they would have seen that I didn't want them at all, but had felt compelled to invite them because I had asked M. de Lèchelard in their hearing.

He—Why, Dulac saw that, and declined your invitation, but you wouldn't hear of it, and pressed the poor man till—Oh, that reminds me. Ho, Toinette. [She appears.] Put the veal on the spit; we'll have it for dinner. [Exit Toinette.]

She—And may I ask why you have given her these instructions?

He—I just remembered that Dulac abhors jugged hare, and as he doesn't care much for fish, the poor devil'll make an indifferent dinner unless—

She—Then it is Dulac who gives the law, whose pleasure is to be consulted in this household, is it? That he may gorge himself the house is to be given up to pillage? I shall have something to say about that. Toinette! [She enters.] Take off that veal, this instant! [Exit Toinette.]

He—Listen, my love. I did not desire to countermand your order before the servant; only, don't you see, as we have taken upon ourselves the burden of giving this infernal dinner, we must get out of the mess as best we can. We need never ask Dulac again, as his appetite alarms you, but for this time—

She—Your Dulac never shall lay down the law in my house. The man would devour the marble staircase if he were allowed to do so; you know yourself that he ate a great hole in his uncle's landed property.

He—Come, come, kitten, just do it to oblige me. All I ask is that the veal shall be placed on the table. I will let you anything you like that Dulac won't touch it. And besides, (coaxingly,) veal is always nicer cold next day.

She—Oh, I know your friend Dulac like a book; I've been watching these last six months for a chance to tell him what I think of him; and I propose to-night when the coffee is brought in to tell him—and I shall tell him right out loud, too, so that there can be no mistake about it—"If you still feel hungry, sir, I'll let the servant run round to the pork-butcher's and get you a few yards of bologna sausage!"

He (soothingly)—Don't excite yourself, my love, don't excite yourself. Come, (with a hewitching smile,) come, pussies, do it to please your little husband that loves his little wifey-pifey so. [She shakes her head.] Then, madame, I will—Here, Toinette! [Enter Toinette.] Put that hank-dashed veal on the spit. You hear me?

She—Obey him at your peril, minx! I forbid you to do it.

He—And I command you to do it. Why don't you go?

Toinette—I wish you'd make up your minds about it. I'd like to know what that poor, innocent piece of veal thinks at being taken off the fire, and put on the fire, and taken off the fire again every minute?

He—No insolence, miss. Put on that veal, or out of the house you go, you impudent vixen!

She—Put that veal on, and I'll pack you out of here, after searching your hoxes, you shameless creature!

Toinette—Oh, confound it; it's hard enough to have to serve idiots for poor wages and nothing to eat, without being abused too!

He— } Out of the house this minute!

She— }

Toinette—I will! [Rushes to kitchen, and returns with the veal.] There! do what you please with your measly old veal! [Slams it down on the satin-covered sofa, and exits.]

She (furiously)—Your hoon companion, Dulac, shall never happen on this veal. [Hurls it out of the window. It is picked up by a policeman, and taken to the Lost-and-Found Property Department. If not claimed within a year, the title to it will vest absolutely in the policeman.] And now, sir, hute as you are, I hardly think that you will ask me to seat myself at your table with the loathsome object to please whom you have trampled a doting woman in the dust. [Putting on her bonnet.] I will leave you to receive your guests yourself, and, in case inquiry should be made as to my absence, you have my authority to announce yourself a widower.

He (stupefied)—And pray where are you going, madame?

She—To the restaurant, to dine. I may not be able to find jugged learned hare there, but some gentleman may offer me a simple repast—

He (jamming on his hat)—By the grazing Nebuchadnezzar, madame, I'll see about that. Wherever you go, I, as your husband and guardian, will follow you, and let me see any one— [She goes out. He follows her. After a brief pause, the guests arrive.]

Toinette (who has lost her place anyhow)—Master and missus say to tell you they never are at home to the likes of you, and to git, or else I'm to throw hilling water over you. So! [They git. Curtain.]—*New York World Translation from the French of Eugène Chavette.*

LITERARY NOTES.

"A Chance Acquaintance," and "Their Wedding Journey," by W. D. Howells, have been reprinted from the first edition in a cheaper form. The volumes now make 12mo paper books of about three hundred pages each. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents each.

"The Eleventh Commandment" is a translation from the Italian of Anton Barrili by Clara Bell. It has attracted much attention in New York from the grace of its style and plot, although, like all Italian novels, it possesses a certain artificial floridity. Published by W. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

The various volumes which have been lately published on the easier methods of acquiring foreign languages have generally displayed much good sense in their arrangement and development. "A Practical Method for Learning Spanish," by A. R. D. De Villegas, seems to embody all the newest and best ideas on the subject. Published by W. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 75 cents.

"California, a Book for Travelers and Settlers," by Charles Nordhoff, appears in a new and thoroughly revised edition. This book has long been the standard work on this State for all those who intend a visit to this coast, or for our own local tourists. It originally appeared for the most part in *Harper's Magazine*, and in that form attracted much attention. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.

"Demosthenes," by S. H. Butcher, of Oxford, England, is a concise and strongly written presentation of the life of the great orator. It is the sixth number of Dr. J. R. Green's series of "Classical Writers," and follows much the same arrangement and method as was employed in the preparation of the various volumes on "Milton," "Vergil," "Livy," and the rest. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White, 23 Dupont Street; price, 60 cents.

Constance Fennimore Woolson's "Anne" may be called one of the successes of the season. In its present bound form it is much more agreeable than when dragging its wearied length through a continued magazine. It is conceded by the critics that the first half is very cleverly written, but that the latter portion was too much for the author. However that may be, the story presents a series of very striking character sketches. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

"Vegetable Life" is the third volume of the "Science Ladders" series. The author, Mr. N. D'Anvers, endeavors in the simplest language to render intelligible to the juvenile mind the primary laws of the vegetable world. He successively treats the various stages of vegetation, through germs and cells, until a complete history of the plant is given. This little volume is copiously illustrated and substantially bound. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; for sale by Bancroft; price, twenty-five cents.

"Unknown to History" is the latest novel by Charlotte M. Yonge. It is a story of the captivity of Queen Mary Stuart of Scotland, and is a succession of striking incidents turning on a strong plot. It is one of the most interesting novels that Miss Yonge has written. We do not, however, agree with her in her view of the unfortunate Queen's character, and it is a pity that so talented an author should wander in the same old mistaken paths. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.75.

Mr. David R. Locke is known throughout the Union under his pseudonym of "Petroleum V. Nasby." His political satires have, beyond doubt, done more than many speeches to vanquish some of the political shams of our day. He now appears in a new rôle. His latest effort is "Nasby in Exile." It is the chronicle of a six months' tour through Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium. It is a large volume, after the style of Clemens's "Innocents Abroad," and is copiously illustrated. The style is exceedingly humorous, occasionally affording some good bits of description. The volume proves that Mr. Locke has lost none of his original power. Published by the Locke Publishing Company, Toledo and Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson, 120 Sutter Street; price to subscribers, \$4.

Mr. Frank V. McDonald, of this city, has for several years been engaged in genealogical pursuits. While at Harvard College he began to trace the pedigree of his family, and for that purpose employed several vacations in visiting England, in order to interview the greater lights and authorities. He at first experienced much difficulty, mainly from the fact that his ancestors had first made their home in the Southern portion of this country. For, while any genealogist can almost guarantee to trace the ancestry of a New England family, with only the present generation given, it is a different matter in the South, where the records have been to a great extent destroyed by fire or war, or even when extant, prove to have been ill-kept and defective. Notwithstanding these obstructions, Mr. McDonald succeeded in ascertaining his genealogy, and the series of little volumes in which he recorded his experience in pedigree-hunting are interesting to the uninitiated as well as to one making a study of that subject. His labors now culminate in a life of his father, Doctor Richard H. McDonald, of this city, the first volume of which we have just received. It is an *édition de luxe*, elegantly bound and copiously illustrated. A specimen copy has been deposited in every State library in the Union, beside the British Museum, and many prominent public institutions in this city and the East.

Miscellany: Mr. Austin Dohson's rondeau, "On the Hurry of This Time," which first appeared in the *Critic*, has been pronounced by the *London Athenaeum* as "perhaps the best he has ever produced." Harrison Ainsworth's library, to be sold at the end of the month, is said to contain a blood-curdling collection of criminal literature which would make the fortune of the dime novelist.—M. Zola is writing an historical novel, with Garibaldi as the hero.—Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, in his introduction to the *fac-simile* reprint of George Herbert's "Temple," places that fastidious scholar and gentleman as a poet below Vaughan and below John Keble. The chief characteristics of his subject's poetry are, he declares, "strength of purpose and reality of insight, combined with carelessness and spontaneity."—Madame de Pompadour's own copy of Corneille's "Rodogune," a quarto volume magnificently bound, was purchased by Quarles for \$1,625.—London has a new Arabic monthly called *Itihadu-l-Arabiyya*.—A bit of early American literature was sold in London the other day for two hundred and fifty dollars. This was a small and rare volume, printed at Boston by B. Green in 1720, and entitled "The Indian Primer, and Milk for Babies."—*Wide Awake* for August contains its usual charming illustrations. Celia Thaxter contributes a bright little poem; L. C. Elson furnishes a sparkling little operetta; Ernest Ingersoll writes another ocean sketch, and Edward Everett Hale is the author of a very interesting paper on the English House of Commons. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. From the same publisher we have received the two little magazines for the "youngest readers," known as *Little Folk's Reader* and *Baby-Land*.—Those who cared to read Carlyle's frivolous and ill-tempered diary of his Irish tour may like to know that he has left a manuscript describing a visit which he made to Paris after the revolution in 1848. It contains sketches of several of the notable statesmen of that time. His reminiscences of his Irish journey have been welcomed by a universal note of indignation. The most lenient critic cannot forbear to express disgust at the dyspeptic Scotchman's invariable sneers at everybody who was kind and hospitable to him during that journey.—The promised appearance of Thackeray's suppressed preface to his "Irish Sketch Book" is indefinitely postponed, the firm of Smith & Elder having claimed to possess exclusive copyright over whatever work—whether printed or in manuscript—was left by that distinguished writer.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bardette's Budget.

The moon was full twice last month—the only month in the year thus honored, the astronomers tell us. Yes, we see; once on the Fourth of July, of course; and—well, we really don't know what special occasion there is for the other time, unless Congress adjourns.—Mrs. John Harriman, of Waterbury, Vt., astonished John the other day with four babies—three girls and a boy. Now, if she could only discard the boy and draw to the little girls, John would have to stay out.—The ancient Greeks used to call the cook an "archiniagirus," and his salary was four thousand dollars a year. And even then it isn't at all certain that the ancient cooks possessed the modern secret of frying a piece of liver so that it curls up like a sunburned shoe-sole, and you can draw blood in the middle and strike fire on the edges of it.—The Navy Department has telegraphed Admiral Nicholson that if he mixed up in the Egyptian war any further than his instructions went, it would be "entirely upon his own responsibility." Wouldn't it be funny, now, if Admiral Nicholson should get into a war away over there, all by himself, and the government would have nothing to do with it, and he should fight it out by himself, and capture Egypt, and change its name to Nicholsonia, and appoint himself minister to the United States, and come over here and put on imperial airs; and wouldn't the Navy Department wish it had stood in with him, then, just?—*Hawkeye.*

An Afflicted Family.

An English exchange says: "Recently, while the Princess of Wales was sitting in her carriage, near one of her country homes, a working man rushed forward, and offered to shake hands with her. This was regarded by the officers as a flagrant offense, and the man was promptly clubbed and dragged off." The English paper adds: "The princess bore the insult remarkably well, merely shrinking back in the carriage." From a special London correspondent we glean the following particulars: The princess bore up under the crushing disaster with remarkable fortitude, but the most terrible effects of the blow fell upon her royal relatives and the crowned heads of Europe. The Prince of Wales had only sworn off a week previous, and was behaving himself remarkably well, but when he heard that a man below the rank of duke had offered to shake hands with his wife, he just let go all holds, went on a prolonged spree, and has not drawn a sober breath since. Queen Victoria had washed the breakfast dishes, and was just hanging out the clothes in the back-yard of Balmoral Castle, when she heard the dread tidings. She fainted away, with a clothes-pin in her mouth, but was brought to in a few hours. On hearing, however, that the miscreant was named Snooks, and did not even have kid-gloves on, she had a relapse. She has been so ill ever since that Princess Beatrice has had to get the firewood, make the fires, and do all the cooking. She has even to chop up the firewood with her own royal hands. She asked the Prince of Wales to cut her up an armful of wood, but he was not in a condition to comply with her request. The Duke of Edinburgh was requested to take off his coat and help out, but he said he was not that kind of a duke, and that the family had better have their meals sent from a restaurant until the old lady was able to attend to her household cares once more. The unfortunate affair has played the mischief with the royal family.—*Texas Siftings.*

How Hazing was Stopped.

Many have wondered why there has not been any hazing at Harvard for the past three months. We are informed that hazing has been broken up in that college, and forever, by this means: Just after Sullivan whipped Ryan he was called to Harvard, and the faculty explained a plan to him, and he fell into it readily. He was to attire himself as a Quaker young man, and apply for admission as a freshman, and let nature take its course. On the first day of April Mr. Sullivan appeared at the college, under the name of Ahija Watson, and was assigned to a room, and placed on the roll of freshmen. His appearance was commented on, and as he passed through the college grounds with his peculiar garb, young fellows shouted "shoot the hat," "get on to his nips," and other collegiate literature. It was all Mr. Sullivan could do to restrain himself from whipping a couple of dozen of the boys then and there, but he decided to wait until the proper time, when he would be able to get enough for a mess. That evening he was approached by a young man who pretended to be his friend, and invited to accompany him to a room where some boys were going to open a few bottles of wine. So they went to a large room where about seventy smart young fellows were congregated, with all of the appliances for hazing. Sullivan says there were seventy, but the faculty only found sixty-five senseless smart Alecks when the door was opened, but Sullivan thinks a few may have jumped out of the window, and taken to the woods. It seems that when they got the "Quaker" into the room they looked the door, and the ring-leader told the peaceful man to strip off his coat, vest, and shirt. He objected, but finally took them off. Some of the fellows who have since got out of the hospital say they noticed, when he removed his shirt, that he was put up like a hired man, and they thought it queer that a Quaker should have an arm as big as a canvas ham. They then told him to prepare to meet his God, and got out the iron to brand him on the back. He told them that he knew he was in their power, and was willing to submit to anything that was right; but he asked them as a favor not to bear on too hard, as he was of a nervous temperament, and might faint. Then they decided not to brand him until later, but throw him up in a blanket first. So they got the blanket, and tipped Sullivan over in it and about twenty of the smartest hazers took hold of the sides, and tossed him up. When he came down, he knocked four fellows senseless with his fists, kicked four more across the room, and then got on his feet, and began to knock them right and left. He knocked down about twenty, stopped to spit on his hands, and said: "Is it hazing yet, want? Well, yez can have plinty," and he went at them, and in about fifteen minutes he corded up the whole gang, and hazing was broken up in Harvard College. As he threw his coat and shirt across his arm, and walked out of the room, and met the faculty in the hall, he said: "Trow wather in their faces, and they'll be all right in from tin minutes to half-an-hour," and he shook hands with the faculty, received his five hundred dollars, and left for New York.—*Peck's Sun.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

His Contribution.

Yes, I went to church one day
With some money—by the way,
I'd been saving from my pay
For some socks.

But she sat across the aisle,
And she sunned me with a smile;
So I placed my little pile
In the box.

—Occasional Church-Goer.

A Minneapolis Song.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Sang the dusty miller
To his wheat art, and his song
Did a maize and thrill her.

"Bid me harly hope. Oh, give
Me one grain of comfort;
I would oat on thee, and live
Holding on to some fort.

In your eyes now love-looks shine,
There lies cereal pleasure,
Oh! hominy joys are mine,
Filling up my measure."

Came the maiden's corn-full laugh
At the miller's fawning;
"You can't winnow girls with chaff—
Sir! to you good-morning."

—Providence Press.

To One Journeying to France.

Vous etes going o'er the sea
To visiter le grand Parea;
Ere you depart for France la helle,
Permettez moi to bid farewell.
Beware, mon ami, oh, beware,
Le Valentino's gilded snare,
And of the Mahille have a care—
They're mauvais people over there!
Beware la petite femme—griset—
Une jolie femme—but had, you bet!
She bouls the boulevards all day
Au naturelle, décolletée.
I fondly hope and heg that you
Will these temptations all eschew,
And come back safe—say, voulez-vous?
Oui? Then très-hien; ta-ta; adieu.

—Denver Tribune.

A Sage-green Song.

To yearn with an infinite yearning
Till the yearning yearningly yearns;
To burn with a fire consuming,
That, humningly burned, still burns;
To feel the incessant affliction
That comes from the passion-flower's leaves,
That weep o'er the dead love's eyelids
In the gloaming of misty eves;
To mourn with a sage-green sorrow;
To feel a cool gray pang;
To be haunted by vast black shadows
That over a lifetime hang;
To work these well together
In a grewsome style, I ween,
Is the way to rake in the ducats
From a fashionable magazine.

—Boston Transcript.

Woman's Way.

One tear-drop from a mother's eye,
One little soh from mother's heart,
Will make her wild boy's conscience start,
And waken echoes to her sigh.
One heavy slap from mother's hand,
A whack upon that wild boy's ear,
Will make him from her presence steer,
And rue the mischief he had planned.

—Erratic Enrique.

Rondeau a la Mode.

LUI.

Love is enough!
ELLE.
We must first huy
Or build a house with ceilings high,
With tapestries on brazen rooks,
Stained window-panes and cushioned nooks—
Our china must make artists sigh.
Wax-candles' light shall soothe the eye,
Fitted in gleaming sconces high;
Brass mirrors shall reflect our looks—

LUI.

Love is enough!
ELLE.
Venetian glasses twisted wry
We'll have, and rugs of Moorish dye,
And vellum binding on our books—
And oh! we'll have Parisian cooks—
To us no Irish need apply—

LUI (feebly.)

Love is enough. —Puck on Wheels.

Lines to a Guinea Hen.

I hear thy squawk at morning time, sweet bird;
When rosy-tinted clouds float in the skies,
Through dewy distances thy song is heard;
Above the robin's note thy carols rise,
Not low and harshful; no, but glad and strong
Squawks to the clouds the clear, exultant song.

I can not catch thy warbled note, sweet hen;
Would thy soft numbers might inspire my rhyme.
Could I but make your cackle with my pen,
How down the ringing corridors of time
I'd send thy vesper hymn, dear speckle-back—
K'n ka, k'n ka, ka, ka, k'n ka, ka, kwack!

I glean the lesson of thy life so sweet,
To toot my horn, though I may sell no clam;
To make my carol loud, my footsteps fleet,
That men may hear, but not come where I am,
And hide my treasures where no human arm, you bet,
Can take my unsung songs to make an omelet.

—Hawkeye.

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I do not know of anything the world can offer that is more satisfying than a handsome and intelligent woman. I was saying this to myself as I sat in the California Theatre on Monday evening, enjoying myself most thoroughly, when there sprang into my mind, as senseless things will spring at inopportune moments, that most inelegant but well-known conundrum: "What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" Its ridiculously self-evident answer, "two pigs," was the only response that came to me as I fished around in my mind for some grandiloquent way of saying to myself, that if anything could have added to the pleasure of seeing Sara Jewett in California it was to see Maud Harrison with her.

What an odd mood the house was in, by the way. The gallery seemed to be affected with hysteria, the result perhaps of the sudden change from the style of performance which has been popular for a twelvemonth to the fineness of a trained metropolitan company. It broke out at intervals with misplaced laughs, and with what is always bracketed as [sensation] in reports of Sand-lot meetings. As for the circle, so well pleased an audience was never colder, but it was not the coldness of indifference. People sat down to a deliberate analysis of the trumpeted Union Square Company. There had been a premonitory growl or two when their arrival was chronicled. There was a contemptuous sniff or two at the number of transported maids and valets. It seemed like an advertising dodge, and alas and alas, we have been sold so very often with advertising dodges.

Beside, have not the good people of our hurg taken always a daring pleasure in picking flaws in a New York reputation, and flinging down a critical gauntlet to the high-handed metropolis? Bonnie, piquant Maud Harrison we knew and liked; but the darling of New York was a stranger. Her welcome was one of courtesy rather than cordiality, as she made her initial bow, and the regulation riding-habit gave no distinctive idea of her appearance. Any woman looks well *en Amazone*, if her appointments be perfect, and her figure be slender and shapely. Many women look well in no other dress. But when Sara Jewett changed it for a pretty *neglige* of Nile green, one obtained a fuller view of a sweep of classical curves from the crown of a small, well-poised head to the tips of fashionable feet. Her face is an unusual one, not modeled by the rules, but mobile and interesting; and her voice, notwithstanding an unpleasant cadence now and then—although even that never degenerates into a whine, as with some actresses—is strong, resonant, and modulated.

She is in truth a charming woman, with a deep stratum of intelligence underlying her beauty, which makes one feel that she grasps the problem of life, and that she plays with a knowing hand. Many have liked the players in this company and condemned the play; but it is easy to look around anywhere and find half a hundred just such cases as that of Lillian, the hanker's daughter. Even in America women often marry for expediency, and learn to love their bushands with a good, solid, bonest affection, even while bugging to their deluded breasts a phantom love for a sometime lover. It is not convenient in every one of these households to have him shot off in a duel. In fact, in real life they are more apt to marry him off; but in a play there is no other ending for him, and in this it brings about that pretty scene between bushand and wife, in which the bushand does a great deal of heavy nobility, and the wife is torn between contending feelings in a storm of uncertainty which none but a woman can understand. In point of fact, to paraphrase Pope, if one may dare, "Every woman is at heart a bigamist." She would like to marry two men, a solid man and a poet, the one for his strength and rude chivalry, and the other—well, I will leave it to the poets to tell why women should love poets. They have a flowery way of being irrational and non-committal which is very alluring and convincing. The poet in "The Banker's Daughter" is an artist. It is very difficult to give a man a genteel profession in an American society play. Our leaders, in giving dancing parties, draw heavily upon bank clerks, but our dramatists eschew them. The old playwrights made a bold plunge of it, and put a private secretary in every private family whenever they wanted a velvet-clad, dark-eyed, handsome lover, handicapped by poverty and inferior station.

But the new ones generally make an artist of him. It is romantic and Bohemian, and the two go hand in hand in these days when Bohemia is the fashion. Mr. Walden Ramsay, the Routledge of the east, is not a stranger in San Francisco, and was welcomed back quite cordially, despite the fact, that few recog-

nized him by reason of the Titian hair and heard which reminded one forcibly and irreverently of a favorite subject of the old masters. Being prematurely shut off in his youth and beauty, by reason of the exigencies of the play, Harold Routledge's part is a brief, but not a minor one. Indeed, the three leading male parts, the three lovers of the hanker's daughter, are of almost equal interest; but the shining talent of the company lies almost entirely among the ladies. Mr. Joseph Whiting has a good stage presence, and a not pleasant voice, but he has dignity, calm, and good taste, and was a very satisfactory rock of comfort in the maelstrom of feeling that was going on around him.

The Count de Carojac is an exceedingly unpleasant person, as it is intended he should be, and as De Belleville certainly makes him. When De Belleville drifted directly to the Union Square Company he fell into the groove for which nature fitted him as an actor with most unerring precision. Anything more unpleasant than the realistic fidelity with which he covers the innate brutality of the Count de Carojac with a veneer of suavity I have not seen, and in his tipsy provocation of a quarrel, and his taunting hardihood in the duel, one finds one's self contracting a very absurd but a very real dislike for him.

Every one remembers the fixed glare of Stoddard's eye; the sharp, deliberate expulsion of syllables from his lips, and the thorough artistic finish of his most minor character. Every one will find him unchanged in either. So that the little part of the hanker's partner, which the playwright can only have sketched in with a careless hand, becomes vivid with life and forbids you to forget it.

In short, it is the charm of the Union Square Company that nothing is done hastily and at haphazard, and that every one, from the gout-ridden Brown, up and down, does at least the best he knows how. It gives one a satisfaction that has long been a missing feeling in our gamut of emotions on this side the Rocky Mountains.

The play has not the mechanical excellence of construction of the models of its class, nor the fusillade of wit that makes them brilliant. It is only now and then that a clever thing is said. It is invariably responded to. There is an American flavor about the whole affair that appeals involuntarily to one's patriotism. It is an American play, it is the representative American company, and Sara Jewett is the leading American leading lady. One of her chiefest charms is that she is what she is—the only American I ever saw upon the stage, aside from Clara Morris, without a single English affectation. People involuntarily recognize the charm of the liquid English accent when it comes trippingly from accustomed lips; but what so odious as an affectation of it? Sara Jewett has none of it. She speaks and acts as any cultivated American might in her own drawing-room, and even drops with delight into naïveté into those little colloquial errors into which the wisest and best will drop at times. She is delightfully natural withal, though she has a few of the little tricks and mannerisms into which players fall; for the human species are not chameleons. She is full of starles and surprises; darts at a new idea with a suddenness which takes your breath away. She looks far over the heads of the people she is talking to, which gives you an odd idea of not being able to catch her eye yourself. Her embrace is at once impetuous and cold, her motions quick and gliding. She dresses eminently well, and she is not a divine genius, but is deeply and thoroughly interesting.

Maud Harrison is not her foil, but her aid. Together they satisfy the eye to look at, and the understanding to listen to. Maud Harrison's face is arch, piquante, and wonderfully expressive. She has the very neatest way of making every point that the author gives her. She is more bound by the traditions of the stage than is Sara Jewett, understands the pulse of the audience to a nicety, and can gauge the duration of a laugh to the last ba-ba. She is essentially a souhrette, but a souhrette of a higher order than the name itself suggests. She carries a sparkle of subdued mischief with her, even in her widow's weeds. The dramatist treats her shabbily by making a Mrs. Phipps of her after all her lamentations over the plebeian name of Brown, even with the added *e*. Indeed the comedy degenerates into low comedy when Phipps begins to make love. Even as the high-pressure American tourist, he is overdrawn, but his marriage on thirty days' notice with three days' grace is too abruptly introduced into a comedy drama which has hitherto kept within the borders of the possible. The unruffled temper with which Strebelow, the husband, receives the information of his wife's misplaced affection is another debatable point of possibility, but you will find these noble-hearted fellows with their tempers well in rein, capering through any successful modern drama nowadays, and as nothing so enrages the ordinary man as to question the truthfulness of the picture, it is left open. They all seem to be laboring under an hallucination that they would act similarly under similar circumstances. They never do, but I would not dare to tell one of them so. I saw one of them weep a gill or two into his lorgnette the other night, when that small clever child, striking the attitude of the play-bills, entreated papa to kiss mamma, and at the moment he was so deeply moved by the little story that he felt capable of attaining the very sublimity of self-annihilation, but he would not receive the information quite as Strebelow did if his wife came home to him at midnight from a duel by moonlight, and said, "My dear, you really must excuse me, but I have passionately loved another for seven years."

Apologies, although the midnight moonlight duel was conducted in the very highest style in the foreground, it had but a shabby background, and Mrs. Strebelow's boudoir was altogether unworthy both the reputation of the theatre and the players upon its boards. Indeed there has rarely been anything so shabbily mounted in the old California as "The Banker's Daughter," for the imported scenery is worn with seams and unfit to hang up, and they can not have gone very deeply into the bowels of the property-room for the furnishings of the Strebelow mansion. The ladies must have trailed those rich dresses very regretfully through such surroundings, accustomed as they must be in their own theatre to the perfection of appointment. However, since one can not have everything, there is nothing that will be so willingly spared as the scenery. We had a surfeit of it for a long season at the Baldwin without any plays or people. Turn about is fair play. BETSY B.

THE "PARSIFAL" COSTUMES.

The Series of Pictures now Exhibited in New York.

The original plates of costumes designed by Rudolf Seitz for the Wagner opera of "Parsifal," performed in the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth, Bavaria, are in New York in the possession of Mr. Dazian, the theatrical costumer, of No. 26 Union Square. Mr. Dazian recently returned from Bavaria, and while in Europe he met Wagner. He learned from him that the plates were for sale, and purchased them for five hundred dollars. A New York *World* reporter was shown them by the owner, and thus describes them: There are eighteen pictures, each of which is colored to represent the actual fabric. The pictures are mounted on card-board of gray, eight by ten inches, each picture being six by seven inches in dimensions. The plate descriptive of the mythical character of Kundry, in which Frau Materna achieved such success, is divided into two half-plates. The first is the costume worn in the first scene—a gray-gold half-tunic, reaching to the knee, is draped over flesh-colored tights, reaching to the foot. The feet are clad in half-sandals of leopard skin. Over the shoulders is thrown a cloak of hear skin, which falls almost to the feet. Around the waist is worn a broad girdle of serpents of gold. A cowl of gray covers the head, and the costume is adorned with barbaric ornaments, worn by the ancient Huns. The second half-plate describes the costume worn in the second scene. A flesh-colored tricot is draped in gold-embroidered white gauze. The bracelets and necklace are of beaten gold. The dress, which is of damask, reaches to the feet, but from the waist opens at the side and in front, thus showing the flesh-colored silk hose. A short sword with a curious handle of gems completes the costume. Parsifal's costume is a gray tunic, with a drapery of tiger skins. Broad gold bands cross each other upon the shoulders. The tunic reaches to the waist, and the limbs are clad in yellow and green tights. A short sword, two or three inches in width, with a handle of plated gold, is worn at the side. The figure stands erect, and in the left hand holds a bow of ivory, stained red. Over the right shoulder is a quiver full of arrows. Gurnemanz's costume is like that of Parsifal, only the material is of light green color, and no sword is worn. The king is dressed in a robe of damask trimmed with gold and silver, with a tunic of dark material beneath. On the head is a plain gold crown, the apex and sides of which are inlaid with brilliants. The flower-maidens of the chorus are clad in flesh-colored tunics and short cloaks of gauze of gold, draped from the shoulders way down the back. The male chorus wear tunics of yellow and green, with white overshirts of gauze. The remainder of the plates are descriptive of the other characters, and are variations only of the costumes already described. The King of Bavaria has especially designated Herr Rudolf Seitz as the designer of all of the costumes used in Wagner's operas. He designed those of the "Ring of the Nibelungs." His work is personally supervised by Wagner, and over a year was spent in perfecting the details of these costumes. Mr. Dazian purchased the plates for the purpose of placing them in his library. Fifty years ago, when the dramatic art of America was in its infancy, at No. 280 Bowery, the elder Dazian opened a modest little store, where the actors and actresses of the day purchased the few articles needed to represent the characters of the dramas of the time. As years passed on the theatre became more popular, and the Dazians moved with the tide to their present location. As the reporter stepped into the store a knight in burnished armor seemed to bar the way. His mail-clad hand rested upon his sword, and it seemed as if, like the statue in "Giovanni," he would march from his post of vantage, and dash down his gauntlet in honor of his "fair ladye." In a glass cabinet hung a wondrous article. It had the form of a pair of trim limbs. In answer to a question, Mr. Dazian said: "Oh, those are a pair of symmetricals for an actress at an up-town theatre. You see that nature, as a usual thing, does not always bestow her charms liberally. Nine out of ten of the people of the theatre are deficient in form. We obviate this defect by judicious padding. This set of 'symmetricals' is for an actress who has one limb smaller than the other. The defect is remedied by weaving lambs' wool padding into raw silk

'trunks.' This is worn as a stocking, and when the tights are put on, both limbs are shapely as can be, and only the costumer knows of the defect. We pad thighs, waists, arms, shoulders—in fact, any portion of the human form. The latest novelty is a pair of stockings costing seventy-five dollars a pair. They are of black silk, and are embroidered in heads. A lizard is depicted in lifelike colors, surrounded by foliage of natural hues. Here is a solid gold brocade, for dress cases. Frederick Leslie had a coat made of it which he wore in Manola. It cost one hundred dollars a yard and four hundred yards weighed only five pounds. Mary Anderson had a dress made from this piece. It was purchased in Algeria. Here is some brocade worth seven hundred dollars per yard. It came from Persia. I made a tunic of it for Edwin Booth before he went to Europe. It is thought that the actors and actresses wear imitation goods, but the majority of the stars wear only the best of quality. We manufactured a suit of armor worn by Campanini in 'Aida' which cost seven hundred and fifty dollars. We have sold the late Charles Fechter, the elder Booth, McCullough, Forrest, John Wilkes Booth, and dozens of others, costumes of all descriptions."

It would seem as though Emilie Melville, the California *prima donna*, had at once resumed her hold on the affections of the Australians. She opened in Melbourne July 8, and was received with an ovation. She was deluged with flowers. Concerning her the Melbourne *Bulletin* says: "For years past the saying in Melbourne has been that the two stars which would most startle our theatrical world were Emilie Melville and Barry Sullivan. Well, the best of the pair dropped among us out of the clouds only a week or two ago, and all at once we heard that Emilie Melville was in Melbourne. Of course managers had, perforce, to arrange an opening for her. She re-appears to-morrow night at the Opera House, the arena of her former triumphs in 'La Perichole,' one of the characters in which she is best remembered. During her absence from us she has appeared in all the principal cities of America, and has mastered a variety of new parts, including 'Patience,' 'La Mascotte,' and 'Boccaccio.' Emilie Melville is the greatest favorite as an artist in comic opera that ever appeared in our city. We have all followed her in her rambles, while away, with a sympathy bestowed on no other performer, and the saying has been, 'Why doesn't Emilie come back?' Well, here she is. It would be a ridiculous piece of supererogation and impertinence to bespeak a crowded house for her. There will be a rush."

A circus clown has been telling a St. Louis newspaper that the best days of the circus are over. One of the reasons he gives for thinking so, is that for success in the circus training must begin early in life, and the societies for the suppression of cruelty to children are so active that they prevent anything of the kind. There may be something in this; but a more serious difficulty, we fancy, is that the part taken in the performance by the clown is much less attractive than it formerly was, owing to the fact that a great deal of the talent which once found its way into this business now goes into journalism, the mental outfit of a really able "funny man" being very much like what that of a successful clown used to be. The press makes a business of supplying daily just such jokes as the circus used to provide, and ambitious humorists, who would formerly have worn stripes and spangles in the ring, now entertain the public through a newspaper. The clown proper has consequently run down, because the profession no longer attracts the best humor, as any one may satisfy himself by going and listening to a modern clown trying to make jokes. There is obviously no remedy for this decay, which really gives a new illustration of the wonderful power of the press.—N. Y. Nation.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: WILL YOU KINDLY PERMIT me to state through your paper that the paintings which are being displayed in my name at cheap auctions are not my work? I am not painting pot-boilers. Previous to my departure for the East I expected to have a public exhibition of all my works at the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association, to which the public is hereby cordially invited. The exhibition will open about September 1st, and continue for one week only. Very truly yours,

M. STRAUS.

The seventeenth annual exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute will open on next Monday, August 15th, in the new building. The exhibitors have already all their articles in position, and the exhibition is expected to surpass those of all previous years.

We have received from M. Gray, 117 Post Street, "The Vocal Centennial Lancers," composed by R. L. Yanke, and dedicated to the lady guests of the Hotel del Monte, at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster (*nee* Gracie Plaisted) have gone to St. Louis, where they intend spending a year.

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110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

— THE HIGH PRICE THAT IS SET UPON THE WORK of prominent artists and sculptors has compelled the majority of our citizens to forego the enjoyment attendant upon the ownership of a finished picture or perfect piece of statuary from the studio of an artist of high reputation. On this account most private individuals have been forced to content themselves with unsatisfactory chromos or the "pot-boilers" of second-rate and slovenly painters. This fact has done much damage to the artistic taste of San Francisco, and has served to multiply and increase the multitude of bad painters and their products. Within the past year, however, this state of affairs has been partially remedied. The two "sales" given under the auspices of the Art Association have placed the works of many of our prominent artists at a figure more nearly within the reach of a moderate purse. But now an opportunity is offered which in its liberality far exceeds all previous occasions. Six of our leading artists and sculptors have come forward with a quantity of pictures and statuettes, to which they have given the best efforts of genius and labor, and are about to sell them at auction under the auspices of Edward S. Spear & Co. The sale will take place on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, the 17th and 18th instant, at Dashaway Hall, on Post Street between Kearny and Dupont. The names of these gentlemen are Messrs. Jules Tavernier, J. D. Strong, F. Marion Wells, G. J. Denny, R. H. Holdredge, and C. Von Perbandt, all leading and well-known names. Mr. Denny's sea-pictures have given him an Eastern as well as local celebrity. Mr. Tavernier held a high place in French and English art circles previous to his American visit. The extreme care and attention which he gives to all his work, produces the wonderful effects of tint and expression which his paintings possess. Mr. Joseph Strong, as is well known, has for a year been devoting his attention to some of the choicest hits of Arizona scenery. The resulting collection of pictures will be offered in its entirety at this sale. Mr. F. Marion Wells needs no comment. His statuary is held in such high admiration in this community that mere mention is sufficient. Mr. Holdredge and Mr. Von Perbandt are both well known for the talent which they display in graceful statuettes and the finer branches of the sculptor's art. These beautiful works of art will be placed on public exhibition previous to the sale, beginning Tuesday morning, August 15th, and lasting, day and evening, until the hour of sale. This is done in order that very one may inspect and appreciate the collection.

— Bill of Fare for Six Persons. Sunday, August 13th.
Onion Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Clams.
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise.
Saratoga Potatoes.
Baked Bell Peppers.
Summer Squash.
Roast Chickens. Currant Jelly.
Lettuce.
Apple Meringue, Sponge Cake, Watermelon.

— APPLE MERINGUE.—Stew good tart apples, pass them through a sieve; add according to the number of the apples, if twelve, one quarter of a pound of thinly-cut citron, if a pound of currants, half a pound of stoned raisins, a little cinnamon and grated nutmeg. Sweeten to taste, mix all and put in a buttered baking-dish; cover and let it stew slowly for twenty minutes, then beat up the whites of egg to a stiff froth with four large tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and flavor with lemon; lay this with a spoon on the top in heaps, return the dish to the oven, and cook evenly. Eat cold with rich cream.

— Mr. Jacob R. Shattuck, lately treasurer of Havly's California Theatre, left on last Tuesday for New York. He goes to manage the finances of Mr. Avery's New York Theatre.

THE RETURN OF MRS. LEWIS.

LEGANT WORK DONE AT HER ESTABLISHMENT.

Since the return of Mrs. R. G. Lewis from the various watering-place resorts, where she has been sitting during the summer, she has had her hand-me dress-making parlors and commodious work-rooms, in Thurlow Block on Kearny Street, thoroughly renovated and refurnished, making a charming bazaar of a place for the reception of her many devoted patrons, who can not but enjoy the artistic arrangement of the paintings and bric-à-brac, which adorn the walls of the reception rooms. Mrs. Lewis is on hand a complete bridal outfit for one of San Francisco's society belles, which, when completed, promises to show marvels of beauty and fashion; specially the marriage robe, an account of which will be seen in the near future. Mrs. Lewis has also on and some lovely costumes to be worn shortly at Monterey. And she is also filling an order for an American lady in Chioia, whose costumes there are copied upon as models by the English and American sidents, and from whence this fashionable modiste receives many expensive orders.

— THAT FOREIGN WINES ARE DEGENERATING, and that native wines are fast taking their place in public estimation is proved by the fact that the California "Eclipse" champagne took the first premium over all other champagnes at the great World's Exhibition of Wines which was recently held in New York city. This champagne is the only pure and natural brand to be found in this city. It may be secured from Messrs. Arpad Haraszthy & Co., 430 Washington Street.

— MUSICAL BOXES, PAILLARD & Co., 23 Duane Street. Repairing done. Prices low.

It is estimated that Christie & Manson, the auctioneers, will clear seventy-five thousand dollars on the Hamilton sale.

— LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy cologne, perfume, lot soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

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HANDSOME IMPORTATIONS.

A FASHIONABLE OPENING NEXT MONDAY.

The most courageous importer of this coast, D. Samuels, has recently returned from Europe, where he has been buying, one might think extensively, compared to what has been done on this coast until the present day, but not too much to supply the generous patrons of the Lace House, on Post Street, of which Mr. Samuels is the proprietor. E. Pingat, Norward, Chandon, Rodriguez, Martin, and others, wishing to show that Paris, as represented in San Francisco by the Lace House, is unrivaled, and considering the opposition which exists, have done marvels; while the prices are just about half what might be expected. We are going to the fall opening, which is to take place next Monday, the 14th instant, and then we shall be able to give our readers a full description of the elegant cloaks, dresses, and other beautiful things we saw in boxes, which will be exhibited on that day.

"God Save the Queen" is being translated for practical use into fourteen different languages and dialects of India.

— REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE HAS GENUINE MERIT, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c. Try it.

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Queen Victoria sometimes gets as many as forty telegrams a day.

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An English clergyman has substituted Zoedone for the Sacramental wine.

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The Pope has begged several leading Cardinals who are anxious to escape from Rome not to leave him, as from one moment to another he may require their presence.

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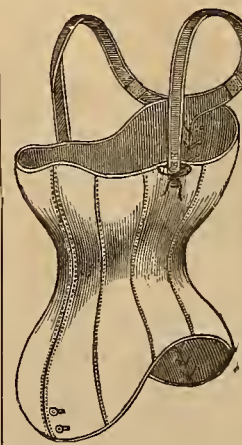
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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the tenth day of August, 1882, an assessment (No 18) of Thirty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 14th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

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A story of the present London season: She is virtuous, and even prudish, but naturally anxious to marry her daughters. He is a peer with about ten thousand pounds sterling a year. But on being left alone with her, he mistook the tenor of her conversation, and springing up almost tragically, said: "Oh, my dear Lady—, don't lead me on, please! I swore to my father, on his death-bed, that I would never have an intrigue with a married woman."

A good story is told by a French paper of two provincials—a man and his wife—who visited the Louvre, in Paris. "What struck you most at the Louvre?" asked one of their friends, when they returned home and began to tell of the wonders they had seen. "Oh," replied the husband, "a picture which represented Adam and Eve, with the apple and the serpent." And his excellent wife chimed in: "Yes, we found that very interesting, because, you know, we knew the anecdote."

Nestor Roqueplan, of glorious memory, had an infallible recipe for ridding himself of hores. When accosted by one he would shake hands warmly with his persecutor, glance around anxiously, and dropping his voice, confidentially remark: "S-s-h! I must be off—there's an infernal bore here that I want to dodge—talk a fellow to death. You understand, old boy!" The bore (with a wink:) "I understand, old fellow. See you later." [Departs without the remotest suspicion that he was the bore.]

A Londoner who lately crossed from Canada to Ogdensburg asked his hack-driver as to the population and form of government of Ogdensburg. On being informed that it was an incorporated city, the chief officer of which was a mayor, he exclaimed: "And does not the mayor wear the insignia of office?" "Insignia—what's that?" asked the astonished hackman. "Why, a chain about his neck," explained the cockney. "Oh, bless you, no," responded the other; "he's perfectly harmless, and goes about loose."

A Conservative member of the House of Commons, who talks much on foreign affairs, but not wisely, was passing last week through Palace Yard, when a man ran against him. "Do you know, sir, who I am?" said the member; "I am Mr. M. P." "What," irreverently answered the man, "are you Mr. M. P., the greatest fool in the House of Commons?" "You are drunk," exclaimed the M. P. "Even if I am," replied the man, "I have this advantage over you—I shall be sober to-morrow, whereas you will remain the fool you are to-day."

About Benjamin Webster, the English actor, just deceased, there was something of the foxy nature of Cardinal Richelieu. One day he was at the point of death. Two of his old friends had come to see the last of him. The end, they thought, had come, so they reverently covered his face with a sheet, and went down stairs to console themselves and discuss his character. They found out his whisky and cigars, and had sat down to make a night of it under the man's roof, when suddenly the door opened. There stood Benjamin Webster in his winding-sheet. "I am not dead yet," chuckled the invincible old man, "but I see you know how to enjoy yourselves."

A party of ladies and gentlemen who were recreating in the woods at Lake George recently, sat down under a high hedge of rocks for a rest. Presently they heard a rustling among the leaves and bushes over their heads, and looking up saw a huge black bear. Old Bruin evidently did not know of their presence, for he rolled down the declivity into their midst. Upon learning that he had intruded, the bear suddenly picked himself up, and ran off at a rapid speed. In the meantime the ladies had taken flight, and on taking an inventory it was found that Miss Payne, of Brooklyn, had lost a diamond earring; Miss Marden, of Boston, her hat feather, and Miss Mathias, of New York, a slipper. All Bruin lost was his presence of mind.

Once in a case before Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Mr. Wakefield demanded that judgment should be given in his favor, because Sir Lancelot had already given his decision in the similar case of Jones vs. Webb. The vice-chancellor had no recollection on the point. Mr. Bethell, on the other side, was equal to the occasion. He got up, and said: "I perfectly recollect the case of Jones and Webb, mentioned by my learned friend, but my learned friend, of course, accidentally omitted to mention that your Honor's judgment was finally reversed on appeal in the House of Lords." This was too much for the ingenious Mr. Wakefield, who, in his despair, was heard to mutter, "What a d—d lie; there never was such a case at all!"

A good story is told of one of the old-time Philadelphia Quakers, whose sterling integrity was ingeniously commingled with worldly shrewdness. He was an extensive vessel-owner, and during his life made a fortune, which has since, in the hands of his heirs, been doubled again and again. At one time, when a long period of stormy weather had greatly delayed shipping of all kinds, he became alarmed for the safety of a ship loaded with a most valuable cargo, and several weeks overdue. Going to an insurance agent, he truthfully told him that he feared the vessel had been lost; but if the agent wished to take the risk he had no objections. Of course, the agent hesitated, and put him off from day to day, hoping for private information regarding the missing craft. One bright morning the old Quaker drove up to the insurance office, and called to the agent: "Thee need not make out those papers. I have heard from the ship." Instantly the office was in a bustle, and in a few moments the agent came hurrying forward, exclaiming: "Oh, you are too late; the papers are already made out. Here they are." As the Quaker looked them over, (the ink being scarcely dry,) the agent asked: "Well, what have you heard?" "I have heard," responded the Quaker, with child-like simplicity, as he put the documents in his pocket, "I have heard that the ship has gone to the bottom."



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ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 4th day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 20) of One Dollar (\$1) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Seventh day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 26th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary,
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 42) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary,
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 24) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary,
Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 9) of Twenty-five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary,
Office—Room 79 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, August 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 32) of Twenty-five Cents (\$25) per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, August 15, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close August 9, 1882, at 3 P. M.

JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, August 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 44, of Seventy-five cents per share was declared, payable on Saturday, August 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

(Department No. 7.)

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EMMA J. FAIRBAIN,
Plaintiff,
vs.
NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIN
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF

California send Greeting to **NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIN**, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion, and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessities of life; and awarding the custody of the child of the parties hereto to plaintiff. Also, requiring defendant to pay such sums as the Court may deem proper for the support of plaintiff and her child, and costs of suit, together with general relief. Reference to the complaint is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two.

(Seal.) **DAVID WILDER**, Clerk.
By **J. D. RUGGLES**, Deputy Clerk.

(Department No. 7.)

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

A. F. BENJAMIN,
Plaintiff,
vs.
JACOB LEVY,
Defendant.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested, on the 2d day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein A. F. Benjamin, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Jacob Levy, defendant, on the 1st day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$2,327.90 U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon and costs, etc. I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the 1st day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Jacob Levy, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Tyler Street, distant 165 feet westerly from the west line of Franklin Street, running thence westerly along said north line of Tyler Street 276-12 feet; thence at right-angles northerly 800 feet; thence at right-angles easterly 276-12 feet; thence at right-angles southerly 120 feet to the point of commencement. Together with the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 28th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the first day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, August 5, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff
J. B. L. BRANDT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

August 5, 12, 19, 26.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

ELISABETH VON HASSEL, Plaintiff,

vs.

HENRY VON HASSEL, FREDERICK M. HUSTED, HENRY N. CLEMENT, Defendants.

Superior Court, Department No. 7, No. 4767.

Order of Sale and Decree of Distribution.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Distribution issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 7, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Elisabeth Von Hassel, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment and Decree of Distribution against Henry Von Hassel, Frederick M. Husted, Henry N. Clement, defendants, on the 28th day of April, A. D. 1882, which said Judgment and Decree was, on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book One of said Court, at page 645, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Dorland Street, distant one hundred and ninety (190) feet westerly from the westerly line of Church Street; thence westerly along Dorland Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence northerly one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet, more or less, to a point one hundred (100) feet southerly from the southerly line of Corbett Street, and also being distant twenty-five (25) feet westerly from the northerly corner of Williams's fence; thence easterly twenty-five (25) feet to said corner, and thence westerly along Williams's westerly line one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning; being part of Mission Block No. 94.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 12th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of distribution, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest, and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, July 22, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
WM. MATTHEWS, Attorney for Plaintiff.

July 22, 29, August 5 and 12.

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JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

Stock, Real Estate, and General

AUCTIONEERS.

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Capital Stock
\$1,000,000.00
Surplus 460,800.70

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RESOURCES.

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,753,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30
Total.....	\$3,752,099 09

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 84
Due Banks.....	337,491 05
Dividends unpaid.....	134 54
Total.....	\$3,752,099 09

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OF CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL, \$750,000

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1881, \$1,240,000

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 19, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE WRAITH OF STEPHEN ARNOLD.

A Story of the War.

II.

I do not know how long I had been sleeping, but it must have been a good while, judging from the fact that I felt thoroughly rested and refreshed when I awoke. I was awakened by what seemed to me a breath of cold air striking on my face, and around me was darkness and silence. I could no longer hear the scratching of the pencil. Then I struck a light, and saw the book outspread, and the pencil lying upon it. I drew the book over to myself, and read the following statement, written lightly, but in the clear, free handwriting of an educated man:

"Thank you, brave, kind friend, for all you have done for me, and for that eternal debt of gratitude which I shall owe you when you will have complied with the very unusual but not difficult requests I am about to make of you. Ever since I was separated from the corpse lying here I have been striving to get into communication with some living man, but without success, and this has been a great sorrow to me. You at first did not realize my presence, but your horse did, and for hours and hours I was trying to force him to come to this spot. I have not obtained a new body—which is the greatest want and need of man as soon as he leaves his earthly form—and therefore it happens that the contact of my naked soul and spirit with any physical object is a torture to me, and the light, especially the light of the sun, is a cause of exquisite suffering. In spite of the anguish caused by these efforts I have persevered in trying to communicate with men in the flesh. If you had been a coward or a fool I must necessarily have failed again, because, not having obtained the new body, I can do very little except through this fast rotting corpse, since I think Christians have discarded the idea of being baptized for the dead, and men seem to entertain some groundless but universal fear of all disembodied spirits. I am, therefore, without hope, unless some strong-hearted, clear-sighted, charitable man shall do for me what I beseech you to undertake.

"The facts are these: My name is Stephen Arnold. I was a physician by profession, and I had been engaged in practice for two years when the war began. I volunteered in an Arkansas regiment, and my body was cut almost in two by a cannon-ball at the recent battle fought here. I was just of age when I entered the army, and a mere boy when attending medical lectures. At this time I was engaged to be married to Amy Ramsay, the daughter of one of our neighbors, and we loved each other devotedly. But Amy's family were Scotch Presbyterians of the strictest kind, and I, like too many young medical students who learn the secrets of the dissecting-room so soon in life, was a confirmed materialist. I did not believe that there was any soul in a man that I could not reach with trephine and scalpel. Not only was I utterly devoid of the faith on which old Squire Ramsey and his family build their daily life, but my morality was at loose ends in all respects, and in the matter of the use of alcoholic stimulants my life was shameful. As soon, therefore, as the old squire became aware of the attachment existing between Amy and myself, he very solemnly declared that he would rather see Amy laid in the grave than see her married to me.

"This opposition only intensified our affection, and while Amy strictly followed her father's injunctions in regard to her intercourse with me, she never hesitated to say that it did not change her heart toward me. It was impossible, of course, for her to avoid meeting me at the neighborhood gatherings which constituted the society of our country life, and her constant plea and prayer was that if I really loved her as I said, I would so regulate my life as ere long to win her father's approval of our union.

"I secured a short furlough less than a year ago, and returned home. Of course I saw Amy repeatedly. Our affection had only been made the stronger by my absence, and as my conduct while in the service, like that of most Confederate soldiers, had been very exemplary, I felt old Squire Ramsey's interdiction of my visits to his house to be grievously unjust, although he had never forbidden Amy to recognize me as an acquaintance or friend when we met at other places. The old gentleman, however, was as hard as iron. He finally yielded so far as to say in the hearing of some one, from whom he knew that I would quickly get the information, that as a Southerner he admired the devotion I was reported to have shown to the cause of Southern independence, and rejoiced over the great amendment in my moral conduct, and that if I preserved this reputation for good decorum another year, he might himself believe that it would prove to be permanent, but that for the present he absolutely forbade anything like intimacy between his daughter and myself.

"On the night preceding the day on which I was compelled to set out for the army under the terms of my furlough, I had persuaded Amy to meet me in the orchard back of her father's house for a farewell interview. We had made this arrangement at church, and I suppose that it was the only time she had ever disregarded her father's injunctions as to any private meetings with me, or indeed in regard to any other matter whatever. She was young, loving, artless, and innocent, and I had never in my life even attempted to put any restraint upon my passions, appetites, or desires.

"My interview with Amy in the balmy air and under the moonlight of a Southern sky soon became for both of us an agony of grief, love, and passion. She from her very youth and innocence, and I from habitual indulgence of every passion and longing, yielded to the sway of that resistless love which had become the dominant influence of both our lives, and our union was consummated without the intervention of priest or magistrate.

"The next morning I set out to rejoin my regiment. The idea that any misfortune might prevent us from ever being united in accordance with the forms of the church and of society, had never occurred to either of us; but a few days before we evacuated Atlanta I received a letter which had been a long time on the way, in which Amy wrote as follows: 'Darling, come home to me. I suffer cruelly, not because I have any doubt of you; but because I think I will die if our child should be born while its father is away. Come, if only for a day. Yours for life, death, and eternity, Amy.'

"This result of our indiscretion had never suggested itself to my mind, and the thought of the anguish I had brought upon the only woman for whom my heart ever yearned was intolerable. From the very moment that I received her letter my only desire was to return to Amy, and I applied at once for a furlough for that purpose, having already resolved to desert and go at any cost if it should be refused; for any dishonor to myself appeared preferable to absence from Amy under such circumstances. Before, however, it would have been possible to get any response to my application for furlough in the course of the routine of business, there came the hurried evacuation of Atlanta, and our double-quick march to Jonesboro. In the thickest of the battle, with Amy's letter next my heart, and with little thought or care for anything but her and her unhappy condition, a cannon-ball crushed through the body of this corpse here, and as I came forth from the broken frame, even the lurid light of the battle-field caused me exquisite pain. But almost instantly I felt myself enveloped by an existence separate from my own, and borne away with the velocity of lightning to the dark side of the world. As soon as I reached the side of the earth away from the sun, I grew calm, and free from the sense of pain.

"It is impossible for me to make you fully acquainted with the manner in which we communicate with each other, but I was given to understand that contact with physical bodies (especially animated physical bodies) and exposure to the light would always torture me, until I should be clothed with a new body, and that the time of the occurrence of this, if it should ever occur, could not be foretold.

"As soon as darkness began to envelope this western hemisphere, I passed over with it into Arkansas, and endeavored to make known to Amy that I was near her; but even at the cost of exquisite pain to myself I could do no more than to awaken a vague terror and longing in her bosom; although I have been with her in many hours of darkness, and have felt that her condition inflicts enduring anguish upon me. I am somehow impressed with the conviction that the reason I have not been able to obtain the new body is that I have done nothing by which Amy and her child can be relieved from the wrong I have done them. I have gone along the lines of the army, both in Virginia and in the West, and have visited many cities, searching everywhere for a man who might be physically and mentally endowed with such peculiarities as would enable him to render me the priceless boon which I am about to solicit at your hands. Will you consent to undertake it? For God's sake, for pity's sake, for the sake of a pure-hearted, suffering girl and her unhorn child, do not refuse my prayer!

"You are just my age, of precisely my stature. Your clear-cut face is almost a duplicate of mine. The color of your eyes, and hair, and complexion, all are wonderfully like my own. If you will, you can enable me to carry out my plan to rehabilitate Amy and her child, morally and socially. The things that must be done to that end will of course be my acts, although you must permit me to use your material form for the purpose of accomplishing them. In addition to these physical qualities which especially fit you to aid me in this undertaking, you are possessed of calm, self-centered, imperturbable courage. This would enable you to consent that I might go into your frame and possess it, as the legion that were cast out possessed the tombs-man at Gadara. It would not excite in you any of those emotions of terror or of loathing at the idea of intimacy with a disembodied spirit which in ordinary men sometimes produce insanity, epilepsy, or catalepsy, and those other diseases which baffle medical science. Indeed you would be able, without experiencing any shock—moral, physical, or intellectual—to remain quiescent while I might be in entire control of your physical organism, acting in you and for you in carrying out the scheme which I believe necessary for my everlasting peace, and for the temporal happiness of Amy and her child. We might sit down and sup together, if you will suffer it to be so. You could, whenever you desire it, resume your normal activity and self-control, although I pray you not to do so until I shall have completed the work contemplated, and then you can drive me out whenever you determine to do so. Therefore I beseech you to permit me to possess you. If you will consent to this arrangement for thirty days, I will go over in your person, and have the marriage service read

by a preacher for Amy and myself. I will arrange with an old minister, who is my friend, to perform the ceremony and give a certificate of the fact, leaving the date blank, and on the next day will go to old Squire Ramsay, and openly and publicly claim my wife. There need be no lie told about it, and Amy need do nothing more than to claim me as her husband, saying that we had been privately married. It is simply a concession to the usages of society, but it is one which would rehabilitate a good woman and her child, and save untold sorrows and mortifications. I believe, also, that if this were accomplished I could obtain the new or spiritual body.

"If you will do this vast, inestimable favor for me, in ten days you can be with Amy; you can remain ten days, and in ten days more we can return hither, and I will go out of you, and relieve you of my presence forever. Of course every one will believe that I have come home upon a thirty days' furlough in consequence of her condition, and after my return to the army they will only have to chronicle the disappearance of another soldier. If any objection to this arrangement occurs to you, tell it to me without reserve, and I will write an answer in this book, if it should appear to me that the objection is not well founded. Unless you are incapable of compassion for those who suffer, I know that I have not appealed to your manhood and your sympathy in vain."

I reflected for some time upon the strange petition thus marvelously and pathetically addressed to me. At last I said:

"Two objections occur to me. One of them is an objection to the morality of the whole proceeding. *I am to falsely personate a dead man.* The other objection is based upon a proper regard for my own interests—self-preservation. If I suffer you to possess me as you propose, what assurance have I that I will be able to 'cast you out' at the termination of our engagement if you should feel disinclined to go? If you can satisfy me upon these two points I will consent to what you propose, strange and unparalleled as the whole thing appears."

Immediately after I heard the pencil scratching in the book, and when the sound had ceased, I read what my weird correspondent had written, as follows:

"To your ethical objections I desire to present two answers: First, what I propose to you is not a case of 'doing evil that good may come'; it is an act not wrong of itself, and is done with the highest and purest motives. The second answer I make is that *you* are not to do anything. You are only to enable me to do something which I am bound in honor and good conscience to do, if it be possible. Your body is not *you* any more than this decaying corpse is I. The act will be mine, not yours, and I presume that there can be no possible question about the fact that, if it is possible for me to do so, I ought to carry out my promise to marry Amy. To your second objection I answer, in perfect candor, that you are calm, wise, and resolute enough to cast me out even though I should be unwilling to go, and that in your own consciousness you know this to be so. If you were not, you might indeed be incurring a most fearful risk in permitting any spirit to possess your body. In the second place, I have to state the simple fact that I would go out of you voluntarily, because I hope to get 'a new body'—a bope the mighty force of which I do not think you can fully understand. In addition, I can only pledge you my solemn word, and the hope I cherish of one day completing my spiritual being by the acquisition of a spiritual form, that I will come out of you as soon as this good work will be completed, and we shall have returned to this spot. If you consent, remain as passive and receptive as you can, holding this withered hand in yours, and I will come in to you."

I pondered over this grave, mysterious question long and earnestly. Half-forgotten passages of the old and new Testaments referring to demoniacal possession and cognate experiences, and all that I had ever read upon weird and ghostly subjects came flooding back into my mind, clothed with an actual, unmistakable meaning, more real and practical than any interpretation which the wildest flight of fancy could have invested them with. Here *was* the disembodied spirit present; he was praying to be permitted to "possess" my body. I think my resolution turned finally upon the conviction in my own mind that if I admitted him I *could* cast him out, no matter how unwilling he might be to go.

So, clasping the skeleton hand once more in mine, I said: "Come."

It is difficult to express in words the experience that followed. Perhaps if some scientist could devise means by which one might grasp the poles of an electric battery, and receive the charge of it without experiencing any shock whatever, without even the perception of any mechanical means or appliances whatever, the quiet influx of that subtle fluid might be something like what I felt, and when the peaceful process seemed to have pervaded my whole frame, I was distinctly conscious that my body was tenanted by a being separate from myself—an *alter ego* indeed.

A new and startling experience soon presented itself to me. If you will close your eyes, and think intensely of the words or music of some familiar song, you will be able to see them without speaking or uttering the words or notes at all; and so all at once I saw the fact that my strange guest

was saying, or rather impressing upon my brain, so that I could see it as well as I could have heard it if some one had spoken the words, the following:

"Friend, I thank you. It is good to be once more clothed in human form."

Then I became conscious of answering in the same mysterious way, but as distinctly and emphatically as if I had spoken the words:

"But the physical organism is mine, and I intend to keep it. If there is ever to be any contest between us about the permanent possession of this tabernacle, let it begin and end now and here."

"Oh, no," replied my mysterious tenant, "I am far too grateful to you to be capable of ever wishing to wrong you. I will keep my promise to the letter, and when I leave you I know you will be glad that you aided me in doing a good work here, and in attaining to the 'new body'; for, though this frame of yours is a splendid one indeed, I fancy that the spiritual form for which I yearn is far more excellent."

"Then," answered I, "you shall be a welcome guest for thirty days; and now let us go to sleep."

I understand, of course, that all these things of which I have been speaking are "strange," "improbable," "incomprehensible," "impossible," and all that, yet nevertheless the undoubted fact is that they all occurred just as I have stated them; and I fell asleep there on the battle-field of Jonesboro, wondering none the less at these strange experiences because I knew that they had actually occurred.

With the rising sun I sprang up, saddled my horse, and rode down to the spring to make my morning's ablutions, feed my horse, consume my own rations, and then resume my journey.

I was dimly conscious of the presence of my mysterious friend during the whole time; but after having ridden along for several hours communing with my own thoughts, I suddenly became conscious that Stephen Arnold was making use of my brain, and I saw the following words as plainly as I could have heard them if they had been articulately spoken:

"I am not disposed to intrude upon you, nor to use your phrenic nerves except when you desire conversation with me, but I wish to suggest that if you are traveling for my benefit, it would be better to turn southward by the first State road, and make for West Point or Opelika."

Then, just as if two girls were playing strophe and antistrophe upon the same piano, (except that ours was a voiceless symphony,) the brain seemed responsive to my thought, which answered:

"Certainly; I will do so. You may be assured, also, that any suggestions you may desire to make will not be intrusive at all."

I let the brain go, and he instantly replied with it:

"Then I suggest further that you will perhaps find this body of yours requiring a little more sleep and a little more food than usual, if we are both to make use of it. I have no experience of such a case, but from my professional studies I suppose the brain and other parts of the human instrument would suffer exhaustion more rapidly from being used by two than if they performed only the customary service."

We rode along until the hour of noon had come, and I saw before us a neat frame house, and a blacksmith shop. I determined to get Auster shod, and to obtain a meal for myself. I quickly found the disciple of Vulcan, and entered into negotiations with him, proposing to give him a sixty-dollar Confederate note to shoe my horse "all round," and get dinner for him and myself. The smith said that I and my horse should be welcome to all we could eat without remuneration, but that he could not do the work I wanted; he had neither coal nor iron; there was none in the country.

I was familiar enough with the condition of things to take in the situation at once. The nature of my service in the army had been such that money was often a matter of vital consequence to me, and I seldom left the brigade without having large sums in Confederate notes, a generous supply of "greenbacks," and some gold and silver upon my person, and the government had never refused any application I made for either kind of "money." I therefore banded the smith four half-dollars in silver, and assured him that I thought he had wit enough to make some arrangement for shoeing my horse. The keen fellow laughed, and looked a little ashamed, as he said in a droll sort of way:

"Well, I'll try anyhow."

He called a bright boy of about twelve years of age, who was practicing the Confederate drill with an old shot-gun in the front yard, and told him to go up into the barn loft and bring down a sack of charcoal. The smith himself went to an old wagon behind the shop, and having wrenched off one of the tires, he heated it at the forge, and cut off a piece with which to make horseshoes. The deft way in which the smith handled hammer and tongs soon satisfied me that he was master of his craft, and at his request I went into the house to wait for dinner.

The housewife was hearty and hospitable, and everything about the place indicated a happy and prosperous home. At the bountiful table the smith opened conversation with the universal inquiry about the news "from the front," and I gave all that I had. Finally I asked him how it happened that he was not in the army. He blushed with generous shame, as if the question were in some way an imputation upon his patriotism, and answered:

"Just owing to my infernal bad luck. There were only two blacksmiths in this township, and the planters demanded that one of them might be exempted, to keep their plows and wagons in running order, and both of us wanted to go. As neither of us would give way, they finally made us throw dice for the privilege of going—and Brown, confound him!—beat me. He is Captain Brown—and I had to stay at home."

"He feels pretty badly about it," said the wife, "but all of the neighbors insist that he can do more for the cause at home with his forge than a dozen men could do with their muskets in the army."

I concurred in this opinion, and consoled the dissatisfied patriot by declaring that true honor for a Confederate consisted in doing his best in any station in which he could best aid the cause, without consulting his own feelings and preferences.

Bay Auster testified his extreme satisfaction with the

hountiful feed the smith's son had given him by uttering that peculiar ruddle-ruddle sound which a horse can make with his lips, and by which he can express so many phases of feeling, as soon as he saw me, and by rubbing his head against my shoulder as soon as I had come near enough to him. He then turned up each foot in succession to have me inspect his new shoes, and to get my opinion of the smith's work.

We then resumed our journey. We traveled on until nightfall, and having been hospitably received into a planter's house, we passed the night in such comfort as had been unusual to me during the three years I had been in the Confederate service, and the next morning my horse and I resumed our journey, refreshed and hopeful. In consequence, however, of the arrangement I had made with Arnold, the journey was prosecuted southwardly in the direction of Opelika, instead of westward toward the Tallapoosa River, as I had originally intended.

Having taken the railroad at Opelika on the fourth day after Stephen Arnold had become my guest, the excitement of travel, the noise and confusion of the train, the continual meeting with old acquaintances and the making of new ones, and the almost ceaseless clatter of conversation about the progress and duration of the war with which every car, depot, and hotel were filled, almost rendered any communication with him impracticable, and he remained entirely quiescent while I followed the line of travel from Opelika to a point within a few miles of Memphis, from which point, on the evening of the seventh day, I walked into the last-named city. On the morning following I purchased a serviceable horse, crossed the river to Hopefield, on the Arkansas side, and began a new journey in the saddle, which Arnold informed me would require three days of pretty constant riding before we could reach the place of Amy Ramsay's residence.

The strange being who shared my fleshly tabernacle with me had been my guest for a week, and I had experienced no unpleasant results from the experiment I had ventured upon in permitting him to "possess" me. I still felt satisfied that I could expel him whenever I might resolve to do so, and I could not understand why it was that he regarded the fact that a man should suffer himself to be "possessed" as a thing of such supreme gravity and hazard as many of his expressions seemed to indicate.

"I was agreeably surprised," said he, "at the apparent readiness with which you consented to my request to permit me to possess you. I am very sure that if you had fully appreciated the fearful risk one may encounter who permits spirits whom he does not know to possess him, you would, perhaps, have rejected my petition with loathing and with terror, and I realize so fully what might have happened to you that I feel like giving you constant assurances of my gratitude, and of my total unwillingness to do you any wrong."

The morning of the tenth day dawned upon us, and soon after we had resumed our journey, I became convinced that Arnold was communicating the following:

"Hitherto I have incommoded you as little as it was possible for me to do, and have endeavored to entertain you by communicating my opinions to you upon such matters as you have chosen to suggest. For the next ten days there must be a very decided change in the relations which we bear to each other and to this body of yours, if you remain firm in your resolution to aid me, of which I have no doubt, although I understand better than you do that the act is one demanding supreme courage and unquestioning friendship. It will be necessary for you to remain passive, and for me to become active and dominant. You are to be guest, I am to be proprietor. In other words, I am to possess you more completely, and the things done by your physical organization are to be my acts, not yours. I must see my old friend the clergyman this evening, and arrange with him the marriage service to-night. I must make arrangements with Amy to meet me again secretly, and I must then go to my father's house and spend the night. During the time I remain here, which shall in no event exceed ten days, no one must have the slightest cause to entertain a doubt that I am the veritable Stephen Arnold, whom every one in that neighborhood has known from his childhood. It is only necessary for you to will the entire control of this body to me. Are you ready to give me this supreme proof of confidence and affection?"

In fact, I felt a very strong repugnance to doing anything of the kind, but I had voluntarily promised to do so, and had made a journey of ten days' duration in pursuance of that promise. And, moreover, all that I had learned of Arnold during this time had impressed me with the conviction that he was worthy of the largest and most implicit trust, and in addition to this, I had an abiding confidence in my own power to cast him out and resume my normal ascendancy even in spite of him. So, after some little hesitation, I replied:

"I am becoming as passive as possible. Take entire possession as soon as you please."

Immediately I became conscious of the fact that the control of the voluntary movements of my body, and of every organ of it, were passing away from me; yet, although I was startled, I was not frightened. The process was a gradual one, but in a very short time it was completed. Then I heard words uttered with my tongue that were not my words; my hands, and eyes, and person became responsive to thoughts that were not my thoughts; and I realized the fact that no act done by this body under existing circumstances ought either morally or legally to be considered my act, but in truth must be the act of Stephen Arnold. And if he had committed a murder with my hand, it would have been only an error of human justice to have punished my body for his deeds. He had spoken with scientific accuracy when he declared "the act to be done will be my act only, not yours."

"Now for old father Mitchell's and Amy!" said Arnold, as we left the State highway by which we had been traveling, and turned into a neighborhood road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Sure, Biddy darlin'," said Patrick, "have compassion on me and be mine; why, your very heart says pity pat, pity pat."

CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

"You have broken my heart, Vivian."

It was a fair-haired girl who spoke these words, and as they came from her lips Vivian Mahoney, the young man to whom they were addressed, leaned tenderly over Ferida Peterson, and strove to kiss away the tears that were welling up in her beautiful, dreamy, brown eyes.

"I do not blame you," she continued, in a broken voice. "She whom you will one day wed is fair to look upon, and when her warm kisses melt upon your lips it is not strange that you forget all else but that she would gladly be your wife, and that her father owns a coal-yard. But I love you with a mad, deathless passion that will burn out my life in the intensity of its flame. You have won my Scandinavian affections unwittingly, but you have won them all the same. In the years that are to come, Vivian, when your children are playing at your knee, you will sometimes let a tender thought lie in your heart for the little flaxen-haired girl who knew no happiness so great as to hear your voice, and see the gleam of the matinee tickets in your vest pocket?"

"By yon bright moon I swear," said Vivian, taking another kiss on the fly, "that your memory shall ever be enshrined in my heart." He was about to imprint another kiss on the rosy lips upheld to him, when a dull thud was heard at the rear of his pants, and Vivian lay senseless on the sidewalk.

Old Mr. Peterson had opened the front door and adjourned the meeting—From "Off the Front Steps," by Joseph Medill.

"Be brave, Beryl."

The north wind was howling fiercely through the cordage of a staunch vessel as she dashed madly through the seething waters that stretched away from her on every side in desolate fury. Now poised on the crest of a great green billow, and anon plunged into a watery depth that seemed to end only in the bosom of the earth, the good ship struggled bravely with the mighty forces of the tempest, but though her timbers might groan in almost human agony, there was no parting of the seams, no weakening of the bolts that held deck and bulwark together in so firm a clasp.

It was Beryl McCloskey's wedding-trip. Two days ago she had been joined in wedlock's holy bonds to George W. Simpson, and her mother had consented to go with them on their bridal journey. It was her loving arm that supported Beryl now, her kindly voice that spoke the words with which this chapter opens.

"George can not love me, mamma," the girl said, speaking in low, mellow tones, "or he would be at my side now, when I need him sorely."

"Do not judge hastily, my child," replied the mother. "George is pretty busy. Even now I see him leaning over the vessel's side."

"Is he then so very, very sick?" asked Beryl.

"Quite very," said Mrs. McCloskey.

"Has he thrown up his situation?"

"No, my darling."

"Then," said the girl, a holy love-light illumining her pure young face, "I will never leave him."—From "Beryl's Bluff," by Joseph Medill.

"My heart is broken."

The world was white with snow that came sifting down in a fleecy torrent from the gray cloud-banks above, eddying hither and yon in the gusts of wind that swept with fierce fury over moorland and forest, and then falling with soft coyness upon the bleak bosom of the earth, already made cold and cheerless by the December frosts. The trees that such a little time ago were burdened down with a wealth of bud and blossom, now waved their gaunt arms as if in silent protest against the cruel cold.

Gazing out upon the scene, looking with a strained, wistful what-are-the-chances-for-matinee-tickets-this-winter expression in her eyes, Gwendolen Mahaffy stood in the bay-window of her father's palatial residence that December afternoon, and as she peered into the storm a look of pain passed over the fair young face, and into the brown eyes came tears that could not be repressed.

And yet, in spite of all its sadness the picture was a pretty one. As the darkening shadows of a dying day fell upon the earth, the ruddy glow of a coal-fire whose tongues of flame leaped bravely up the chimney and roared as if in very glee at their own power, brought into strong relief the lithe, stately beauty of the girlish figure in the window, and cast over the marble statues of Psyche and Diana that stood on either side of her a mellow warmth that made them seem instinct with life. And while the girl stood there sobbing as if her heart would break, while now and then a low moan, that was pitiful in its sad intensity, came from her lips, there stepped into the room a strong-limbed, sunny-haired man whose face possessed the almost boyish beauty that one sees so often in Ohio. Going quickly to where Gwendolen was standing, his arm was around her, his face bending above hers in loving tenderness almost before she knew whether she was afoot or horseback.

"Why are you weeping, my darling?" he asked, kissing away the tears in a confident I-am-solid way that told, more plainly than could any words, of his having been there before.

The girl gave no answer in words, but placing her head above his left lung, a little shiver of pain passed over the lissome form, and then Gwendolen broke into a storm of sobs.

"Speak to me, sweetheart!" cried Bertie Cecil, in an agony of fear. "Tell me what terrible grief is oppressing you."

Checking herself with a mighty overhead-check, the girl looked up to him with eyes that spoke only of love. There were no tears on the pretty face now, but in their place had come a look of haunting fear, a ghastly bet-on-the-wrong-horse-yesterday expression, that sent a chill to the man's heart. Twice she tried to speak, and twice the words that she would say refused to come. But suddenly she kissed him with a rapturous, clinging, all-over-the-house-and-part-of-the-front-yard kiss, and as he turned away to catch his breath, Gwendolen whispered in low, solemn tones:

"I have broken my hustle."

"Thank heaven it is no worse," said Bertie. "I was afraid you might have heard the Thomas orchestra play a fugue."—From "Tassels on Her Boots," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.

SARATOGA AND WHITE SULPHUR.

Two Letters About Two Typical Northern and Southern Resorts.

A correspondent of the New York *World* writes as follows from Saratoga: "The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne could be duplicated at Saratoga, and the masculine element is conspicuous by its absence. Of course there are lots of trousered creatures walking about, but they scorn the delights of the waxed floor and the orchestras, and sit around and smoke with a heartless disregard of their obligations to the fairer part of humanity, who are arrayed in delicious costumes that were meant for something better than sitting up against the wall. When these masculine monsters are asked if they mean to dance, they answer, with a cold laugh or a sardonic smile: 'Not much!' and go on smoking, and hobnobbing, and gossiping. It makes the cynic smile and the moralist weep to see this utter indifference to the whole duty of man, which is to do the agreeable to woman, and what part of a man's duty is more obvious than his dancing duty? They say here that it is considered more distinguished not to dance. Now, that means exactly this: there are not men enough to dance with, and besides, by a well-known paradox, distinguished people always do the most unfashionable things. It is the veneerings of society, the people who are brand-new all over, who are afraid to dance at Saratoga. But Saratoga possesses one attraction that has brought joy to many a husband and father—the shops where one has the privilege of paying a first-rate price for a second-rate article. This accounts partly for the immense popularity of Saratoga, and when pater-familias and uxor-irritabilis have enjoyed the luxury of paying bills all the winter, they naturally want it all the summer. It is beautiful to see how they urge the reluctant wives and daughters into these bazaars, where a nun's veiling costume, that probably cost the modiste about twenty-five dollars, is exhibited as the model of simplicity and cheapness at one hundred. Now, to one who knows, nun's veiling is a very inexpensive material; it could not possibly cost more than one dollar and a half a yard, and probably cost the modiste about half that at importer's prices, and when a costume made of it, with a hint of satin here and there, is retailed at one hundred dollars, it is enough to bring Thackeray's friend, old 'shent-per-shent,' back to life again. Of course the women dress a great deal, but there is, year by year, a marked improvement in the style of dress, even at the great watering-places, and this year there are so many well-dressed women at Saratoga that an ill-dressed one is peculiarly noticeable. Occasionally the woman is seen who appears at breakfast in full dress, with diamonds in her ears, and chains and lockets around her neck, until she looks like a Christmas turkey, but they are rare. The young ladies wear simpler, prettier, Frenchier dresses—little quiet costumes that suit young faces and slim forms—and big, sensible hats, and umbrellas that accomplish what they were made for.

Another correspondent writes to the same journal from White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, the following letter: "With only between seven and eight hundred people at the White Sulphur Springs the season can scarcely be said to have opened, since the hotel and its various dependencies are intended for a couple of thousand and more. Southern girls mature much more rapidly than do Northern girls. The Northern girl at sixteen is scrawny and still at school, when the Southern girl is planning her wedding clothes. There could be no such sight at a Northern watering-place where a pretty young girl undertaking the serious business of dancing, flirting, and going through the preliminary steps to matrimony is an isolated creature; the others, if there be others of her kind, are still under the eyes of mammas, governesses, or maids, and go to bed at ten o'clock. The type of beauty is quite as unusual. Coming from the sea-shore, where the girls are in the breakers every day, with their heads tied up in turbans, and their arms and faces bared to sun and wind, and have long since ceased to have complexions, these dainty, lily-like creatures seem only fit to be put under glass cases and admired. One would like to usher into the great parlor here a group of Newport girls fresh from a hunt, with burned noses, and cheeks not yet peeled off from the last meet. There is no question but that they would be eyed with great consternation, and it would be difficult to persuade the guests at the White Sulphur that these could in any way represent any great height of fashion. One wonders how to account for these slender striplings, with narrow chests and high-keyed voices, who represent the South here. They are handsome, attractive, and have that gentle courtesy toward women which is the hiding charm of a Southern man. But it does not seem possible that they will broaden out like the older generation of which one sees such fine representatives here, like General Fitzhugh Lee, for example, or become fitted to undertake the serious responsibilities of life. Although when one remembers the small amount of material which goes to make up that entity known as General Mahone, and the amount of concern he has given in proportion to his substance, it seems needless to consider further the bone and muscle of the Virginia youth. The woods, the walks, the lawn all fresh and glowing from the summer rains; the piazzas, and above all the ball-room, are its stage. The older people may come to make water-jugs of themselves and leave their rheumatism in the sulphur baths; the politicians may gather to make slates and discuss the situation; but the real charm of the White Sulphur is in its spectacle of happy youth engaged in alluring devices, full of innocent pastimes, beguiling manoeuvres, and that little, tender by-play which since the beginning has always resulted when youths and maidens meet. In Dahomey he seizes her from the midst of her friends, and bears her away on his horse behind him. At the White Sulphur he dances the polka with her, and then takes her to a secluded window seat, or ties a handkerchief on his neck, and goes out on the lawn. Dancing means here something more than a languid quadrille and a few girls with their arms entwined waltzing together. With no cast-iron rules to warn them, the young men bring their dress-coats and dancing-shoes, and thus do the pretty girls honor each evening, although dress balls, as announced, take place only on Wednesday and Friday evenings. The polka appears to be the favorite dance. As danced, it is not the usual whirling movement, but three sliding steps, ending with a twirl, and is really very pretty."

OLD FAVORITES.

Genevieve.

Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve;
In beauty's light you glide along;
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow;
Within your soul a voice there lives,
It bids you hear the tale of woe.
When sinking low the sufferer wanes
Beholds no hand outstretched to save;
Fair as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve.
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The Girl of Cadiz.

Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that can not hide their flashes;
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curled to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at love's confession;
But born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
And who—when fondly, fairly won—
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
How'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger,
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band,
To chant the sweet and hallowed vesper,

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder.
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam,
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.
—Lord Byron.

Fanny of Timmol—A Mail-coach Adventure.

"Quadrifid petimus vivere."—Horace.

A poem by Thomas Moore, seldom found in his works, and which was first published in the Philadelphia edition of 1874.

Sweet Fanny of Timmol! when first you came in
To the close little carriage in which I was hurled,
I thought to myself, if it were not a sin,
I could teach you the prettiest tricks in the world.

For your dear little lips, to their destiny true,
Seemed to know they were born for the use of another,
And, to put me in mind of what I ought to do,
Were eternally biting and kissing each other.

And then you were darting from eyelids so sly—
Half open, half shutting—such tremulous light;
Let them say what they will, I could read in your eye
More comical things than I ever shall write.

* * * * *
At length when arrived, at our supper we sat,
I heard with a sigh, which had something of pain,
That perhaps our last moment of meeting was that,
And Fanny should go back to Timmol again.

Yet I swore not that I was in love with you, Fanny—
Oh no! for I felt it could never be true;
I but said—what I've said very often to many—
There's few I would rather be kissing than you.

Then first did I learn that you once had believed
Some loved, the dearest and falsest of men;
And so gently you spoke of the youth who deceived,
That I thought you perhaps might be tempted again.

But you told me that passion a moment amused
Was followed too oft by an age of repenting,
And checked me so softly that, while you refused,
Forgive me, dear girl, if I thought you consenting.

And still I intreated, and still you denied,
Till I almost was made to believe you sincere;
Though I found that in bidding me leave you, you sighed,
And when you repulsed me, 'twas done with a tear.

In vain did I whisper, "There's nobody nigh;"
In vain with the tremor of passion implore;
Your excuse was a kiss, and a tear your reply—
I acknowledged them both, and I asked for no more.

Was I right? Oh, I cannot believe I was wrong.
Poor Fanny is gone back to Timmol again;
And may Providence guide her uninjured along,
Nor scatter her path with repentance and pain.

By heaven! I would rather forever foreswear
The elysium that dwells in a beautiful breast,
Than alarm for a moment the peace that is there,
Or banish the dove from so hallowed a nest.

AN ENGLISH HERO.

How London is Ringing with the Praises of a Young Nobleman.

The hero of the hour is Lord Charles Beresford, the commander of the gunboat *Condor*, which did such good service at the bombardment of Alexandria, and which, owing to the pluck and excellent manoeuvring of his lordship succeeded in silencing, at close range, the guns of a fort, a single shot from which, had it struck her, would have instantly sunk the little vessel. Lord Charles is one of the leading spirits of the Prince of Wales's set—a lark, jolly little fellow, with curly brown hair, and a bright, dancing eye. He is the hero of no end of scrapes, both at home and abroad, and has usually been regarded by those who have known him best as too rash and scatter-brained ever to make a good officer. But his friends were rather at fault in their estimate, for his coolness and gallantry under fire have made people begin to wish that the fleet had a few more officers renowned for recklessness.

But all the Waterfords have been a wild lot from time immemorial, and he comes naturally by his ways. His grandfather was the famous Marquis of Waterford, whose exploits are historical, and his eldest brother, the present marquis, when Earl of Tyrone, eloped with the wife of Captain Vivian, and married her, after the customary divorce and damages. Another brother, Lord William Beresford, an officer of the Ninth Lancers, when a few years ago in India, won the Victoria Cross, England's greatest decoration for personal valor; while a third brother, Lord Marcus, or "Marky," as he is called in the clubs, is perhaps the best "gentleman" jockey and steeple-chase rider in the kingdom. He was formerly in the Seventh Hussars, but got too deeply "into it" on the turf, and was obliged to sell out to save his commission from the clutches of the money-lender. Two or three years ago he was up before a London police magistrate, and fined five hundred pounds with the option of six months imprisonment in the House of Correction, for unmercifully beating a solicitor who had lent him some money and had come to ask for it. Lord Charles's doings would fill a volume. But one will suffice. During the American war of the rebellion he was a midshipman on board the flagship *Sutlej* of the Pacific squadron, and one night, while the ship lay in Honolulu harbor at the Sandwich Islands, he asked leave to go ashore. His sympathies, like most Englishmen of his class at the time, were with the Southern Confederacy, and he thought he couldn't better display them than by climbing up in the dark, and sawing down the shield which decorated the door of the United States Consulate. The act was traced to him without much trouble, and the Admiral compelled him to make reparation by climbing up again in broad daylight, in the presence of the assembled populace and officers of the fleet, and fasten the shield back in its place. He has saved the lives of no end of people from drowning, and might have the Humane Society's medal a dozen times over, did not one bestowal of the decoration sufficiently show the society's appreciation of his services. Altogether he, like all the others of his race and line, combines the qualities of good and bad in an odd sort of heterogeneous fashion. He is an immense favorite with everybody, and is an especial pet of the Prince and Princess of Wales, he and his wife—for he is married to a brewer's daughter, who brought him a big dot—being guests at Sandringham for the hunting, and at Marlborough House during the season, oftener than any one else. Perhaps not the least of his achievements, and one which has gained him no little notoriety, is the invention of the phrase "In the swim"—a saying to which Ouida has added much fame by so constantly introducing it into her later novels.

The Queen's sorrow for her late consort is curious, for while it forbids the doing of the queenly honors of a state ball at her majesty's London palace to the nobility and gentry of her realm, yet allows the taking of a boisterous part in Scotch reels and Highland flings, with a gillie for a partner, and a farm laborer for a *vis-à-vis*. Truly it is. Yet it is of but recent notoriety how on the day of Lord Frederick Cavendish's funeral the decency of a postponed drawing-room could not be observed, as her majesty was obliged to leave town that evening for Scotland, to be present at a ball she was to give to the servants of Balmoral.

A great many stories get afloat from time to time, of which her servant, John Brown, is either the hero or the subject. No doubt most of them are indebted to a whole piece of cloth for their manufacture, though now and then an authentic one gets out. I can tell you one about him that is in a measure apropos of the subject just referred to, and also combines the virtues of recent occurrence as to its incidents, and undoubted authority as to its recital, my informant of the facts being none other than one of the queen's equeuries. Prince Frederick Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein, the elderly German who some years ago married the Queen's third daughter, the Princess Helena, holds the position of Ranger of Windsor Park. The office is of course a sinecure, a fat income, and a fine residence in Windsor Park (called Frogmore) being given the incumbent in return for doing nothing. It seems that a few weeks ago, during the Ascot races, when the neighborhood of Windsor was thronged with the *élite*, the German prince was desirous of giving a garden party. His house being within the limits of a royal demesne, it became his duty, in accordance with the sovereign's prerogative, to submit the list of his intended guests to the Queen for her approval before an invitation could be issued. Her majesty, who, where her rights are concerned, is more exact and precise about small observances than many people suppose, read over the list with care. Then she sent for the prince, and told him that it had her approbation with but one exception. It did not include the name of John Brown. She desired that he should be invited. The prince said nothing, but bowed low, and took his leave. On the appointed day the party came off, and Mr. Brown was there; but he was the only guest. The prince had obeyed the royal command, but had invited no one else. The Queen heard of it, of course, but thought it wiser to say nothing. The recent appointment, however, of the Duke of Teck as her special parliamentary reporter in place of the prince might possibly indicate a desire to show her displeasure. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, July 16, 1882.

WASHINGTON REMINISCENCES.

Something about Society at the Capital a Decade of Years Ago.

The bitter fight that has lately been waged against Grant's Secretary of the Navy by Democratic newspapers and Democratic congressmen, brings to my mind the days when Roheson was the jolliest fellow there was in Washington. At the time I speak of—say 1870-71—he was a bachelor, and lived in a three-story house on I Street, next door to Wormley's, (the Delmonico's—the black Delmonico's—of the national capital,) and was known to live an easy and an agreeable life. He was about fifty then, portly, and had iron-gray hair. Wormley used to superintend the getting up of all the swell repasts intended for the convivial Jerseyman next door, which generally included terrapin, Saddle Rock oysters, and frogs' legs à la poulette; and the wines—great goodness! how good they were, and how they were appreciated, especially by such rotund fellows as Senator Carpenter, Governor Nye, and Admiral Goldsborough! How quickly the above-named trio would demolish a hottle of Amontillado, to be sure! "There is a charm in going to a bachelor's establishment," said Mrs. Attorney-General Williams to me one day, "and especially when its head is as full of jolly hospitality as is Mr. Roheson." Jolly was the adjective always used, and it was so applicable. During the time I speak of the old "sea-dog" had three very handsome Philadelphia ladies visiting him, and he used to give musicales in their honor occasionally, to which only a few were invited, in addition to his regular Wednesday evening receptions, which were open to all his friends. Mr. Roheson's custom was to stand near the door until the last person arrived, and so soon as the name was announced he would extend his hand, and give a hearty shake, and exclaim: "Now get off your wraps, and go right into the back parlor, and see if you can't get something to eat." Well, now, there was no question about the feasibility of that thing. The table was always set, and hountifully spread; and while there were always waiters in attendance, there was always a slick, good-looking navy officer detailed for the day, to see that every one was well helped. No entertainer could put you more at your ease than Roheson in those days. Of course his manner was jolly and off-hand, but it imparted a character of sociability to a reception that was contagious. So delightful a person was the secretary that it was an understood thing that certain married ladies of his circle had entered into a compact to thwart the plans of any young woman who should dare to turn the thoughts of the unsophisticated sailor toward matrimony.

Such crushes as took place that winter at Belknap's I shall never forget. Belknap was Grant's Secretary of War, and subsequently came to grief. He was a noble fellow during the rebellion, and ranked among the highest of Iowa's eminent men. But too much prosperity turned his head. He was a handsome man than Roheson, and just as exuberant, and ought to have been as popular a Secretary of War as he was general in the army. But he got into a habit of snubbing officers and others who called upon him on business during office hours, and gave himself aristocratic airs in the presence of other than those of superior rank and station. He ultimately became greatly absorbed in style, and attempted the Matterhorn of social distinction. How he fell and broke his neck is one of the conspicuous episodes of his previously radiant life. I never saw Mrs. Belknap but once, and that was at her second reception during the winter of '71-2, although I attended two others, late, at which locomotion was at times absolutely impossible. At this time Mrs. Belknap was a young queen—so handsome and agreeable as to be sought after, and kind enough to be thoroughly liked.

Mrs. Senator Cole, who lived in a pretentious residence near the Arlington, was greatly admired, as was her sister, Mrs. Colonel Whiting, who was visiting Mrs. C. from California, and who now resides in Los Angeles in the midst of lemon and orange trees. Mrs. Cole's amiability was proverbial, and she was the pleasantest lady in Washington to drop in and have a chat with morning, noon, or night. Her daughter Emma, now roaming somewhere in the East with a good-looking, well-to-do husband named Brown, was just lengthening her clothes to keep up with a stature that was gaining on her mother, and was the counterpart in face and figure of the delightful Mrs. C. herself. In the winter of 1872-73, Miss Cole, who had grown to be a young lady, had her cousin, Miss Kate Whiting, with her, and the two were great favorites in society. I used to see Miss Whiting at the opera occasionally with Governor McCormick, and as the governor was a young widower, and a gentleman of exceedingly good taste, I thought he might lay siege for the matrimonial possession of the fair young Californian. But he soon after married the youngest daughter of Senator Thurman, and Miss Whiting subsequently became Mrs. James Howard, of Los Angeles, while her sister married Mr. James Mellus, of Los Angeles, and there they all live under their own vines and fig trees, with grandma Whiting. Senator Cole had the ear of the President, as the saying went, and was besought by all the accidental office-hunters, as Senator Casserly, who had just succeeded Connass, although as much a partisan as his predecessor, was on the anti-Administration side, and had "no influence at court." Senator Cole was a fine-looking man, a hard worker, but neither an eloquent speaker, nor a ready debater. He was slow, hesitating, and over-cautious, but very pleasant at all times, and made hosts of Pacific Coasters feel perfectly at home whether at his house or in the "marble room."

Hon. James G. Blaine was Speaker of the House of Representatives at this time, and with his charming wife, a tall, dark-eyed woman, made a visitor feel much at his or her ease at their house on Fifteenth Street, near I. As a general thing, take it from January to December, a person could feel more at home under Blaine's roof than under any other in Washington. I have never known a more fascinating man than Blaine. He could shake hands across a gory chasm oftener and more genuinely with a political adversary than any man living. He would run an enemy through in debate, and apply a healing embrocation afterward as no American could. His wife was as accomplished as she was charming, and her sister ("Gail Hamilton") was as witty as she was intellectual. You were received at Mr. and Mrs. Blaine's receptions with a smile and a grasp of the hand

which expressed more than the formula customary on such occasions—in short, a greeting which made one feel that he or she was really welcome.

Blaine's house was a great resort for literary women. I recollect well meeting "Grace Greenwood" (Mrs. Livingston) at Mr. Blaine's one evening. I believe she has visited this coast. No one who ever saw her could forget her—a real brunette, with clear, defined features, a high forehead, somewhat modified by the careless freedom of her hair, beginning then to number silver threads in its abundance. There was an intensity and purpose about her face and deep dark eyes that made a lasting impression.

Miss Boutwell, of Massachusetts, twelve years ago was a very interesting young lady of twenty. She was slight and sweet-faced, simple in dress, and unobtrusive in bearing. She was one of your deeply thoughtful New England girls, thoroughly educated and self-poised, and betrayed all the evidences of good and gentle breeding. She could converse as well as her father on all national questions. If she had been a man, the very force of her convictions and her power to express them would have inevitably borne her into public life. The prettiest girl in Washington that winter was Blanche Butler, who afterward became Mrs. Senator Adelbert Ames. She had a remarkably beautiful face, and a perfect figure, and must have taken after her mother, who was an actress of note when she married Benjamin F. Miss Butler was a blonde, and her cheeks wore the soft glow of the peach. General and Senator Ames, who married Miss Butler, was a very handsome man—tall, erect, square-shouldered—an Apollo, in fact. It was generally claimed, and as often admitted, that Mr. and Mrs. Ames made the finest-looking couple ever seen in Washington, although General James S. Negley, who represented the Pittsburg district in Congress for two or three terms, and his second wife, who was marvelously beautiful, were thought by many to carry off the palm in this respect. Miss Chandler, of Michigan, now Mrs. Senator Hale, of Maine, was, like Blanche Butler, an only daughter, and a blonde. She was not so much admired as the magnificent Lowell helle, but as much beloved. She had a pair of pleasant eyes, but not the faultlessly arched eyebrows of the Massachusetts girl. When Zachariah Chandler died this lady became the possessor of two millions of dollars. Miss Dennison was a pretty girl. She was the daughter of Governor, Senator, and Postmaster-General Dennison, and had one brother in the army and one in the navy, the latter having killed himself in this city some years ago. Neil is out of the army now, married, and settled down in Ohio. Miss Dennison became the wife of an awfully charming fellow—"Tony" Forsyth, of Sheridan's staff. Josephine and Minnie Fenton, daughters of Governor and Senator Fenton, of New York, were both beauties, and are both married. Mrs. Johnson, the wife of Congressman Johnson, of California, was a very attractive woman, and was a great favorite with all who knew her, on account of her suavity of manner. With her was Miss Jessie D. Carr, of Salinas, now Mrs. Seale, of Mayfield. Mrs. Charles McLaughlin also spent that winter in Washington, and was as famous then, as she is now, for her elegant dresses and agreeable ways. A Mrs. Taylor, of Baltimore, sister of Mrs. Postmaster-General Creswell, was a lady of great personal attractions. Then there were Mrs. Senator Sprague and her sister, Miss Nettie Chase; Mrs. Senator Williams, of Oregon; Madame Blaque Bey, Madame Catacazy, and others, whom I will chat about in my next.

B. C. T.
SAN FRANCISCO, August 17, 1882.

Our readers will recall the long and bitter controversy waged by the Hon. Frank Page against H. L. Dodge, Esq., Superintendent of the United States Branch Mint in San Francisco. Mr. Page claimed to control the patronage of the Mint, and because he was not permitted to do this, and fill a government office with his personal and political utensils, he inaugurated a quarrel which ended in his discomfiture, and in the entire exoneration of Mr. Dodge from all the charges against him. Mr. Dodge's term expired, and the Hon. Mr. Page has endeavored to do the same thing with the new Mint Superintendent, Mr. Burton. By what appliances we are not informed, he succeeded in restoring Mr. Frank X. Cicott to the place from which, as the result of that investigation, he was removed in June, 1881, for baying endeavored to disparage and discredit Mr. Dodge's management. The following quotation from the report of the commission shows how little he was accredited in his testimony:

It was claimed and evidence produced to prove that this bullion was unfit for coinage and should have been refined, and that in consequence of its impure condition, breaking at the rolls, etc., that great expense was occasioned the government in re-melting and re-working it. The testimony of Mr. Frank X. Cicott, late Coiner, who was removed on July first, last, was mainly relied on to establish this. He testified that over two million ounces of bad metal were returned in two years from the coiner's department, occasioned by the unfitness of the ingots sent him by the melter and refiner to make good coin, and that the cost to the government of re-working this amount of bullion was some twenty-five thousand dollars. He also testified that owing to the unfitness of the ingots to make good coin, the percentage of coin produced from bullion operated on in his department was much smaller under Mr. Dodge than under his predecessor. This was not only contradicted by the testimony of his assistant, Mr. Cady, by the present coiner, and other foremen of that department, but by the records of the coiner's department.

The indefatigable Mr. Page succeeds in removing Mr. White, and in giving to Mr. Cicott the place of assistant coiner; and now comes the intelligence that Judge Folger, Secretary of the Treasury, has rejected his appointment, refused to confirm him, and Mr. Francis Xavier Cicott will be compelled to fold his tent and silently steal away. How these Arah chickens do come home to roost.

Just down at the interval, where the hake ferns grow rank, she placed her easel, and sat by it sketching from nature. "Please, ma'am, is that me you're drawing, milking that cow in the pasture?" "Why, yes, my little man, but I didn't know you were looking." "Coz, if that's me," continued the hoy, unmindful of the artist's confusion, "you put me on the wrong side of the cow, and I'll get kicked way off the lot." Even lady artists need a little practical knowledge.

Diving helles are plentiful at Long Branch.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Ouida" has ventured into the field of politics, abandoning for the moment the writing of novels. She has just written to the London Times a letter describing the hatred felt by Italians toward England since the bombardment of Alexandria. She declares that the Italian press "is hissing like a million flocks of geese."

Alexandre Dumas has a charming frankness. Lately one of his friends said to him: "How is it we never see you at the first representation of the plays of other dramatic authors?" Dumas smiled, and replied: "It is simple enough. If the play is stupid, it annoys and wearies me; and if it is amusing—well, then, to be frank, it annoys me still more."

Sidney Smith's son's inclinations were all for horses and horse-racing, and on one occasion, when seated next the Archbishop of York at dinner, he was at loss for an appropriate topic of conversation. To the astonishment of the primate of the northern province, his next-door neighbor inquired: "How long do you think it took Nehuchadnezzar to get into condition again after his turn out at grass?"

M. Giffard, the well-known Parisian inventor, lately deceased, left to the French Government a generous legacy, under most singular conditions. It is to be devoted to the establishment of *suicidaria*, or public institutions in which persons suffering from painful and incurable diseases may bring their own lives to an end, under the direction of medical experts, and with the consent of their immediate relatives.

The Italian courts have just decided adversely to the claims of the heirs of Pius IX. for fifteen million lire, which they alleged was due them from the Italian government. Under the Papal Guarantees this money was granted to Pius IX. by Italy, but he always refused to accept it. Now the courts declare that the money was granted to Pius as pope and not as a private individual, and that his heirs have no legal claim upon it.

On the eve of a Yorkshire election Mrs. Wentworth Beaumont, (a great coal owner,) an aged lady, drove in her chariot-and-four to Downing Street, and sought an interview with the then prime minister, with whom she was well acquainted. "Well, my lord, are you quite determined to make your man stand for our seat?" "Quite determined." "Very well. I am on my way to Yorkshire with four hundred thousand dollars in my carriage for my man. Try and do better than that." Lord Dacre, who told this story, said that he had known the government to spend two hundred thousand dollars secret-service money on an election.

One of the most notable decorations worn at the recent christening of the youngest heir to the German throne, was the Order of the Golden Fleece, which gleamed upon the breast of Prince Frederick Charles. There are no new specimens of this decoration made nowadays, the ones being handed down from knight to knight, the name of each successive owner being engraved on one of the links. So it happens, by a strange freak of fate, that Prince Frederick Charles, the Red Prince, a liberal-minded but earnest Protestant, wears the very chain once bestowed by Philip II. upon that stern and relentless persecutor of heretics, the Duke of Alva.

The most intimate friend of Queen Victoria for the last thirty years is an American lady, Mrs. Van der Weyer; Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Mandeville, Lady Anglesey, Lady Harcourt, Lady John Lister Kaye, Lady Fernor-Hesketh, and Lady Colin Campbell are all Americans; the Princess de Lynar, of Berlin, came from Columbus, Ohio; the Princess de Noer, a cousin of Victoria by marriage, and sister-in-law of the dowager queen of Denmark, was a Miss Lee, of New York; the Duchess Laute Della Novere was a Miss Davis; the Princess Louise de Bourbon, the Duchess de Praslin, and the Roman Princess Cecci, Brancaccio, and Giustiniani are also Americans; while the crown of Holland, in the person of the late Prince of Orange, was refused five years ago by an American lady in Paris.

According to the Paris papers a marriage is soon to be celebrated in Russia which will more or less interest sundry American women. Alexander III., it is reported, will shortly raise a Russian lady, Madame Jukowski, to the rank of a countess, and issue an imperial ukase recognizing her marriage with his brother, the Grand Duke Alexis. Alexander II. was bitterly opposed to this marriage, and did all in his power to separate the Grand Duke from Madame Jukowski, but the Grand Duke stuck manfully to the wife of his choice, by whom he has a large family of blooming children, and for whom he is about to build a residence at Orel, on the estate of Prince Lobanoff-Rostorsky, which he purchased not long ago. As there is no such constitutional difficulty in the way as the absurd Royal Marriage Act of England, the grand duke and his wife can be made bappy in their own fashion.

Mrs. Buchanan, of Georgetown, D. C., her son, Mr. Roherdeau Buchanan, and her sister, Miss Roherdeau, are summering at Rock Enon. Mrs. Buchanan, says the Washington Critic, is a daughter of old General Roherdeau. He had no sons, to his great regret, but five daughters, and he solaced himself for his disappointment by drilling these daughters as if they were hoys. They were put daily through the manual of arms, were taught to fence—and thence, no doubt, came the strength and dexterity of their beautiful white hands—and obliged to take an amount of exercise that gave them superb figures and cheeks like roses. They were obliged, too, to clean, load, and fire a canon at sunset each day, but this was discontinued after an accident to one of the sisters. She was nervous, despite her training, and knowing how much her father disliked anything of the sort, she suppressed all signs of fear by a really heroic effort. On the day of the accident, in her endeavor to do so, she shut her lips firmly together as she "touched off." The report came, and when the smoke cleared away she was found lying in a dead faint, with the blood oozing from ears and nose. The old general was much distressed, for he loved his children devotedly, and ever after was the artilleryman of the household himself.

THE SOCIETY EDITOR.

Not Being In, the Trotting-Horse Reporter Speaks for Him.

"Oh my! Is this the place?"

A good-looking young lady stood in the door of the editorial rooms, and looked carefully around the apartment.

"I want to see an editor," she continued; "the one that writes those lovely articles in the Sunday papers about 'satin de Lyon will be much worn this fall,' and 'Cape May fashionables do not consider striped bathing-suits fashionable, and all those other sweet editorials about people who are going away for the summer, and everything like that, you know."

"I guess you are looking for the society editor," said the horse-reporter. "He is out just now; but if you want to know when Goldsmith Maid trotted in 2:16½, or what the two-mile record was in 1872, I could tell you all about it. What was it you wanted to see the society editor about?"

"Well," said the young lady, "I really hate to tell you about this matter; but mamma said the best way would be to go right to a newspaper, and see what I had better do, because ever since papa died we haven't had any man to put us right about such things, and mamma thinks just as I do, that in a case like this a man would be ever so much more apt to decide right on what was best to do, because women, you know, always let their feelings run away with their judgment, and frequently make mistakes in matters that perhaps affect their whole future existence. I told mamma that it seemed awfully queer to me to talk to a strange man about any such thing as this; but she said editors were persons of great experience, and since dear papa was dead it would be a good deal better to find out what some man of experience thought about it before I went any further."

"Were you able to talk when papa bid the last hurdle?" inquired the horse-reporter.

"Oh, yes. I was nearly nine when he died."

"Your father must have left a large property?"

"Well, he did," replied the girl; "but what made you think so?"

"Oh, nothing," replied St. Julien's friend, "only I have noticed that lucky men are generally rich."

"Well, of course I don't know anything about that," said the young lady, "but anyhow, mamma thought I had better see some of you gentlemen about my affair. I am in love, you know, with a young man, and we are corresponding right along, but he doesn't seem to progress any about what I am thinking about, you know, and mamma thinks that probably my letters aren't quite tender enough, and it seemed to me that an editor ought to know about anything like that."

"Did you ever try the blanks-between-the-stars racket?" asked the horse-reporter.

"The what?"

"The blanks-between-the-stars racket. That's a daisy, and unless this young fellow is pretty fly, the chances are that you will land him on the first throw. I have seen some pretty wise young men go against that deadfall and get caught—not dry-goods clerks or any such tissue-paper ducks as those, you know, but boys that had been out after nine o'clock for several consecutive nights, and were supposed to be right in the front end of the procession all the time."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said the young lady, "but I will try this—"

"Racket," suggested the reporter.

"Racket," continued the young lady, "if you will tell me about it."

"Well," said the horse-reporter, "the next time you write to Ethelbert, or whatever his name is, you just give it to him strong about the deathless passion that your heart holds for him—a heart that has never before known what it was to be tortured by doubts and fears that the one on whom the priceless treasure of its love was set might prove unfaithful to that love, unworthy of the trusting heart which gave it birth. This will wake him up pretty well, and then is the time to find out where he lives. Say that without his love life would be an arid waste upon whose burning sands lay the whitened skeletons of Love and Hope. That the days on which no letter comes from him are as the blanks between the stars—seeming all the more dark and cheerless because of the brightness on either side."

"Do you think that would have the desired result?" asked the girl.

"If it doesn't," replied the horse-reporter, "you are lucky to lose him."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. and Mrs. William Hopkins and family are in the East, spending a short season at Newport. Doctor J. C. Tucker returned (via Southern route) from the East a few days since. Mrs. Tucker and daughters are still at Narragansett Pier. They pass the winter at Mrs. Havemeyer's, in New York city, and return to the coast next Spring. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wattles and son have gone East for six months. In the meantime their residence in Alameda will be occupied by Mr. J. W. Brown and family. Mrs. Alvinza Hayward and her daughter, Mrs. Rose, have returned from Siegler's Springs to San Mateo. S. M. Wilson and wife have returned from Monterey. Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family have also returned from Monterey. Mr. Joseph Marks sails from New York for Europe August twenty-third. Mrs. Frank Unger is at present visiting friends at Wintrop, Massachusetts. Mr. Charles Kaeding has returned from Europe. Mrs. W. W. Stow goes East shortly to place her daughter at school in Baltimore. Mrs. Stowe will also take the two daughters of General Naglee, and place them in the same educational institution. D. J. Staples has gone to the Sierra for a two-weeks' vacation, accompanied by Mrs. Staples, Miss Kittie Staples, and Mrs. W. J. Dutton.

It was Baron Huddleston who cut the Gordian knot of precedence by taking Sarah Bernhardt in to dinner in advance of several duchesses and countesses who were present. "The last of the Barons," as he is styled, is wedded to Lady Diana Beauclerc, the sister of the Duke of St. Albans, one of the brightest and prettiest women of London society, and the authoress of several pleasant and popular works. The baron is a Dublin boy.

THE COMIC MUSE.

Kentucky Philosophy.

You W'i'jam, come 'ere, suh, dis instunce. Wu' dat you got under dat box?

I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nu'h'n' but rocks?

'Peaks ter me you's owdashus p'ticler. S'posin' dey's of a new kine. I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain watermillon, you scamp, en I knows whah it growed; It come fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel, dah on ter side er de road. You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot.

En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eh'n he a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy! go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase! En cut me de toughest 'en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on de place. I'll larn you, Mr. W'i'jam Joe Vettters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner.

Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you 'shamed er yo'self, suh? I is. I's 'shamed you's my son!

En de holy accorjan angel he's 'shamed er wut you has done; En he's tuck it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—

"One watermillon stole by W'i'jam Josephus Vettters."

En wut you s'posed Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday-school, 'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?

Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter be a black villian?

I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's watermillon.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shain't have nary hite, Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillons—en dat in de day's broad light—

Ain't—*Lawdy!* it's GREEN! Mirandy! Mi-ran-d-y! come on wi' dat switch!

Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillon! who ever yeered tell er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump um, en we'n dey go *punk* dey is green;

But w'en dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en dat's des wut I mean.

En nex' time you hook watermillons—you heered me, you ign'ant, you hunk—

Ef you do' want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers go "punk!"

—Harrison Robertson in *September Harper.*

The Donation Party of Dead-Mule Flat.

From bleak New England's mountains. First, Brother "Terror A. I."

Up to the corralled strand. Would range them in a row.

Where fair Montana's fountains. And stand prepared to slay one

Roll alleged silver sand, Whose hands should downward

A missionary, mild in go. While Deacon "Murderer Ed," he

In his manners and his speech, Went through them systemat-

Journeyed to seek the wild in ically, and the ready

A church wherein to preach. Placed in the parson's hat.

In the "city" where he duly. The party cleaned the city

His wandering tent did pitch, Out in an hour or so.

It could not be said truly, "Doc," said the "Terror" witty,

"The good man 'struck it rich.' " 'Tis time for us to go.

For the people (who would gather. Unto the distant heathen

To hear his words with mirth) We mean forthwith to slide,

Were not earth's salt, but rather. And preach the Gospel; we, then,

The salters of the earth. The plunder must divide.

Of calls though oft spoke deacon. "The sun is hast'ning backward,

Or brother—I mean 'pard'— No time to lose have we—

He found that they were speaking. Here's half for Deacon Edward,

(See *Hamlet*) by the card. And here is half for me;

And the language that they used. And, my white-chokered hearty,

With. You shall have back your hat.

Regard to every game. 'Rah for the donation party

The good man's face suffused with. For the Church of Dead-mule

A (boh-tailed) flush of shame. Flat!"

And to his deep dejection, "But, boys," the parson pleaded,

When all around his hat. "'Tis hardly right for me

He sent for a collection, To let you, unimpeded,

But little wealth he gat. Take the church property.

If growled the parson plucky. All preachers to their trust are

They would satiric smile, Faithful presumed to be;

And hint he was blamed lucky. Just shoot my hat and dnster,

In getting back the tile. That folk the holes may see,

One day unto the preacher. "And think I made endeavor

Two ruffians did repair; The church funds to retain."

Each was the vilest creature. In duster and in beaver

Except the other—there. They fired their pistols twain,

One was the "A. I. Terror," And the parson snickered queerly

The other "Murderer Ned"; As he two six-shooters drew;

And they confessed the error. "Brethren, beloved dearly,

Of the lives that they had led. I've got the drop on you!"

The missionary 'ware was. He marches to the city,

That jesting they must be; And there his prize presents

He said in his church there was. To a vigilance committee

But then no vacancy. Of prominent residents.

But when toward the trigger. The pleas the missionary

He saw their fingers glide, For his captives makes they fend

He remembered with great vigor. off.

There was "room for two in- And they give the cemetery

side." Of his church a double send-off.

"Seem' we now air brothers," They give him the "donation,"

The "A. I. Terror" cries, And heap anew his hat,

"We ought to get the others. And elect by acclamation

To come and be likewise. Him Pope of Dead-mule Flat;

So cock your gun, my hearty, A church tax straight they levy,

And, parson, fetch your hat; And now, when the hat goes

Hey for a donation party. round,

For the Church of Dead-mule. Its contents are right heavy,

Flat!" And have a chinking sound.

Forth went the luckless parson, And his mother would not know'm,

Between the ruffians two, That young mining engineer,

Who homicide and arson. Who once had been to Rome,

Vowed for "the cause" they'd. And with a superior sneer,

do. Where the Flatters most do cluster,

They had their weapons bandy, The statement did dispute

And used toward all they met. That the Pope wore a linen duster,

The *modus operandi*. And was upon the shoot.

Of frontier etiquette. —Geo. T. Lanigan in *September Harper.*

The auction sale of a collection of pictures and statuettes, by some of our well-known local artists, took place on Thursday and Friday evenings. The sale was well attended both evenings. The pictures, as a rule, sold for medium prices, and in many instances did not bring their value.

A daughter of John Brown has accepted a position in the San Francisco Mint. The *Tribune* remarks that Mr. Brown will be remembered as the gentleman whose soul is a professional pedestrian.

GENIUS IN DISGUISE.

A Few of the Literary Masques Which Have Become Celebrated.

A writer in the *New York Sunday News* gives the following interesting review of famous pseudonyms: Ouida's name in private life is Louise de la Ramé. The studies of character which have created such a sensation of late years in the *Argosy* magazine over the signature of "Johnny Ludlow," are the works of Mrs. Henry Wood, the author of "East Lynne." The real name of "Holme Lee," whose domestic novels are among the brightest and best of the modern three-volume school, is Harriet Parr. Miss Braddon is a Mrs. Maxwell, though she has the right of birth to the name she is best known by. Among the *littérateurs* who have affected the *nom de plume*, pretty much every one addicted to book-reading remembers "Harry Franco," otherwise Charles F. Briggs, who died in Brooklyn in 1877. A popular contemporary of Briggs was Henry William Herbert, better known as Frank Forrester. "Sam Slick," once so famous, was Judge Haliburton. Another humorist of the time in which Briggs flourished was Lieutenant Derby, whose "John Phoenix" papers are a part of every American library. "Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.," belonged really to the Phoenix epoch, though he outlived it, and his fortune and fame as well; Mortimer Thompson, who bore this pseudonym, was in his time one of our foremost journalists. He began as a reporter on the *Tribune*, and his last work was performed in the editorial department of Frank Leslie's establishment. He died in Blackwell's Island Hospital, and was buried by some brother journalists in New York. The history of Doesticks is bound up with that of another once famous *nom de plume*. "Fanny Fern," Sarah Payson Willis, a young woman from Maine, became popular as a contributor to the *New York Ledger* over the above signature. One of her daughters became the wife of Mortimer Thompson, and experienced the unhappy union which is only too common among Bohemians of all ages. Another humorist of the Doesticks era was Thomas Powell, John Brougham's partner in the *Lantern*, and other ventures, playwright, novelist, and satirist, whose pseudonym of "Pierce Cutting" was better known in its day than his real name is now. The identity of Charles Farrer Browne with Artemus Ward is well enough known. One of the most popular of New England story writers thirty years ago, "H. Trussta" was really Mrs. Stuart, the mother of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Samuel L. Clemens figures on his title pages as "Mark Twain" by thousands for whom his real name possesses no significance until his works are forgotten. Another favorite humorist, "John Paul," will never be popular as anybody else, though his true patronymic, Charles H. Webb, is just as euphonious a one. There are few people who have an eye for the newspapers who have not more or less of an acquaintance with the odd saws and wise philosophizings of "Josh Billings," but quite as few know that that professor of eccentric English is Wm. E. Shaw out of print. The anything but humorous name of Landon was good enough for "Eli Perkins" while he was a reporter on a daily paper; and the butcher's hills (if there is a butcher weak enough to extend credit to a professional humorist) of the *Detroit Free Press* fiend, "M. Quad," are made out to plain Charles B. Lewis. D. R. Locke and "Petroleum V. Nasby," are two entirely different parties to most people who have perused the correspondence from Confederate Cross Roads with the keen enjoyment they were calculated to provide. "Mrs. Partington's" malapropisms are familiar enough to most American readers; much more familiar than the name of Mr. B. P. Shillaber, who created them, and the readers who have become acquainted with Mr. Blaine's friend, "Gail Hamilton," in a literary way, would not know Miss Abigail Dodge if they were to meet her face to face. "Nym Crynkle" is the chosen pseudonym of A. C. Wheeler, for many years dramatic critic in succession of the *New York dailies*, the *World*, *Sun*, and *Star*, and now an editor of a weekly dramatic paper. The familiar combination, "Gath," belongs to George Alfred Townsend. Another popular correspondent, "Jenny June," is Mrs. D. G. Croly, the wife of the one-time editor of the *Graphic*, and the lady who signs her spicy contributions to various out-of-town newspapers, "Clara Belle," is Mrs. Stephen Fiske. The correspondence of "Grace Greenwood," perhaps the best work of its kind ever done by a woman, was written by Mrs. Lippincott, a lady of Philadelphia extraction. Another famous contributor of metropolitan gossip to out-of-town papers, "Burleigh," is Matthew Hale Smith. "Ned Buntline" is still the chosen pseudonym of Colonel E. Z. Judson, as it was in the days when he bore a hand in the Macready riot, and went to the island for a year to have his hot blood cooled. Bracebridge Hemyny clings to his masquerade of "Jack Harkaway," and Augustus Comstock still signs his thrilling sea-yarns "Roger Starbuck," as of yore. The *col-laborateur* with a Japanese graduate of Yale College in the translation of the Japanese novel which created such a flutter in literary circles, Edward Greedy, continues to write stories for the boys' papers as "Commodore Ah Look of New Bedford." "James Otis," the author of "Toby Tyler," and other clever children's yarns in *The Young People*, is James Otis Kaler, a well-known concocter of blood-and-thunder serials. The London letters in the *New York Times* by J. H. are written by Joseph Hatton, the author of "Clytie," and those theatrical and literary studies of G. E. M., date their creation from the dramatic critic and stock poet of the paper, George Edgar Montgomery. The splendid book reviews in the *Sun* signed M. W. H., are by Mayo W. Hazeltine, and N. L. T., who dishes up the weekly "What is Going on in Europe" for the same paper, is N. L. Thielhlin. G. T. L., of the *World*, is George T. Lanigan, and M. K. F. stands for Marian K. Fortescue, one of the cleverest and most charming of our female Bohemians.

Some of the terms used in the Bible are bewildering to children. A few Sundays ago, says *Texas Siftings*, an Austin Sunday-school teacher was asked what was meant by the verse in the Bible that said Solomon had a thousand concubines. The young lady teacher was rather taken by surprise, but she finally said that it meant Solomon had a thousand lady friends. "What a nice time we must have had making New Year's calls," was the response.

A WIFE'S PUNISHMENT.

The Mysterious Murder Which Checked the Career of Two Lovers.

The Señora de Gomera was left a widow, with one daughter of such marvelous beauty that she merited the name of the Daughter of the Sun, by which she was known. Her mother reared her far from the world in silence and solitude, unceasingly watching her treasure, until she placed her in the hands of an honorable man, who gave the young beauty his name and fortune. Don Alfonso Fontana was a man of merit, and the girl consented to marry him without wishing for or objecting to the marriage, following on this occasion the dictates of her mother, who never found opposition from the docile child.

The wedded pair had enjoyed for some time a happy union, when business obliged Don Alfonso Fontana to go to Havana. He requested his mother-in-law to take charge of her daughter, and to take her out of Cadiz during his absence. Cadiz was then rich and powerful, and gold brought in its train extravagance, and the passions which ordinarily follow it. To avoid this temptation he requested them to remove to the island, a city of arsenals and of the navy, vast and solitary, because Cadiz absorbed all in its neighborhood.

While the bark sailed slowly from the Bay of Cadiz, an animated scene transpired. A carriage with four horses, whose bells rang merrily, hastened to the road which leads from Cadiz to the island, and is situated between two seas which are united at high tide. In the carriage sat two women, one old, whose appearance expressed care and watchfulness, the other, young and beautiful, whose face was bathed in tears. Before them was seated a black woman, also young, maid and companion since infancy of Mariquita.

On the Isle of Leon is a city, long and narrow, which rises fair and shining between the heaps of salt like a swan surrounded by its brood. The island, with its arsenals, its wharves, its rope-walks, its dock-yards, and its machinery, seemed a mariner's bride in her solitude, seated on the shore, and looking toward the sea.

The carriage stopped before a fine house, which, like the majority, was of stone, its floors of marble, its doors of mahogany. Opposite the street entrance extended a garden. A gallery leading to it was built upon marble columns, among which jasmines and honeysuckles mingled, and roses hung swags to rock their flowers. Brick walks divided the garden into four parts. The house disappeared under a thick veil of vines. In the middle of the garden was an arbor so closely covered with passion-flowers that in its cool darkness it was more grotto than bower. In the centre, upon a pedestal, was a marble Cupid, who, with one hand hid his arrows, and with one finger of the other raised to his lips, imposed silence. It was in this summer-house that the beauty passed long, solitary hours. Sometimes Paca, her black woman, said to her, after long intervals of silence:

"That boy, my lady, makes us signs to keep still. Much better make us talk, or surely we'll forget how. My master, in the ship at sea, has the gales and dangers, but here we have nothing but flowers."

Her mistress yawned, and answered: "My husband thinks where two love, it is enough if one has pleasure."

Thus passed the life of this woman who, unfortunately, had not been accustomed to fill her time and occupy her mind, and upon whom idleness weighed like darkness upon the watchful. She needed an active life, and flew about aimlessly from flower to flower, like a butterfly. One day she sat fanning herself in her deep window. Paca, on the floor, was dyeing blue (with indigo-water) the fleece of the little Cuban poodle.

"Do you know, my mistress," she said, suddenly, "that officer, that commander of the marine guards, who followed us when coming from mass, has moved here opposite?"

Listening to her maid, the lady turned her head by an indiscreet and involuntary impulse, and saw on the balcony of the house to which Paca alluded a young man, who advanced the instant her gaze was fixed on him, and gracefully saluted her. The expostulation she was about to make to her maid expired on her lips at sight of the gentleman, whom she had seen before. Thus it was that Paca continued:

"He is called Don Carlos de las Navas, is twenty-four years old, and is the best fellow in the brigade, so good and so kind that every one likes him."

"You seem to know all about him," the beauty interrupted, "but as all that does not concern me, and is nothing to me, keep it for yourself and other gossips."

"Here, my mistress, is your dog, bluer than a periwinkle," said the woman, humbly, to divert the lady.

But Mariquita was not thinking of the blue dog nor of her black maid. For days a gay youth had followed her everywhere. She saw him in all places, in the street, in the church, in her thoughts, in her dreams. Now he had taken lodgings opposite her window. He had been married, and had almost opened communication with her by means of a salute which had no possible excuse.

At sight of Mariquita, Las Navas conceived for her a passion which, in times when men were not completely absorbed in politics, filled and exalted their souls to the point of attempting the impossible. For a long time all his exertions were useless, because her mind had been imbued with religious principles. Las Navas became desperate. She, on her part, had exchanged her previous weary quiet for a constant pain that consumed her.

Paca, the negress, full of compassion for the suffering of both, and yielding to the instincts of an uncivilized race, without reflection on the culpable cause of their voluntary pain, nor on the transcendent consequences of her injudicious compliance, yielded to Las Navas's prayers, and one night when her mistress was sadly sitting in the summer-house in the garden, she unfastened a wicket which opened on the marsh, a solitary and boggy expanse between the island and the sea.

It is a well-known truth that it is the first step which costs. The portal which the negress so imprudently opened was afterward open every night. In that gallery, lately so lonely and vacant, among those flowers lately so scornful, by the light of that moon lately so heedless, the lovers passed nights of enchantment, whose felicity almost lulled conscience to sleep. In this manner a year passed.

Then it happened that the captain-general of the department, who had gone to Jerez, suddenly died there. All the brigade of marine guards were to go to that city to take part in the funeral. This absence—brief though it might be—caused intense pain to both, who for a year had not been able to exist except in the same atmosphere, and for whom this separation was a compound of pain, of disquiet, of anxiety, and of dread.

The night of the second day Mariquita was sitting in the gallery of her garden. Paca was at her feet. The moon rose clear and tranquil, like a heart exempt from passion and unrest.

"My lady," said Paca, springing to her feet, "here is Don Carlos! Don't you hear him give the signals?"

"It is impossible!" answered the startled beauty, with palpitating heart.

"Listen, mistress, listen!" replied the negress.

The lady listened attentively, and heard distinctly the particular whistle which Las Navas used to give for them to recognize. Paca ran to find the key of the gate, hurried to it, opened it, and Las Navas, enveloped in his cloak, entered with hasty steps. But Paca was unable to turn to fasten the gate, because two men pushed her back, entered, and followed Las Navas, and before he could defend himself or strike a blow, they plunged their daggers into his breast. Las Navas fell without a groan. When he lay stretched on the ground the assassins fled.

For some time after profound silence reigned in that spot, mute witness of the catastrophe. Paca remained paralyzed, under the double impression of dismay and horror. Mariquita lay fainting on the marble steps of the gallery. Las Navas gave no sign of life.

After a while Paca came to herself. In the anguish which succeeded her panic of fright she flew to her mistress, whom she looked upon as now disgraced and lost, took her in her arms, aroused her, and revived her.

"My lady! my lady!" she exclaimed, "you are lost if this corpse is discovered here! My mistress, your honor and your fate depend on what it is possible to do at this moment, and at once. It is necessary to remove this body which will compromise you. Courage, my lady, courage! If you can not do it for yourself, do it for the master! We must take this corpse away to avoid scandal and insult. Help me to drag it to the marsh, for I can not do it alone."

And the brave negress lifted her unhappy mistress, and forced her to aid her in dragging the body to the marsh.

"Enough! I can do no more," groaned Mariquita.

"Further yet, my lady," the maid replied, with a pang. "Do you want to appear before the tribunal?"

And the two, mastering their woe, their dread, and their weakness, returned to seize the rigid form and remove it still further away.

Afterward Paca, supporting her mistress, dragged her to her room, and put her to bed, returned to the garden, threw water on the spots of blood, and made every trace, every vestige of that melancholy crime disappear, with that energy born of love, which is the most persevering. She went back to her lady's side, and seeing her extended there so white and so immovable, as if the bed were her bier, she fell on her knees, raised her trembling hands toward her, and bursting into sobs, exclaimed:

"My mistress, I have lost you!"

"No, Paca, no," murmured the lady, "you have saved me! And throwing her ivory arms about the slave's ebony neck, she burst into tears.

"Now comes the dawn," said Paca, opening the windows as if to hasten the end of that terrible night.

* * * * *

The light of day illumed a lifeless city; such brilliance in the heavens and such silence on earth contrasted sadly. Mariquita, beautiful and silent, appeared this morning without life. Paca forced her to rise, and to sit at her window, as was her custom, to evade suspicion. Paca came, and went in the dressing-room.

"What do they say?" the lady asked her, in an undertone.

"Nothing yet," responded Paca, in the same tone.

Paca crossed her hands, and made Mariquita a sign to keep silence, pointing to her mother, who muttered her prayers. Suddenly the brilliant and animated sounds of military music were heard. It was the marine brigade returning from Jerez. Each note of the music which she had heard so many times precede the brigade when at its head came the man she loved, who now lay dead and deserted in the marsh, each one of these notes was a dagger that pierced and tore the heart of the unfortunate beauty.

All at once the groaning woman became mute, her eyes dilated—terrified. A convulsive tremor seized her, and she had only power to extend one arm with a gesture full of alarm toward the street. Paca darted to the window, and glancing in the direction indicated by the arm and gaze of her mistress, saw—saw Las Navas at the head of his brigade: Las Navas, who at that instant raised his head, smiled, and gaily saluted his lady-love.

Paca gave a cry, and fell senseless. Mariquita, beside herself, clamored to heaven for mercy, shrieking out the occurrences of that night.

They thought her mad, and her mother ordered them to call a physician; but Paca, coming to herself, confirmed the story of her mistress. They went to the marsh, but nobody was found there. They questioned Las Navas; he had not left, had not been able to leave Jerez. This was unanimously confirmed by his companions.

Mariquita, after recovering from a long illness, wrote to her husband, and confessed her fault, begging him to pardon it, and allow her to enter a convent, to do penance. He gave this permission, the dispensation was granted, and Mariquita took the vows in the convent of bare-footed nuns at Cadiz, where, after an exemplary life, she died like a saint. Paca followed her to the convent.

NOTE.—This romance is true. The "Daughter of the Sun" was born in 1742, and died a nun in Cadiz in 1801, in the fifty-ninth year of her age. Don F. Micon, Marquis of Mérito, wrote a sonnet to her when she took the vows, which, though it has not much of its author's title, may serve to verify the tale.—Translated for the Argonaut from the Spanish, by Emma Frances Dawson.

LITERARY NOTES.

George Taylor's German romance of "Antinous," the beautiful Bythinian, who threw himself into the Nile as a sacrifice to the gods, which should save the life of his beloved patron, the Emperor Hadrian, has been well translated into English by Mary J. Safford. It is a story replete with charming descriptions of old Roman days. Published by W. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

As a rule juvenile Sunday-school books are rather vapid affairs; but a gracefully written, and charmingly illustrated little volume has just been published under the title of "Little Twigs." We understand that it is written by a lady of this city. It resembles in style the well-known "Bessie Books" of Joanna Matthews. Published by the American Tract Society.

Some time ago a young English graduate wrote a clever sermon on "Who was Old Mother Hubbard?" It was modeled after the style of sermons which are too frequently heard at the present day, but which were more in vogue forty years ago. A similarly humorous sermon in reply has now been added, and the two appear under one cover. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 25 cents.

"Political Institutions," by Herbert Spencer, will be welcomed by his numerous admirers in this country as well as in Europe. It is the fifth part of the series embraced in the "Principles of Sociology," and consists of nineteen successive essays. Most of these essays have appeared from time to time, either in English or Continental publications. Some, however, are entirely new. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"The Mysteries of Marseilles," translated from the French by George D. Cox, differs from Emile Zola's later stories in that it possesses romance and comparative purity—two qualities which are decidedly lacking in his last few novels. It is the story of two lovers and their vicissitudes, and is absorbingly interesting from the first chapter. The studies of the various mysteries concerned are especially clever. Published by Peterson & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 75 cents.

Gustave Masson's "Dictionary of the French Language" is a model for the lexicons of all languages. The most appropriate and fitting equivalents and synonyms have been chosen, and idioms have received due attention. One of the most admirable features, however, consists of the chronological tables, which are numerous and varied, including all the topics which relate to French history, such as a long series of tables on French literature, the Republican Calendar, etc. Published and for sale by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; price, \$1.

Henri Greville is a very clever writer, but in "Tania's Peril," which is now issued in an English form by George D. Cox, she made a lamentable failure. The scene is laid in Russia. A young man endeavors to seduce his friend's wife. Much of the story is taken up with his advances and her struggles to withstand temptation. She succeeds. The story is weak, possesses little of either plot or action, is translated badly, and altogether is a wretched failure. Published by Peterson & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 50 cents.

Mr. Nadal, the author of "Impressions of London Social Life," has just issued a volume of "Essays at Home and Elsewhere." He is an American, who has of late years endeavored to imitate Emerson and Grant White in their studies of England and Englishmen. The present volume, however, contains four papers on American subjects out of the thirteen. While the essays possess a certain interest by reason of their agreeable style, they display little ability, and only serve to expose the shallowness of the author. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

Dr. C. M. Newall is a well-known and popular Boston gentleman. When he announced, several months ago, that he was about to publish a novel, entitled "Kalau of Oahu," much interest was manifested, as the subject related to the Hawaiian Islands, where the author had spent many years. While the story is artistic, it by no means possesses the qualities of Hermann Melville's South Sea romances, and though the writer's powers of description are rich and vivid, they do not attain that characteristic which rendered Melville's stories at once sensuous, dreamy, or thrilling with excitement. Two of the finest bits of description in the volume are the scene where the goddess Pele appears to the lovers, and the fight between two kings at the end. Published by the author; for sale by booksellers, and also by Samuel Carson, 120 Sutter Street; price, \$1.50.

Miscellany: Mrs. Ellen W. O. Kirk, the wife of the historian and editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, is the author of the "Round Robin" novel entitled "A Lesson in Love."—Mrs. Fanny Kemble's "Records of Later Life" has already gone into the second edition. —Mr. T. B. Aldrich will return from Europe in the fall. —Mr. and Mrs. Howells will be gone a year. —The identity of "Q. P. Index" is at last discovered. The bearer of that singular *nom de plume* is Mr. William B. Griswold, assistant librarian of Congress. —The articles on Keats and Landor, in the forthcoming volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," are by Mr. Swinburne. —Curiosity is piqued as to the authorship of the novel, "A Transplanted Rose," running in *Harper's Bazar*. People in society feel that they are being sketched by an "insider." —Mrs. Burton N. Harrison and Mrs. John Sherwood are named by the guessers. —Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and her daughter, Miss Harriet Stanton, and also Mr. Theodore Stanton, are living in France, where they are all doing literary work. —It is reported that A. Williams & Co., the publishers of "Cape Cod Folks," have paid one thousand dollars to Mrs. Consider Fisher, who figured so conspicuously in that novel. —Mr. Howells's "Modern Instance" is arousing more newspaper discussion than any other serial which has appeared in a long time. The characters of Marcia and Bartley, and the final disposition of their lives, are reviewed about with as much interest as if they were actualities. —*La Revue Artistique* is a weekly publication which has just been started in France. It gives all sorts of information useful to artists, amateurs, and buyers.

Announcements: A complete edition of Charles Reade's novels, beautifully illustrated by distinguished draughtsmen, has just been brought out by Chatto & Windus of London. Du Maurier has drawn the designs for "Foul Play," while Fildes has taken "Peg Woffington," and William Small "Christie Johnstone." A new volume, "Readiana: Comments on Current Events," with a portrait of the novelist, is in press. —Madame Judith Gautier, who is perhaps the most thoroughly literary of all the female French writers now living, has just published a volume of stories under the title of "Isoline." —M. Francisque Sarcey, the distinguished French critic, has lately published an amusing book entitled "Les Misères d'un Fonctionnaire Chinois." It is a lively and ironical picture of the troubles which red-tape inflicts upon a child of the Celestial empire. —A portrait of Mark Twain, drawn from life by Abbott Thayer, and engraved by T. Cole, will be the frontispiece of the September *Century*, to accompany a biographical and critical sketch of the author of "Innocents Abroad," by W. D. Howells. The best of Mr. Howells's novels, "A Modern Instance," will be concluded in the October number of this magazine. —J. R. Osgood & Co. will soon publish in a neat pamphlet Lieutenant Danenbower's "Narrative of the *Jeannette* Expedition," revised and augmented, from the original newspaper report. It will be illustrated with the author's portrait, a picture of the *Jeannette*, a chart of her cruise, etc. All the other professed reprints are unauthorized and incorrect. —Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson is at Baden Baden, where she is engaged in completing a new novel. —Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich will collect in Russia material for a new book. —Mrs. Lynn Linton, who has recovered from her recent dangerous illness, has almost completed a new novel, the scene of which is laid partly in England and partly at Palermo. It is called "Ioue."

VANITY FAIR.

Surrounded by a bevy of her grandchildren, says the London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, the queen consented to show herself at the garden party at Marlborough House. During her brief appearance she was continually walking about, leaning on her son's arm. It is said that her majesty was not particularly pleased at her well-known wishes being disregarded on that occasion, and at the relaxation of etiquette in the matter of invitations. The Prince and Princess of Wales made their list, and issued three thousand cards, untrammelled by any consideration of previous presentations at drawing-room or levée as giving the entrée. Many faces were seen happy and triumphant, either young and pretty, celebrated or unknown, whose names were unrecognized by the higher authorities who preside over the august rites of the Court of St. James, and decree who may have the privilege of kissing the sovereign's hand. Sometimes, however, notwithstanding the scrupulous severity of the monarch, a black sheep enters the fold, or more accurately, a wolf clothed in the immaculate fleece cast over the intruder by the sponsorship of a dweller in the sacred precincts. Then a low murmur of disapproval hisses through the noble crowd, some icy shoulders are turned on the delinquent, the careless voucher is reproved, the Lord Chamberlain is held responsible, the royal lady frowns, and the too ambitious subject is gently warned that she shall never again do homage at that shrine. The ranks of the veterans draw closer, and a higher tone of exclusiveness prevails to atone for the passing weakness; while among her set in a distant town, unmindful of the humiliation that closed this part of her social career, the halo of that smuggled presentation will linger around the unscrupulous free lance who risked and played her all for such a stake. In her drives from railway station to palace—her only public appearance in her good city of London—the queen is closely guarded and anxiously watched over. A sombre silence generally receives the advent of the cortège, broken here and there by the jeering voice of a street Arab in shrill denunciation, or a derogatory appellation is hurled from the knife-board of an omnibus. No reverence is shown to the royal occupant, who flashes past in the glitter of drawn swords, no hat is lifted before the woman, no courtesy shown to the lady, who through the measured tramp of the escort, might catch such words as "Go it, Brown!" "Ta-ta, Brown—can't part with him!" "Oh, not for Joe!" implying a perfect understanding of the unwavering protection extended to the gillie sitting behind his royal mistress.

It is the fashion, says the *American Queen*, this summer to be sunburnt, among girls as well as young men. And the dainty belle of the Fifth Avenue ball-room sits calmly on some rocks by the sea, a volume of Goethe in her lap, her bat and parasol beside her, gloveless, suffering the intense rays of the sun to scorch and burn her delicate skin a deep-red, and then a brown, just for the sake of being in the fashion.

The Long Branch *News* tells of some bathers and bathing costumes at that resort. The most fashionable costumes are made of blue flannel, and trimmed with wide shaded braid. The sleeves are short, and the *culotte*, over which a short skirt is worn, extends to the knee, while close-fitting blue stockings encase the lower extremities. On the head a red silk handkerchief is displayed, under which is an oil-skin cap. Often-times red hose is worn, and if so a blue handkerchief is preferred. A Washington lady wears a peculiar dress—it is a complete Zouave outfit, and as she comes down to her bath attended by a waiting-maid, she is verily "the cynosure of all neighboring eyes." At the Ocean Hotel bathing-ground there is a lady who wears a complete Olivette bathing-suit, (as worn in the last act of the opera,) with the exception of a short skirt, which extends to just above the knee. The waist is what is called a "Jersey," and is tight and close-fitting. Promenading along the beach many graceful swimmers belonging to the weaker sex may be seen. At the West End, Miss Kate Forsyth, the leading lady for John McCullough, is considered the best lady swimmer on the Jersey coast. She dives into the water without displaying the slightest fear or trepidation, outdaring many of her male friends. The Misses Jauch are very good swimmers. Their costumes are known as the Giroffé and Girofla bathing-suits, as one is trimmed with red and the other with blue, and, in fact, throughout the attire of each either red or blue prevails.

An English paper says: There is a new style of hair-cutting which has come out among young Americans inclined to the æsthetic this season. The hair is first trimmed close, and then, by the aid of the patent clipper, it is mottled with spots the size of a florin, at equal distances of a quarter of an inch. It is termed the "leopard cut," and is somewhat analogous to plaque-painting.

In speaking of Saratoga society, a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* remarks: "An hour later a pretty and winsome belle looks out slyly from beneath the wide-brimmed hat, with its drooping plumes, fixing her blue eyes softly upon the dark face of the Turkish ambassador, and half whispers: 'Please tell me, Aristarchi Bey—it does seem too horribly dreadful to ask!—but do please tell me'—here a blush and a sigh, and a downward look of the guilty blue eyes, 'please tell me how many wives you have?' The Bey looks up unusually grave, and solemnly replies: 'Seven!' The young lady looks aghast for a moment, nearly faints, and then remembering it is the fashion of the Turkish country, quietly recovers, smiles her sweetest, and murmurs: 'Only seven? Why, somebody told me you had ten!' [Tableau.] An anxious mamma then rushes up, and begs 'Mr. Aristarchi' to come and be introduced to her daughters, who are 'dying to know things!' A wife or two more will certainly not make much difference to such a very much-married-man, and one who believes in such a kind of matrimony might be useful even in a Christian community, since he could marry off all the daughters at once, débutantes and wall-flowers too. And while Aristarchi Bey goes off to be introduced to the ladies to save them from 'dying,' I may

as well here remark that this gentleman happens to be a bachelor, a Greek, instead of a Turk, although coming from Constantinople, and would undoubtedly have Christian scruples against wedding more than one wife at a time, which praiseworthy example is not followed by all Christians here at the Springs."

At a recent elegant reception in London, some of the costumes worn were very striking. Mrs. Alma Tadema wore a dress of gold brocade, made with a cuirasse bodice, with shoulder straps of gold guipure, and a plain petticoat of gold color, trimmed with a deep gold ruche, the inside of which was lined with gray-green satin. In the hair, *à la Romaine*, were placed three yellow roses, and in her hand was a bunch of limp yellow flowers. Tan-colored *gants de Suède* and gold serpent bracelets completed this study in yellows.

A beautiful hand, says a Boston paper, is the rarest physical gift bestowed on womankind. A writer expatiating on this subject remarks its great rarity among even the best and most refined classes of society. He says the present craze for shapely hands has led to many strange observations, and the discovery that very few lovely women are blessed with lovely fingers. Some of the most refined women, singular to relate, have coarse digital extremities, while others of a gross and unintellectual type possess hands and wrists that might serve as a sculptor's model. It by no means follows that the hand is an index of character, for training and cultivation, a life of idleness, beside many other artificial causes, will often affect its shape and texture, and eradicate congenital blemishes. But one thing is certain—a perfect hand, so called, and a perfect foot never belong to the same body. Pauline Bonaparte came the nearest to proving an exception to the rule; but even her feet had defects which placed them outside the category. Her hands, however, as well as the rest of her wonderful person, have been pronounced absolutely perfect. It behooves mothers of new-born infants to watch and mould the tiny fingers of their offsprings if they wish them to grow up with well-shaped extremities. Nature is always willing to be assisted in her work, provided the aid is based on good sense and hygienic principles. Babies with prominent ears and flat snub noses can also be helped into lines of greater comeliness if parents and nurses will only repress and cultivate their tender cartilages in time.

At a great London jeweler's is exhibited a head ornament representing a hat almost the size of life, with outspread wings, and fiery eyes composed of a cluster of rubies. This extraordinary object is to be worn in front of a superb tiara of brilliants by the Duchess of Fernan Nunez at the royal gala fêtes at Madrid. The hat is regarded with great reverence among the tenants and survivors of the house of Fernan Nunez, the emblem of that ancient ducal family. The ladies of the family wear, on such occasions, this lugubrious image as a sign of their rank, and the last duchess is said to have appeared at court with a black velvet train richly embroidered with figures of the hat in gold and precious stones.

"Is it actually so," writes a young girl to the Philadelphia *Progress*, "that ladies exhibit their limbs, like ballet girls at the theatre, when they go in bathing at the seashore? I have never been to a summer resort, but I am going this summer; and when I went to the city the other day to buy a bathing costume, the storekeeper wanted to sell me one, the trousers of which hardly reached to my knees. He told me that was the proper costume. I think it decidedly improper, and insisted upon having a dress which covered me down to the ankles. I had read of these immodest costumes, but did not think that ladies wore them. Please tell me the truth about them." Yes, Miss Ella, replies the editor, it is actually so. Ladies (how ferociously you italicize that word) do exhibit their "limbs" at the seashore, but not exactly like the ballet-girls at the theatre. The ballet-girl takes good care to show handsome legs. If Nature has been unkind to her she calls Art to her aid. The ladies at the seashore can not do that. The waves would not respect the pads; they would get out of place, and that would be terrible. Consequently on the beach, at the bathing hour, all manner of legs, all shapes and sizes, are in view. But, Miss Ella, the custom is not an immodest one. I suppose that nine out of every ten ladies who bathe have their trousers stop at the knees. Nobody regards the style as at all out of the way or peculiar. In fact, the girl who is peculiar is the girl who dresses for the bath as you propose to dress. She is sure to attract notice, for she is unlike most of the others. She gets no credit for modesty. It is only believed that she hides her—well, "limbs" because she fears to have them seen in comparison with those of her companions. This fashion of bathing costume has many advantages. With its neat, dark stockings (stockings of loud colors can not be defended) it is far prettier than the old style. It gives greater freedom, and so is safer in the water. The low-necked half-dress may be immodest, but it is mere prudery to call so the hating-dress of the time. Go to Cape May and see for yourself. After you have taken one bath, you will, if you are a sensible girl, (and I think you are,) send your baggy breeches home, and buy a new get-up of the modern make.

Wasp waists, about which a good deal of unnecessary fuss is being made, are not produced by tight lacing, though undoubtedly there are women who will always wear their clothes tighter than is well for their health. It is owing entirely to the present style of dress that the figure now looks out of proportion about the waist line. Paniers, long bodices, tight sleeves set high in the shoulder, with fullness that stands up like a puff, are sufficient causes to make even an ordinary waist waspish. At a certain summer resort, the other day, a fashionably dressed girl was being much criticised for her "tight lacing," when she very good-naturedly asked the ladies who were offering their kind remarks what in their opinion ought to be the right number of inches of her belt. With one accord they agreed, considering her height and size, it should be twenty-two inches. It proved, on actual measurement, to be twenty-four, whereupon the "wasp waist" was voted a delusion, if not a snare, and some of the party thought they had made a slight mistake.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

That Bad Boy Again.

"There, I knew you would get into trouble," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as a policeman came along leading him by the ear, the boy having an empty champagne bottle in one hand, and a black eye; "what has he been doing, Mr. Policeman?" "Well, I was going by a house up here when this kid opened the door. He had a quart bottle of champagne, and cut the wire, and fired the cork at another boy, and the champagne went all over the sidewalk, and some of it went on me." The grocery man said he had better let the boy go, as his parents would not want their little pet locked up. So the policeman let go his ear, and started off. The grocery man turned to the boy, who was peeling a cucumber, and said: "Now, what kind of a circus have you been having, and what do you mean by destroying wine that way, and where are your folks?" "Well, I'll tell you. Ma she has got the hay-fever, and has gone to Lake Superior to see if she can't stop sneezing, and Saturday pa said he and me would go out to Oconomowoc and stay over Sunday, and try and recuperate our health. Pa said it would be a good joke for me not to call him pa, but to act as though I was his younger brother, and we would have a real nice time. I knew what he wanted. He is an old masher, that's what's the matter with him, and he was going to play himself for a bachelor. Oh, thunder, I got on to his racket in a minute! He was introduced to some of the girls, and Saturday evening he danced till the cows came home. At home he is awful afraid of rheumatiz, and he never sits in a draft, but the water just poured off'n him, and he stood in the door and let a girl fan him till I was afraid he would freeze, and just as he was telling a girl from Tennessee, who was joking him about being a nold bach, that he was not sure as he could always hold out a woman-hater if he was to be thrown into contact with some of the charming ladies of the Sunny South, I pulled his coat, and said, 'Pa, bow do you s'pose ma's hay-fever is to-night? I'll bet she is just sneezing the top of her head off.' Wall, sir, you just oughten seen that girl and pa. Pa looked at me as if I was a total stranger, and told the porter if that freckled-faced boot-black belonged around the house he better be fired out of the ball-room, and the girl said, 'The disgustin' thing!' I went to bed, and pa staid up till the lights were put out. He was mad when he came to bed, but he didn't lick me, 'cause the people in the next room would hear him, but the next morning he talked to me. He said I might go back home Sunday night, and he would stay a day or two. He sat around on the veranda all the afternoon, talking with the girls, and when he would see me coming along he would look cross. He took a girl out boat-riding, and when I asked him if I couldn't go along, he said he was afraid I would get drowned, and he said if I went home there was nothing there too good for me, and so my chum and me got to firing bottles of champagne, and he hit me in the eye with a cork, and I drove him out doors, and was just going to shell his ear-works, when the policeman collared me. Say, what's good for a black eye?"—*Peck's Sun*.

About Thrones.

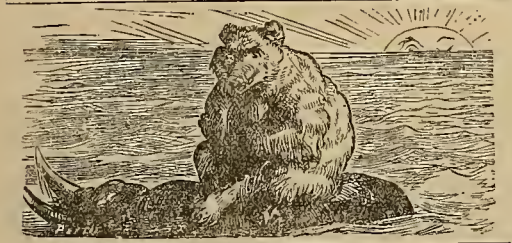
From the papers it seems that King Kalakaua has recently ordered of a Boston house a new throne for his sitting-room. Thrones come high, but if a man is in the king business he has to have them. It seems to a man who don't know much about royalty that this pride, pomp, and circumstance must have its drawbacks. Suppose you are a king, for instance, and after you have turned the cat out of the back-door of the palace, and removed your ermine robe and laid it on a chair, and unbuttoned your royal suspenders, and bung your crown on the bed-post, and blown out the gas, you happen to think that you haven't wound the royal clock. You feel your way into the sitting-room, and put your eye out with a sceptre somewhere, trying to find the mantel, and then fall head over appetite over a marble throne. It would make a man mad, even if it made the blood of a royal family flow out through his nose. Kings are only mortal, and it occurs to us that when a king snoozes who has descended from the royal galoots away back, busts his nose on a hump-backed throne, and jams a bass-wood sceptre into his eye, he is going to use some harsh terms. In this country all men are sovereigns. Some of the royal family of America sit on a pale-blue plush *tête-à-tête*, and others sit on the floor, and permit their feet to dangle, but we are all princes or kings in our own right. We can call the President of the United States harsh names, if we feel like it, and we are far enough away, and we belong to the other party. Americans are free to tread their native heath, and criticise anybody they want to, but very few of them wear thrones. A large fifteen-hundred-pound throne would be a cumbersome thing to ship over the U. P. road whenever a free-born American sovereign moved from Omaha to Green River. That's why so few of us use them. No American's going to make himself bald-headed wearing a sheet-iron crown with two and a half's worth of jewels on it, unless there's money in it. He prefers to just wag along without attracting attention so far as possible, and accumulate as much coin as he can. Still, the day may come when no family will feel perfectly comfortable without an eighty-six-dollar throne in the house. But it will have its drawbacks, and we hope the custom will never attain much standing in the country. A veneered throne in the sitting-room, with cracker-crumbs and bread-and-butter in the seat, would be of very little comfort to a man with democratic tastes. It would savor too much of an effete monarchy, and chill the warm glow of patriotic pride which every true American feels in the individual and universal freedom peculiar to our institutions. Beside, it would be, as we say, a very awkward thing to move about, and a poor thing to mortgage. It would hurt the family pride to mortgage the dear old throne, or to sell it to a second-hand furniture dealer. That is why we say that free-born American sovereigns had better plug along with the old style of chair, and thus give royalty in this country a black eye.—*Boomerang*.

A big brother at Fishkill, New York, made a young man marry his sister at the mouth of the revolver. It is understood that the young man is now kicking because the revolver did not go off.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The Democratic party is endeavoring to make the cry of "anti-monopoly" and "anti-railroad" so loud in the campaign that it shall drown all other questions. It is building up a colossal scarecrow, and stuffing it with sawdust and arming it with a wooden shot-gun, it is made to assume a formidable shape, and to seem a real terror. The long-headed wise ones of the Democracy, recognizing the fact that in a political campaign there can be only one issue at the top, and that the average Democratic brain is only capacious enough to consider one subject at a time, have subordinated all other questions to that of railroads and monopoly. The Democratic party has allied itself with the whisky interest to keep the Sunday law out of sight, and to elevate the railroad question to undue importance. We think the maintenance of the Sunday law of greater consequence to the moral, social, and political welfare of the people than any other. There is a large portion of the people of this State to whom the question of railroad fares, freights, discriminations, contracts, subsidies, etc., is not a practical one, because there is no railroad in their vicinity, and who, instead of baving any prejudice against them, are praying that a monopoly may come along and oppress them. There are certain parts of the State where the railroad system works without friction, and where the people feel that their property values have been increased, their business prospered, and themselves greatly inconvenienced. There are many intelligent and fair-reasoning business men who think the railroad authorities exercise power without mercy, are greedy and selfish beyond reason, and are not an unmixed beneficence. The discontented class is ever more active than the contented ones. The complainers are always more loudly demonstrative than those who are quietly grateful for favors. The Democracy has, we think, mistaken this clamor for public sentiment, and, in alliance with the whisky interest, has determined to make the railroad slogan the prominent and only war-cry of the campaign. It hopes thus to attain that heaven to which all Democratic leaders aspire—viz: office—and leave to its allies, the whisky-drinkers and saloon-keepers, the enjoyment of "Fiddlers' Green," that half-way house between hell and purgatory, where they may sell alcohol, make drunkards, and multiply criminals and paupers, by selling alcoholic drinks on Sunday, for their profit in coin and for the party's advantage in voters. To even say this much—indeed, to say anything in the direction of not abusing the railroad and the railroad people—is to subject one's self to the charge of being a railroad organ, or of having been subsidized. Every contemptible newspaper that lives on the whisky interest, and every individual body-louse that crawls upon the person of manufacturer, jobber, or re-

tailer of alcoholic drink, is quite certain that the editor is a biroleing of monopoly. It requires more courage to advocate the business interests of a community, and to defend property, than it does to join in the clamorous discontent of a vicious mob that thinks property theft and a clean shirt the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. It demands greater courage to do right than to do wrong. Revolving these things in our mind; anxious to have these formulated complaints against the railroad answered; recognizing that Governor Stanford is an able man; that he has mastered this subject; that he and his associates are largely interested in establishing between themselves and the business community relations of mutual confidence and friendship; and desirous also that the Republican party should have the advantage of any explanation he should make, we have prepared and sent to him the following letter, and have propounded to him the interrogations therein set forth. We hope he will answer them. We have caused him to be informed, and we here declare, that the columns of the Argonaut are open to any communication he pleases to make in answer to the questions we have asked, and any explanation he may desire to render.

We print the following open letter to Governor Stanford in confidence that he will be glad of the opportunity of answering the charges thus formulated against the institution of which he is the head, and we hope the friendly personal and political relations between the writer and himself, will justify him in making the Argonaut the medium of communicating his views on these subjects to the people of California.

ARGONAUT OFFICE, August 14, 1882.

Ex-Governor Leland Stanford—DEAR SIR: The prominent place occupied by you in the political history of the State; the relations you and your associates sustain to the material interests of this commonwealth, and especially to the interests of transportation, invest the views you may entertain upon these issues with general public interest.

An important State campaign has been opened by the convention held at San José. One resolution of the platform declares uncompromising hostility to railroad facilities for transportation in this State; declares in favor of material reduction in fares and freights, and in both general and specific terms seeks to make an indefinite sentiment of opposition to the railroads of the State the basis of the campaign.

In defense of this last general position assumed by the Democratic party, it is alleged—

First—That the railroad transportation facilities of the State of California constitute an oppressive monopoly.

Second—That the rates of transportation charged by the railroads of California are exorbitant and excessive to such a degree as to arrest the growth of the commonwealth, and to discourage and stifle production.

Third—That the principle of regulating freight tariffs upon the basis of what the article transported will bear rather than by the standard of the cost to the carrier of the service rendered, by means of freight classification, is erroneous, unjustifiable, and discriminating.

Fourth—That, in practice, the railroads of California discriminate arbitrarily and unjustly between individual shippers and between shipping points, showing favoritism to individuals and localities, to the obvious injury of the persons and places discriminated against.

Fifth—That merchants and manufacturers are, by force of existing conditions, coerced to enter into contracts to ship all goods imported by them by rail, to their disadvantage, and to serious loss and injury to their business.

Sixth—That the coercion alleged to be practiced by the railroads, as set forth in the above count, prevents competition by the ocean, raises the aggregate cost of transportation, entails additional cost upon all articles imported, and forces entire reliance upon overland railroad lines, to the injury of the commerce of this State.

Seventh—That freights are carried for longer distances—as, for instance, to terminal points—for less, or at the same rates, charged for shorter distances.

Eighth—That hostility to the railroad as a basis for political action is justified by reason of the facts, to wit: That the construction of the railroad system of the State was encouraged and aided by county, state, and national subsidies, and that in the processes of their construction the right of eminent domain was exercised in the condemnation of the right of way, and other important matters. That all these concessions and privileges placed you and your associates in the attitude of trustees for the public, and that it is unreasonable and unconscionable that you should be able to earn profits amounting, by your own exhibits, to something like nine millions a year, and which are necessarily drawn from the industries and commerce of this State.

Ninth—That an irreconcilable conflict exists between transportation and production.

Tenth—That material reductions in the rates of freight and fare are demanded by consideration of the interests of both labor and capital.

Eleventh—That the opening of the railroad route of transportation to gulf ports, by which the wheat, wool, wine, and

other staple productions of this State will be transported to ships on the Atlantic seaboard, will drive from the Pacific Ocean, and the port of San Francisco, the import commerce now carried thereon, and place the producers of California at the mercy of monopolized lines of transportation for the carrying of their products.

Some of the points made in these interrogation are suggested by speeches, newspaper discussions, and what is claimed to be a public belief, irrespective of party.

Referring again to the allegations of abuses above enumerated, your explanation as to the facts alleged and your views of the general issues raised by them are respectfully solicited, and I shall be glad to give your reply as wide a circulation and the same publicity I have given to this open letter to you. I am, very respectfully,

FRANK M. PIXLEY, Editor Argonaut.

The Chronicle avows itself in favor of the nomination of Mr. M. M. Estee by the Republican Convention, and by cowardly insinuation charges the Argonaut with opposing him because he is hostile to the railroads. Whether Mr. Estee is opposed to the railroad or not, we do not know, nor is it our business to care. We think there are other, better, and stronger gubernatorial candidates, men who would make a better governor than Mr. Estee. So thinking, it is our privilege to so state. We are not intriguing against him, running ward clubs against him, or packing a convention with delegates in opposition to him. We do not like the kind of politics he indulges in, and we do not like the kind of political associates he runs with. We fear, if he should be elected through the agencies he is now using, that he would not be as independent, foot-loose, and free from personal promises and political entanglements as he ought to be. The incident at San José is thus commented upon by an independent journal of that place: "M. M. Estee made a mistake when he selected as his political managers the firm of Chute, Higgins & Gannon, for these politicians are making the same kind of fight for him that Chris Buckley and his crowd did for Hearst. It is a 'good bet that Estee will come out of the fight as Hearst did, in which event the b'hoys of San Francisco will be 'without a candidate. The presence of some forty Barbary Coast strikers in this city on Saturday, sent down by Dick Chute to carry the primaries in favor of Estee, will damage the Mercury's pet candidate before the convention. The respectable Republicans of this city and county do not care to ally themselves with a man like Estee, who resorts to such questionable practices to carry out his ends. Those who claim that he is not responsible for the dastardly outrage of Saturday must be remarkably fresh. Estee knows what kind of men Chute, Higgins, and Gannon are, and he knows that they are accustomed to use all sorts of reprehensible tricks and dodges to assist them in their work. The very fact that Chute & Co. are managing Estee's fight is enough to damn him in the estimation of all decent men." We do not vouch for any of the incidents which are alleged to have occurred at San José, but we do undertake to assert that the fight for Estee is made by the machine, and that the following named gentlemen are his prominent supporters in San Francisco: William T. Higgins, Esquire; Colonel James Gannon, Richard Chute, Esquire; Thomas Reynolds, ex-Democratic County Clerk; Alexander Badlam, Assessor; Hon. Michael Conroy; Mr. Weed, of the street-sweeping contract; Mr. Stuart, ex-Republican County Clerk, lately returned from the country; Hon. Dr. William B. May, ex-member of assembly; General Hardenberg, formerly of Sacramento; Christopher Buckley, Esquire, one of our most prominent Democratic party leaders; Samuel Rainey, his able assistant manager; Mr. Ross, Democrat, and foreman of an engine in the seventh ward; Peter Hopkins, member of the Democratic Central Committee; William B. Carr, Esq., formerly an active Republican manager in the Gorham campaign; Mr. Thomas Rogers, formerly contractor at Mare Island, and now of the Mint; John Martin, Esquire, now harbor-master; Philip McGovern; James Dyer, Esq., of the twelfth ward, and divers other gentlemen of marked prominence in our political affairs. The headquarters of these political gentlemen are at the saloon of Peter Hopkins, Esquire, at the Grand Hotel, at the "Mint" saloon on Commercial Street, and at the saloon kept by Mr. Christopher Buckley, the Democratic manager above alluded to. It is of such men that Mr. Estee's leadership is composed. It is in the saloons where they make their headquarters, and from whence their rank and file receive their orders, and go forth to battle in the slums. It is by these men and such as these that the profits of street-sweeping are divided, to whom contracts come from the municipal government. It is to the followers and body-guard of these men that the deputyships were given in the County Clerk's office under Stuart, and are now given in the Assessor's office under Alexander Badlam. It is such men who run boards of supervisors, and who compose the lobby in the legislature; who debauch officials, and swell the taxation of this city and State to the extent of millions annually; who compose the idle cliques of tax-eaters around county court-houses; who blackmail corporations; who live on

politics as an industry, and never perform a day of honest toil from the day of their birth till the hour of their final denunciation, which may be found in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, the forty-first verse. The congregation will please sing:

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound;
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

Our opposition to Mr. Estee is not because we have any candidate for office. We have recorded our appreciation of Joseph Russ, of Humboldt, and this has been followed up by his county sending to the State Convention representative gentlemen instructed to "steadfastly insist" on his nomination. We have given our opinion of the character and qualifications of James McM. Shafter, and this opinion is affirmed by the political action of the County of Marin, where he resides. Of the Hon. Mayor Blake, of San Francisco, and Judge Rhodes, of Santa Clara, we have borne testimony of worth and availability. Of Messrs. Swift, Pelton, Mansfield, Reed, Stearnes, and others we have not failed to write in full appreciation of their merits. We can add another name, that of the Hon. William H. Brown, long time senator from El Dorado County, a man of capacity and character, of excellent political record, of clean antecedents, and of intelligence and respectability, whom we would gladly support if nominated. This journal has no candidate for the office of governor, or for any other position. It has no personal object in view, and it has no personal interest to subserve. It will not support the Republican party in the interest of a bad candidate, and it will not advocate a bad, immoral, and cowardly platform in the interest of any candidate. We should be glad to have I. S. Belcher, of Marysville, on the ticket as candidate for judge of the Supreme Court, because he is a man of legal learning, large experience, and unquestioned integrity. We should be more than pleased to have our Republican Convention nominate Jackson Temple—a Democrat—for judge, because we think he possesses the courage that always ought, and usually does, accompany intelligence and integrity. We should like to see D. M. Kenfield renominated for the office of Controller, because we know, from a personal acquaintance of forty years, that he is honest, honorable, competent, and industrious, and because he had a struggle to vindicate the right of the Republican party to the office. He was elected to the office in 1876, to fill the unexpired term of Mandeville, who had died. He was deprived of it by a decision of the Supreme Court, because the governor had not designated that office in his official proclamation for an election. We think the decision was a political one. At the last election for State officers, Mr. Kenfield was again elected for four years, one year of which is lost by the new constitution—all together composing such a chapter of unfortunate and expensive incidents as to fairly entitle him to a renomination. If there is any member of the State government who desires a renomination, who has made an economical, honest administration of his office, and who is competent and sober, we are in favor of his renomination and continuance in office. We should be glad if all the subordinate offices of the State were filled with such men, and that they might be retained in office so long as their faculties are perfect, and then be pensioned for life.

The *Bulletin* has begun, or we should say renewed, its attacks upon Mr. Justice Field. The very able law writer—whether it is Mr. Upton or the Reverend Mr. Bartlett, we are not informed—who is employed by this journal to review the decisions of the inferior and superior courts of our own State, as well as the appellate tribunal of the Supreme Court of the United States, is not in accord with Judge Field in his recent decision concerning the laundry ordinance. While we are not disposed to question the soundness of Mr. Upton's law, the Reverend Mr. Bartlett's theology, or the ability of any of the *Bulletin's* learned specialists, we deprecate the necessity of assailing the personnel of the bench. The *Bulletin* grows saucy in a quarrel just to the extent that the person assaulted takes no notice of it; it is brave in the exact ratio of the non-resistance of its opponent. Justice Field can not reply to its assaults, and would not if he could. Between Justice Field and Mr. Fitch for twenty years there has existed a quarrel—if that can be called a quarrel when the judge has for all that time refused to permit the editor to speak to him. And all these years no opportunity has been allowed to pass in which Mr. Justice Field was not subjected to the pen-pricking attacks of both *Bulletin* and *Call*. The *Argonaut* is not the especial defender of the Federal judges; but if there is any branch of our judicial system of which California has a right to be justly proud, it is the Federal judiciary of California. For learning, industry, integrity, and cleanliness of social life, Messrs. Field, Sawyer, and Hoffman may challenge favorable comparison with the judges of any State of the Union. Their decisions have challenged wide attention from able lawyers throughout the country. Their opinions bear favorable comparison with any for ability and learning. These

gentlemen have been called to the investigation of many novel and original questions, because of the peculiar conditions surrounding the country. There have been questions of real property, growing out of our political connection with Mexico; mining, agricultural, and water questions, turning upon our climate and the physical geography of our State; and commercial and race questions, depending upon our trade with and immigration from Asia. Justice Field has been required, in the higher field of judicial labor, to consider and determine the many serious legal questions which have arisen in the interpretation of our constitutional amendments, and the settlement of controversies growing out of our political condition since the abolition of slavery and the conclusion of our civil war. Justice Field, in a sense, may be accredited with the creation of a land and water code for our State; and now, after nearly thirty years of judicial service on the bench of California and in the Supreme Court of the United States, he can well afford, by his silence, to indicate the contempt that he undoubtedly feels toward the small men who earn their daily salt by attacks upon his personal or judicial character.

It is not surprising that the law excluding Chinese laborers from our country should bring up somewhat curious points of law for discussion. This law, we must admit, is in opposition to the traditions and customs of a country that has been altogether too indulgent in respect to its immigration laws. It was a new and necessary departure when our Congress had the courage to declare that an entire race should not find residence or even temporary employment in the United States of America. It seems harsh and unnecessary that we should deny Asiatics transit across our continent, or deny an English traveler the permission to be accompanied by a single Chinese servant, or a Chinese sailor the privilege of being discharged in the port where he shipped. Such cases have arisen. They are endeavoring to procure, and it is likely that the law will demand, some modification in reference to such incidents as we have named. If necessary, the law should be amended. It is not desirable that, in its exercise, the government or its people should be placed in a false position. We are neither cowards to fear an indirect invasion, nor are we inhospitable to the extent of refusing individual courtesies to strangers. We are not so unjust as to deny a Chinaman the right of discharge in the port of his enlistment, nor so inhuman as to refuse asylum to shipwrecked sailors or citizens of any country. We commend to our senators and representatives in Congress that they be prompt to concede all that common sense demands in the direction of amending the Chinese law. Such a course will meet the approval of all sensible and liberal-minded persons on this coast.

If it is true that a gang of roughs went from San Francisco to San José to manage the primary election there in the interest of the League of Freedom and Morris M. Estee, it is an evidence of a combination between Mr. Estee and the anti-Sunday law interest, and demonstrates they are like the two women grinding in the mill, together working the machine. If Mr. Estee were asked, he would indignantly deny that he had entrusted his campaign to the b'hoys interest; but it is none the less true that this class is working for him to its last man. It is also true that this kind of politician never works for patriotism or benevolence. Coin in hand, promises of office, and opportunity to pick up things on the deck of the party craft are the moving considerations for their service. The most prominent of our professional politicians, with the most notorious and objectionable of our party utensils, are earnestly working for the nomination of Mr. Estee. There could not have been found twenty-five men in San Francisco who would have volunteered to go to San José in the interest of any candidate for governor unless they had been paid for it. No respectable citizen would permit himself to be thus employed, and no decent Republican would engage in such an expedition. This San José incident is conclusive of an organized effort to run the Republican Convention in the combined interest of distillers and brewers, of jobbers and retailers of beer and whisky, and of M. M. Estee. The money used at San José, and being used in San Francisco, does not come from Mr. Estee, for he has none. In our opinion it comes from the League of Freedom and the gravel miners, whose candidate we understand, from good authority, Mr. Estee to be. We do not believe the scheme will work. The schemes of schemers very seldom do work. Mr. Estee will not be nominated for governor, and if he is, a good many people will vote against him, and very unwillingly for General Stoneman. It is not improbable that the Estee movement is a blind under which to bring out the Hon. Frank Page as a candidate for governor. Their mutual friends are suspiciously friendly just now.

The President of the United States, after his very arduous duties, now travels for the recuperation of his exhausted powers. The Navy Department places at his disposal for a pleasure voyage one of the steamships of the United States navy. It will be furnished and supplied at the expense of the government, and his excellency will have a set of jolly

companions. Every one will have a jolly good time. This sounds almost regal. Queen Victoria has her yacht, and her private royal car, and we are very proud to know that at least our President can take a coasting voyage, and that, under a liberal interpretation of the law, he can venture more than three marine leagues from shore. His country is the deck over which floats the flag, and he may sail even to a foreign port, but he may not go ashore without working a forfeiture of his office. This is somewhat of a departure from the simplicity of those early times when Presidents found their way on horseback to and from the national capital; and we are not advised upon what authority of law the Secretary of the Navy places a government ship at the disposal of the gentleman whom we hire at a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year to perform the duties of the presidential office. We are quite pained to learn that the duties of his office are becoming so arduous and wearisome as to demand so great a strain upon the physical and mental strength of the executive. In this view of the case, it may be well to inquire whether the presidential term should not be reduced, and two years of this exhausting labor be all that we should require from the patriot who is called upon to fill the executive office. In view of the unhealthy and insalubrious climate of Washington in the summer months, driving the President to an annual pilgrimage to a seaside cottage, or a trip to the country fairs in pursuit of health and relief, would it not be well to establish the capital at Coney Island, St. Louis, or Long Branch? We are pleased to know that the President, having relinquished his ambition for the presidential nomination, is now driving a four-in-hand. Such departures as these are indications of national progress along a royal road. Our annual disbursements this year are three hundred millions of dollars. We remember the time when they were thirty millions. Wealth increases. Rich men now purchase most of the senatorial positions. We look forward with confidence to the time when the presidential position shall also become a matter of commerce.

The enemies of Blaine, both Democratic and Republican, have been so much occupied during the session in investigating his connection with Shipperd, that they have swamped the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and so occupied its time that it could not report the Nicaragua Canal bill. The result of all this Peru-Chile investigation business demonstrates that Mr. Secretary Blaine had an intelligent foreign policy, which, if it had not been abandoned by a stupid successor, and a jealous rival for presidential honors, would have reflected honor upon the American government. So far as it is understood by the people it is sustained; and if Mr. Blaine should ever make a presidential campaign upon the issues involved in the policy marked out by him during his brief incumbency of the office of Secretary of State, he will be warmly supported by all intelligent Americans. For the first time in the history of our country we have had a policy in this direction. His was a bold one, and for the very first time we had entered upon a diplomacy that dared to vindicate broad national interests, and had the courage to assume that the United States was so far a leading power among the governments of the world that it should assert its right to dominate this hemisphere. To permit no European interference in the countries that border our continent, or are embraced within our geographical boundaries, is the manifest destiny of our politics, and the party that has the courage to assert this doctrine will become the party of power.

General Lew Wallace, the American Minister at Constantinople, is accredited with having acquired great influence over the Sultan of Turkey. It is acknowledged generally that his advice to the Porte in the difficult and delicate circumstances in which he is placed is intelligent and disinterested. It seems to us that England has made the mistake of doing that with precipitance and haste which she might have done with greater deliberation. "Egypt for the Egyptians" is a sentiment that we applaud; but, all the same, it is but a sentiment, the luxury of which Egyptians will not be permitted to enjoy. "America for the Americans" is a patriotic and splendid sentiment. It does not mean, however, America for the American Indians, but America for the European aggressors who have invaded and conquered the country. Egypt is for the modern Egyptians, and those Europeans who have overrun the land. The Suez canal is for the world's commerce. The valley of the Nile is one of the world's granaries. Pyramids, sphinx, obelisks, and monuments are for the world's curious. The grand old river is one of the world's open water-ways for travel and commerce. Cairo and Alexandria are great metropolitan cities, to which the citizens of all countries must have the right to go, and pass through, and live in, without interference from Bedouins or Fellaheen. Egypt is destined to become nationalized, Europeanized, and if not Christianized, it must be at least civilized. If England has made a mistake, England will correct it, and we can not doubt that the ultimate outcome of this entire Egyptian business will find the lower and working classes in improved condition, and Egypt better governed than it now is.

ANY CAB IN A STORM.

The Effect of a Queer Carriage Upon the Nephew of his Uncle.

[Scene—Rue de la Faisanderie. Enter, from a stylish mansion, a young man irreproachably dressed, but with an anxious and excited look. He soliloquizes:]

"It's no use; I can't raise the money. My last hope of the twenty-five thousand francs has gone, and with it goes Jacqueline. She will become the prey of that cad, Victor, for he has no end of money. And yet, up till yesterday I had hoped to be able to obtain it from Fox. Fox could help me out. Fox should help me, for I've sent him customers for I don't know how many horses. But no! Fox lets me sink before his eyes with a heartless 'If your uncle will indorse your note, well and good; otherwise—no!' Ha! what's that? Rain! And of course not a hack to be had in this infernal quarter. Still, if I can reach the square before it comes down heavily, I shall be able to find a cab." [Sets off running. Thunder and lightning! The fountains of the great deep are broken up! He takes refuge in a doorway.] "Well, I suppose a cab will pass in the course of a week. Confound Jacqueline! That angel to become the prey of that wretch for a mere twenty-five thousand miserable francs! And yet what am I to do? My cash is exhausted; so is my credit, and all my powers of invention fail me. No signs of the shower stopping, and I can't pass the night here; I shall have to make a bolt for it. Ha, what's that? A hack, a hack! Saved! Saved! Hi! Ho! Cahhy!" [Dashes out. The vehicle proves to be one of the hearse-coups of the Pompes Funèbres for the removal of remains to the railroad stations, with accommodations for the mourners or attendants.] "That's my luck to the last. One solitary vehicle in this quarter of the town, and it's a hearse!"

The Driver of the Hearse—If, sir, you wish to be set down anywhere, I'll take you. I've just been leaving an aged party at the railroad station, and his nephew went on with him.

The Gentleman—Well, I might as well, seeing that there is no other vehicle in sight. [Enters the coupé.] Somebody's nephew is in luck, anyway, but my uncle is hopelessly healthy; no chance of making a little excursion with him in this turnout. Only this morning he wrote to me to see Fox, and have him send him that new pair of hays. Hello, there's Thingummy! How are you? [Leans out of window and waves hand. His friend Thingummy stares, then makes a profound and reverential bow.] Hello, what the deuce ails Thingummy? Can I have offended him in any way? There's Whatshisname! Ta-ta, old boy! [Waves his hat to Whatshisname, who gazes upon him with shocked surprise, and bows gravely.] Now, what on earth is the matter with Whatshisname? What ails the whole lot of them? If they had resolved to cut me for card-sharpping they couldn't be more icily ceremonious. Ah, the duke! [Bows. The old gentleman gazes upon him with compassion, and with a stern countenance executes the stateliest bow of the ancient régime. The passenger is stupefied.] That's another of them! It can't be a lark—a practical joke—or the duke wouldn't be in it! Ho! Confound my stupidity, I see through it all. They don't know that I took this hearse to get out of the storm, but suppose that I am escorting some one near and dear to me to his long home. Strange, I never thought of that. Ha! by Jove, that's an idea. Ho, coachman, stop at Arthur Fox's, the horse-dealer, you know. [He is radiant, and shocks the few spectators by executing a war-dance of triumph in the coupé. They arrive at Fox's. Fox is seated at the stable-door smoking, as is his wont. He is petrified at the approach of the hearse. The gentleman descends, and approaches him with sadness, not unmixed with severity.] Ah! Fox, is that you? I thought I would take you in on my way. I was afraid my uncle's horses—

Fox—Precisely; I was just about to write to your uncle to say that they would be shipped to-morrow, as he had instructed.

The Gentleman [sighing deeply, and pointing towards the hearse]—My poor uncle!

Fox [uneasily]—What! The haron is—

The Gentleman—Yes; he is there! I am about to perform the last sad offices which—

Fox—But it must have been very sudden. Why, it was only last week that he wrote to me—

The Gentleman—Aye, and to me at the same time. Yes, [sighing,] it was very sudden; still at his age—

Fox—You seem to take your loss greatly to heart. Your feeling does you great honor, sir. Yet I fancy that many nephews in your place would be far from melancholy, because the old gentleman's death must put a good round sum in your pocket, at a time when it was very welcome, too, eh?

The Gentleman [with dignified but quiet reproach]—You need not remind me of that, Fox. No one should know it better than yourself, since only last week I—[going.]

Fox [button-holing him]—And so you are—er—the—the only traveling companion the haron has? Sad, sad, very sad. Did he leave any family?

The Gentleman—Alas, no; neither child nor child. I am the last of the race. [Wipes away a tear.]

Fox—Indeed! [With marked respect.] Still, it can't be very lively to be shut up in that hearse out there, with nobody but a corpse, even if it is that of your lamented uncle.

The Gentleman [aside]—I hope to heaven he won't volunteer to accompany me—that would be decidedly awkward. [Aloud.] My affliction is so great and so sudden that I prefer to be alone with it. A friend did offer to accompany me, but I declined his company.

Fox—The haron was rich, wasn't he?

The Gentleman—They say one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year, but people always exaggerate. I doubt if he had more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

Fox—That reminds me! What am I to do with those horses?

The Gentleman—Oh, that is no concern of mine, Fox, you know.

Fox [insinuatingly]—Yes, of course I know that, but a gentleman of your rank and wealth will want horses; you can't expect to do with that one hack—

The Gentleman—Certainly not; but that is a matter for after consideration. For the present, you know, Fox, what with paying legacy duty, and arranging to meet the bequests

made by my poor uncle, I shall have little ready money to spare. In a year or two, however, I'll look in on you.

Fox—I need hardly say that if you are in need of money I can always find you any sum in reason.

The Gentleman [icily]—Oh, thank you, Fox; the fact is I did want to effect a temporary loan, but as you had told me that you were short of funds, of course I went elsewhere.

Fox—Oh, sir, you can understand that circumstances have changed. I mean that since I saw you I have unexpectedly received—. You haven't closed with the other party, have you?

The Gentleman—N-no, not exactly. That is to say, he was to bring me the forty thousand francs to-morrow morning.

Fox—I can let you have the money now, if you'll step in. The Gentleman—Much obliged, but I am not so much pressed for money as all that.

Fox—Then I'll take you round the money to-night.

The Gentleman—I don't know. Still, as we are old acquaintances, I suppose—well, come round to my rooms at nine o'clock.

Fox [radiant]—Certainly; at nine o'clock, sharp. And you can tell the other party that an old friend, you know, insisted—

The Gentleman—Very well; bring the money round. Good-bye, Fox! [The driver of the hearse, who has been watching the scene, and who vaguely understands that his fare has been putting up a job of some kind on his boss, hugs himself with rapture. The gentleman enters the vehicle.]

The Driver—Where to now, sir?

The Gentleman [abstractedly]—Rue Royale.

Fox [who has been closing the door, in open-mouthed surprise]—What? Are you going to take the remains to your rooms?

The Gentleman—How? What? I don't understand.

Fox—You said to drive you to the Rue Royale.

The Gentleman—You misunderstood me, Fox. I said to Port Royal. That is where the remains are to be interred. There used to be a famous abbey there—it no longer exists, but you must have read of it—and my poor uncle was hereditary abbot; that is to say, his grandmother was. Early in the fourteenth century, to make a long story short, the abbey—but I see you are not up in the family history, Fox. At any rate, that is where we have had our family tomb for generations. Well, Fox, I'll see you to-night. To Port Royal, driver.

[The hearse moves away. Fox bows to the earth, and thinks it is supremely distinguished to have a family tomb in a hereditary abbey which no longer exists. Curtain.]—*New York World—Translated freely from the French.*

At a meeting of the Hayes Temperance Association in Washington, recently, says the *Brooklyn Eagle*, a gentleman present was invited to make a few remarks. He came to the front of the platform and said: "I have but a few words to address to you. I was horn and brought up in New Hampshire. My father was a strict teetotaler, and taught me the perils that lurk in the intoxicating bowl. Up to the time of his death I had never tasted a drop of liquor. When he died, a few years ago, we moved into the State of Maine, and after that I was drunk most of the time." The brethren got down on their knees and indulged in five minutes of silent prayer.

The Spiritualists have turned their attention to the Orient as a likely recruiting ground, and are trying to seduce the Hindoo into their ranks. But the Hindoo, under the influence of the English, has become acute and intelligent. At a séance given at Calcutta a few weeks ago a Bengalee gentleman completely upset the Spiritualist who presided over the entertainment. In the course of the proceedings he was touched on the nose by a being said to be from the other world, and represented as his father. "No," he replied, "that can not be. My father never washed himself, and the spirit's band smells of soap."

Le Bal des Canotiers takes place at St. Germain on a Sunday evening in July or August. Nobody is paid to dance at it. The can-can is performed in a fast and furious manner. It used to be allowable for ladies to go to this hall in the dresses in which they bathed. If they were overheated, they asked their partners to plunge with them into the river, which they did in their nautical attire. The bathing-costume was a smart Bloomer arrangement. The trousers reached to the calf of the leg. Stockings might or might not be worn. Much fancy was displayed in the trimming of the oilskin cap.

X. has just finished a volume of musical criticism, in the course of which he has had occasion to deal with the works and talent of his friend Y. Unhappily, just as the book is going through the press the two friends have a falling out. With great presence of mind X. inserts a slip of paper in each volume, thus inscribed: "Erratum—p. 54, l. 21.—For 'Y., the eminent composer and distinguished musician,' read 'Y., the idiotic organ-grinder and clumsy and impudent plagiarist.'"

A young lady was looking at some hosiery, and asked the clerk: "How do you sell those?" at the same time holding up before him a long pair of zebra-colored ones. "Those are worth five dollars a pair," he answered. "Oh, my," twittered the giddy creature, "they come pretty high—don't they?" "Y-y-yes," stammered the bashful youth, "th-they come p-p-pretty high; hu-hu-but you're pretty t-tall, you know."

Boh Ingersoll took a sea-bath at Long Branch Saturday, and subsequently suffered from a severe chill. It is believed, says the *Chicago Tribune*, that some member of the Adams family must have gone in swimming at Boston without notifying people further down the coast.

Says the Philadelphia *News*: "Mary Anderson has been sailing in her new yacht. She is very handsome, decidedly fast, has all the modern improvements, and has plenty of room on deck." We presume the *News* refers to the yacht.

SENDING A TELEGRAM.

Burdette Tells How the Average Man Conducts the Operation.

It was just after a railroad accident. I amused myself by watching my fellow-passengers. Presently one man reached a long arm over the little crowd clustered at the operator's window, and asked for a "blank telegraphic form," explaining that he "wished to send a telegraphic dispatch to his family." Now, when a man speaks of a "telegraphic dispatch" I always wake up and look at him, because the cumbersome title is too long. The use of it betrays the man who has little use for the telegraph. The more a man uses the wire, the shorter his terms. The more nearly he can come to saying "m's'g" the more content he is. And he doesn't call it a "telegraphic form"; he asks for a "blank," black or red, as the case may be. And he never "telegraphs" anybody. He "wires" them. So I watched this passenger write his "telegraphic dispatch." First he asked the operator:

"What day of the month is this?"

There was nothing unusual in that. All men ask that. You may know what date it is before entering the office; you may even have it impressed on your mind by having a note fall due on that day; but the moment you poise your pencil over the blank, that date flies from your mind like the toothache from a dentist's stairway.

The man was tall, with thick hair and a thin neck. His trousers were just about as much too short as his hair was too long, and he wore a shawl. That settled him. He spoiled three blanks before he got a "telegraphic dispatch" written to suit him. But even that is not very uncommon. A man always uses stationery more extravagantly in another man's office than he does at home. Then he wrote every word in the body of the dispatch very carefully and distinctly, but scrambled hurriedly over the address as though everybody knew that as well as he did, and dashed off his own signature in a blind-letter style, as though his name was as familiar to the operator as it was to his own family. But even this is not uncommon. A man will write "Cunningham" so that no expert under the skies can tell whether it was Covington, or Carrington, or Cummagen, or Carrenton, and when the operator points to it, and asks: "What is this?" the writer will stare at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then answer: .

"Why, that's my name!"

"Well, yes, I know that," the operator will say; "but what is your name?"

Then the man will gasp for breath, and catch hold of the desk to keep himself from falling, and finally shout:

"Why, Cunningham, of course!"

And look pityingly upon the operator, and then glance about the room with a pained, shocked expression, as one who should say:

"Gentlemen, you may not believe me, and I do not blame you, but heaven is my witness—here is a man who does not know that my name is Cunningham!"

Well, my tall man with the thin neck banded the operator the following explicit message:

Mrs. Sarah K. Follinsbee, Dallas Centre, Iowa.—MY DEAR WIFE: I left the city early this morning, after eating breakfast with Professor Morton, a live man in the temperance cause. I expected to eat dinner with you at home. But we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident on the railroad, and I narrowly escaped being killed. One passenger was terribly mangled, and has since died, but I am alive. The conductor says I can not make connection so as to come to Dallas Centre this morning, but I can get there by eight o'clock this evening. I hate to disappoint you, but can not help it. With love for mother and children, I am your loving husband,

ROGER R. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator read it, smiled, and said:

"You can save considerable expense, and tell all that is really necessary, I presume, by shortening the message down to ten words. We have no wire directly into Dallas, and will have to send this message part of the way over another line, which adds largely to the cost of transmission. Shall I shorten this for you?"

"No, oh, no," the man with a shawl replied, "I'll fix it myself. Ten words, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

The tall man with the short pantaloons went back to the desk with his message. Occasionally he would hold it from him at arm's length, after making an erasure, to get at the general effect. At last, after much scratching and erasing, and with many sighs, he came to the window and handed the operator the following expunged edition of his original message:

Mrs. Sarah K. Follinsbee—MY DEAR WIFE: I left the city—this morning after eating—Prof. Morton alive—cause I expected to eat—You at home. But we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident on the railroad. I—being killed—terribly mangled, and since died; but I am—the conductor—I can not—come to Dallas Centre—but I can—I hate—mother and the children. Your loving husband,

ROGER R. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator smiled once more, and in his quick, nervous way, that grows out of his familiar association with the lightning, made a few quick dashes with his pencil, and without adding or changing a letter in the original message, shriveled it down to its very sinews, like this:

Sarah K. Follinsbee, Dallas Centre, Iowa: Left city 'smorning; delayed by accident; all right; home 'evening.

ROGER R. FOLLINSBEE.

"There, that is all right," he said, in the cheery magnetic way these operators have. "Fifty cents, sir; only twenty-five cents if we had our own wire into Dallas, sir; we'll have one next spring, too; saves you several dollars, sir. That's right, thank you."

And the man with the thin neck and thick hair went and sat down on a chair by the stove, and stared at that operator until the rescuing train came along, as though he was a worker of miracles. And when he got off the train at the junction for Dallas, I heard him whispering softly to himself: "Shfolinshee—clishn smorning; nothin smatter; home saftnoon."

And I knew that he was practicing his lesson, and had "caught on."—*Hawkeye.*

Sarah Bernhardt gives her kid four hundred dollars a month for spending money. Probably a great many boys who read this will wish to goodness they had been born fatherless.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Marquis of Westminster was a most peculiar man. He always dressed in a very shabby manner. On one occasion, while walking near Maidenhead Station, he encountered a boatman, who had just arrived by a train from London. The latter was looking around for somebody to carry his satchel, and the old marquis caught his eye. Not recognizing the eccentric lord, the boatman asked him if he wanted a job, and offered him sixpence to carry his valise to the inn, a quarter of a mile distant. "Make it a shilling, and I'm your man," said the marquis. "All right," said the other, and the marquis trudged on in front with his burden. Arriving at the inn, he received his shilling, and walked slowly away. The donor's astonishment when informed by a bystander of the rank and wealth of his porter may be better imagined than described.

One of Jonathan Edwards's daughters, who had some spirit of her own, had a proposal of marriage. The youth was referred to her father. "No," said that stern individual, "you can't have my daughter." "But I love her and she loves me," pleaded the young man. "Can't have her!" said the father. "May I ask," meekly inquired the suitor, "if you have heard anything against my character?" "No!" thundered the obstinate parent, by this time aroused; "I haven't heard anything against you; I think you are a promising young man, and that's why you can't have her. She's got a very bad temper, and you wouldn't be happy with her." The lover, amazed, said: "Why, Mr. Edwards, I thought Emily was a Christian— isn't she?" "Certainly she is," growled the conscientious parent; "but, young man, when you grow older you'll be able to understand that there's some folks that the grace of God can live with that you can't."

Frederick the Second had a special liking for Mendelssohn, who was very witty, as hunchbacks usually are, and he often gave him a seat at supper by his side. It so happened that some small ambassador—Germany was then divided into a number of microscopic countries with pigmy sovereigns—tried to chaff Mendelssohn, who with his quick repartee turned the tables at once on his adversary. Furious, his drollish excellency ran to the king, and complained of the plebeian being admitted to circles above his reach, etc. The king told him: "Mendelssohn was my guest, as you were, and you should not have joked him, or you should take the consequences." "Ah," said the ambassador, "he is a man who would consider nobody, and would offend your majesty if it so happened that for some imaginary reason he thought himself hurt. Let us try him, now. Will your majesty, at the next supper-party write on a piece of paper, 'Mendelssohn is an ass,' and put that paper, signed by your own hand, on his table?" "Well; if it is just for an experiment, and I am at liberty afterward to tell him that I by no means intended to offend him, I do not mind complying with your wish." "Agreed; only the paper must be signed under the words: 'Mendelssohn is one (ein) ass,' so that there can be no doubt in his mind that it comes from your majesty." The evening came. At the given moment all went to the ominous table and sat around it. The moment Mendelssohn sat down, being rather shortsighted and observing a paper, he took it very near his eye, and having read it, gave a start. "What is the matter?" asked the king, "no unpleasant news, I hope, Mendelssohn." "Well," said Mendelssohn, "some one has taken the liberty to joke with very bad taste with your majesty; I'd rather not—" "With me? Pray do not keep me waiting any longer. What is it?" "Why, somebody wrote here, 'Mendelssohn is one ass, Frederick the second.'"

One fine evening, says the *World*, as Frederic Berat and Toby Johannot were walking along the Place de la Madeleine, they espied a worthy bourgeois about to enter the bus for the Bastille. Approaching the stranger, Berat thus addressed him: "Sir, you seem to be awaiting the departure of this bus?" "I am, sir," replied the stranger, somewhat surprised. "And you intend going to the Bastille by this bus?" "Such is my intention, sir." "Sir, this vehicle will not start for five minutes, and you therefore have time to hear what I have to say." "That depends, sir, upon what you have to say." "What I have to say (gloomily) is of importance to me, sir, and to you. I have just been dining with my friend here—a very good dinner, and no lack of wine—" "But, sir, this has no earthly interest for me." "It has; hear me out. I will prove my confidence in you by admitting that I am drunk, and that when I am drunk, sir, I am the most blood-thirsty of men. My life or another man's life is as indifferent to me when I am in this condition as the ashes of my cigar." "Come, my friend," interrupts Johannot, "come along, and leave the gentleman alone." "That's all right; I want to talk with the gentleman. Now, sir, you want to go to the Place de la Bastille in this bus, don't you? You do. Very well. Now, I have decided that you are to go into that bus over there, and go to the Barrière de l'Etoile!" "Sir, are you mad?" "Excuse me, sir, but you are mistaken. I am not mad. I am drunk, which is still more shameful. Now, sir, you are sober; you have full possession of your senses; you are not going to quarrel with a poor inebriate like myself. It would be inexcusable on your part to do so. Your duty is to soothe me—to humor my hallucinations—to avoid a scene. Opposition may develop in me the unreasoning fury of a tiger. You will refuse to enter yonder bus? Very well. I will tear you from the steps of this bus; we shall fight; tomorrow you will send me a challenge; next day we shall meet in mortal combat. If you kill me, your conscience will accuse you perpetually of having picked a quarrel with a drunken man. If I kill you, it will be infernally stupid, and inconvenient besides. You are well though not fashionably dressed. You seem to be in comfortable circumstances; perhaps you will leave a widow and orphans. And what will you have perished for? Simply for trying to uphold a point of honor with a drunken man. It can not be. It must not be." This interview, being judiciously interrupted by appeals from Johannot to his friend to come home, and to the stranger not to excite the maniac, did not fail to convince the stranger, whom Berat conducted to the other bus with effusion, hailing him as his benefactor.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Dodo.

"What is that, mother?"
"The dodo, my child;
His thoughts are weak and his brain is mild.
'Tis he that levels the empty gun
At his timid sister in dodo fun,
And rocks the boat on the summer lake
To hear the screaming ladies make.
He wears lean pants and tooth-pick shoes,
And hasn't an ounce of sense to lose.
Look at him close, as you see him pass.
He looks like a man but was made for an ass."
—Hawkeye.

The Candidate.

Who spends his time walking the streets,
And smiles on every one he meets,
Not even slighting the dead-beats?

The Candidate.

Who can not let a stranger pass
Without asking him to take a glass?
'Tis this queer mixture of clay and brass,

The Candidate.

Who when he sees you at your door,
Stops to chat an hour or more,
And tells you facts you knew before?

The Candidate.

Who makes it his particular biz
To ask you 'bout the health of 'Sis,'
And wants to know how the baby is?

The Candidate.

Who knows so much about the State,
And tells you what will be the fate
Of this country, soon or late?

The Candidate.

Who after the canvass is o'er
Announces politics a bore,
And knows old acquaintances no more?

The Candidate.

—Boston Transcript.

A Consultation.

A single doctor like a sculler plies;
The patient lingers, and by inches dies;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Waft him with swiftness to the Stygian shores.
—London Medical Gazette.

Wortermelon Time.

Oh, wortermelon time is a-comin' round agin,
And they ain't no man a-livin' any tickler 'n me,
For the way I hanker after wortermelons is a sin—
Which is the why and wherefore, as you can plainly see.

They ain't no better thing in the vegetable line;
And they don't need much tendin', as every farmer knows;
And when they're ripe and ready for to pluck from the vine,
I want to say to you, they're the best fruit that grows.

I joy in my heart just to hear that rippin' sound
When you split one down the back, and jolt the halves in two,
And the friends you love best is gathered all around—
And you says unto your best friend, 'Oh, here's the core for you!'

Boys take to it natural, and I like to see 'em eat—
A slice of wortermelon's like a French harp in their hands,
And when they saw it through their mouth such music can't be beat.
'Cause it's music both the sperit and the stummick understands.

Oh, there's more in wortermelons than the purty-colored meat,
And the overflowin' sweetness of the wortermelon squashed betwixt
The upward and the downward motion of a feller's teeth,
And it's the taste of ripe old age and juicy childhood mixed.

Oh, it's wortermelon time is a-comin' round ag'in,
And they ain't no man a-livin' any tickler than me,
For the way I hanker after wortermelons is a sin—
Which is the why and wherefore, as you can plainly see.
—Indianapolis Journal.

V. Hugo Dusenbury.

HIS POETIC VISION OF THE ANNUAL STEAL.

The Skookawahominy.

Two yards wide and all mud.

I breathe into my steam Calliope and celebrate the
Skookawahominy Creek; I elevate my whoop
for the Skookawahominy.

The mud turtle with his head on one hank,

The tail of him on the other.

The inch and a-half to spare.

You, oh, chip, too, I celebrate, vainly trying to float
down that noble stream, in the eddies whirled,
in a two-inch eddy tumultuously whirled.

The small boy in a red shirt, in butternut breeches
dressed; the one suspender of him, the bent pin,
the yard of twine, the hickory switch of him.

I celebrate the fishing he is doing. He is getting no
fish; but it is all right; to me, Walt, it is the same.

Endeavor is much. I celebrate endeavor. Let us go
and take a drink to endeavor.

Let us drink up the whole Skookawahominy. This
is about one square drink.

The Congressman, in his seat uprising, the eye of the
Speaker catching; the Speaker nearly deaf talking.

The glories of the Skookawahominy; the dimensions
of it; the mighty fleets on its breast floating;
the urgent necessity of an appropriation.

The size of the appropriation; the largeness and
healthiness of it; the getting of it; the vetoing
thereof; the Congressmen over the President's
veto passing it.

The Immediate Future. The American citizen with
a rope, with a club likewise, outside the Capitol
waiting.

The Congressman, thoroughly slugged, now sus-
pended over the rippling waters of the Skooka-
wahominy, pendulous, vibrant.

These things I celebrate, I, Walt, somewhat previ-
ous; but not so far off.

You hear me. Yaww!

—Walt Whitman, per V. Hugo Dusenbury, P. P.
of Puck.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

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moved to the new State Asylum at Reno. The buildings
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with cultivated gardens and pleasant walks. Its advan-
tages over public institutions in facility of admission and in
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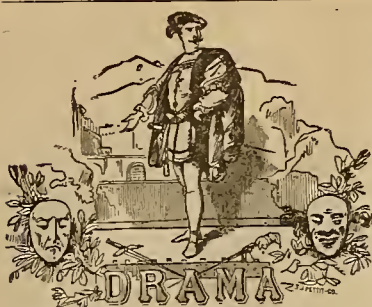
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The English papers which have been rather exco-riating Mr. Eben Plympton ever since his sojourn on the tight little island, were good enough last week to say nice things of him as the poet-lover of Fear- delisa in "The Fool's Revenge"; but they object to his pronunciation of the word "been" as "bin." They do not even sneer at it as an Americanism, and magnificently ignore the authority of Noah Webster. They simply allude to it as a mispronunciation. Per- haps no actor upon the stage has the Anglo-mania so badly as Mr. Eben Plympton, and to he thus caught up upon his carefully watched enunciation must go bard with him. To the rest of us it shows that the English ear is growing finer. Hitherto we have only been accused broadly and vaguely of twang. Now they are going to dip into our vowels and consonants, and we shall have a national phonetic war, and the stage will be the bloodless battle-field; for the Ameri- can actor is becoming as thoroughly a fixture in the English metropolis as the English actor in Lester Wallack's British dramatic asylum. And I hope they will have at it as soon as they may; for, al- though I am willing to sing as lustily as any one, "Ob, wrap the flag around me, boys!" I should bumbly ask to know why *double e n* becomes "hin" in the American language?

"She says 'Don Quixote!'" cried some one, amazed, at the California, when Sarah Jewett de- clined to graft a hybrid Spanish accent upon her English, as she laughingly dismissed the claims of the Count de Carojac, for people are growing severely analytical nowadays. Sometimes they are reason- able about it, and sometimes not.

"My dear Betsy," said Jack, the other night, as we sat, deeply interested in the vicissitudes of the Streblow family; "my dear Betsy, I do not like to dissipate the expression of heatitude which rests at this moment upon your countenance. I quite appre- ciate the fact that you have been starving, metaphys- ically, of late in the theatres, and that you are enjoy- ing all this very heartily; but, since you have called my attention so often to finish and detail, and all that sort of thing, may I mention a point? I find myself beginning to be a stickler, in fact, about these little things."

"Certainly, Jack; what is it?"

"The child, Betsy. Can it be possible that in this marvelous Union Square combination they have no patent process for elongating children for the exigen- cies of the drama? Two years are supposed to have elapsed since that deadly duel, yet here is little Na- talie the same size to a hair. Most children at her age grow like weeds. Between six and ten they be- come excessively leggy, so to speak."

"My dear Jack," I interpose, gravely, "you are so ardent an advocate of realism that I will give you a rational explanation. The child began to grow ac- cording to the proper course of nature, but she has shrunken with too much kissing. You will observe that every one who comes upon the scene makes a light peck of affection at the child. The stronger ones lift her high in air, and give us a full view of her poor little legs dangling in the breeze, and her dear little pantaloons without any *chiaro oscuro*. The weaker ones simply nibble at her according to the popular custom, for there is nothing stagey in all this; it is a close copy from life. It is the doom of many children to be overkissed. Of course a mother's kiss is fond, frequent, irrational, and sweet. Others kiss children sometimes to carry off embarrassment, some- times because they think it is expected of them, either by mother or child, sometimes merely for a pose, and sometimes because the child is an irresist- ible little innocent. Can any one think even for a moment that a child enjoys all this miscellaneous kissing? The insight of the little ones is shrewd and clear, and they know as well as older ones that there should be love in meeting lips."

"Betsy," cries Jack just here, "I have never been able to establish the connection between poetry and beer, but I know that I always become excessively thirsty when you veer off in this way, and if you will excuse a few moments' absence, I will admit that Natalie's growth was prematurely checked."

Jack, who once reveled only in broad effects, ad- mitted later that he had taken quite a childish pleas- ure in the transition stages of John Streblow's hair, which, being only touched at the temples at first, be- came sprinkled with gray on the crown seven years later, and white at last.

"And now, Jack," I said, "now that you have really taken to noticing little things, can you tell me just when Stoddard is going to make a point?"

"But Jack announced that to be a feat of some diffi- culty."

"He mumbles so terribly, Betsy, and is so evi- dently accustomed to a smaller theatre, that I catch just one-third of what he says."

"Then, my dear," I say, "you must watch his little ways, and when he gives his fob that queer little loose shake, and searches the ground wildly, he is saying something good."

"I will catch it if I can," mutters Jack, resignedly, and then proceeds to air his opinion about the waits between the acts, which are indeed unnecessarily long. The author has dexterously divided one of them into two tableaux, which are in effect acts; but a dramatist rarely dares to go further than the Ro- man V. An Act VI., however thrilling, is always an unwelcome innovation. People will not have their pleasure spun out. One of the curious things in an audience is to hear a lot of them who have been looking forward to the evening with keenest pleasure, congratulating themselves that it has been so short. One drawback to the present long waits between the acts, is that awful drone of music with which they have seen fit to afflict us, and yet the man who nightly plays "Ob, Willie—tink-a-link—is it you dear—tink-a-link—safe—tink—at home—a-link tink-a-link, a-link-a-link-a-link," responds nightly to a not spontaneous encore. However, there are gnat stings everywhere.

"Daniel Rochat" is announced for Monday night, and its bringing-out should certainly be the event of the season. Sardou, who is about to lay his pen down in disgust at the changed tastes of the times, looks upon it as his best play; and, although an au- thor, like a mother, does not always love that of his creations best which is his best, he will find many to agree with him this time. There are others which are greater triumphs of constructive skill, but in no other has he so impaired the strength and weakness of human nature upon his pen point, and held it up for a world to see.

It was in "Daniel Rochat" that Charles Thorne came across a five-barred gate he could not take, for Daniel Rochat, the atheist and promulgator of his own belief, could not clasp hands and cry "My God" to a God whom he did not acknowledge. Yet the New Yorkers look upon him as a peerless Daniel Ro- chat, and assure us that while Sarah Jewett is the loveliest and tenderest of Leah Hendersons, she will be shorn of half her strength without him. Such things will only have the good effect to put De Belle- ville upon his mettle, while he will give a certain real- ism to the character from the mere fact that Daniel Rochat is a Frenchman. Leah Henderson is a mixture of English and American—an unusual and un- familiar combination; an unnecessary one indeed, since it does not bear upon the story—a story which only exacts that she be not a French girl.

How terribly and ruthlessly the play was mangled when we had it here last. Perhaps it only serves to make expectation run higher now. At all events, this play stands far beyond any of the others in point of interest, and surpasses even "Odette," for "Odette" is but the old story over again as we have had it so often since the French drama crossed the water. A long drain upon the sympathies becomes very ex- hausting. All the more that these French cyprians of the play are as distinctly of one pattern as if they had stepped out from the leaves of a flashy French almanac. Indeed, high-minded, honorable people are coming in, and virtue is almost fashionable. A playwright must now torture his mind to involve thoroughly good people in a sinuosity of plot, with- out their deliberately breaking any of the command- ments or the laws of the land. It is a delicate prob- lem. Sardou solves it with a conscientious scruple. Bronson Howard merely skirts the difficulty by bring- ing his heroine out all right in the end. Yet he is obliged to avail himself of the orthodox villain, but he patriotically makes a Frenchman of him. He is not neatly introduced, but he is very useful at last in ridding the play of the superfluous lover, who, poor fellow, must be put out of the way altogether to make the moral atmosphere of the play clear. As in the books, Bronson Howard crosses the sea to give zest to the story, but cleverly manages to preserve its American flavor by keeping his characters always in the shadow of the American flag. It is not a vital play; but if a play be written to draw tears, and it succeeds in doing so, it may be called a success.

Last upon the list of plays of the Union Square Company is billed the "Lights of London," which would incline to the idea that it is regarded as the *piece de resistance*, as doubtless it will be with the masses. Clever players in London did not scruple to bring their art down to the slums, but how strangely will these essentially drawing-room people look in the new atmosphere.

BETSY B.

Communicated.

The Society of California Pioneers will celebrate the anniversary of the admission of California into the Union, September 9th, by appropriate exercises in the grove at San Rafael. Alfred Wheeler, Esq., will deliver the address, and Miss Grace A. Welch will recite a poem. Admission Day is not one of the legal holidays designated by the Code. It ought to have been. The Governor is authorized by the Po- litical Code to appoint any day as a holiday. The birth-day of the State is an appropriate occasion for the exercise of his prerogative.

Much is expected from the new society play, "In- tercepted," which is to be produced at the Baldwin Theatre on next Monday evening, August 21st. Its authors, Messrs. H. E. Johnson and Edward Am- brose, have been working on it for several months, and it is said to give great promise of popularity.

Mr. Charles Schutz, well and favorably known in connection with many concerts and operatic troupes in this city, has been appointed to the position of Treasurer of Haver's California Theatre under the Bert régime.

ENCOURAGING NATIVE TALENT.

SCENE—*Sanctum of a New York Manager.*

CHARACTERS:

MANAGER.
HIS LITERARY HACK.
OFFICE BOY.

[MANAGER and HACK discovered]

HACK—What do you want me to do this morn- ing?

MAN.—It's nearly time for some of the newspaper men to come and pump me about my plans for next season. Just write up one or two interviews with me.

HACK—But we don't know what we're going to do.

MAN.—All the better; then we can't commit ourselves. Say that I have two very strong Parisian attractions, and am in treaty for the latest London success. Be sure you pitch it strong about my desire to foster native talent. Say that I am desirous of en- couraging American dramatists.

ENTER OFFICE BOY—[*log.*] Mr. Morton wants to know if you've read his play, and if he can see you.

MAN.—No; I'm too busy. You'll find his play in the cupboard. Say that I regret it's not quite suited to my wants. [Exit Boy.]

HACK—Did you look at the play?

MAN.—No. What's the use? I'm not going to risk my season on an untried work.

HACK—I thought you wanted to encourage native talent?

MAN.—Bah! That's the popular racket. You ought to know me better.

HACK—I thought perhaps you sometimes meant what you said. Well, what else?

MAN.—Say that I shall have several valuable addi- tions to my company—a juvenile man from Aus- tralia, and a leading lady from London.

HACK—But Miss Dasb has never played in Lon- don.

MAN.—Who'll know that here? She was quite a favorite in Bath and Exeter, and in fact all the west- ern counties. You don't fancy I can afford to en- gage a good London actress? Why, I might as well have an American one, at once. Say I am sorry that I can not find exactly the people I want for these po- sitions among my own countrymen; explain that for foreign plays we want foreign actors.

ENTER BOY [*log*]—Mr. Horn would like to see you.

MAN. [*low to Hack*]—He wants to settle about next season. How much does he ask?

HACK—Ten dollars a week more than this. He says he is married and has three children, and that he can not possibly live and dress well for thirty dol- lars a week.

MAN.—I won't give it to him. What business has he to have children? It's not my lookout; he can stop at the old salary, or I'll get a single man in his place; I can get a man from England for twenty or twenty-five dollars. Say I can't see him now.

BOY—Yes, sir. [Exit.]

HACK—Horn has done some very good work this season.

MAN.—So be ought. What do I pay him a sal- ary for?

HACK—He's played better parts than you en- gaged him for.

MAN.—Then be ought to be grateful to me for giving him a chance to show what's in him.

HACK—He "doubled" at short notice, and got us out of one or two scrapes.

MAN.—Well, see him in the afternoon, and try to get him for the old salary; say my expenses are aw- ful; if he won't take it you can give him five dollars increase; that's the most I'll do, but try to beat him down.

HACK—Don't forget before you go you have to sign that check for your new team.

MAN.—All right; thirty-two hundred and fifty, isn't it? But about this interview; who else has sent in plays?

HACK—There are about a hundred in the cup- board.

MAN.—A hundred! Three hundred hours' work! I want a holiday. Send 'em all back with polite letters. Stay; are there any from men we may want to use?

HACK—Yes; there is one from Moore of the Moon.

MAN.—Is there anything in it?

HACK—I glanced over it, and should say it's the worst of the lot.

MAN.—No matter—keep it. Say I'm giving it my most careful attention. 'Twont do to offend Moore. You haven't heard of a good play in the market?

HACK—That one of Raven's would, I believe, go with a little fixing up. It's bold and unconventional.

MAN.—I'm afraid to go out of the beaten track. By the way, run into the interview that the Ameri- can drama should be breezy and redolent of the soil, full of new types of character—not a weak imitation of European forms.

HACK—Is that all?

MAN.—I guess so. When you get through with that you must go over your stock of old French plays, and see what kind of a novelty we can crush up.

What does Henry ask for that French melodrama? HACK—Twelve per cent. of the gross.

MAN.—It's a swindle! These fellows are getting unconscionable. I won't give it.

HACK—You'll have to, if you want it. But I be- lieve Raven's play is better suited to our audiences, and would draw more money. You can get that for twenty-five dollars a night.

MAN.—I tell you I'm afraid to risk it. See Henry, and offer him ten per cent.

[CURTAIN.]

[LILIAN MAENUS.]

SAN FRANCISCO, August 16, 1882.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The singing of a burlesque hymn in a London theatre, intended to ridicule the Salvation Army, was furiously hissed by the audience.

An actor who resembles the late Artemus Ward, and can mimic his manner, is to exhibit the pano- rama of "Among the Mormons" in London, and deliver the original lecture.

Alexander Salvini, the second son of the great Italian tragedian, will appear in Chicago this month in the character of Romeo. He has already done a little acting, but in trivial parts.

They have been performing at Potsdam a play called "The Marriage of Olympe." This was for- bidden at Berlin, where the theatres have, on account of the socialistic tendencies of the people, been under the dictation of the police, who choose to forbid all plays which they deem incendiary. Thus Ristori was not permitted to play Marie Antoinette.

The Italian opera season just closed in London had only two new operas—"Mefistofele" and "Vel- leda," the latter an unqualified failure. Masscode's "Herodiade" was promised, but not produced. There were new singers, the principal ones being Mlle. Stahl, a contralto; Sestellier, a tenor, and Bonhy, a baritone. Patti carried the season.

Mr. Henry Irving has relinquished the idea of visiting America this summer in advance of his en- gagement to act here next year. He was to have been the guest of Mr. Vanderbilt, but finding that the privacy of such a trip would have been interfered with, he has wisely determined not to come to Ameri- ca until he starts to act with Miss Ellen Terry and his company.

Now that Mr. Abbey has arranged for Mrs. Lang- try's tour in the United States, it is held above all things necessary that she should leave England with eclat, says a London correspondent of the New York Tribune. She either has a very wise head on her own handsome shoulders—which, by the way, changed the fashion from "sloping" to "square"—or she has wise beads to think for her. In this she has that good fortune which seems to attend her in most things. Until the "Jersey Lily" became the Professional Beauty of the day, it was thought that "P. Bs" should have sloping shoulders, like the Venus de Medici; but she has changed all that. Good, square shoulders, "like a man," and, if possible, a small head on a bull neck, are what is looked for in womankind at this moment. The swan-like beauties have their noses out of joint. Mrs. Langtry plays now very differently from the style of that winter evening when she first appeared at Twickenham. There is every probability that she will become an ex- cellent actress of a certain class of parts extremely difficult to fill. Among the many enterprising dan- sels who aspire to the stage, there are very few who, by any flight of fancy, could be imagined to be ladies. They have pretty little snub noses, and fluffy beads, and good figures, but are no more like ladies than a pug or a poodle is like a greyhound. Mrs. Langtry has not only the enormous advantage of appearance and manner, but that of voice and accent. The voice is full, rich, and round, the enunciation clear and distinct, and the accent free, of course, from any trace of vulgarity. It is the voice and accent of the higher, as distinguished from the slovenly gibberish of the lower class of English people. In her act- ing she has so much improved that she is now studying the somewhat difficult part of Rosalind. Shakspeare's "As You Like It" will, as at present decided, divide Mrs. Langtry's time in the States with Blanche Hays in "Ours." This is cleverly im- agined, for all who go to see her in "Ours" in mod- ern evening dress will naturally wish to see more of her in Rosalind. Mrs. Langtry is keenly aware that the slow advance and patient toil of an ordinary stage career are not for her, and that her fortune must be made quickly or not at all. She is, however, very hard-working, and hopeful of becoming a good sound artist by the time that the momentary vogue of curiosity shall have passed away. "As You Like It" will be handsomely mounted, and Mrs. Langtry will be supported by a very powerful cast. Her ap- pearance here is already looked forward to very eagerly. It is confidently predicted that in her first year on the stage she will make more than double the amount estimated by Mr. Hollingshead. The lowest estimate, now that it is known she is studying Rosa- lind, is twenty thousand pounds, more than double as much as any actor or actress or singer ever made in the first year. Why should not she buy a theatre and go on, if not "forever" for many successful years to come? In the Rosalind dress the appearance of Mrs. Langtry is quite "too-too" exquisitely graceful and statuesque. What a chance for a sculp- tor to model a terra-cotta statuette! As Colonel Raymond Sellers observes, "There's millions in it."

OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"Human Eyes,"—G. H. D.—declined.
"Love or Money,"—W. N. W.—declined.
"To My Love,"—P. de V.—declined.
"La Morgue,"—P. F. B.—declined.
"Tahoe,"—C.—declined.
"A Mad-Man's Invention,"—declined.

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CCXLII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, August 20.

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Melon.

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Sweetbreads. Green Peas.

Spinach. Baked Potatoes.

Roast Lamb. Currant Jelly.

Egg Salad.

Omelette Soufflée.

Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Grapes, Pears, Apples, Nectarines, Apricots, Gages, Plums, and Apples.

EGG SALAD.—Slice hard-boiled eggs, and dress them with chopped parsley, salt, pepper, vinegar, and oil. They must, of course, be very cold before they are sliced.

OMELETTE SOUFFLÉE.—Mix well six yolks of eggs with four ounces of powdered sugar; beat to a stiff froth the six whites, and mix with yolks and sugar. Grate the yellow rind of a lemon. Put four ounces of butter in a crockery pudding-dish, set on a moderate fire and when the butter is melted pour the eggs in; stir with a fork, and as soon as you see some of the mixture becoming hard, place the dish in a hot oven for about five minutes; take out, dust with fine sugar, and serve.

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—THE SEVENTEENTH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION of the Mechanics' Institute opened in the new Pavilion on Tuesday afternoon, with the usual exercises, consisting of addresses and music. The oration was delivered by Chancellor Hartson, who chose for his subject "The Mechanic Arts." In the evening the main portion of the building was thrown open to the public. There was a larger attendance than there has been in previous years on the opening evening. The exhibitors have been exceedingly prompt in getting their articles into place, and this, together with the fact that space in the steam department was only granted to exhibitors who would have their machinery in order for the first night, all conducted to an unexampled promptness. Every night during the past week crowds have visited the pavilion. In the art department this year our principal local artists are well represented. This, together with the large and greatly improved floral and horticultural department, furnishes very superior accommodations to promenaders and pleasure-seekers.

—THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD COMPANY has inaugurated a series of excursions to the Great Redwoods and Russian River. Parties may now buy a round ticket, at greatly reduced rates, which will be good Saturday, Sunday, and for return on Monday. The most beautiful and varied scenery is to be seen on this route, and at the different stations are the finest facilities for camping and hunting.

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 6th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors, C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

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A VOICE FROM THE NILE.

By James Thompson.

[Many very worthy people never read verse. They are frequently right in avoiding it—but then, again, they are frequently wrong. If any one of these very worthy people should pass this poem by, simply because its sides are jagged instead of being straight, he will miss reading a very fine thing. It is the Nile that speaks—the ancient Nile. The poem is one of exceeding beauty. Its rhythmic rush and swing remind one of the resistless flow of the mighty river whose long life it voices. Its author, James Thompson, who wrote "The City of Dreadful Night," was a poet of no mean ability, although little known in this country. He died prematurely, and lamentably enough, in University College Hospital, England, some weeks ago, shortly after correcting the proofs of the poem.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

I come from mountains under other stars
Than those reflected in my waters here;
Athwart broad realms, beneath large skies, I flow,
Between the Lybian and Arabian hills,
And merge at last into the great Mediterranean,
And make this land of Egypt. All is mine—
The palm-trees and the doves among the palms,
The corn-fields and the flowers among the corn,
The patient oxen and the crocodiles,
The ibis, and the heron, and the hawk,
The lotus, and the blue and purple reeds,
The slant-sailed boats that fit before the wind
Or up my rapids ropes lake heavily;
Yea, even all the massive temple-fronts,
With all their columns and huge effigies,
The Pyramids, and Memnon, and the Sphinx,
This Cairo, and the City of the Graves,
As Memphis and the hundred-gated Thebes,
Sais and Denderah of Isis queen
Have grown because I feed them with full life,
And flourish only while I feed them still.
For I stint my fertilizing flood,
Graft famine reaps among the sons of men
Who have not corn to reap for all they sow,
And blight and languishment are everywhere,
And when I have withdrawn, or turned aside
To other realms my overflowing streams,
The old realms withered from their old renown,
The sands came over them—the desert sands,
Incessantly encroaching, numberless,
Beyond my water-drops, and buried them,
And all is silence, solitude, and death—
Examine silence, while the waste winds howl
Over the sad, immeasurable waste.

Dusk memories haunt me of an infinite past;
Ages and cycles brood above my springs,
Though I remember not my primal birth,
So ancient is my being and august.
I know not anything more venerable,
Unless perchance the vaulting skies that hold
The sun, and moon, and stars that shine on me;
The air that breathes upon me with delight;
And Earth, All-Mother, all-beneficent,
Who held her mountains forth like opulent breasts,
To cradle me and feed me with their snows;
And hollowed out the great sea to receive
My overflow of flowing energy;
Blessed forever be our Mother Earth.

Only the mountains that must feed my springs
Year after year and every year with snows,
As they have fed innumerable years,
These mountains they are evermore the same,
Rooted and motionless; the solemn heavens
Are evermore the same in stable rest;
The sun, and moon, and stars that shine on me
Are evermore the same, although they move;
I, solely, moving ever without pause,
And evermore the same, and not the same;
Pouring myself away into the sea,
And self-renewing from the furthest heights;
Ever-fresh waters streaming down and down,
The one old Nile constant through their change.

Thé creatures also whom I breed and feed
Perpetually perish and dissolve,
And other creatures like them take their place,
To perish in their turn and be no more;
My profuse waters perish not from life,
Absorbed into the ever-living sea,
Whose life is in their full replenishment.

Of all these creatures whom I breed and feed
One only with his works is strange to me,
Is strange, and admirable, and pitiable,
As homeless where all others are at home.
My crocodiles are happy in my slime,
And bask and seize their prey, each for itself,
And leave their eggs to hatch in the hot sun,
And die, their lives fulfilled, and are no more,
And others bask and prey and leave their eggs,
My doves, they build their nests, each pair its own,
And feed their callow young, each pair its own,
None serves another, each serves itself;
All glean alike about my fields of grain,
And all the nests they build them are alike,
And are the selfsame nests they built of old
Before the rearing of the pyramids,
Before great Hekatompylos was reared;
Their cooing is the cooing soft and sweet
That murmured plaintively at evening-tide
In pillared Karnak as its pillars rose;
And they are happy floating through my palms.

But Man, the admirable, the pitiable,
These sad-eyed peoples of the sons of men,
Are as the children of an alien race
Planted among my children, not at home,
Changelings aloof from all my family,
The one is servant and the other lord,
And many myriads serve a single lord;
So was it when the pyramids were reared,
And sphinxes and huge columns and wrought stones
Were haled long lengthening leagues adown my banks
By hundreds groaning with the stress of toil,
And groaning under the taskmaster's scourge,
With many falling foredoom by the way,
Half-starved on lentils, onions, and scant bread;
So it is now with these poor fellahen
To whom my annual bounty brings fierce toil
With scarce enough of food to keep in life,
They build mud huts and spacious palaces;
And in the huts they mill the grain, and dwell,
And in the palaces their sumptuous robes,
Pampered with all the choicest things I yield;
Most admirable, most pitiable Man!

Also their peoples ever are at war,
Slaying and slain, burning and ravaging,
And one yields to another and they pass,
While I flow evermore the same great Nile,
The ever-young and ever-ancient Nile;
The swarthy is succeeded by the dusky,
The dusky by the pale, the pale again;
By sunburned turbaned tribes long-linen-robed;
And with these changes all things change and pass,
All things but Me and this old Land of mine,
Their dwellings, habits, and garbs, and tongues;
I hear strange voices; never more the voice
Austere priests chant to the boat of death
Gliding across the Acheronian lake,
Or satraps parleyed in the Pharaoh's halls;
Never the voice of mad Cambyzes' hosts,
Never the voice of Alexander's Greece,
Never the voice of Caesar's haughty Rome;
And with the peoples and the languages,
With the great Empires still the great creeds change;
They shift, they change, they vanish like thin dreams,
As unsubstantial as the mists that rise
After my overflow from out my fields,
In silver fescues, golden volumes, rise,
And melt away before the moulting sun;

While I flow onward slowly, permanent
Amidst their swiftly-passing pageantry.

Poor men, most admirable most pitiable;
With all their changes all their great creeds change
For Man, this alien in my family,
Is alien most in this, to cherish dreams
And brood on visions of eternity,
And build religions in his brooding brain
And in the dark depths awe-full of his soul.
My other children live their little lives
Are born and reach their prime, and slowly fail,
And all their little lives are self-fulfilled;
They die and are no more, content with age
And weary with infirmity. But man
Has fear and hope, and fantasy and awe,
And wistful yearnings, and unsated loves,
That strain beyond the limits of his life,
And therefore Gods and Demons, Heaven and Hell—
This Man, the admirable, the pitiable.

Lo, I look backward some few thousand years,
And see men hewing temples in my rocks
With seated forms gigantic fronting them,
And solemn labyrinthine atacombs,
With tombs all pictured with fair scenes of life,
And scenes and symbols of mysterious oaths;
And planting avenues of sphinxes forth,
Sphinxes couched calm, whose passionless regard
Sets timeless riddles to bewildered time
Forth from my sacred banks to other fanes
Islanded in the boundless sea of air,
Upon whose walls and colonnades are carved
Tremendous hieroglyphs of secret things.
I see embalming of the bodies dead,
And judging of the disembodied souls;
I see the sacred animals alive,
And statues of the various-headed gods,
Among them throned a woman and a babe,
The goddess crescent-horned, the babe divine.
Then I flow forward some few thousand years,
And see new temples shining with all grace,
Whose sculptured gods are beautiful human forms.
Then I flow forward not a thousand years,
And see again a woman and her babe,
The woman haloed and the babe divine;
And everywhere that symbol of the cross
I knew aforesaid in the ancient days,
The emblem then of life, but now of death.
Then I flow forward some few hundred years,
And see again the crescent, now supreme,
On lofty cupolas and minarets,
Whence voices sweet and solemn call to prayer.
So the men change along my changeless stream,
And change their faiths; but I yield all alike
Sweet water for their drinking, sweet as wine,
And pure, sweet water for their lustal rites;
For thirty generations of my corn
Outlast a generation of my men,
And thirty generations of my men
Outlast a generation of their gods.
Oh, admirable, pitiable Man!
My child, yet alien in my family.

And I through all these generations flow,
Of corn, and men, and gods, all bountiful,
Perennial through their transience, still fed
By earth with waters in abundance;
And as I flowed here long before they were,
So may I flow when they no longer are,
Most like the serpent of eternity:
Blessed for ever be our Mother Earth!
—Fortnightly Review for July.

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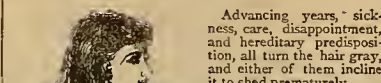
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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 18) of Thirty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 14th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary,
Office—Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 42) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary,
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 24) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 20, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 18th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary,
Office—Room 20, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 9) of Twenty-five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 12th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary,
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, August 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 22) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, August 15, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 10, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close August 9, 1882, at 3 P. M.

JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

CATHARINE TOEDTER, for-
CATHARINE ROEB-
NET, and PETER TOED-
TER, her husband, Plaintiff,
vs.
DAVID FOGARTY, Defendant.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 1, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Catharine Toedter, formerly Catharine Robi- net, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against David Fogarty, defendant, on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book Two of said Court, at page 187, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Larkin Street, distant seventy-three feet southerly from the southerly line of Ellis Street, running thence southerly along said line of Larkin Street forty-seven feet to the northerly line of Willow Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along said line of Willow Avenue eighty-seven feet and six inches; thence at right angles northerly forty-seven feet, and thence at right angles easterly eighty-seven feet and six inches, to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Eight, as by the map of said City and County.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 13th day of September, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, August 19, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
LOUGHBOROUGH & NEWHALL, Attorneys for Plaintiffs.
August 19, 26, September 2, 9.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EMMA J. FAIRBAIRN, Plaintiff,
vs.
NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF

California send Greeting to NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days after judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion, and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessities of life; and awarding the custody of the child of the parties hereto to plaintiff. Also, requiring defendant to pay such sums as the Court may deem proper for the support of plaintiff and her child, and costs of suit, together with general relief. Reference to the complaint is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two.

DAVID WILDER, Clerk.
By J. D. RUGGLES, Deputy Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

A. F. BENJAMIN, Plaintiff,
vs.
JACOB LEVY, Defendant.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested, on the 2d day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein A. F. Benjamin, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Jacob Levy, defendant, on the 1st day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$2,327 97-100 U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the 1st day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereafter described property, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Jacob Levy, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Tyler Street distant 165 feet westerly from the west line of Franklin Street, running thence westerly along said north line of Tyler Street 27 6-12 feet; thence at right-angles northerly 120 feet; thence at right-angles easterly 27 6-12 feet; and thence at right-angles southerly 120 feet to the point of commencement, together with the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 28th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the first day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, August 5, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
J. E. L. BRANDT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

August 5, 12, 19, 26.

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Other Real Estate..... 12,825 35
United States Bonds..... 629,507 60
Land Association Stock..... 15,121 55
Loans and Discounts..... 1,785,000 20
Due from Banks..... 527,279 09
Money on hand..... 632,365 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up..... \$1,000,000 00
Surplus..... 460,800 70
Due Depositors..... 1,953,672 86
Due Banks..... 337,491 09
Dividends unpaid..... 134 50

\$3,752,099 09

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VOL. XI. NO. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 26, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE WRAITH OF STEPHEN ARNOLD.

A Story of the War.

III.

After a rapid ride of a few miles, he stopped before a large and comfortable double log-house, dismounted, hitched the horse, and walked from the gate up to the door. His knock was answered by a venerable dame who, as soon as the door was opened, held out her hand, exclaiming:

"Why, bless me, Doctor Arnold, how do you do? When did you get back? We had not heard of your arrival."

"I am well, thank you," replied he, "and am glad to see you looking so bright and cheerful. I am just getting back—I have not been home, but could not pass such old friends without stopping long enough to shake hands with you and Father Mitchell. Is he at home?"

The old lady placed a chair for Arnold, and then bustled out to call in the gray-haired preacher from the other room. He came in with grave, sedate face and manner, as befitting his age and calling. No sooner had he seen Stephen Arnold than he gave him cordial greeting. After the usual salutations, Arnold said:

"How are my father and the family?"

"They were all well when I was there last Sabbath," said Mr. Mitchell; "but I don't think they are expecting you home; at least they said nothing about it, and we talked much of you."

Arnold inquired about several other neighbors, and at last, in an easy way, said:

"And the Ramsay family, Father Mitchell, are all well over there?"

The old gentleman gave him a stern, inquiring glance, and answered, coldly:

"I believe they are as well as usual."

Arnold paused, as if expecting the other to say something more, but Mr. Mitchell continued silent.

"You say nothing," he then remarked, "of little Amy. How is she? I am extremely anxious to hear of her? Is the dear girl well and happy?"

The old man's furrowed face flushed, and he gazed at Stephen Arnold with a look of intense pain, but his countenance gradually assumed a stern and implacable expression, and he spoke in tones of solemn reproof:

"Young man, you are either very much to be pitied, or else you are a most desperate and hardened sinner."

"Why so?" asked the reprovèd one, placidly.

"Amy Ramsay," said the preacher, sorrowfully, "is about to become a mother, and she has no husband."

"Have you seen her recently?"

"Yes."

"Tell me of her, Mr. Mitchell; speak freely; you are talking to a man who has come back for her sake only; who loves her better than his life, and who will stand fast by her to the end. Tell me of her, I pray you."

"She suffers much," said Mr. Mitchell, "yet seems sustained by some inscrutable confidence that yields her strange content. It is a hard and cruel position for her. She will say nothing except that she loves and trusts you; that it will come out well in the end, and those who condemn you severely never knew you as she does." The old man's eyes filled, and his voice was husky with emotion as he continued: "I loved her as if she had been my own, and this trouble is killing her, Stephen; for God's sake, tell me that you married Amy when you were at home last, and let me proclaim it from my pulpit to-morrow."

"I have no objection to your making such a proclamation," said Arnold, "but I hardly think it is necessary. You know that marriage is held by the church and by society to be both a civil contract and a religious rite. I am not a communicant, but under the seal of professional secrecy, which closes the lips of the physician of the mind as well as of the body, I have come here, even before I have been home, to consult with you about these very matters. I wish to go to Squire Ramsay's to-morrow, and publicly claim Amy as my wife. She and I entered into the civil contract of marriage, and are truly husband and wife; but owing to peculiar circumstances without having the opportunity to have you perform for us the usual religious ceremony. I implore you to aid me by doing so now. I wish to silence all gossip about Amy and our child. Here is a certificate of marriage filled with our names, but blank as to the date. I wish you to marry us to-night secretly, to sign this certificate of the fact, and hereafter to say nothing about it, except that you did marry the young folks secretly some time ago; don't know exactly when; and you won't know exactly if you leave your watch at home. This is the right thing to do; and if you really love Amy you will not hesitate to do it. Remember what heart-aches it will cure, and remember that the dear girl is not yet seventeen."

The old preacher thought for a while in silence, and apparently with some conflict of feeling. Arnold sat quietly awaiting the result of his deliberations.

"As a general rule," said the old man at last, "I have regarded all things that require secrecy as wrong, but in this case I believe that what you request is right, and I will do it."

"And keep it, of course, as a secret entrusted to you only by virtue of your sacred calling?"

"Of course," said Mr. Mitchell; "it would be of no avail otherwise."

"I must now go," said Arnold, "and communicate with Amy in order to inform her fully of our plans."

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Mitchell. After some deliberation he continued: "I could drive over in my buggy, and bring her here, and marry you."

"And that fact," replied the other, "would furnish the tongue of gossip a clew from which to argue out the very hour at which you did so."

"True, true!" answered Mr. Mitchell. "Then you remain here, and I will ride over, and prepare Amy myself. I have never ceased my visits there, and my going now will excite no comment. You can remain here until after supper. You can then go to the woods next to Squire Ramsay's orchard, and you can afterward meet us at the spring-house, and no one need know anything except us three. It is not at all unusual for me to sup at Squire Ramsay's, and ride home afterward, especially since the family have been laboring under so much sorrow on Amy's account."

This arrangement having been fully canvassed and agreed upon, the old gentleman went away. As he was in the act of leaving, however, his venerable wife called out to know where he was going so late in the evening, and when he would return. And then, before Mr. Mitchell could frame an answer, Arnold blandly interposed, saying:

"He is going to Squire Ramsay's for me. I wish to go there to-morrow after my wife, dear little Amy, and the squire is such a stubborn old saint, that I wish to have the way opened for me, so as to avoid trouble."

The old man rode off without saying anything, and his venerable wife hastened toward the young man, seized his hand, and actually kissed him, saying:

"That's the best news I have heard for many a day."

Arnold remained until after an early supper, and then, mounting his horse, rode rapidly to the rear of Ramsay's orchard. Vaulting over the fence, he walked to the spring-house, which stood upon the banks of the brook a few yards from the residence, and seated himself upon a rustic bench beneath the apple-trees that shaded the spring. In a few minutes the aged minister came slowly down the pathway leading from the house, a young girl leaning on his arm, both plainly visible in the brilliant light of the already new moon. When they had come near us, Arnold stepped forward, and caught the sobbing girl in his arms.

"Stephen!"

"Amy!"

That was all they said, but there was unutterable love in their passionate embrace, and an infinite trust and confidence in the soft brown eyes that gazed up into Arnold's face that were far more eloquent than words.

I say "their," for from the very time when Arnold first made his strange proposal to me, I had looked forward to this meeting with interest, and had wondered what my part in it would be. Their meeting had come, and it was emphatically *theirs*. I was a mere spectator; I looked upon the stage, saw the actors, understood the drama, and intellectually sympathized with the principal characters; and although my body, under Arnold's control, took part in the proceedings, I had nothing to do with it except as an unseen spectator of what occurred. And yet I was distinctly conscious that this abnegation of self was voluntary, and that I could have asserted myself, and could have become an actor in what I saw going on between them if I would.

"Join your right hands," said Mr. Mitchell. And then the good old man pronounced the marriage service, and closed with an earnest prayer. Arnold placed on Amy's finger a plain gold ring which I had bought for him in Memphis, and Mitchell handed her the certificate of marriage, which he had signed at home. Then followed a long and tender embrace, and with the words, "Until to-morrow morning, my sweet wife," and a murmured answer, "Yes, Stephen, till to-morrow," Arnold turned away and went back to his horse, while Mr. Mitchell and Amy slowly returned to Ramsay's.

Arnold leaped into the saddle, and saying "Now for home," rode off rapidly in the direction of his father's residence, five miles away.

Having reached home, the old doctor, his father, his mother, a gray-haired but still beautiful woman, a young and lovely sister, and all of the servants about the place, received him with great surprise but with exuberant cordiality, and without the faintest suspicion that Stephen Arnold's body lay rotting on the battle-field of Jonesboro, and that he was using my body while receiving these salutations and embraces. I was only a spectator; but when Arnold kissed his young and beautiful sister, and she clung to him lovingly, and pressed her sweet mouth to his again and again, I began to feel a very lively interest in her delicious caresses. Then I felt a sort of shock pass through me, and I perceived that he was saying in that mysterious way in which all of our communications had been made, and the manner seemed somehow to be angry and threatening:

"It would be dishonorable in you to approach my sweet sister under the circumstances, and you must not forget our compact. You agreed to be passive while we remain here."

In the same mysterious way I answered:

"You are right. I will be more cautious; but the situation is novel, and I have not yet become accustomed to it. I will be passive, and was hardly conscious that I was ceasing to be so."

And from that moment I was so; yet I was distinctly conscious I could have shared with him in every thought and feel-

ing to the manifestation of which body or brain is necessary.

All things went on precisely as if the veritable Stephen Arnold had returned home from the army in his own proper person. In the morning it had become generally understood that the young man had secured a furlough for thirty days, would remain at home for ten days, and would then depart to rejoin his regiment. About nine o'clock, sitting in the family-room chatting with sister Lillian and the old folks, Stephen asked:

"Father, is my old buggy in running order yet? and is Brown Bess still in the stable?"

"Yes," the old doctor answered; "but surely you are not going to leave home when you have so short a time to stay with us?"

"Yes," said he, "and I would like to have sister Lillian accompany me."

"But where?" asked Lillian.

"To Squire Ramsay's," he answered. A look of blank astonishment swept over every face, and he quietly continued as if he were rather intending to puzzle them, "Yes, to Squire Ramsay's. The fact is, I was married to Amy some time ago secretly, and I want to go over this morning, and claim my dear little wife."

Then Lillian clasped him around the neck, and burst into tears, crying out: "Oh, brother! brother! I am so glad to hear you say that!—so glad!"

Then his old mother bent over him, her radiant face shining out from her silvery hair, and kissed him on the forehead.

The venerable doctor grasped his hand, and in a voice husky with emotion, said: "I knew my boy would always be a man, no matter how wild he may have been; but it was hard to bear all that was whispered about, without knowing exactly how the facts were. But why did you keep your marriage secret?"

Stephen quietly answered:

"The old squire was very bitter against me; I had no idea of being gone so long when I left home. I made Amy promise to say nothing about it until I should come over and claim her for my own."

"Let us go at once," cried Lillian; and she hastened from the room to give orders that the mare and buggy be brought.

"Go," said the old folks, "and bring Amy home with you, if she can come."

Then Stephen and his sister Lillian drove rapidly over to Squire Ramsay's. They knocked at the door, and in answer to their summons the stern figure of the grim old Puritan stood before them. His hard, strong face seemed to betray a mighty emotion as he gazed upon Arnold, with set lips and hard, relentless eyes, standing erect, gloomy, and silent. Lillian was abashed and frightened, and could say nothing. Quietly and gravely Arnold spoke:

"Mr. Ramsay, you have perhaps just cause to be offended with me for marrying Amy against your will, and secretly; but she is my wife. I have come for her, and there is no law of God or man that can justify you in refusing to let her go with me. I would greatly prefer to enjoy your favor, for I respect you highly. If my presence is unwelcome to you, let me take my wife with me, and I will depart; but I will not go without my wife."

"Your wife!" said Squire Ramsay, in low, smothered tones, in which conflicting passions struggled for utterance.

Lillian darted forward, with tears in her beautiful eyes, and laying her little hands caressingly on the stern old man's arm, exclaimed: "Yes, Squire Ramsay, my brother's wife, dear, sweet little Amy—my sister Amy. Oh, don't be so hard and unforgiving! Let us be friends. I want to see sister so much."

The old man's stern face relaxed. He put out his hand, and grasped that of Stephen. Half stifling his emotion, he said: "Amy is in her mother's room," and turned away to hide the strong feelings, so unusual to a man of his character that he was both unable to control and ashamed to reveal them.

Stephen and Lillian went together to where they knew "mother's room" was. There, reclining upon a lounge, was Amy, her mother seated by her side. Arnold knelt beside her, and taking her in his arms covered her face with passionate kisses.

"My wife—my own," he murmured, "after so many months once more to hold you in my arms."

The tears sprang to Amy's eyes as she returned his passionate caresses, but she spoke no word. There is love as well as grief which is too strong for speech.

Old Mrs. Ramsay looked on in silent astonishment, as if she hardly knew whether to cry or laugh. Then Arnold said:

"Dear madam, Amy promised me to keep our marriage secret until I could come back and claim her as my wife, and she has done so. Forgive me for having persuaded her against your wishes, but her father was very bitter against me, and I loved Amy so much—and the winning way in which he uttered the last few words would have stirred a heart of stone."

The old lady's eyes filled with tears, as she answered: "I never was bitter against you, Stephen, but the squire is master, and he is a stern man when he thinks he is right," and she fairly broke down as she added: "I could have rejoiced at your marriage if you had not made Amy keep it a secret so long."

It would not be right to repeat all that I witnessed of the tender interviews between this husband and wife, while she supposed they were alone, and he seemed to have forgotten that I could hardly avoid knowing what they said. It is sufficient to say that from the very first he impressed upon her mind that he could not remain longer than ten days without violating the conditions of his furlough, and strove to reconcile her to his departure at the end of that period.

Mrs. Ramsay determined that Amy could not prudently leave the house that day. Arnold drove Lillian home in the evening, and came back with a message from the old folks that they would both come over the next day, to see their daughter-in-law, but the old gentleman was summoned before he had time to attend upon Amy professionally, and her troubles ended at midnight with the birth of a son. During the ten days which followed Arnold's unwearied attention and loving kindness to his invalid young wife, his pride and tenderness for the new-born son, and his manly and respectful intercourse with Amy's parents won all hearts. The whole of the generous Southern community in which they lived rejoiced to believe that there was nothing wrong about Arnold and his fair young wife.

On the morning of the tenth day after our arrival the old doctor handed the keys to his son, and told him to help himself to what money he wanted. My mysterious friend carefully computed all that I had paid out upon our journey, and the sum necessary to pay our way back, and put it into my pocket. He took, in addition thereto, about one hundred dollars in gold, and handed the keys back to his father.

It was arranged that as soon as Amy could be moved, she was to go over to the old doctor's, and make her home there, an arrangement brought about, I think, by sister Lillian's persistent exertions. On that morning, after tender leave-takings, Stephen Arnold rode off in the direction of Memphis, as they said, "to rejoin his company," little dreaming that his company had already crossed the river of death, and that his parting with them was for all time. There was something inconceivably sad in the quiet melancholy with which he received the last embrace of mother, sister, and wife; so touching, indeed, that the old squire himself had no fear of the young man's future, but secretly and gladly added the name of Stephen Arnold to that mental roll-call of "God's elect" which he was accustomed to keep for his own private use.

I experienced no peculiar sensation until we had seen and parted with Mr. Mitchell; but we had hardly got out of sight of his farm before I became conscious that the control of my person, which I had abdicated in favor of Arnold, was vividly returning to me.

"How is this?" I said, in my usual way—that is, I willed the words without speaking them. Then came the answer: "You have carried out your contract like a true and honorable man, and my gratitude for your kindness is beyond expression. If you will look back upon the happiness we have left behind us, upon the good we have accomplished, you must certainly believe that you have acted well. I am restoring to you the autonomy over your own body, although I can not entirely go out of you until we return to Jonesboro."

Then I said: "But how is it with you? Do you regret to leave this happiness that is behind us? It has been in my mind for some days to say to you that I am alone in the world. I have no sister, wife, nor child. If you regret this separation from all these earthly ties, as a living man would do, keep my body. Let me find some way of escape from it, and you return, and take your place permanently among those who love you, those whom you must love."

"Thank you, friend," said Arnold; "but that can not be, even if we desired it. Your absence from this tabernacle of flesh would be the death of it. Besides, I do not feel this parting as a living man would, for death itself is a mere change to us who have once passed through it. And then the mighty hope of being invested with that 'spiritual body,' which constitutes the Resurrection, burns in my spirit brighter and clearer than ever before."

After we had reached Memphis, and had dined at the Gayoso, I was walking back and forth upon the broad, level space which at that time stretched out to the verge of the bluff. After a time I went around to the park on Main Street, and strolled there a while. The gas-lights gleamed at every corner, the star-light pulsed down from heaven as from an infinite heart filled with unfathomable peace, and both natural and artificial lustres glistened over the dark, velvety leaves of the magnificent magnolias and the lighter foliage of the other trees, floated about the luxuriant grasses of the diminutive park, and illuminated the stern, grand face of Jackson, carved in white marble, at the central stand, where the Yankee band was playing. Federal officers and soldiers, and citizens of other communities, sauntered about the pleasant walks or lounged upon the iron benches fixed here and there under the trees, while everywhere, promenading, standing, sitting, lounging, alone or with male companions, were throngs of women, gathered like herds of prey from every quarter, some of them brilliantly clad, some of them young and beautiful, but all sold unto sin—the companions of profligates, the haunts of lust, the fair-skinned panderers to death and hell, seeking to entice their human victims. It was a strange sight—stranger when I thought of the contrast between it and the hideous scene of loneliness and desolation we should see on the morrow.

The journey to the battle-field of Jonesboro was accomplished without further incident. At nightfall we reached the Golgotha where our separation was to be effected. Again I took the skeleton's withered hand in mine, and I felt that my strange guest was departing from me quietly, peacefully, without a shock or sorrow. In a few seconds I was alone upon the silent place of death, under the calm starlight.

I was alone on the fetid battle-field—Stephen Arnold was gone.

Many years have passed since the strange experiences which I have put on paper. For years Lillian Arnold has been my wedded wife. Yet although she knows of her brother's death in battle; although Amy has long since rejoined him in the Shadowy Land; although we are the only ones left of all concerned in this strange history—despite all this I have never dared to look into my wife's sweet brown eyes, and tell her what I now tell you. NATHAN C. KOUNS.
August, 1882.

OLD FAVORITES.

Marie Hamilton.

There lived a lord into the west,
And he had daughters three,
And the youngest has gone to Holyrood,
To be the Queen's Marie.
She hadna been in the King's Court
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till she could neither sit nor gang
Wi' the gaining o' some play.
The King has gane to the Abbey garden,
And pu'd the savin tree,
To scale the hae frae Marie's heart,
But the thing it wadna be.
Then in and cam' the Queen hersel,
Wi' the gowd strings in her hair:
Says, "Marie Hamilton, where is the bairn,
That I heard greet sae sair?"
"I rowed it in my handkerchief,
And threw it in the sea;
I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
It wad get nae mair o' me."
"O wae he to thee, Marie Hamilton!
An ill deid may ye dee!"
For if ye had saved the bairn's life,
It might have honored thee.
But rise, rise up, Marie Hamilton,
Rise up, and follow me,
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
A gay wedding to see."
O slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly put she on,
And slowly rode she out the way,
Wi' mony a weary groan.
"Ride hooley, ride hooley now, gentlemen;
Ride hooley now wi' me,
For never, I'm sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your company!"
And she gaed up the Parliament Close,
A riding on her horse,
There she saw mony a burgess's lady
Sit weeping at a Cross.
"O what means a' this greeting?
I'm sure it's no for me."
For I am come to Edinburgh town,
A gay wedding to see."
As she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
She laughed loud laughter three;
But o'er ever she cam' down again,
She was condemned to dee.
"O dinna weep for me, ladies!
Ye needna weep for me;
Had I not killed my ain dear bairn,
This death I wadna dee.
Cast off, cast off my gown," she said,
"But let my petticoat be;
And tie a napkin o'er my face,
That the gallow's I may na see.
Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The day she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.
O aft, aft hae I dressed the Queen,
And put gowd in her hair;
But now I've gotten for my doom
The gallow's-tree to share!
O happy, happy is the maid
That's horn o' beauty free!
It was my dimpling rosy cheeks
That's been the dule o' me.
I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail o'er the faem,
That ye let na my father or mither ken
But that I'm coming hame!
Ye mariners, ye mariners,
When ye sail o'er the sea,
O let na my father or mither ken,
I hung on the gallow's-tree.
O little did my mither think,
That day she cradled me,
What lands I was to travel ower,
What death I was to dee!
O little did my father think,
That day he held up me,
That I, his last and dearest hope,
Should hang upon a tree!"—Anon.

Song of Mary Beaton

Between the sunset and the sea
My love laid hands and lips on me;
Of sweet came sour, of day came night,
Of long desire came brief delight.
Ah! love, and what thing came of thee
Between the sea-downs and the sea?

Between the sea-mark and the sea,
Joy grew to grief, grief grew to me;
Love turned to tears, and tears to fire,
And dead delight to new desire;
Love's talk, love's touch there seemed to be
Between the sea-sand and the sea.

Between the sundown and the sea,
Love watched one hour of love with me;
Then down the all-golden water ways
His feet flew after yesterday;
I saw them come and saw them flee,
Between the sea-foam and the sea.

Between the sea-strand and the sea,
Love fell on sleep, sleep fell on me;
The first star saw twain turn to one,
Between the moonrise and the sun;
The next, that saw not love, saw me
Between the sea-banks and the sea.

—Algernon Swinburne.

Adieux à Marie.

Queen, for whose house my fathers fought,
With hopes that rose and fell,
Red star of boyhood's fiery thought,
Farewell.

They gave their lives, and I, my queen,
Have given you of my life,
Seeing your brave star burn high between
Men's strife.

The strife that lightened round their spears
Long since fell still: so long
Hardly may hope to last in years
My song.

But still, through strife of time and thought
Your light on me too fell:
Queen, in whose name we sang or fought,
Farewell.

—Algernon Swinburne.

CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

"Will you kiss me before I go away—go to leave you perhaps forever, Myrtle?"

The speaker was a rugged, athletic-looking young fellow, just in the full flush of manly strength and beauty. His muscles stood out like whip-cords. But in strong contrast to the splendid developments that first attracted the attention of all who saw Percy Montravers was the high forehead, with skin soft and white as a woman's, over which clustered a mass of curly golden hair, which betokened the Saxon blood that came to him through a long line of the fierce old Norsemen who sailed the Northern seas in dead and gone centuries, while the blue eyes that looked so lovingly at the fair young face pressed close to his heart beamed with an inexpressible tenderness.

Wiping away the tears that would come from the gentle hazel eyes in spite of all her efforts, Myrtle Maginnis twined her soft arms around Percy's neck, and rained kisses on his lips in a mad, passionate ecstasy of love that seemed to know no ending. "Will I kiss you again, my own, my sweet?" she cried, sothing as if her heart would break. "God knows that if my love, my kisses, could avail aught in heating off the cruel destiny that seems fated to separate us, I would hold you in these arms forever, and let my kisses fall like the dew of heaven that leaves never a spot untouched by its revivifying presence. Oh! my sweetheart, my only love, let us forget, if we can, the unhappy moment when you must go and make me desolate, the hour whose first moment shall begin for me a ceaseless, weary vigil, relieved only by your letters, the days between which will seem to me as the blanks between the stars. My sweet, my own, my precious darling, let us think only of love." And with these words she clasped him almost fiercely to her pulsing bosom, as if to ward off the dark spirits of doubt and despair that rose before her in all their horrid reality. Just then a carriage drove up to the door. With one last, lingering kiss, the lovers separated; the man went out into the starry night, and the girl threw herself upon the sofa in an agony of grief.

Percy Montravers had started for Kokomo.

Midnight on the Pan-Handle Road.

With a never-ceasing rumble and roar, and now and then a wild shriek from the brazen-throated monster that with blazing eye dashed like some maddened Cyclops with fearful speed over hill and through dale, past wild ravines whose rocky fastnesses reechoed the dreadful clangor of the rushing mass, the train sped on and on. Finally the motion was slightly checked. The telegraph poles that had been flitting past the car windows like weird, gaunt phantoms of the night, became more distinct. Slower and slower went the train, until with a Titan-like pant and so the engine came to a stand-still.

Percy was in Kokomo.

In the parlor of an elegant cut-stone residence stood a lovely girl. Over her beautifully molded shoulders fell a wealth of nut-brown hair, while on the snowy bosom that rose and fell with the regularity of the Chicago wheat market sparkled a necklace of diamonds. The door-bell rang, and presently a servant came into the parlor, and handed the girl a card. She grasped it eagerly, and a blush o'erspread her beautiful face as she read the name. "Show the gentleman in, Thomas," she said.

In another moment Percy Montravers stood before her. With a quick, passionate movement the girl sought to throw herself into his arms, but Percy prevented her. "Back, woman!" he cried. "You do not know what you are doing. I have lost my love for you. Back, I say!"

A deathly pallor spread over the face that but an instant before was suffused with the rosy flush of love.

She could not hack. Her polonaise was too tight.

September in Peoria.

Up the shady street that leads to the house where Myrtle, the pride of his heart lived, Percy walked with elastic step. He would soon be with her; soon see her face, and feel her right earring scrunch into his shoulder after an absence of three months; soon feel her warm kisses on his lips, and her soft arms about his neck. A man—a simple, honest fellow whom he had known since a boy—was coming toward him, whittling a lunch from a plug of tobacco. Percy grasped him by the hand. They talked of various matters for a moment, and then the man said:

"Come up for the wedding, Perce?"

"What wedding?"

"Why, Maginnis's daughter, of course. She's goin' to marry that there biggest hoy of Deacon Elderberry's this evenin'! Thought likely you might be a groomsman." And the good-natured soul laughed heartily.

Percy did not reply. There was a dead, cold feeling in his heart, and he turned slowly back to the hotel. The next morning he did not appear at the usual time. An hour passed, and still he did not come. Then the landlord rapped violently on the door of his room. There was no response. Becoming frightened, the man summoned assistance, the room was broken into. Percy lay on the bed, his clothes not having been removed. On the table stood a bottle. They shook him, but he did not respond.

"Great heavens!" said the landlord, "he has killed himself. Some one go for the doctor at once."

Presently the doctor came. He placed his hand over Percy's heart, and then looked into the bottle on the table. "Is he dead?" queried the landlord.

"Yes," replied the doctor in a solemn tone, "he is dead—drunk."—From "Myrtle's Marriage," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.

They err who tell us politeness has fled, as witness the following postscript to a letter recently received by the Duke of X—from the steward of one of his estates: "I beg that your grace will excuse me for having taken the liberty of writing this in my shirt-sleeves, but the excessive heat has compelled me to be guilty of this apparent disrespect."

THE GOTHAMITES IN SUMMER.

The Men and Women Who Frequent

The rush to seaside and mountain-side has left the town almost empty. I went down to Coney Island the other day; but not with the expectation of seeing many fine-feathered people there, for fashionable society cuts Coney Island dead. The English lady of quality delights in showing her fine plumage and graces to vulgar eyes, and "milor" can find no sweeter morsel to roll under his tongue than the deference of his inferiors. But our aristocracy cares nothing for the admiration of the vulgar, and in consequence they go to watering places where they can be seen of each other, and enjoy seclusion from the outside world. There is no cottage life at Coney Island. There are no balls, dances, dinners, private theatricals, polo, or lawn-tennis. Nor is there a drive even in which a devotee of fashion may roll in her carriage, and show how many fine dresses she has. What wonder, then, that the place is cut dead?

At Manhattan Beach I found the hotel piazza and the space in front thronged with visitors, who apparently contented themselves with sitting quietly in chairs and benches, listening to the music projected from the cockle-shell bandstand on the beach. They were well-dressed and well-mannered. Many of these visitors may be seen here twice or thrice a week the whole season through. Why they do not tire of it is a mystery. The ocean can only be contemplated from the top of a wooden bulkhead, against which are dashed sea-weeds and slime, and the fizz and sputter of fireworks on certain evenings furnish the only variation of the daily life. Those who seemed to be enjoying themselves most I found seated at the tables in the dining-room. A good proportion of the guests at the hotel are from the interior, whose curiosity has been aroused by the fame of the island, and who find much novelty around them and much to admire in the number and dimensions of the hotels. They have left quietude and seclusion behind them. What they seek is noise, confusion, a crowd, excitement. There are usually a few promenaders on the piazza, who make their way by a sinuous course among the chairs. Meanwhile, "young bucks," who are faultlessly attired, lounge against the rail, puff cigarettes, and stare at the young women, who are seemingly devoted to their escorts, but at the same time do not entirely neglect the "young bucks."

One young lady created a sensation soon after my arrival. She was an English girl, with a fresh face and fine figure. Pretty faces and plump figures are not so rare, to be sure, but the English young lady wore a Jersey. It fitted her as closely as an eel-skin, and showed every curve of her body to advantage. Her waist was so small in proportion to her shoulders and hips (she evidently disregards the advice of the æsthetic London writer on waists) that it is a wonder how such an innocent looking girl as she could do such a thing. Moreover her dress—or skirt, as the ladies would say—was so small that it looked like a trousers leg. It was becoming enough, because she was straight limbed and knew how to walk, but—but, if she had been knock-kneed! Whether her escort was an Englishman or one of our Hotel Brunswick young men I could not make out. He had on English clothes, however, and mumbled his words. The pair, I suppose, are down for a bird's-eye view of the beach and the crowd.

Manhattan Beach boasts of its exclusiveness, and it must be admitted that one can breathe the atmosphere there better than at Hotel Brighton. But for this very reason objectionable women are to be found here in no small numbers. They are more elegantly dressed than their chaste sisters who shun them, and if they did not accompany men whose appearance bespeaks questionable occupations, and if they did not show an inordinate fondness for champagne, they would not attract much attention. I came upon a little party suddenly in a retired nook at one end of the piazza. The women—one a pronounced brunette, the other as pronounced a blonde with her hair dyed a straw yellow—were resplendent in silks and diamonds, and the men wore light-colored flannel suits and white Derby hats. There was a row of empty champagne bottles standing on the table, and the waiter was handing on more. There was much suppressed hilarity on the part of the blonde and the brunette. Under proper conditions it wouldn't have been long until there would have been somebody dancing on that table.

The crusade against the Jews three years ago at this part of the beach has not lost its effect, and one does not see many Jewish faces. But there are some who, despite the edict against them, go there with their wives and families, eat wine suppers, and stay as long as they like.

At Brighton Beach it is different. At times it is overrun by the sons of Israel and their wives and daughters. It was so this time. Hundreds of them (this is no cat story) were there, singly, in pairs, and in groups. They were not of the traditional type who take down their own luncheon and talk loudly over it, and eat piggishly, but they were well-dressed, and lavish enough in spending money—at least they were at the tables. The number of hooked noses, bright and shiny, (for the Jew proverbially gives a gloss on his bald head and his face, if he is a clean, nice Jew, that is,) was simply astounding. They were less circumspect in their deportment than at Manhattan. For the rest the crowd was of that expansive nature that admits all classes. Madame Oilsticker and her over-dressed daughters, happy in the possession of a two-hundred-barrel wheel each, are in their glory at Brighton. The crash of the band, the elbowing of the throng, the noise and dust, and the hackmen's cries keep them in high spirits. The ward politician likes the place, too—it is so democratic, he says. The bar is handy, and he is sure to find political acquaintances. Another common type here is the Brooklyn swell, who may or may not have his sweetheart on his arm, and whether he has or has not, he is a comical creature to study. Usually there are bathers in the surf in front of the bathing pavilion. Women reach the water by walking down an elevated passage-way that describes the segment of a circle. This is well. A more hideous-looking object than a woman in a Brighton bathing dress, with a tattered straw hat tied under her chin, is certainly rare. If she is fat, she looks as shapeless as a tub and as awkward as a sea-lion; if slight, her suit bangs around her in great ugly folds, like a bag on a stick. At Narragansett Pier, the bathing-

suits are neat, and the girls look trim, although some scrupulous persons inveigh against their brevity. Brighton needs to take a lesson in tailoring from Narragansett Pier. No changes have taken place of late at West Brighton, except that the small hotels, stalls, and catch-penny shows have multiplied. After the late trains have gone, the beach becomes deserted, but if the next day is not foul, the scene is repeated, and so on to the end of the season. A person does not need to be cynical, I think, to be quite content with making visits to Coney Island at very long intervals.

The appointment of William Waldorf Astor as minister to Italy recalls some very interesting incidents in the history of that young man's political career. He has aspired for political honors for some time, and about a year ago was nominated for Congress, an event that delighted him beyond measure. All the Astors indeed were happy at the thought of getting the family name on the congressional records. Who could say that William Waldorf might not some day become a great statesman? The family pride was so tickled in fact that the head was knocked out of the family barrel—a proceeding most remarkable, when it is known that the head in the Astor barrel is usually hooped down tight. Mr. Astor looks like a young man who would prefer the amusements of fashionable life to political honors, in which respect he differs from Perry Belmont, who is grave and dignified. Well, when the campaign opened he went personally into the canvass with the enthusiasm and industry of a ward politician. He cut a ludicrous figure—your gentleman politician always does. Attired scrupulously from his hat to his boots, he haunted rum-shops on the east side, and tossed off glasses of brandy-and-water with cart-drivers, longshoremen, and dustmen. Of course the rum in these grogeries was vile stuff to go down a delicate gullet, but our political fledgling displayed a heroism of which his friends never dreamed him capable. Whenever the Mulhooly Association of the St. Patrick's Brotherhood would give a ball, our friend went. He made friends of the young bucks who had left their carts, hack-stands, and stables to have a night of dissipation, and paid bills at the bar with astonishing liberality. The country candidate tries to win his way to popular favor by kissing the babies, and bestowing sweetmeats on the children. Our friend, actuated by a similar motive, sought introductions to the plump Irish girls, and whirled them through the intricacies of the waltz. The poor fellow was not accustomed to such coarse clay (for Mary, the housemaid, or Bridget, the cook, does not usually have a sweet breath), but he went through it all, defiantly holding his nose aloft. All the young women so honored were delighted, and pronounced Mr. Astor a "foine gentleman." But I think the young men could not have been won over by his condescension, for our friend was ignominiously routed at the polls. Wherefore all this discomfort at the balls and of the vile brandy went for nothing. After the election Mr. William Waldorf Astor sank into obscurity, piqued and humiliated, and might have remained in this condition for years to come had not President Arthur (for good reasons known to himself) lifted him out of it.

Jay Gould has bought a new steam-yacht, and is, I hear, to sail back and forth between the city and his summer home at Irvington. He already sails in a steam launch a good deal, and has become quite brown. The devotion of this money king to business is phenomenal. He leaves his country-house at an early hour in the morning, and rushes to his office down town, as if possessed of a nervous dread of some one stealing his millions away from him. His new yacht was purchased with a view to speed, so that his business hours may not be cut down too much by his daily trip. In these midsummer days other millionaires are off seeking rest and recreation. Cyrus W. Field retires to his country-seat at Yonkers, and entertains any members of the English nobility who have strayed over to this side, (for it must be admitted that C. W. F. is a toady, more or less,) and Vanderbilt drives Maud S and Lysander at Saratoga, or goes for an ocean sail. But Gould apparently cares nothing for such vanities. He is by nature a solitary man. He never goes into society; neither does Vanderbilt—in the best, that is. But there is this difference, that Vanderbilt would if he could, while Gould has no desire to. Gould's only friends are those bound to him by business ties. He has a magnificent place at Irvington, but whom do we hear of being entertained there? When he goes out sailing he is captain and pilot, and has some servant for his sail companion. The great house is empty. If Bob Ingersoll and his rosy-cheeked daughters, who are now at Long Branch, were only turned loose in it, what life they would put into its gloomy halls! Young George has also bought a new yacht, the *Favorita*, and as he is by no means solitary in his habits, but quite the contrary, he will have a roistering time of it. A good many actresses of the lower order will enjoy a ride in the *Favorita* before the summer is ended. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 18, 1882.

Miss Laty, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Mills, of New York, went down to Long Beach on a recent Saturday afternoon. They stayed so late on Saturday evening that they missed the last train. They went to the hotel, and were persuaded by Mr. Bruce Price that the only thing which could be done was to get married. Fortunately they were engaged. They took Mr. Price's strange advice. A clergyman was hunted out of bed, and the couple were united. It is simply inexplicable, comments the *American Queen*, why this unusual method out of the difficulty was taken. The lady was invited by ex-Mayor Wickham to come to his cottage and put herself under the protection of his wife. But this kind and sensible advice was refused, and the pair determined to be made man and wife at once. The couple's friends are now busy finding excuses for the course they took. We hope they will find them. It is not very long ago that a lady and gentleman were lost in the Swiss mountains over night. Gossip was busy at once. They did not regard it. They concluded very sensibly that they would not marry because of an accident. And they did not.

Remarkable quickness of repartee was displayed by an actor at a French theatre, when some one threw the head of a goose on the stage. Advancing to the front, the player said: "Gentlemen, if any one among you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it at the conclusion of the performance."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Although Written by a Jester, it is by no Means Foolish Folly.

Get married, my boy. Telemachus, come up close, and look me right in the eye, and listen to me with both ears. Get married. If you never do another thing in the world, marry. You can't afford it? Your father married on a smaller salary than you are getting now, my boy, and he has eight children, doesn't have to work very hard, and every year he pays a great pile of your little bills that your salary won't cover. And your father was just as good a man at your age as you are now. Certainly you can afford to marry. You can't afford not to. No, I'm not going to quote that tiresome old saying, that what will keep one person will keep two, because it won't. A thousand-dollar salary won't keep two one-thousand-dollar people, but it will keep two five-hundred-dollar people nicely, and that's all you are, just now, my boy. You need not wince or get angry. Let me tell you, a young man who rates in the world as a five-hundred-dollar man, all the year round, Monday as well as Saturday, the day after Christmas just as well as the day before; the fifth of July as well as the third, he is going to rate higher every year, until he is a partner almost before he hoped to be a bookkeeper. Good, reliable five-hundred-dollar young men are not such a drug in the market as you suppose. You marry, and your wife will bring tact, and love, and skill, and domestic genius, and womanly economy that will early double your salary. But you would have to deny yourself many little luxuries and liberties? Certainly you would; or rather you'd willingly give them up for greater luxuries. And you don't want to shoulder the burdens and cares of married life? I see you do not. And I see what you do not realize perhaps, that all your objections to marriage are mean and selfish. You haven't given one manly reason for not marrying. If you do marry, you are going into a world of new cares, new troubles, new embarrassments. You are going to be careful, and worried about many things. You are going to be tormented with household cares and perplexities, all new and untried to you. You are going to be pestered, and bothered, and troubled. You will have to stay at home in the evening, when you used to go to the club. Your wife will have so much to do looking after the comfort of her husband and children that she won't be able to sing and play for you every evening, as your sweetheart did. Your time will not be your own, and you will have less leisure and freedom for fishing and shooting excursions, camps in the mountains, and yachting trips along the coast, than your bachelor friends of your own age. I admit all this. But then you will be learning self-denial; you will be living for some one else; you will be loving some one better than you love yourself, and more than a thousand fold that compensates for all that you give up.

Why you want to remain single now, my boy, is just because you are selfish. And the longer you stay single the more this selfishness will grow upon you. There are some noble exceptions among bachelors, I know, and some mean ones among married men; and a selfish married man needs killing more than any other man I know; but as a rule, just look around your own friends, and see who are the unselfish men. Who is it that gives up his seat in a street car to a woman, not a pretty young girl, but a homely, wrinkled woman in a shabby dress; who is it that heads the charity subscriptions; who the largest pew rent; who feeds the beggars; who finds work for the tramps; who are the men foremost in unselfish work? I know, your young bachelor friends are not stingy. Oh, no. I know Jack Fastboy paid \$70 last week for a new buggy—it is as light as a match-box, and has such a narrow seat that he can never ask a friend to ride with him; and at the same time, Dick Slocum, who married your sister Alice five years ago, gave \$250 for the cyclone sufferers. I think the angels laughed all that afternoon, my boy, but I don't think it was because Jack paid \$70 for his new buggy. If you want to shirk the responsibilities of life, my dear boy, you may; if you want to live forty or fifty years longer with no one under the heavens to think about, or care for, or plan for, but yourself, go ahead and do it; you will be the only loser; the world won't miss you nearly so much as you will miss the world; you will have a mean, lonely, selfish, easy time, and unless you are a rare exception to your class, little children will hate you, and the gods never yet loved any man whom the children disliked.

But you can't find the right sort of girl, you say. Oh, yes, I understand all that, my son. I have heard much of that before. You mourn and grieve over the lack of true womanhood among the girls of your acquaintance. Mere butterflies of fashion, you say, who can rattle the keys of a grand piano, dance like fairies, chatter nonsense and society nothings by the hour, and for their lives can not bake a loaf of bread, roast a turkey, do a day's washing, or make a shirt. You say you demand the noblest type of useful womanhood in your wife, and you want to know where you can find the wife you want? Well, I will tell you, my dear boy. If that is the sort of woman you want, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress's daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out house-cleaning, and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother, and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Regan, the track-walker, is her style of a man. She is the useful sort of woman you appear to want, but I don't think she'd look at you twice. You won't work, and Con would. My dear boy, Nora Mulligan will have none of you; she wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do everything that any woman can do. Believe me, my dear son, nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, whom you in your limited knowledge set down as "mere butterflies of fashion," are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. The girls know more about these things than you do. If you want to marry a first-rate cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands, and a face like the sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things you say you have learned one-half of your own lesson.—*Hawkeye.*

AN OPEN LETTER

FROM

Ex-Governor Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific R. R. Co.

OFFICE OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD,
PRESIDENT'S DEPARTMENT,
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 22, 1882.

HON. FRANK M. PIXLEY, Editor *Argonaut*—Dear Sir: I desire to thank you for your open letter of the 14th inst.; and I embrace the opportunity which an answer will afford, to correct certain erroneous impressions concerning railroad matters in this State which exist in the minds of many people, and also by a brief statement of fact to remove possible prejudice. The spirit of candid inquiry which your letter evinces leads me to hope that my response will meet with candid, fair, and just consideration.

The first allegation:

That the railroad transportation facilities of the State of California constitute an oppressive monopoly.

Has no foundation in fact. It so happens that the principal volume of the railroad business of California is subject to competition by water transportation, which a glance at the map will show to be true. Further, the only real monopoly that the railroads can have is to the extent that they are able to do business cheaper and better for their patrons than can otherwise be done, and to that extent the monopoly, if monopoly it is, is beneficent in character. In this connection I desire to state that, aside from our Patent and Tariff laws, the only monopolies possible in the United States are to the extent that they are beneficent. Before the formation of our General Corporation Laws, the only corporations possible were those created by special Act, and they were from that fact necessarily monopolies, enjoying privileges which others could not possess. But our corporation laws are antagonistic to such privileges, and provide for the prosecution of every character of legitimate business through the principle of coöperation of capital and numbers. Under these laws no enterprise, however great, but can find the requisite numbers and the requisite capital to be associated in its prosecution, if it offers sufficient inducement and reward, and this insures all needful regulative competition. Excessive profit arising upon any enterprise is the strongest attractive force to capital to engage in competitive undertakings. The aggregate capital of the many is thus made to balance the advantages of large accumulations in the hands of the few. Our corporation laws offer no special privileges, the State grants nothing through them, and acts only for the purpose of aiding the natural right of association. It is upon this natural right of association that society itself is organized, and the legal association of capital and numbers is only the exercise of the same natural right that a man has to call in his neighbor to assist him in rolling a log or raising his barn. It is the foundation and security of our republican institutions, for so long as the people can associate themselves together with the right to express their ideas, and organize to give them force, it can not be otherwise than that the majority must rule. The assumption, therefore, that large corporations may be dangerous, is to assume that the people are incapable of self-government, and that the majority will make laws to oppress themselves for the benefit of a minority. The establishment of a government founded in the doctrine that the rights to life and liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the acquisition and enjoyment of property are inalienable, is the grandest achievement of modern civilization. The great underlying principle of our government is the protection of the rights of each individual; and in securing the rights of the individual the rights of the many can not be otherwise than secured.

The second allegation:

That the rates of transportation charged by the railroads of California are exorbitant and excessive to such a degree as to arrest the growth of the commonwealth, and to discourage and stifle production;

And the third:

That the principle of regulating freight tariffs upon the basis of what the article transported will bear rather than by the standard of the cost to the carrier of the service rendered, by means of freight classification, is erroneous, unjustifiable, and discriminating.

Will be considered together.

In answer to the first, I might content myself by pointing to the history of the State since the period when railroad transportation began. The law under which most of the railroad corporations of this State were organized, fixed the maximum rate for freight at fifteen cents per ton per mile, for all classes. Therefore, under the law, a possible average of fifteen cents per ton per mile, might have been charged, but the actual average rate obtained by the Central Pacific Railroad during the year 1881 was less than 2.2 cents per ton per mile, or a little less than one-seventh of the possible average obtainable under the law, and this without compulsion other than that demanded or suggested by the laws of business. These laws are the only certain, just, and legitimate regulators, and under them the greater part of the products of the country are moved at rates below the average cost of movement. Wheat will probably be moved from San Francisco to New Orleans at the rate of about one-half cent per ton per mile, or at one-fifth of the average charge for the movement of freight on the Central Pacific Railroad during 1881; and this because of three controlling principles of business law coming in to affect it, viz: Competition, the cost of the commodity at the place of its destination, and its own actual value in this market. The natural principles of business, which have been found sufficient to regulate all other interests without special regulative enactment, are equally inherent in the business of transportation, and this self-regulating process is clearly illustrated by the facts I have above cited. The railroad finds its reward for the minimum rates of freight in the general development of the country and the stimulus given to production, and after paying the direct expenses consequent upon the movement of these minimum freights, there may be a small balance still to go toward paying the fixed expenses and the general cost of maintenance. And to that extent, these low-priced commodities contribute a share of support toward a means

of transportation that is of general benefit to every commodity.

This naturally brings me to a consideration of the third question, and explains one of the great reasons for classification, which is to make the burdens of transportation proportioned to values; thus each article, as nearly as possible, pays an equal percentage on its own value. To fully illustrate the value to staple articles of production of this principle of classification, suppose four persons desiring to construct a means of transportation from a common point to a common point, to be possessed of commodities related to each other in value as iron, copper, silver, and gold. Now let it be distinctly understood that the means of transportation is common, and that the value of these articles is to reside in their destination. The transportation of iron could not confer as much value upon that commodity as the transportation of copper. Again, the transportation of copper could not confer as much value upon the article transported as the transportation of silver, and this again as the transportation of gold. It follows, therefore, that the value of the service rendered by the transportation of gold, the most costly article used in this illustration, will be as much greater than the transportation of iron, as the difference in the value of the two articles brought into comparison at their market point. To charge the iron with a rate of transportation equal to that charged the gold, when the value of the service in transporting the gold is many thousand times greater than that rendered in transporting the iron, would be an unjust discrimination against the iron and in favor of the gold. The principle, then, carried into practical commerce, is that a high rate is placed upon costly articles, and a low rate upon cheap articles, for mutual benefit and a just distribution of burdens. Of course, other considerations, almost as various as the character of the goods transported, enter into this question of classification, such as bulk and volume, liability to damage, convenience of handling, quantity shipped, etc.

As to the fourth allegation:

That, in practice, the railroads of California discriminate arbitrarily and unjustly between individual shippers and between shipping points, showing favoritism to individuals and localities, to the obvious injury of the persons and places discriminated against.

I first deny that this is the practice, and further state that no rule of the company has ever existed which permitted or tolerated such a practice. Every difference in rate which the rules of the company permits arises out of the necessities of business, and is generally caused by competition. And this brings me directly to the seventh allegation:

That freights are carried for longer distances—as, for instance, to terminal points—for less, or at the same rates charged for shorter distances.

Which we admit and justify by a single illustration. Take the wheat of the country, with San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, Red Bluffs, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles as shipping points, and New Orleans as the objective point. And here come in the three factors which limit and fix the price that the railroad company shall charge for transportation. The first is development, which applies most strongly in the case of the most remote place, Red Bluffs; second, the value of the commodity at New Orleans or its ultimate point of destination, say Liverpool; and last, competition. San Francisco is the chief competitive point, with four hundred and eighty-one miles of transportation more than from Los Angeles. Sacramento, fifty miles further from the point of destination than Stockton, has as good facilities for reaching San Francisco, the great competitive point, as Stockton has, and will not pay to the carrier any greater price than the latter pays, for the reason that the competing advantages are about equal. At Red Bluffs the question of development appears more strongly than at either of the other points, and yet feels the influence of both of the other factors. The converse of this proposition is also true as relates to the import commerce to be carried by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The export commerce which will find its outlet at the Gulf ports will be supplemented by an import commerce, and this must necessarily, by the same law of competition, be carried to San Francisco at as low rates as will be charged for like carriage to Los Angeles. Now, the railroad practically has but little voice in the matter, outside of those considerations which fix the price that it shall receive. And here let me say that whenever the railroad accepts less than the maximum allowed by law, it is because of considerations or circumstances that it can not control, but which in themselves fix the price which becomes an established rate. This fact should receive due consideration. Now, it will be seen that, controlled by these circumstances, an equal mileage theory would not apply at all, and nothing can regulate it excepting business laws, unless you deny to the shipper the right of competition, and regulate him in his routes and prices. An attempt to regulate the carrier without regulating the shipper will always be a failure; and again I may say that the only regulation possible is such as business principles or the laws of business permit. When the railroad accepts less for the longer than for the shorter distance, it is because circumstances compel it, and not from choice. Railroads are no more desirous of working for nothing than other enterprises or interests; and it would be as reasonable to suppose that they would voluntarily carry for the longer distance at the same or less rate than for the shorter, when they could obtain more, as to suppose that the laborer would work a day and a half for the same price that he would for one day. The people are not charged more for the shorter distance, but the railroads are compelled to take less for the longer distance, for certain causes over which they have no control, viz., competition, or the relative values of the commodities moved.

Fifth—That merchants and manufacturers are, by force of existing conditions, coerced to enter into contracts to ship all goods imported by them by rail, to their disadvantage, and to serious loss and injury to their business.

This allegation would seem to be suggested by individuals who fail to have an advantage over their neighbors, which perhaps they think themselves justly entitled to. There is an open or general tariff rate which all shippers may avail themselves of, without any discrimination. All may also

avail themselves of the contract rate, the smallest as well as the largest shipper. Whether they enter into this contract or not, is a matter of individual interest and opinion entirely, and, therefore, is not properly a matter of public concern. The shipper avails himself of the open or contract rate as to him seems best, and this contract system is available to the smallest as well as the largest shipper. No one enters into this contract unless he deems it to his individual advantage as against the general tariff rates.

In answer to the sixth allegation:

That the coercion alleged to be practiced by the railroads, as set forth in the above count, prevents competition by the ocean, raises the aggregate cost of transportation, entails additional cost upon all articles imported, and forces entire reliance upon overland railroad lines, to the injury of the commerce of this State.

I can only say that before the construction of the overland railroads, the lowest freight by the Isthmus was about one hundred dollars per ton; now it is about twenty dollars. During the past year, freights on wheat by Cape Horn ruled a little over seventeen dollars per ton. The opening of the Southern Pacific brought that price down immediately to about ten dollars, and had that rate prevailed during the past year alone, it would have saved to the farmers of this State about seven million dollars on the cost of transporting that single article, and I predict here that the former rates around Cape Horn will never be restored. And this because the railroad has come in as a competitor for the business. Thus it appears the allegation that the contract freight system, as practiced by the railroads, prevents competition by the ocean, or raises the aggregate cost of transportation, or entails additional cost to the consumer on articles imported, or forces sole reliance upon overland railroad lines, has no foundation in fact.

Allegation seven has already been answered.

Eighth—That hostility to the railroad as a basis for political action is justified by reason of the facts, to wit: That the construction of the railroad system of the State was encouraged and aided by county, state, and national subsidies, and that in the processes of their construction the right of eminent domain was exercised in the condemnation of the right of way, and other important matters. That all these concessions and privileges placed you and your associates in the attitude of trustees for the public, and that it is unreasonable and unconscionable that you should be able to earn profits amounting, by your own exhibits, to something like nine millions a year, and which are necessarily drawn from the industries and commerce of this State.

This allegation embraces much of error that is widespread throughout this State, and the entire United States as well, and it seems to me that a brief recital of the facts will remove the impression that exists. The aid received in the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad was, in round numbers, a loan of twenty-five millions of dollars in the bonds of the United States. This was not a gift, and therefore not a subsidy, and for it the Government has taken ample security; and all it is out in money is only the difference between the interest paid on these bonds and the value of the services rendered by the railroad company. The Government gave, also, some of its land, of but little value at the time, and, I am sorry to say, of much less value now than is generally supposed. By this the Government secured the construction of the road, and it has never been disappointed in a single expectation connected with it. As appears by a report of a United States Senate Committee, taking the average expenses west of the Missouri River from 1840 up to the completion of the roads, as against what has been paid since for much better service, the Government has saved over three million dollars per annum, assuming that the interest it has paid on the bonds loaned to the companies should turn out an entire loss. Other advantages might be enumerated; but the public mind will readily appreciate them without a detailed statement here. The only aid extended by the State of California to the construction of the road was by virtue of a contract between the company and the State, in which the State promised to pay the interest on one million five hundred thousand dollars bonds of the company, the latter to pay the principal of those bonds at maturity. The value of the service which has been rendered under this contract, added to the revenue derived from taxation due to the increase of taxable property created by the construction of the road, produces a sum greatly in excess of the amount of interest paid on the bonds already mentioned. The county of San Francisco, in the way of compromise, gave four hundred bonds of one thousand dollars each, at that time of a value of about seven hundred and fifty dollars each, instead of subscribing for six hundred thousand dollars stock of the company, and giving for it an equal amount of the bonds of the county, as it was entitled. The compromise was made at its own solicitation; and if it was a bad bargain, it was its own fault. The county of Sacramento subscribed for three hundred thousand dollars of the company's stock, and gave its bonds for an equal amount. The county of Placer subscribed for two hundred thousand dollars stock of the company, and gave its bonds for an equal amount. Both of these counties afterward sold their stock for more than their bonds were worth at the time of their subscription. This embraces the entire amount of aid—national, state, and county—which was contributed toward the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad; and when the increase of taxable property, affording additional revenue to State and county treasuries, and the development of the resources of the State consequent upon the construction of these railroad lines, come to be considered, it seems to me that neither the State nor counties have reason to regret their contributions. If the National Government, the State, or counties desired other benefits than those naturally derived from the construction of the road, they ought to have so stated in their contracts; and they are not now entitled to anything beyond the specific performance of the contracts. To have the right of regulation upon the claim that, in the construction of the road, national, state, and county aid was extended, would be to claim the right to neutralize such aid, and to inflict a penalty of continued and indefinite loss for having accepted such aid.

Legally and equitably we sustain the same relation to the public as all other railroads, subject to equal laws, and to the fulfillment of every contract. I have before stated that our

corporate laws are merely in aid of the natural right of association. The right of eminent domain is not exercised by the railroad company, and in fact can only be exercised by the State and for the benefit of the public, and it is only because the State deems railroad construction as of such eminently beneficial character to the public that it is exercised, and in order that the railroad may have the right of way to build its road. The right of eminent domain is not vested in the railroad company. The State can not divest itself of it, and it can not exercise it for the benefit of the railroad company. It can only be exercised on behalf of the public, and for the public benefit. The manner of its exercise proves this. The State, exercising the right of eminent domain, condemns the property to be taken; but since the instrumentality of transportation is a private interest, the full value of the property taken must be paid for by it to the owner from whom it is taken, before it can be used. What is, therefore, termed the exercise of the right of eminent domain, does not form a basis of right to regulate the business of railroads, any more than it would confer the right to regulate the earnings of property belonging to any other kind of corporation. Railroad corporations are not created by the State any more than any other corporations; any more than partnerships are created. It simply points out how they may be created, and it is then the work of individuals to create the corporation or the partnership, and the property of this corporation or partnership is to be contributed primarily by individuals, and the ownership of the property is in individual citizens, and it should be held for their or their successors' benefit. An injury to the property of the association of these individuals, under the name of a corporation, is as serious to them as though they held the property in an ordinary partnership, or as tenants in common. The corporation is one thing, the property of the corporation is another, the labor of the corporators is still another, and it is upon the false theory that the State created the first, that it has parted with something of value, that the assumption is based of the right to regulate the labor and the property of the individual incorporators and stockholders, for these two latter are the main things that an attempt is made to regulate. And to take away from these their value, is to confiscate the labor of individuals; to confiscate property; to blot out individual rights and the great associate principle upon which rests our political, social, and business prosperity and security. But I am sorry to say that the supposition that our net profits are nine million dollars per annum is a great mistake. A more careful scrutiny of our annual reports would reveal the facts. From the apparent net earnings there needs to be deducted the various amounts set aside for sinking fund under the law, legal expenses, taxes, interest, etc., in order to obtain the actual net available for dividends, so that, in fact, since the completion of the road we have been able to pay in dividends an amount averaging only four per cent. per annum. The greatest net earned in any one year was in 1875, when it reached nearly eight per cent. upon the capital stock issued, or, in exact figures, four million three hundred and three thousand fifty dollars and ninety-three cents. The next largest year was 1881, when the total was four million two hundred and eighty-one thousand one hundred dollars and seventy-three cents. Contrast this showing with that made for the Pennsylvania Railroad, for the same year, (see *Poor's Manual*, page 272). The Central Pacific's available revenue from two thousand seven hundred and seven miles was four million two hundred and eighty-one thousand one hundred dollars and seventy-three cents. That of the Pennsylvania's from one thousand one hundred seventy-two and a half miles was nine million eight hundred and twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-three dollars and forty-eight cents.

In answer to the ninth allegation:

That an irreconcilable conflict exists between transportation and production,

Permit me to say that it is entirely without foundation in reason or in fact. The two are to a large degree mutually dependent, and especially is transportation dependent upon production.

Without production the carrier would have nothing to transport, and, on the other hand, production is dependent upon transportation, because without transportation the surplus could not reach its market, and the inter-dependence of the relation between these two interests is proven when it is remembered that the greater volume of the staple products of the country is moved to its destination and market at rates below the average cost of transportation. The relative rights and interests of transportation and production are compromised and adjusted to each other by means of classification of freights, already discussed in another part of this answer. It is clear, however, that the higher the maximum, the lower the possible minimum. For instance, the average cost of movement being two cents per ton per mile, a ton of silk or other luxuries moved at the maximum rate of fifteen cents per ton per mile would enable the company to move thirteen tons of wheat at one cent per ton per mile and yet maintain the necessary average. There is scarcely anything that the farmer buys at the store that would be sold to him any cheaper if a reduction of twenty-five per cent. were made. For instance, suppose that the freight from San Francisco to some other point is four dollars per ton; a reduction of twenty-five per cent. would be equal to only one-half mill per pound, a reduction so inconsiderable that it would not be taken into account by the vendor or the vendee. But the increase of twenty-five per cent., especially for long distances, on the products of the farmer, might determine the question of production.

In answer to the tenth allegation:

That material reductions in the rates of freight and fare are demanded by consideration of the interests of both labor and capital,

I assert that the rates in this State, every fair circumstance considered, are as low as the rates upon railroads in any part of the world; and to illustrate this, on selecting for comparison the rates of twenty of the principal roads in the State of New York, it was found that there was an average rate of 2.64 cents per mile for passengers, while that prevailing on the Central Pacific Railroad, including the higher rates charged in Nevada and the territories of Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, is only an average of 2.47 cents per mile.

Eleventh—That the opening of the railroad route of transportation to Gulf ports, by which the wheat, wool, wine, and other staple productions of this State will be transported to ships on the Atlantic seaboard, will drive from the Pacific Ocean and the port of [San Francisco] the import commerce now carried thereon, and place the producers of California at the mercy of monopolized lines of transportation for the carrying of their products.

It seems to me that the above is fully answered by the fact that the ocean must always remain an open route, by Cape Horn and by the Isthmus. There will be additional overland railroad lines through our own country, through the British possessions, and through Mexico, and these will be regulators that will keep the rates on the Central and Southern Pacific railroads always within bounds.

I think I have shown conclusively that the opening of the Southern transcontinental route will encourage development, and confer prosperity upon the people who support the commercial mart of San Francisco. In that prosperity San Francisco must necessarily share. The saving to the people of seven million dollars per annum on the cost of transportation on a single staple product of the supporting territory of San Francisco, alone affords ample illustration of the extent of the prosperity which the Southern transcontinental route must necessarily confer upon the people of this State. The experience of the past affords ample guarantee to the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast against injury by reason of the construction of transcontinental railroad lines which have that metropolis for their Pacific Ocean terminus. The vast increase in the volume of commerce passing through the Golden Gate by reason of the development consequent upon construction of the railroad system of the State and the transcontinental lines now reaching here, points to the inevitable conclusion that neither the import nor the export commerce of the port of San Francisco will be diminished, but on the contrary will be greatly enhanced and augmented.

Steam transportation by land is confined to fixed lines, involving the construction of railways, requiring large investments of capital; but by way of the ocean San Francisco sustains cheap commercial relations with every part of the world. But this fact would not make her a great commercial emporium without lines of communication with the interior. The existence of a harbor is nothing in itself, but if that harbor has lines of transportation by rail and river converging into it, then converging lines of commerce by ocean converts it into a focal centre of exchange and distribution. The harbor of San Diego is sufficiently safe and commodious to meet the demands of the commerce of Liverpool, but the reason why a great commercial city exists on the harbor of San Francisco and not on the harbor of San Diego, is because the former has enjoyed the advantages of communication by river and rail with the interior. San Francisco is connected by ocean with every port on the globe that is visited for commercial purposes. Her commercial lines radiate from the Golden Gate like the rays of a sun. A corresponding radiation of lines of communication connecting her harbor with the interior, however great their number, can only augment her commercial greatness, and make her harbor one of the most important ports of the world, both for import and export commerce.

In conclusion, permit me to say every candid, unprejudiced, and argumentative consideration of these important questions only brings into stronger relief the inter-dependence of transportation with every other material interest of the commonwealth. It is so interwoven with every element of progress and prosperity, that to inflict upon it an injury is to strike a blow equally at every other material and commercial interest. You say your questions are formulated from speeches and documents of a political campaign. If party methods take the direction of promising reductions in the rates of transportation, and parties are to challenge each other to a rivalry in bids of this character, then the party that anticipates the ultimate logic of such a contest, and promises that transportation under its administration shall cost nothing, will at once surpass its competitors in the breadth of its conceptions and the splendor of its appeal to the spirit of confiscation.

I entertain, however, no apprehension of such a result. The enlightened sense of justice inseparable from the civilization of the age in which our people live may be depended upon to promote enterprise, encourage development, and maintain unimpaired the rights of all citizens.

Very respectfully yours, LELAND STANFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills have sent out cards for a ball, to take place at Milbrae on the fifth of September. Mr. and Mrs. Huntington and Miss Huntington are at the Palace. They intend returning East early in September. General Houghton arrives from New York in two or three weeks. He will join his wife and daughter, who are now in Europe, about the beginning of next year. On the afternoon of the sixteenth instant Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Crocker entertained Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills Jr. (nee Livingston) at luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. Mills are now at Milbrae. Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hopkins and family have left Newport, and are now at Saratoga. From there they will proceed to the White Mountains, at which place they remain during the heated term. Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hutchins have returned from the East. Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hovey, of the Palace, went down to Monterey on Saturday last to spend a few days. Mr. Goad has returned to the Palace from Monterey. Sir Thomas Hesketh and wife, accompanied by Mr. Sharon, are at Tahoe, where they will spend a week or more. Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes will accompany her son East next week, whither he goes to enter Harvard. Mr. and Mrs. Shorb, of San Gabriel, have been to the Occidental most of the week. Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples and their daughter, Miss Kittie Staples, are at Santa Cruz. Mrs. C. P. Evans and daughter, of Sacramento, are at Santa Cruz. Mrs. Col. Creed Haymond has been visiting Sacramento, her former home. J. A. Fillmore, General Superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, and George Crocker are in Washington Territory. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Keyes, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Simonton, Colonel Charles F. Crocker and Mrs. Crocker, and Hon. William M. Gwin and Mrs. Gwin have been spending a few days at Monterey. Captain and Mrs. Irwin, Captain and Mrs. Cooke, and Mrs. Commander Boyd, of Mare Island, who went down to Monterey a few days ago, have returned. Mr. and Mrs. A. K. P. Harmon, of Oakland, returned from the East on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Laton, of the Palace, have been spending a portion of the week at Monterey. Mrs. D. G. Wells, arrived here from Camp Bidwell a few days ago, and is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Collier, on Van Ness Avenue. Mrs. John Corning, Judge Field and Mrs. Field, A. L. Tubbs and family, and Eugene Dewey returned from Monterey on Monday last. Whitelaw Reid and wife, after spending a few days at Monterey, returned to Milbrae on Tuesday last. Mrs. Leland Stanford entertained a number of friends at Palo Alto on Saturday last, among whom were a number of Washington and Philadelphia people, after which the guests went to Monterey and stayed until Tuesday morning last.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A. Vogeler, of Baltimore, proprietor of St. Jacob's Oil, is dead. His large clientele of advertisers will deeply regret that he did not apply his own remedy in time to save his, to them, most precious life. The *Argonaut* is not among the mourners.

Mr. Charles E. Sherman, of Kern County, will be a candidate for the office of Secretary of State before the Republican convention. He is a good man for the place, and in all respects qualified to perform its duties. This is in every way a fitting nomination to be made.

The anti-Sunday law resolution of the Democratic platform is now the subject of explanation by Democratic party writers and orators. It was placed there by the League of Freedom. This act was accomplished by the saloon delegates from San Francisco and the lesser cities of the State. It satisfies the beer and liquor interest. It has caught the beer and liquor voters. If it can be so explained that it will lose no Democratic temperance voters, and catch some Republican whisky voters, it will have accomplished the object proposed by the League of Freedom. We shall see.

Another flunkey gone to Paris. Mr. Morton, an American banker, having become rich, was sent as minister to France. He has no other qualification for the place than his coin. With his coin he has hired the proscenium box at the Grand Opera House, directly opposite that of the president of the Republic of France. Another wealthy nob. Mr. Astor, of New York, goes as minister to Rome. We hope he will take a palace opposite the Vatican, and set up opposition to the Pope, or camp near the Quirinal, and reflect the shine of his American eagle over upon Humbert and Marguerite. This shoddy is growing rank, and begins to smell.

For some years past we have been threatened with the formation of an anti-monopoly party. A prominent grocer in New York and leading dealer in bull-butter flooded this continent with his anti-monopoly literature. The Democratic party then seized hold of the idea, and endeavored to appropriate it, and allow the whisky traffic to monopolize Sunday. Now comes a gentleman by the name of Robert J. Harrison, engaged in this traffic of alcohol, and the thing is done. The railroad company charges Mr. Harrison fifty dollars a car-load for hauling his rum more than he thinks it ought. Mr. Harrison, of the whisky trafficking firm of Richards & Harrison, demands of the railroad company, as common carriers, the transportation of his alcoholic compounds at such rates as the merchants shall deem reasonable. If we could apply this rule to Messrs. R. & H. in their trade, and could fix the selling price of their poisonous compound at what we think it is worth, or what we think it costs them, it would be cheap enough for bogs to wallow in. If we could fix the price at the cost of the ruin we think it would produce, it would be so dear that no prohibitory law would be required to suppress the nefarious business. We welcome this new candidate for political distinction, and hope room may be found for the manufacturers and traffickers in alcoholic drinks to have an entire monopoly of all the anti-monopoly capital they can make out of a refusal of railroads to haul alcoholic poison over the country at reduced rates.

When the machine politicians shall have secured the nomination of Mr. Estee, then comes the appeal to all good Republicans to harmonize in a united effort for his election. There was a time in the earlier history of the party when all good Republicans would have responded to the appeal. There was a time ere the smoke of the Rebellion had passed; when the embers of the civil war were still smouldering; when there were national matters unadjusted; when the party appeal came with overwhelming force to party men; when, in the interest of their country, and at the call of patriotism, they were willing to bury personal resentments, and forget and forgive the blows received in party conflicts. And yet there is a noticeable event in the history of the Republican party that demonstrates the feebleness of party discipline to coerce its members to the support of an unfit nomination, and one that, by every honorable rule of party organization, ought not to have been made. Mr. George Gorham secured the nomination of his party when it was twenty thousand in majority by the same appliances, by the use of the same means, and by the aid of the same men who are now working in the interest of Mr. Estee. He was nominated against General Bidwell by one or two votes in convention. He was beaten by H. H. Haight nearly ten thousand votes. The party is not as strong now as then. Party discipline has weakened since then. The temperance and Sunday folk did not then form as active an element as now. The debris question was not then at issue. The political character of Mr. Gorham was as good as that of Mr. Estee. His record was as good, and as a party servant he had been more consistent and faithful. He was beaten by the defection of his own party. All over the State good Republicans abstained from voting. They believed that H. H. Haight was an honest, capable man, and a gentleman, and that under his administration public affairs would not come to grief. They were not mistaken, and he made a good governor. History sometimes repeats itself, not capriciously or without cause. Like acts produce like consequences. Like causes produce similar events. The Republican party stands to-day on a narrow and slippery peninsula, with deep water on either side. It is not strong enough to be insolent. The ice is thin, and the current runs deep and swift beneath it. Desirous that it should take no dangerous chances of defeat, we hope it will nominate a strong and honorable man as its candidate for governor.

Mrs. Barbara Sanger, of Louisville, disappeared on Wednesday, and on Friday evening, her husband, growing a little uneasy on account of her absence, began making inquiries concerning her. There is no doubt about Mr. Sanger's being anxious that Barbara should have a fair start, comments the *Chicago Tribune*.

VANITY FAIR.

"Many of the remarkable episodes in summer resort life are enacted down by the beach," writes the Cincinnati *Commercial's* Cape May correspondent. "Yesterday I saw several couples meet for the first time this season in garbs totally unknown to most people in the West. The bathing suits worn here are more modest than those to be seen at most summer resorts. Styles in these garments in late years have changed considerably. Formerly a lady's suit comprised two pieces, one including the skirt and waist, and the other the drawers, while now the waist and drawers form one piece, the same as those worn by the males, and the skirt is the separate garment. The suits are worn shorter than ever, and George W. Hughes, of Philadelphia, who owns the leading bath-suit rendezvous here, tells me he is unable to supply the demand for short drawers and high sleeves that are made upon him by the ladies. 'The fact is,' he says, 'they can't get them too short.' Blue is the rage, and they are usually trimmed with white. At Coney Island the most shocking bathing suits in the world are worn. They consist of a knit material, very similar to gauze, being, as my informant expressed himself, 'next to nothing, and when they are wet it is simply a matter of gaze.'"

At a brilliant entertainment given in London last week by Lady Esmé Gordon, the band failed to arrive, and the noble hostess was at her wits' ends to know how to obtain music for the waiting dancers. The difficulty was, however, overcome by the Dowager Marchioness of Huntley, Countess of Lindsay, and Lady Harlech, each taking turns at the piano, and playing waltzes and polkas *ad libitum*.

One of the dullest seasons ever known in London came to a close on August 12th, when all the world flocked to Scotland for the first day of grouse shooting. In spite of one or two very notable weddings, a grand ball at the Russian Embassy, and some few other state entertainments, the season has been strikingly and depressingly dull. And in Paris the short period of summer gaiety has been utterly without vim or go. Mrs. Morton's last grand reception, which was given just before her departure for the baths, was a most curious assemblage of American tourists, and excited not a little astonishment among the few Parisians present. There were ladies in every conceivable variety of costume; some in walking-dress, and some in ball-dress; some in high-necked gowns and long sleeves, others extremely décolletées, and with no sleeves at all. One woman, in a costume resembling a tiger-skin, made a great effect, but was outdone by a friend whose skirt was covered with embroidered animals, with a green-and-gold lizard for a necklace.

The "traveling-dress," so called, is abolished, and so are linen dusters, by women of taste. The experienced traveler who comprehends human nature on the road, knows that to be quietly and fashionably dressed in fabrics of the finest is the way to command respect and attention. A usual and elegant costume is made of silver-gray or drab pongee, that sheds the dust, and is not injured by water. The traveling-ulster, dust-cloak, or pelisse is made from the same material. These should reach the edge of the dress. Jewelry, fringes, or lace ruin the harmony that must exist, and are an offense to the eye.

"A great stir has been caused in London 'clubland,'" writes the New York *Tribune's* occasional correspondent, "by the news that Mr. Horace, more familiarly known as 'Ghillie' Farquhar, is going on the stage. Mr. Farquhar has long been one of the most popular young 'men of wit and pleasure' about town. Perhaps 'wit' is too strong a word for 'Ghillie's' witticisms, which partake largely of that quality of 'cheek,' as it is called at Eton, which was employed to perfection by Brummell. It is, however, very differently used. Brummell, as my grandfather told me, affected the *bel esprit* and a tone of elegant raillery, largely mingled with superciliousness, not to say disdain. Mr. Farquhar's fun is of such fair complexion altogether that innocent youths retail his sayings as if they were spoken in good faith. 'Awfully good thing that of Ghillie's, you know,' and then comes something which, as Charles Matthews said of the jokes of his father's time, does not seem quite so good when 'taken cold.' The fact is that Mr. Farquhar's fun is like delicate Burgundy. It will not 'carry,' as wine-merchants have it; but his jokes are good when uttered in his careless, apparently innocent way, just leaving room for doubt whether his humor is unconsciousness or not. To illustrate my exact meaning, I will give a recent instance of Ghillie's style. He went one day into one of his many clubs—that more especially frequented by the not-very-thickly-gilded youths of the day. Ghillie was sumptuously arrayed in evening garments of the latest fashion. His shirt-front was a thing of beauty, spacious as his frame would permit, his jewelry rich and curious, and the orchid in his buttonhole rivaled one of Lord Crewe's. 'Bai Jove, Ghillie!' said one of his 'pals,' with a look of admiration, 'you've got 'em on to-night, old man, and no mistake.' Ghillie gazed innocently, and perhaps a little vacantly upon him, and said: 'I don't see why I should not have a new suit of clothes as well as you other fellows. I'm sure I'm nearly as hard-up as the rest of you.'"

Richard Whiteing, in a letter to the New York *World*, thus describes a fashionable Parisienne's bath-room: The bath-room is round, and the walls and ceiling are quilted everywhere with black satin, relieved by yellow buttons; there is no window either in the walls or ceiling. The light comes from pink lusters born by nymphs in white marble. The sofa, low and broad, is in quilted satin. The pier-glass is framed with flying cupids. The bath, in black marble shaped like a Roman car, is half buried in flowers. The gilt linen basket hangs over a brazier, burning perfumes. The carpet is a black bear-skin. The bath-mixture is compounded (after the recipe of a learned chemist) of almond-juice, benjoin, Constantinople rose-water, coconut milk and palm leaves. It should be as hot as possible, warm water having, like cold, the effect of closing the pores of the skin. The bath may last an hour, though most people would be glad to get out of this mixture as soon as possible, and after

that another hour may probably be employed in polishing the feet and hands. But the whole time is not necessarily lost to the mind, for ladies may "meditate on combinations in toilets" while they are on the simmer.

"The youngsters are, as a rule, most strikingly costumed at Saratoga," writes Clara Belle to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. "Some of the dear little creatures are perfect pictures of striking and elegant garb. I am moved to say, in this connection, that fashion is not always so changeable as she is accused of being. It is eight years since the princesse form of dress for little girls came in, and now it is as popular as ever. Even the Mother Hubbard draperies are most frequently shirred on to a princesse sacque, and the variety of superimposed draperies on this model are unnumbered. Some of these miniature belles are comically flirty. A miss of twelve at my hotel is a perfect little heart-smasher. She appears in as many as six costumes in a single day, including a bathing dress which would be shocking if she were a year or two older, and is slightly questionable now, since it exposes her bare legs to considerably above the knees. A combination of plain and plaided gingham seems to be the popular unpretentious costume for children at this place. Dressier ones are made of two kinds of satine in combination. Still more elaborate toilets are of white and tinted veiling with lace-like embroidery for trimming, satin ribbon for loops and cascades, and sometimes a surah sash bow in the back. The most expensive dresses for little girls, those of silk and damasse, are also made in the princesse style, no matter what effect the superimposed draperies and trimmings may give. Checked taffetas and Louisines, as well as small figured damasses and silk foulards in chene striped and checked effects, are also used for full dress toilets. A feature of this summer's dress is embroidery and lace in designs that show the purpose of the artist to be that of creating juvenile patterns for juvenile wearers. For garden parties and evenings little girls sometimes wear costumes quite similar to those of their seniors. This is feasible, owing to the almost entire absence of trails."

"We note," says the *American Queen*, "that straw-rides have become popular at Long Branch. It may be explained for the information of people who fortunately know nothing of such things from experience, that the dozen or more young people going on this description of excursion, tumble indiscriminately into a large cart, where the straw is scattered over the bottom of the cart, and start out about eight o'clock for some more or less distant point, where a dance or supper has been arranged. The party returns early in the morning—about one or two o'clock. We are sorry to hear that straw-rides are countenanced at Long Branch, and wonder that such parties can find chaperones." Straw-rides have for some time been known on the Pacific Coast—frequently without any chaperones at all.

There is a pleasant variety about the bathing-costumes, observes the Philadelphia *Progress*. A young lady at Cape May, one of Baltimore's fair daughters, sports among the breakers in a suit combining three colors—red, white, and blue. With her pointed tri-color cap, and the minor accessories to correspond, she is a very charming representative of Dame Columbia. Then, too, there is a "Josephine." Her dress of white flannel is striped with navy-blue, the blouse waist has deep cuffs and a sailor collar, and she wears a broad-brimmed sailor hat lined with cardinal. "The lass that loved a sailor" wins many admiring glances. Cape May has also a damsel of the purely æsthetic type. She promenaded the board-walk the other afternoon clad in a gown of fawn-color, embroidered in pale blue flowers. There was much soft, lacy drapery, the whole partly enveloped in an embroidered crepe shawl, with deep fringe, and all bung delightfully "limp." The maiden's hair was quite in keeping—light and frowsy, waving over a pale, delicate face. She walked, or rather glided, with a swaying motion, and everybody realized that they were looking upon a true disciple of the new faith.

The other day a lady was seen driving in the New York Central Park with a hat that was nothing more nor less than a great bronze spider and its web, the latter of course forming the brim. Although peculiar, the effect was not bad.—The Prince of Wales is about the only married man of his age in London society who habitually goes to balls and dances. Few Englishmen are regular ball-goers after thirty-five.—A young woman bathed at one of the Eastern seaside resorts the other day in a suit of blue silk trimmed with swan's-down. Spectators were unable to decide whether she belonged to a circus or a lunatic asylum.—Boston fashionables at Swampscott have organized a series of intellectual teas which are held at the cottages of the different members. They have cultured teas, Emerson muffins, Oliver Wendell Holmes waffles, Pilgrim crackers, and real old-fashioned gossip and scandal tarts.—Queen Victoria weighs two hundred pounds.—At a recent "Mother Goose" entertainment, given at Seabridge, Massachusetts, the garden of Mistress Mary Quite Contrary was represented by maidens all in a row arranged as eleven large flowers, such as the lily, narcissus, aster, sunflower, and others; in the centre of each a lovely girlish face looked up, and all bending slightly as if the wind swayed them to and fro.—When the German Empress travels in summer the roof of her railroad carriage is covered with a layer of turf, which is watered frequently during the day as a device to keep her cool.—There is to be a freak in cravats this fall. At least an attempt is to be made to introduce the costly lace-trimmed style worn two hundred years ago.—Whist-players are so fine at certain Eastern watering-places as to use satin-backed, hand-painted playing cards. Nobody understands the special advantages of such cards, as they do not "feel" pleasantly in the hands.—Little "niggers" are coming into fashion as pages in Paris; their complexions throw out the whiteness of their mistress's skin.—Flowers are the chief decoration of the table at Newport dinner-parties this season, and nothing could be prettier. At Mrs. Astor's, on a recent evening, the centre of the table was banked up with white roses three feet high.—Live kittens and fluffy chickens are a staple commodity at fashionable English fairs. Cats are favorites in London society, and much attention is paid to their cultivation in the best circles.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from J. E. Hilgard, Superintendent U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, the "Tide Tables for the Pacific Coast of the United States for the year 1883." This volume is published by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Office at Washington, D. C.; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"The Annals of a Baby" was published about four years ago anonymously, and at that time attracted attention. It is now republished with the author's name attached, Sarah B. Stebbins. It is a pleasant, frothy little volume, written in the gushing style of an exuberant mother. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

The author of "The Honorable Miss Ferrard" has just written a collection of short stories and sketches which bear the title of the initial story, "Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor." This writer possesses a rare faculty for sketching the habits and characters of English and Irish peasantry, and her stories never fail in their attraction. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Lately published are two valuable works on photography: "Modern Dry Plates," by Dr. J. M. Elder, of the Imperial Vienna Academy, edited by H. Baden Pritchard, of the British Photographic Society, and "The Art and Practice of Silver Printing." The volumes enter into every particular of the subject of which they treat, and are profusely illustrated. Published and for sale by E. & T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Dudley C. Stone, Deputy Superintendent of Schools in this city, having come to the conclusion that the schoolmaster puzzles with which the average arithmetics are padded out are entirely needless for the scholar's knowledge of the main subject, has for this reason collected a thousand graded examples, embodying the foremost and most useful principles of arithmetic, and publishes them in a neat little volume entitled "The Essentials of Arithmetic." Published and for sale by Bancroft.

Tom Hood's punning verse and prose has greatly fallen into the background during the last decade, and although his writings are always delightfully funny, yet the present generation is unfamiliar with much of his wittest work. An Eastern firm has, therefore, begun the publication of some of his comicities, and published as an initial volume, "Hood's Own," with its original engravings, and bound in paper. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 25 cents.

The latest number in the series of "Leaflets from Standard Authors" is "Passages from the Works of W. H. Prescott," compiled by Josephine E. Hodgdon. Like the former numbers it consists of two parts, a bound pamphlet for the teacher's use, consisting of important extracts from the author's works, and the same extracts printed on separate leaves for the pupils' use. This series is well prepared, and will do much toward familiarizing scholars with standard works. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by J. A. Hofmann, 206 Montgomery Street; price, 50 cents.

The stories of noted criminals and law-trials have always possessed much fascination for the average reader. In no other country has there been such a field for clever impostures and robberies as in France. The criminals of that country are more successful, and are gifted with far greater audacity than English, German, Italian, or Spanish rogues. They are the same gifts that render the French detective police superior to those of any other land. Mr. H. W. Fuller, of Massachusetts, has just written a volume on this subject, entitled "Noted French Trials: Impostors, and Adventurers." Eight celebrated trials are discussed, comprising the narratives of as many noted individuals who have in the course of the last three hundred years agitated the French nation. The stories are all highly romantic, and the fact that the clever swindler was always brought to earth in the end renders them none the less interesting. The stories of Collet and Cartouche surpass in interest a great many novels. Published by Soule & Bugbee, Boston; for sale by Sumner Whitney & Co., 613 Clay Street.

"Linguistic Essays," by Carl Abel, Ph. D., is the thirtieth volume of the "English and Foreign Philosophical Library." It consists of ten essays or investigations upon the significance of words in regard to their original meaning or psychological inference. The first essay is devoted to "Language as the National Modes of Thought," and is a general preface to what follows. The second essay, upon "The Conception of Love in Some Ancient and Modern Languages," is the most important and likewise the most interesting of the series. The author enters into an analysis of all the various meanings and shades of meaning of the word "love," and its kindred synonyms in other tongues. The third essay deals with the "English Verbs of Command," and in its preparation the method of copious quotation, from standard English works has been employed in the same way as was the plan followed in preparing the large philological dictionary which is shortly to be published in London. The succeeding essays relate to different branches of philology, and possess great interest. This volume is written in a simple and easy style, and may be readily comprehended and appreciated by even the veriest novice. Published and for sale by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Announcements: An unfinished work of Kant, never before printed, is to appear in the *Old Prussian Monthly*.—The California Publishing Company announces that it will shortly issue a volume of verse by R. E. White: "The Cross of Monterey."—Lieutenant F. V. Greene, the historian of the late Turco-Russian war, and author of "Army Life in Russia," writes the leading article in *The Critic* of August 12, his text being the official records of the Franco-Prussian and the American Civil War.—That clever novel of Rice and Besant's—"The Chaplain of the Fleet"—has lately been dramatized by Mr. D. G. Boucicault and is to be produced in London.—The private correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, extending from 1834 to 1872, and edited by Charles Eliot Norton, will be published by J. R. Osgood & Co. in December.—The next volume in the American Actor Series is to be Miss Kate Field's "Charles Albert Fechter." Miss Field's personal reminiscences of the actor, as well as her careful study of his powers, promise to make this a most interesting volume.—The poems of Albrecht von Haller, the most prominent perhaps of Swiss poets of the last century, have just been edited and published under the supervision of Professor Hirzel, of Berne.

Miscellany: The Judeo-Persian manuscripts acquired lately by Dr. Neubauer have been bought by the British Museum.—M. Renan's recent Treatise on the "Ecclesiastes" has been placed by the authorities of the Roman Church on the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," the list of books which no good Catholic is permitted to open.—The last number of the *Sagranitschky Vistnik*, the leading literary magazine of Russia, has an article by Mr. John Swinton, on "The Philosophy of American Literature." This is believed to be the first contribution ever made by an American writer to the Russian literary press.—The *Saturday Review* says that the better American writers of fiction work with a careful consciousness which is all but unknown at present to British romance.—The London *Spectator* thinks that, assuming the statement in "Authors and Authorship," published by the Putnams, that Mark Twain received \$300,000 for his "Innocents Abroad" is correct, the price is the best ever fetched by a book, the intrinsic value being considered.—W. D. Howells and his wife while in Rome will be the guests of Elihu Vedder, the artist.—Dr. Franz Hoffman, whose story-books delighted two generations of German children, has just died in Dresden. Several of his books were translated into English. The University of Leipzig conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

THE MATRIMONIAL CLUB.

Being the Varied Adventures of Six Bachelors at Bolinas Bay.

The vacation season this year promised to be serenely stupid for the gallant gentlemen of the Matrimonial Club. Vague and fleeting hopes of a "little house in Surrey" being at their disposal had waxed and waned irregularly for weeks, and the last Thursday had arrived, and nothing had been done. Each had expected suggestions from the other; each had made suggestions of his own; and each and every suggestion had been scornfully sneered down as unworthy of the suggestor. Thursday noon a solemn conclave was held over lunch at Peter's, and what was the result?

The Thing says: "Oh, I say, Jay, can't you suggest some place? Some place, you know, where a fellow can wear his old clothes, and smoke his pipe, without being thought a cad?" This from the punctilious Briton, who probably drew his evening sustenance from his mother's breast arrayed in swallow-tail and white tie.

Jay thinks that Santa Cruz would be about the thing; loads of nice girls, not too prudish, nice beach, pleasant town, drives, scenery, and all that sort of thing. The suspicious silence with which Santa Cruz was promptly vetoed seemed to indicate that the last platoon of girls who had jilted the club must be summering there.

Then the Thing's gentle bazoo murmured the praises of Monterey, where moneyed maidens most do congregate, and gilded chains await the possessor of puissant cheek. This argument was treated with deserved contempt, for was not the Thing convicted out of his own mouth? Would not the sporters of pipes and shooting-coats be set outside the gates of El Monte, and bade depart into the wilderness?

The Courier's prolific mind evolved San Rafael, but when the Thing objected because "a fellow meets so many blasted English fellows there, you know," his insular prejudice was respected, and San Rafael's head went into the basket.

Lunch was mournfully ended, and the club walked sadly up the street, contemplating the melancholy prospect of the abandonment of their organized campaign, and of desultory individual skirmishing weakly replacing an assault in force, but as they were separating Silentius quietly said: "You will all be on the 1:35 San Rafael boat Saturday, prepared to be away till Wednesday, with flannel shirts, spurs, and bath towels in your grip-sacks. I will instruct the Courier about the necessary outfit."

Saturday noon beheld the club scattered about the San Rafael boat, trustful in their future at the hands of Silentius, and gracefully posing under the gaze of possible bridal candidates with more cold shoulder than is becoming to girls. Silentius alone, big with responsibility, stood in the bow, serene as Columbus under the mutinous mutterings of his crew. At Point San Quentin so many girls departed that no single car would hold two of the club, yet no two cars held a single female who would so much as notice the whole club put together. However, at San Rafael Silentius held up the signal, and the rest obediently followed him to the edge of the platform and grouped themselves beside a young hillock of luggage, while the train pulled out, undoubtedly much to the regret of the gentler passengers.

Then arose a howl:

"I say, Silentius," was the chorus, "where are you going to take us?"

"Don't mind me; just have an eye out for the Courier;" and sure enough, while the club murmured, the astute Courier had disappeared, and presently hove in sight, steering a rockaway with a pair of scampering greys, while two saddled broncos towed behind.

Satchels, overcoats, baskets, and mysterious packages were stowed into the back seat of the vehicle, on top of a brown-paper parcel, that is, a parcel three sides brown paper and one side French bread. Silentius mounted the box-seat and took the reins, with the Courier beside him, the Thing bestrode the bay, Jay the roan likewise, and the procession moved.

San Rafael is a dainty little place. Resting in a little round valley by the bay side, cool in its aristocratic seclusion, careful in its social exclusion, the very air has a patrician flavor, and the landscape looks like it had come out of a toy-shop. Never a plebeian can gain a foothold there; never a visitor can enjoy its hospitality without producing a pedigree which would pass the heraldic college. But Zopf—Zopf has cool, sharp beer, Zopf has mountain wine, Zopf has stone vaults where the weary traveler may refresh himself, and pursue his journey with renewed vigor.

Outside of San Rafael the wagon is called to a halt by the cavaliers, and a knowledge of their destination is insisted on by the club.

"Don't mind me," said Silentius, "we will just see how Bolinas looks;" and away they go, up a narrow wagon-road, with blue sky overhead, green trees springing a graceful arch around them, and dust everywhere. Everything goes well but Jay; his horse seems to be all right, but he—be bounces in the saddle till his spine sticks through the top of his head; while the horse trots he seems in imminent danger of pitching over the ears of the animal; at a canter he settles back and pounds the pigskin till he loosens the rivets of the frame-work; then, as the beast flies ahead at an easy gallop, he wabbles from side to side, breathes like the exhaust of a locomotive, his feet project farther and farther forward, he loses one stirrup, then the other, his spurs goad the brute to the verge of distraction, the stirrups fly like flails, the horse gets restive, Jay saws at the bit, and the whole machine stops suddenly. Jay gets off quickly but not collectedly, and says:

"Oh, Courier, perhaps you would prefer to ride? I am perfectly willing to go in the wagon to oblige you."

The change is effected, and they quietly go on up the grade, the road winding around the hillside, with gleams of valley and meadow-land through the fresh, green trees, then glimpses of dark cañons curving off through the hills, manzanita and madroño gradually giving way to fir and redwood, till they rise into a grim, gray fog, which drips from the trees like rain. The road is one of the best in the country, splendidly in repair, as California mountain roads usually are, surmounting both sides of the steep ridge by easy grades, with no sharp pitches. The wood-cutter near the summit comes from his hut, and his withered old heart is gladdened

by the Courier with a dose out of the medicine flask, and some San Francisco weekly papers.

The monotony of the journey is broken by occasional changes from riding to driving by all of the club except the Thing, who absolutely will not drive, though he is content to go in the vehicle as passenger part of the way. Over the grade Jay tries his hand at driving, on which he prides himself; but after a bare escape from pitching the outfit over the cliff, he is compelled, sorely against his will, to resign the lines to the Courier. This same Courier is guide, philosopher, and friend to an alarming degree. He points at the fog over the high wheel, and says: "There is Bolinas over there, and here," pointing over the back seat, "are the Far-allones." It might have been all right, but they had only his word for it. He stowed the luggage, cinched the horses, always knew the road, put every one to bed at night, and roused him in the morning, and sang so ravishingly that the very cattle on a thousand hills lowed responsive to his strain.

The long grade was accomplished, the dreary circuit of the lagoon also, the sleepy town lulled to rest by the dulcet strains of the Courier as the club passed through, and Burge's Hotel was electrified by the evening advent of the hungry Matrimonial Club, demanding food and beds when the place was already stowing five times its capacity, and the town overrun with strangers. 'Twas then that the club took it out of Silentius:

"Fine manager you are!"

"Brought us to a nice place!"

"Johnny Know-all!"

But their triumph was brief; the persuasive eloquence of the Courier overcame all difficulties; two rooms were at once given them, and dinner was served in half an hour in nothing less than a private dining-room.

Out on the back porch, after dinner, the club leaned over the rail, and watched the swirling tide as it swept up into the lagoon, or mused about the myriad stars which spangled the black sky. In front was the white sand-bar; back of them, the hotel squatting between two leafy hills; to the left the broad lagoon spread its expanse back to the mountain range, while off to the right sounded the boom of the breakers of the broad Pacific. Now Silentius meekly interviews the cooks, enlisting them on his side to a woman with his seductive tactiturnity, while the rest of the club warmly speculate upon their several chances in Bolinas of being retrieved from the discomforts of blessed singleness. Presently they take a boat, and go down into the wash of the breakers; the Courier tries to row, nearly capsize the craft, is resolutely put in the bottom of the boat as a foot-warmer, the Thing and Silentius stalwartly man the oars, and the perils of the vasty deep are safely passed.

The aborigines have possession of the billiard-table, and the Thing constitutes himself an agent of civilization. He goes among them, fraternizes, criticises, eulogizes, and marches them in a body to the bar, where he nearly swamps himself in beer in the effort to set them a good example of temperate drinking. He brings forth decrepit old jokes, which they boisterously applaud, while the club weeps tears of pity; he instructs them in billiards, to the detriment of the paraphernalia; but when he sings to them they scorn him.

Now Jay is a Yankee, and the absence of his cherished bivalve is deeply regretted by him; he loudly bewails his fate, and upbraids the Courier for neglecting to send some from the city, when the Thing triumphantly marches in, escorting an amphibious native, staggering under a great bucket of clams, which he proceeds to open. Jay does wonders; the others eat perhaps a few dozen; but Jay's capacity is untellable; it wouldn't be believed. He undertakes to show the native the proper way to open clams, the way they used to do it in New England countless years ago, breaks the point of the knife, spatters the whole room, slits the palm of his hand open, and gives it up, without having alarmed the clam with even a fear of its nakedness being exposed.

They finish the evening under a little weed-clad trellis, with the swish of the tide beneath them, and the summer moon silvering the sand-reach beyond. The Courier produces a sumptuous supper of truffled chicken. They gorge themselves, and go off to bed with howls of demoniac laughter, which alarm the township. Many an honest granger dreamed that night of invasion and rapine, or turned uneasily in his bed in patriotic dismay.

Silentius brought upon his head the invectives of the morning by rising while it was yet night, like that uncomfortable woman in the Bible, and dragging the sluggards off fishing.

"Fishing! Oh hang fishing. I never caught a fish in my life."

"By Jove, you know, I hate the slime of the beastly things. A little stroll over the hills, now—"

"Don't mind me. Just get into that wagon;" and off they go, three miles to the beach beyond the headland, where, by dint of perseverance, wet feet, and bruised shins, crabs, rocks, long, brown seaweeds, and plump, silver perch were jerked from their briny homes with brutal amateur awkwardness. Back again, a halt at a milk-ranch produced great glasses of rich buttermilk, refreshing as nectar, laying the foundation for a huge breakfast. Then a quiet, digestive pipe while lying in the sun on the white sand, watching the rollers rearing their crested heads in all the insolence of freedom. But the plunge in those same rollers—ah, that was glorious! Untrammelled by the conventional bathing suit, marching out on the smooth, firm bottom, and diving through great fellows that towered like a wall in front, no undertow, no rocks, nothing but hard sand and clean, crisp water that sparkled with an effervescence like champagne.

In the afternoon a long drive around the lagoon and down the coast landed them at such a place for lunch as never was occupied before. Picture a low, flat point with a luxurious thicket of thistles screening it from the road, the wind blowing to them across a marshy inlet, and underfoot—well, generations of cattle had occupied the ground. However, tomato salad with green peppers, cold tongue, sun-warmed claret, and sharp appetites are not easily overcome.

That night the arrival of Hercules on his trained steed surprised these grave companions into a glad shout of welcome. Being housed, fed, and locally informed, he proceeded to read the club a lecture on their neglected opportunities.

"Why," he said, "you men will remain bachelors forever if you keep on like this. Why did we form this club? What have you done toward fascinating these damsels who grace this town with their presence?"

"But they decline to have anything to do with us."

"Pshaw! Just watch me," and he hunted up the landlady, and after a short colloquy was presented by her to a fascinating being who had awed the club by her mere appearance.

The others gave breathless attention. The hero bowed deferentially, carefully seated himself, spoke for a moment in a low voice, the lady looked at him disdainfully, and walked off into the house. Hercules marched moodily off into the darkness, and the others hadn't the heart to chaff him, poor fellow. Didn't they know how it was themselves? After all, flannel shirts and tattered trousers aren't prepossessing.

Another day opened with the usual morning ablutions on the back porch of the hotel. The Courier's head was swelled or something, and he incautiously asked Hercules to put some water on the top of it. "Certainly," said Hercules, and straightway the few early risers were electrified by seeing the Courier stood on his head in a wash bowl placed on the ground, in which his vigorous protestations half drowned him. On his release he merely remarked, with a reproachful glance at Hercules, "I was unprepared for this," and walked off.

After breakfast all the horses were brought into requisition, and the club wandered ten miles up the coast, by a wild road over the cliffs, the view ranging from rolling pasture land to cañon, cove, and ocean in pleasant succession. A halt was made for lunch, the horses tied on a bosky plateau, and the provender packed painfully down into a deep ravine to the shore of a bustling brook. There, on a narrow shelf beneath a towering bluff, they spread fern fronds for table cloth, on which were arranged cold chicken, tongue, paté de foie gras, bread and butter, and salad, while bottles of claret cooled in the icy water of the stream. Everything being ready, the club stretched themselves out, and Hercules exclaimed: "Now this suits me. I shall never leave here. I want my food and my salary sent up," when a big boulder came crashing down from the cliff, embedding the lunch table in its debris of pebbles, dirt, and sticks, and narrowly escaping Jay's lank legs, which were stretched away toward the opposite bank. But what did it matter? Silentius remarked, "Now, that's not right," they assured themselves that the claret was safe, sat down, and laughed at the mishap, and then ate the reclaimed viands as though dirt was a sauce properly accompanying hunger.

The day and evening were busily occupied; a dip in the ocean, a race over the shingle, a row on the lagoon, dinner, and a stroll along the road, sending them to bed greatly tired.

Next morning Silentius again roused them with: "Come, pack up your traps; we're going to move."

"But where are we going? We are very comfortable here."

"Yes, and we have another day yet."

"Don't mind me. We are off for Saucelito after breakfast."

As the procession was about to move, and the landlord's daughters were ranged on the stoop to bid them a smiling good-bye, and give them earnest urgings to come again, Jay was observed wistfully talking to a tall, blue-eyed one, whose downcast eyes and bashful attention spoke volumes.

"Now, Minnie, you will surely wait for me," he was heard to say. The horses started, and Bolinas sank back into the crowd of vacation memories which mark the long perspective of the past.

Ah, sly Jay! While the club was wasting its magnificence on the unappreciative summer visitor he had wooed the blue-eyed country maiden, and who can tell what a prize he may have won?

The road from Bolinas to Saucelito would be famous were it near to an Atlantic city. Around the lagoon, and a few miles down the coast, it runs level with the shore, then swings sharply inland, and climbs straight for the back-bone of the ridge; another turn just before reaching the top of the world, and the traveler is confronted with the ubiquitous Throckmorton placard just at the head of a descent into a sylvan dell, in whose leafy depths one instinctively watches for a glimpse of Pan and his crew. Nowhere is there such profusion of dainty wild-flowers, dark ferns, and varying shades of bright green on laurel, manzanita, madroño, and various other trees, all shadowing themselves in the mirror of the brook, across whose dimpling surface flecks of sunlight chase each other in wanton joy. Out from this lovely place, a hundred yards' straight pull lands you at the brow of the cliff from whence the road swings in and out for miles, following the contour of the cliff, with God's blue sky above and around, while far beneath the ocean stretches its tossing plain out to a horizon removed to an utterly indefinite distance. It is like riding along the verge of the universe.

At the Throckmorton lagoon the club halted for rest and refreshment, and of course they must take another dip in the sea, which would have been glorious had it not suffered by contrast with the incomparable Bolinas bathing. On then into Saucelito this invading force moved in good order, and as they rode decorously through the town, after the inevitable halt at Victor's, the rank and file were lazily speculating about their billets for the night, when a wild dash up the hill brought them to the pleasant cottage on the globe, and Silentius lifted his hat, and said: "Gentlemen, the little house in Surrey is at your disposal."

Sure enough, shower-bath, servants, dinner, pipes, and a broad veranda standing straight over the bay, made these busy wayfarers forget for a time their life-long pursuit of the illusive hymeneal sylph, and the night was passed in wild hilarity.

O kind friend, generous busband, and sweet, little wife, the gratitude and regard of the Matrimonial Club is yours forever and a day for your prodigal hospitality and liberal friendship, so many times manifested in your own graceful way. May you live a thousand years.

As the morning ferry-boat carried the wanderers home to the prosaic cares of drawing salaries and calculating profits, the Thing complimented Silentius in stately phrase, winding up with, "and then, you know, we haven't been entirely bowled out."

"No," said Silentius; "Minnie is nine years old, and has promised to wait till Jay grows up."

ST. LAWRENCE.
SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1882.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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In a government like this it is the duty of every intelligent man to interest himself in practical politics. It is the privilege of every vagabond and idler, every worthless tramp and adventurer, who, as native-born and twenty-one years of age, or who, foreign-born, has been five years upon the soil, to go to the ballot-box and cast his vote for those who make, interpret, and execute our laws. It is the duty of every intelligent, patriotic, and honest man to perform all the duties incident to citizenship, to the end that only good laws may be enacted, only learned and honorable men may reach judicial position, where they can interpret the law, and that only honest, fearless, and sensible men may reach executive position to administer the law. It is a cowardly and scandalous thing for the press, the pulpit, or the individual to endeavor to make it appear that politics is anything other than a duty demanded of the highest patriotism, and alike honorable to the most pious, the most learned, and the most ambitious of citizens. There are only two kinds of politics: honest and dishonest; honorable and dishonorable; patriotic and selfish; politics for one's country, and politics for one's self. There should be no other standard for political than for personal conduct. The man in professional, commercial, or agricultural employment should have no higher or purer code than the man who engages in politics. It is just as cowardly and wrong to lie in the pulpit, to betray professional confidence, or to steal in business, as it is to lie or steal in politics, or to steal in office, and no more so. The man who will misrepresent, overreach, defraud, and lie in the lowest of ward politics will defraud, intrigue, lie, and cheat in the highest position to which he may attain, and betray the most sacred trust that may be imposed upon him. It is to the honest politician that the country is indebted for its progress. Of this class were our early fathers, who formed for us our constitution, who moulded our organic laws, and who shaped the institutions of our country. Of this class were the men who conducted our national affairs with success down to a period verging upon the civil war. Of this class were the statesmen and soldiers who carried us successfully through that war, with Abraham Lincoln at their head. There are no idiots in politics. There is no place in political life for the man of dull intellect. So, instead of classify-

ing politicians as honest men, knaves, and fools, we will write them as honest and honorable men, knavish and selfish men, and cowards. And curiously enough, the most numerous and the most successful are the cowards. Shakespeare has said that "Conscience makes cowards of us all." We will paraphrase the quotation. It is politics that makes cowards of us all. It would seem almost paradoxical to declare that while conscience is charged with making cowards, the politician has no conscience. The class we criticise is that large body of men who make of politics a bread-getting industry, who belong to parties not for the purpose of doing battle for great principles, or who fight under party banners for the advancement of human rights; camp-followers who accompany the army, and when the battle rages, watch the conflict at a safe distance, but who, when it is over, and the danger is passed, are soon upon the field, like the camp-followers at Bannockburn, to loot the dead, and gather the spoils of a victory they did not aid to win. For the double-faced, disreputable, and prudent politician; the conservative, noncommittal, cowardly man, who follows, but never leads; who does party duty in obedience to party discipline, and never thinks; who, thinking, never speaks; or who, speaking, never acts; who has no opinions, no convictions that make him dare assert his manhood, we have no respect. For the plausible, oily, popular man, who has no enemies, and who is always available as a candidate for office because he has aroused no resentments, we have an unqualified contempt. The man who has no enemies deserves no friends. The man who has never made a mistake, or done wrong, is the man who never had the courage to attempt to assert the right. The man who has never slopped over is like the empty bucket that has no contents to spill, and the man who can truly say that he has changed no opinion, and has been ever consistent, makes the broad admission that he is an idiot who has had no opinions to change. It is better to be right to-day than consistent with yesterday. The broad-minded man of brains who has the courage to think is necessarily progressive. He keeps pace with events. He keeps abreast with the time. He changes with conditions. He rises to the level of his surroundings. He has the courage to breast the popular wave and to stem the popular current. When the Augean stables were cleansed of their accumulated filth by the labor of Hercules, the dung of oxen floated with the current of the stream. It is the empty bottles and the rotten apples that, drifting with the tide, proudly exclaim: "See how we swim."

Is it not an admitted and universally recognized fact that our laws governing immigration and naturalization, made under circumstances and conditions altogether dissimilar to those now in force, demand modification and change? Does not every intelligent American and every intelligent foreigner know that there is now being poured out upon our Eastern shores a most undesirable population; that ignorance, pauperism, and crime are being systematically deported from foreign countries, because it is cheaper for those communities to pay the emigrating expenses of criminals and paupers than to maintain them at home? And yet, because these vagabonds can vote, no party has yet been found bold enough to declare, and few politicians have had the courage to assert, that the immigration laws of the country should be changed. Do not all intelligent Americans and all intelligent foreigners know that under our present naturalization laws we are turning over the control of our political affairs—surrendering in many localities the American birthright of making, interpreting, and executing our laws—to men of alien birth? And does not everybody know that under this free and easy mode of making citizens out of Europeans we are periling institutions that are as vital to generations yet unborn as to those who today are citizens by birth and by adoption? And yet, because these foreigners can vote, no party is bold enough, and but few politicians have had the courage to declare that the naturalization laws ought to be so changed that none but those who are born upon the soil, who are free from crime, who are intelligent, and those exceptional men of foreign birth who from exceptional causes are entitled to citizenship, should be given the electoral privilege. Does not every intelligent man, of whatever land he may be a native, or of whatever church he may acknowledge himself a member, know that there is growing up and strengthening in our midst the branch of an ecclesiasticism that acknowledges a foreign hierarchy to be clothed with civil as well as spiritual authority, who demands and receives unquestioned obedience from an ignorant and bigoted multitude of our foreign-born citizens? Do we not know that as this element grows in wealth, and power, and membership, its priests grow in audacity and strengthen in insolence? Do we not know that these worshippers of the Roman Catholic Church and followers of his Holiness the Pope of Rome are almost uniformly members of one political party? that in party measures they act as a unit, thereby indicating the source of the directing power—the church—and the hands that guide them—the priests? Do we not experience now, and here at this time in San Francisco, the active interference of the Roman Catholic

clergy in our political affairs? Are not all of us who know anything of the local management of the Democratic party in San Francisco aware that our present representative in Congress owes his election and his nomination for reelection to the direct interference of the Roman Catholic clergy, brought to bear directly upon the voters at the last congressional election, and directly upon the delegates at the last Democratic State Convention at San José? And yet, there is no party that openly dares, and few individuals who are fearless and imprudent enough in party conventions, in the press, or in public debate, to discuss facts that are palpable to every man with eyes, ears, and brains.

Is there any doubt that both parties in San Francisco are run by the same machine, and that the men who compose the machine are aliens of doubtful character, whose only avocation is the manipulation of party affairs? These men follow no other pursuit, engage in no other industry, make a good living, and grow rich on the gains that come from indirect plunder of the tax-payer, and direct legislation and municipal blackmail of corporations. Both parties fear them; both parties use them; gubernatorial candidates and senatorial aspirants purchase them; and the community endures them simply because candidates have not the honest courage to antagonize them, and because the public is too cowardly to kick them. It is their political influence that saves them from the penitentiary. These are notable illustrations of the cowardice of both the Republican and Democratic organizations. The most marvelous exhibition of party cowardice that ever occurred in any country in the world happened in our midst. A gang of alien malcontents, idlers, criminals, and adventurers from all foreign lands, with a sprinkling of native-born miscreants, in defiance of popular opinion, in defiance of the earnest and honest counsel of Archbishop Alemany and his non-political clergy, assembled upon the Sand-lot, and without cause, with nothing of which to complain that was not the consequence of their own idleness, and the result of their own bad conduct, organized an armed conspiracy against the law, disturbed social order, set the law at defiance, depreciated the value of property, threatened its confiscation, and put the city in riotous commotion, while one vile English adventurer, who was not even a citizen, paraded the streets of San José on election day threatening with hemp the American-born citizens who would not follow his leadership, and consort with the criminal mob. The Democratic party struck hands with this vile gang of ignorant and unprincipled foreign miscreants, went into convention with them, swapped candidates with them, and divided with them the plunder of office. Whenever and wherever there has been in this State or elsewhere in America an organized conspiracy against the law on the part of alien citizens, the Democratic party has exhibited the same noticeable pusillanimity. We speak of the later period, for there was a time when the Democratic party embraced the courage of our national politics. The name of Andrew Jackson was the synonym of all that was brave in politics, and then the Democratic party was in the ascendancy. When the owners of black men claimed the right to run the politics of the United States in the interest of human slavery, the cowardly Northern Democracy fell down in abject terror of the Southern slave-owner. The result was the defeat of the Democratic party and the triumph of the Republican party, because it had the courage to do right. We need not recapitulate the thronging incidents of these later years: riots against the draft in New York; riots against negroes; the riots in Pennsylvania; the Molly Maguires in the coal districts; the Pittsburgh riot against railroads; the Mussel Slough resistance to the law in California; the Sand-lot insurrection in San Francisco—we need not review all these uprisings to demonstrate how utterly wanting is the Democratic party in the elements of self-respect and courage. The reason of this cowardice is obvious to all. These criminal, alien, and ignorant classes have votes they can use to secure the political ascendancy of the party that secures their adhesion, and hence it is that both political organizations, in greater or less degree, are hiding for their support.

It is one of the evils attendant upon a government Republican in form that independence and manly moral courage are not rewarded in public life, but their possession and display on the part of a talented and ambitious young man are almost certain to retire him from the public service. Two young men start together upon a career. It is the cringing, fawning, sycophantic, and politic rascal who succeeds; while the bold, outspoken, talented, and honest thinker falls by the wayside, and is overrun and trampled down or thrust aside because he had the ability to think for himself and the courage to express his opinions. The whole ocean-shore of party is full of wrecks from the National Congress and State Legislatures, while there rides, triumphant and prosperous, the cowardly and politic trimmer who lends to every breeze of popular opinion; who, lacking the ability and the courage to lead, has the cowardly instinct to follow every

moving straw that indicates from whence is coming the breath of popular opinion. Even worse than the effect upon law-makers is the cowardly subservience of those whose duty it is to interpret or execute the law. There is no greater danger that threatens this government than the growing cowardice of the elective judiciary. It demands a courage that oftentimes requires self-immolation for a judge to interpret the law in the face of a strong and clamorous popular opinion. Courage and daring is often exhibited, but it is seldom rewarded. A late instance is that of Judge Jackson Temple. The legal learning and moral courage displayed by him in a recent decision rendered him ineligible for nomination, and the candidacy was given to an orator of the Sand-lot, that he might secure that vote. This cowardice has its secondary results. It extends to the party press and the cowardly commercial daily journal. Thus it is that politics makes cowards of us all.

There are three things which challenge especial admiration and approval: brains, courage, and conscience. A knave with brains is better than a fool without, though he have courage and conscience. Courage without brains leads fools where angels dare not tread. Conscience with scant brains makes a goody-goody sort of useless man, for without courage he is useless, if not dangerous. Conscience alone preserves no man's integrity, and guards but poorly female virtue. Brains, courage, and conscience make the perfect man and the model woman. From such men and women the grandest communities and the proudest commonwealths may grow. With brains, courage, and conscience a political party would become an organization of patriotism that would intelligently and fearlessly lead our country forward to the very front rank of national greatness. Under the administration of such a party the best talent and the biggest virtues of the land would be advanced. Under the leadership of men possessing these qualities, with fitness for their respective offices, how superb would our country be! How honored abroad, how prosperous at home, how beautiful in all its proportions! It is to such a party we should all desire to belong. We would have the Republican organization, which possesses the requisite intelligence, come up to that standard of conscience and courage that it will dare to do right at all times and under all circumstances, and let the consequences take care of themselves. In pursuit of this policy of right, we would have the Republican party become the TEMPERANCE PARTY of the nation. It should be the champion of the Sunday law. It should confront the mob of foreign paupers and criminals at the threshold of their invasion from west or east, from Asia or Europe, and before permitting them to land, demand of all immigrants their credentials of character. It should say to the foreign-born of good character, who arrive after the age of twenty-one years: "We welcome you to the hospitalities of our country. We throw over you the protection of our laws. We will guard your persons and your property. But we will not clothe you with the garments of citizenship." It should say to the Irish adopted citizen: "Leave your hatred of England, your Land-league, Home-rule, Fenian politics at home. Obey the laws, and do not riot. Acquire property for yourselves, and respect the rights of property in others." It should say to all the churches, beathen and Christian, to the priests of the temple of Josb, and to the hierarchy of Rome: "Keep your altars consecrated to the worship of your gods. Enjoy liberty within the law to perform such religious rites and ceremonies of worship as you please. America is the Pantheon of all the gods from Jupiter to Jesus, and of all the prophets from Jeremiah to Joe Smith. But keep your ecclesiasticism out of our politics, your paws out of our treasury, your clerical noses out of our public schools." It should say to the Germans: "While we recognize the social customs of your father-land, you must not forget that we Americans have customs and traditions equally cherished, which we have inherited from our fathers, and which are dear and sacred to us. So long as we accord to you an equal voice in making the laws of the country to which you have been invited, and whose hospitality you enjoy, it is in awful bad taste, a sign of bad morals, and a proof of bad citizenship, for you to come to the country and form 'Leagues of Freedom' to resist the execution of laws fairly enacted and finally decided, in order that you may drink beer in saloons on Sunday. It is an exhibition of lawlessness unbecoming so intelligent and respectable a class of citizens as the Germans are admitted to be." It should say to the rebels at Mussel Slough: "The same laws govern the tenure of real property in Tulare County as in San Francisco. The same courts decide the laws, and the same Marshal of the United States enforces them. If you do not obey the laws willingly, you will be compelled to do so by the use of the bayonets of the government whose authority you defy." It should say to the gravel-miners of the Sierra: "It is your duty to respect the rights of property and obey the laws, and it is not for you to measure the value of all the gold and silver wealth of the Sierra against the poorest acre of the poorest valley farmer, as an excuse that you may evade the law." It should say to all citizens that their allegiance is due first to the law, and that

in a republican government, where any male-citizen of the age of twenty-one years is entrusted with the power to enact or repeal laws, and to interpret or enforce them; where every citizen clothed with the elective privilege may reach to the legislative, judicial, or executive branches of government—there is rare excuse for any one to break the law. It should say to individuals and classes that the Republican party has no policy in opposition to the law, and asks for the membership of no one who does not recognize his allegiance to the law. The Republican party should always dare to do right.

When we assert that we would have the Republican party become the Temperance party, we do not mean to be understood as having arrived at any very definite conclusion in reference to the treatment of this great temperance problem as a political question. We are not prepared to state to what extent we would favor prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and trade in alcoholic drinks. This is a vine-growing and wine-producing State, and we are not prepared to answer for ourselves how far the production of pure and unadulterated wine should be encouraged as a step in the direction of temperance reform. Honest and intelligent men will differ as to the details of a law for the remedy of any evil or the enforcement of any right. What we mean to state for ourselves, and what we hope the Republican party will have the courage to say for itself, is, that the production, traffic in, and use of alcoholic drinks are problems that challenge the most earnest consideration of the men of the highest intelligence, because they involve questions of the highest political and social importance. We recognize the intemperate use of alcoholic drink as one of the most incorrigible evils of the age. To this cause may be traced the larger part of the crime, the pauperism, the suffering, the disease, and the burden of taxation that now afflicts civilization. We would have the Republican party of the United States of America display the same courage, and put forth the same heroic effort, to rid the country of this curse of alcohol as it did to rid the country of the curse of slavery. We would have the party to so brace its nerves that it shall dare to look the evil squarely in the face; admit that it is a national evil, a shame, a disgrace, a burden that can only be restrained or corrected by legislation; admit that moral suasion and moral force are not strong enough to cope with it; and understand that all this pretense that the temperance question is a question of conscience, which should be left for moral forces alone to contend with, is a device of the whisky fiend to keep the enemy forever disarmed. The consequences of intemperance are crime, poverty, disease, death, domestic suffering, and insupportable municipal burdens. Ignorance is its offspring, and all these things demand legislation. The industry that promotes them ought to be inquired into. The men who profit by the manufacture of ignorance, vice, and poverty ought to be summarily dealt with. It is the province of legislation to consider and remedy all otherwise irremediable evils, and of the law to correct and punish all persons who, with criminal purpose, are engaged in criminal acts. We would have the Republican party take the lead in this direction, and say to all the beer and whisky interests; to the grower of corn and barley, to the distiller of alcohol, and the brewer of beer; to the jobbing merchant, the saloon peddler, and to the victim of an uncontrollable appetite: "We are going to consider this question, and when we have concluded what is the right thing to do, we are going to do it, although every farmer, manufacturer, merchant, gin-mill-keeper, saloon-keeper, whisky-drinker, and beer-guzzler in the whole country shall abandon the party and go over to the Democracy." It should dare to say this thing, although no Irishman or German were left to vote its ticket. It should say: "The annual cost of alcoholic drink in the United States of America is seven hundred million dollars," and demand of the whisky industry what it has to show for such an expenditure. It should marshal in grand procession all the crime, poverty, ignorance, disease, death, domestic infelicity, and demand that the whisky industry make its exhibit of corresponding benefits, or allow itself to be retired from an existence the result of which is so evil and so monstrous. It should be the mission of the Republican party to lift this question up from the church, Sunday-school, prayer-meeting, and temperance society to the plane of national politics; to lift it from the moral to the political plane; to consider it, not alone as a personal and social problem, but as a great problem of political economy. All honor to the churches, Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, and temperance societies, that they have agitated this question till they have educated a generation of thinkers. We would have the Republican party brave enough to take up this anti-Sunday law challenge thrown to it by the Democracy, and upon the wager of battle risk its chances of success. Let us see and know whether in the interest of labor we may not rescue one day in the week, one day out of seven, from the interest of gin; one day in seven from the worship of the devil, on which Christians may be permitted in their own way and undisturbed to worship God. This is not alone a temperance question, and it is not a religious question. It is a moral, scientific, sani-

tary, and labor question; above all, it is an American question—a question as to whether an American observance that has grown into and become a part of our national life and national organization shall be uprooted and destroyed in the interest of foreign-born and alien citizens, who desire to drink whisky and lager beer at saloons on Sunday. It is a fight against the saloon and its secret gambling room, against the corner grocery with its hidden bar, its round table with dirty cards, where "pitch seven-up" is played for rum, where workmen are inveigled into spending their evenings and robbing their families, and where children acquire their first taste for intoxicating drink. The Republican party should demonstrate that it is the party of moral ideas. It should have the courage at all times to take the side of right on all questions; it should be brave to resist the wrong on all occasions; it should have the manliness to nominate only good men for office, and reject all others, no matter how popular or available they may be.

In this direction every man, woman, and child has a duty to perform. There is no man, self-respecting and honorable, who pays taxes, and loves his family and his country, who ought not to join in the effort to restrict the use of alcoholic drink, and secure the Sabbath from the desecration of unnecessary labor. There is no wife who should not endeavor to influence her husband's vote at the polls. There is no mother who loves her son, and prays that he may be rescued from temptation, who should not feel that this is a question involving her happiness and imperiling her fireside. There is no man or boy who would have the law aid in protecting him against the indulgence of his own appetite who should not coöperate with those Republicans who are honest and brave enough to become the advocates of just, reasonable, and proper temperance legislation, and to uphold and enforce the law on all occasions. To uphold the Sunday law is the duty of every man. It is not necessary for him to believe in God, the Christian religion, or the sacred character of the Sabbath. Every man who toils with brain or muscle, and every man who works for himself or for another, owes it to himself and his physical organization to see that he has the legal right to a holiday once every week. Every laborer should demand it for himself, and every employer of man or beast should concede it in the interest of humanity. Every poor man should defend this law, because it is for him and his children one of the barriers that the law raises for defense and protection against the greed and tyranny of capital. Take from the laboring man the day of rest which the law gives him, and capital will steal the day for itself. Whenever now the necessity of a peculiar employment demands seven days of service, it is compelled to pay seven days of wages. Break down the law, and seven days will become the rule of service and payment, and the day of rest will be deducted and charged to the man who for conscience or physical health demands it. The Sunday law is being assaulted by the liquor interest, and it alone. This institution, old as humanity, older than Christianity, written by Moses, under the inspiration of God, upon the tablet of stone; renewed by Christ, accepted by civilization, adopted and inwrought into the web and woof of our lives as an American institution, sanctioned by custom, protected by law, and guarded by the divine instinct of self-preservation, is to be broken down and destroyed by aliens and criminals, that sots may swill lager and drunkards drink whisky in saloons on Sunday. Was ever such impudence? Did insolence ever tower to so daring a height? While national, state, and city legislators may not enact laws on Sunday; while courts may not enforce them or issue their writs on that day; while finance closes its ledgers, the merchant closes his warehouse, the mechanic his shop, and the tradesman, farmer, and professional man may not pursue their vocations, the saloon and corner-grocery demand the right to sell poison, and the Democratic party, in order to secure the gin and lager vote, assents to the insolent demand. If politics does not make cowards of us all, we may confidently assert that it has made cowards of all Democrats who are base enough to favor a repeal of the Sunday law.

On the fourth and fifth pages of this week's issue will be found a letter from ex-Governor Stanford in reply to the allegations of complaint against his railroads and their management, formulated in last week's *Argonaut*. The manuscript came too late for us to give the matters therein discussed any serious consideration, nor have we space in this issue of our journal to discuss them. The questions are fairly met and elaborately answered. We may assume that Governor Stanford has made the best argument that could be made in the premises, as there is no man among the railroad magnates—perhaps no man in America—who has a broader or more comprehensive knowledge of the subject matter treated of than he, or who has had a wider experience in all the details of railroad-building and management. The more thorough the discussion of these and kindred questions, the better they will be understood by intelligent and interested citizens. The sooner they are understood, the better it will be for all parties concerned. Nothing is so desirable as the harmonious working of the railroad system of the coast with its productive, manufacturing, and commerce.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In our judgement no better or more useful citizen ever lived in California than B. B. Redding. No one ever died in this State whose death was a greater loss. No one is left to die who can in all particulars supply his place. To write a history of his life would make but a short chapter of unimportant incidents; to give an intelligent account of his intellectual and moral qualities, his social characteristics, his scientific acquirements, and his tastes and mental habits, would fill a book. He was a teacher among learned men in the Academy of Sciences; he was a leader among scholars in the Board of Regents. As a salaried employee in the management of a vast and complicated land bureau for the Central Pacific Railroad Company, he was practical and able. He was genial, attractive, and welcome to all in social circles. With wife and children, his was a perfect domestic life. In the country, with gun and rod, he was the most companionable, instructive, and interesting of men. There seemed to be no path of scientific investigation that he had not intelligently followed. There was no shrub, or flower, or plant; no stone, or shell, or ledge of rocks; no animal or fish; no study of land or tide; no problem of geological formation, or suggestion of astronomy; no practical, common question of life that he seemed not to have studied and mastered. He was in everything practical. He could make the fly with which he fished, and he could learnedly describe and classify the fish he caught. The charm of his manner and conversation was in the simplicity and clearness of his discussion of questions involving deep scientific learning. He held two offices of which he was proud—Fish Commissioner and Regent of the University of California—and in both of which he was most useful. We write of him as we knew him. There were other charming sides to an almost perfect character which those who knew him more intimately will appreciate. We think California has lost its best and most useful citizen in the sudden death of B. B. Redding.

The Democracy have established a club at Los Baños, in Merced County. This is a good sign. When the Democracy gets to taking baths, and the unwashed begin to clean themselves, it is calculated to alarm Republicans as a new departure.

After this note is written, and before it is printed, the Hon. Frank Page, member of Congress, will have been welcomed by his constituents at Oakland with a formal "reception." Such things are well enough, and are intended for political purposes. In this instance the reception is designed to promote the renomination and secure the reelection of Mr. Page, and this is well enough. The member of the Second Congressional District has had now three years of service. He has had ability, genius, and sense enough to make his experience serviceable to his constituency and to himself. He has achieved a position in the House which no other California member has achieved. He has influence in political circles, which he selfishly directs to reward his personal friends, and as a rule they are not the most deserving or respectable of citizens. He has a local following that embraces some awfully mean men, but he secures appropriations, he passes bills, and he does things. Page is no fool, and on the Chinese bill he rendered magnificent service. Our consent for his reception was not asked, but if it had been, we should have said certainly, for Mr. Page possesses two of the qualities we admire: brains and courage. If he lacks conscience, we are not responsible for it. It is his own fault, because he is a self-made man.

We presume there is no respectable attorney of average ability in America who would interpret the Chinese law as denying a Chinese sailor the privilege of being discharged after a foreign voyage in the port whence he sailed and where he shipped, yet the San Francisco press, with almost entire unanimity, is denouncing the United States Court for holding this view of the law. The person who edits the *Post* is wagging his little tongue, hoping to swell the clamor.

We have regarded General Thomas as one of the best men and best generals that the civil war developed on either side. He was generous, honorable, truthful, brave, and modest. If, upon the occasion of the dinner at the first reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, and in the presence of five hundred veterans of that army, he said: "A battle—Chickamauga—for which I have received a great deal of credit which belongs to another and a better soldier, Major-General W. S. Rosecrans"—if he said this, and in the presence of the soldiers who fought that battle, it ought to be accepted as conclusive of General Rosecrans's conduct in that engagement. General Rosecrans was unfortunate enough to incur the hostility of Grant. He was harshly and unkindly dealt with during Grant's administration; he has been pursued and persecuted by a hostile and jealous army clique ever since. We have criticised General Rosecrans's political conduct; but his military career entitles him to the gratitude of every one who admires gallantry and loves his country.

Mr. Pickering's hired man on the *Call* has reviewed and overruled the decision of the United States Court on the laundry ordinance. We are getting very much out of patience with Judges Field, Sawyer, and Hoffman. They are continually rendering erroneous decisions, and writing unpopular opinions, when it is apparent they might avoid all these blunders in law and mistakes, if, whenever they have an important case to decide, they would stop at the *Call* office on their way to the court-house, and get the opinion of Mr. Pickering himself.

We are afraid our friend, Captain Mullan, of Washington, has been making an Irishman of himself. He has filed with the State Department a protest, intervention, demurrer, or something, in reference to the arrest of Harry George by the English Government. If Harry George, Esq., had remained out of Ireland, minded his own business, and not interfered with English politics, he would not have been arrested. What troubles us more than the arrest of George is the interference of our friend Mullan; for Captain Mul-

lan is a gentleman, a graduate of West Point, and he ought to know better than to meddle with a matter that not only does not concern him, but which is unbecoming to an Irish-American citizen who owes his education to this country. Politics seems to be bred in the bones of all Irishmen. They are all spoiling for a fight, and Captain Mullan seems to be no exception.

We attended the funeral services of B. B. Redding, and after listening to one of the most tedious discourses of one of the reverend Bentons, we irreverently whispered to a friend our utter inability to reconcile the goodness of an intelligent Creator that could take to himself our friend and leave the preacher, especially as there were two Bentons. Our friend whispered back: "What would an intelligent Creator want with either Benton?"

Mrs. Mary Jane Steele, a colored American woman, has vainly endeavored for three years to become janitress in a public school. If, instead of being Mrs. Mary Jane Steele, she had been Mrs. Bridget O'Flannigan; if, instead of being dark in color, she had a face of flame and red as the comb of a laying hen; and if she had not been a Methodist-born and a Methodist-bred; if she had not the misfortune of an American nativity—then her chances to find employment in an American school-house would have been much improved. We commend her to apply to a parochial school, where there is no prejudice against a woman for her color, her nationality, or her religion.

The railroad company, Wells & Fargo's Express Company, and the stage line are all interested that the machine politicians find employment in San Francisco politics, lest they shall become train-robbers and road-agents in the country.

Some malicious and evil-disposed person has been engaged in circulating a false report concerning one of our most prominent citizens, one of the leaders of the sand-lot or workingmen's party, Mr. Barney Dougherty, Esq., formerly of Ireland, now a leading member of the greenback party, an advanced curb-stone orator in opposition to national banks, and in favor of taxing national bonds. It was falsely rumored that Dougherty, in response to an advertisement that "laborers were wanted," sought the place for employment. This is indignantly, and we hear, truthfully denied. Mr. Dougherty may be found at all times during office hours leaning against the stone railing in front of the Nevada Bank.

Recently, says a London correspondent, in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of London, a hoary-headed, trembling pauper bore aloft a banner with the startling announcement that he had saved the life of the queen when she was a child, and had for the loyal act received the sum of one pound on the spot, and a few days later a further acknowledgment of three pounds from the Duke of Kent. Surely if the aged postulant for alms is an impostor, he should not be allowed to trade on such an incident; if he is not, out of her stores can not the Queen of England spare enough to keep her quondam rescuer from begging? She is rich, and all the richer because she disdains no addition to her income, and is not reckless in her expenditure. She took every penny that the "Diary in the Highlands" brought in, and did not rest satisfied with the barren honors of flattery and praise so unblushingly lavished on the royal authoress. When Disraeli, at a reception at Windsor, publicly addressed the queen in the following terms: "There are only three books in the world—the Bible, Shakespeare, and your majesty's book," the sovereign was pleased with her courtier's adulation, but still more when that adulation was coined into large receipts. About that time the Comte de Flandres, on a visit to England, was asked by his royal cousin if he had read "The Diary." As he hesitatingly confessed he had not, she graciously offered to send him one of the large copies, which she eventually did. The volume, in gorgeous binding, arrived in Brussels in due time, was acknowledged with grateful thanks, and followed up with the tendering of the bill by the publishers. As it is hardly the custom, even in small and comparatively modern monarchies, to pay for presents received, the king's brother, believing himself to be the victim of an impudent swindler, had the matter investigated. His emissary cautiously made inquiries, and was shown the books of the firm, three in number, recording the transactions in that particular line. No. 1 registered the copies sold to the general public; No. 2 the copies given by the queen, about twelve in number; No. 3, those sent by her order, but for which payment was to be demanded from the recipients, these very numerous, and, among them, the name of the Belgian prince. The emissary promptly paid the fourteen guineas, and carried off the receipt.

There are corners in oil, in teas, in beans, in mining stocks and railway stocks, in wheat, in corn; and why not corners in trousers? That was the important question asked himself recently by a great financial nobleman of Berlin, while at his tailor's. The cloth was of an extraordinary pattern. Palpably it would create a sensation on the Bourse. "I would like to monopolize that pattern," he said to the tailor; "just see how many pairs of trousers it will make." The tailor calculated, and said about eighty-three pairs of trousers could be made from the bundle of cloth. "I will take them all; it would be very disagreeable if one of my colleagues were to appear in a similar pair." His orders were obeyed; and now he glories in having more pairs of trousers of a resplendent pattern than any other man in Berlin.

It is not known out of London circles that Du Maurier's "Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkins" is drawn for Mrs. Langtry. He always represents her as the beauty in his clever sketches, a beauty who is always putting her foot in it, and extricating herself with grace and tact. This is Mrs. Langtry to the life. She is capable of the greatest *faux pas*. Once she dropped a bit of ice down the Prince of Wales's back, at an evening party, and then sweetly and graciously turned the rudeness into a compliment. Du Maurier not only credits her with great beauty, but portions out that dry wit which seemingly borders on fashionable idiosyncrasy.

ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

A Growl from John Bull About Her Neglect of Duty.

Everybody knows the Queen's indifference to society, and that, did the London season depend on her exertions, it would be a sorry affair. Whatever entertaining at court the nobility get nowadays is done exclusively by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Her majesty is pleased to "command" that a series of State balls or concerts—usually two of each—be given at Buckingham Palace twice during the season, and accompanies her orders with the direction that the Prince and Princess do the honors in her stead, so that her stay at either Windsor, the Isle of Wight, or in Scotland may not be interfered with. Now and then she holds a drawing-room or two in person, coming up from Windsor the morning they take place. But the moment they are over, away she goes by special train to Osborne or Balmoral. That is the sum total of her efforts on behalf of society, for of the levée business the Prince of Wales has the sole monopoly. Neither opera nor concert does she ever attend, and did the drama rely on her for support and patronage it would be in a bad way, for inside of a theatre she has not been for two decades.

Of course we know very well that hers has been a prosperous reign, and that she has been a model wife and mother, and a good woman generally. I think we are a tolerably loyal people on the whole, and stick up for our queen and country when duty calls; but all the same do we emulate the old woman's parrot, and do a deal of thinking if we don't say much. The fact of the matter is, a queen and sovereign of a great country has no right to occupy its throne, and accept homage and respect from its people, and at the same time live the selfish life of a private individual. A disconsolate widow of over twenty years' standing in private life is one thing; when seated on a throne, quite another. And if the assuaging of a queen's grief must depend on keeping her country for nearly a quarter of a century if not exactly in mourning, at least subject to the ills that flow from a gloomy court and its dismal attempts at keeping up courtly appearances, then it is high time, thinks the country, that she retire into private life altogether, and let somebody else show them that England has got a court ere the recollection of its quondam grandeur fade from the memories of those whose accession to manhood or womanhood ante-date the death of the Prince Consort. But as "somebody else" would necessarily be the Prince of Wales, there are people who dread his accession, and think that instead of mending matters, the event would illustrate the fire and frying-pan proverb to a painful degree. "Better bear the ills," etc., they sagely quote. Perhaps they are right.

However, the ills to be flown to are not altogether unknown. One small item thereof would be the payment of the Prince of Wales's private debts. These are known to be over two millions sterling, as Pool, the tailor, Hunt & Roskell, the Bond Street jewellers, Garrard, the Haymarket silversmith, and King, the Longacre coach-maker, among hundreds of others, have good reason to know. What with his forty thousand pounds per annum allowance from Parliament, and his sixty thousand pounds private income from the Duchy of Cornwall, one would think his Royal Highness had almost enough to get along on comfortably, especially as the princess, his wife, has fifteen thousand a year extra from the country to pay for her clothes. But then jeweled girdles to Sarah Bernhardt cost something; a retinue of professional beauties require rather more to live and dress upon than princely familiarity in public, and Nellie Farren of the Gaiety is an expensive acquaintance for even an heir apparent to the throne. That there will be a deuce of a row when a settlement is asked from the country, there can't be a doubt, and Gladstone, with all he has to do now, may consider himself a lucky man that his having to move the House of Commons for the necessary grant is a measure that still admits of indefinite postponement. As things are, therefore, perhaps one might feel tempted to overlook the keeping of the Prince Consort's effigy lying on his bed, and the daily bringing up of hot water for him to dress for dinner; the blacking of his boots and shoes every morning, and the silly attachment for his former body servant, the now famous Scotch gillie, John Brown, whose name figures on the annual civil list as "Her Majesty's personal servant." One might also endeavor to ignore the fact that in the army one's queen and sovereign is familiarly called "Judy" and "Mrs. Brown," and bear patiently with her constant absence from her public duties, and persistent determination to avoid mingling with her people in society, did her settled aversion to the gayeties of social life include a species of entertainment known as "servants' balls," the attractions of which seem to be the only thing able to combat with the poignancy of her continued grief for a place in her regal heart.

LONDON, August 1, 1882.

COCKAIGNE.

An Antiquarian Treasure: "I am shipping to-day a little collection of Wyoming products to the Denver Exposition," said a low-voiced, timid-eyed man yesterday as he came into the office, and ate a peach from the desk where the scientific editor had thoughtlessly left it. "I have been getting together a choice lot of relics that I think will please Western people at the great geological show. It consists of little mementoes of the seats of trousers rescued at various times in my life from the jaws of a favorite bull-dog of mine. I have kept this bull-dog for ten years, and part of the time I kept a water-melon patch. In the winter I kept my coal-house door open, and invited people to look it over after dark. The result has been most gratifying. My dog is getting to be a regular antiquarian. He has some cherished fragments of trousers which he prizes as a miser does his gold. He would get up any time in the night to select a new specimen as it was going over the picket-fence, and then gloat over it for hours afterward. These stern relics I have catalogued, and put in a cabinet for the benefit of science, and will locate them in the west wing of the exposition, so that people can look them over while the band plays and the large fountain squirts. I will also take the dog along. He is getting a little morose now, and old and cynical, but he is a thorough judge of goods.—Boomerang.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A Laramie Local.

Shorty Foster made his grand farewell appearance in court, Monday afternoon, with the usual decorations. He wore a large watchpocket below his off eye, and a purple lambrequin over the other one. Officer McIntosh had put a plaque on his nose because he was reluctant and coy about going up to the cast-iron rink, and with other little bric-a-brac scattered around over his face, he looked as though he had been holding a night session. Shorty has been up before his honor now several times on the charge of wearing out the furniture on his wife, and caressing her with a piano-leg, and in each case the court has been a little more relentless than in the heretofore. Sometimes Mrs. Foster has paid the fine, and sometimes Shorty has paid it himself, just according to how much a woman's great love would triumph over a three-cornered head. Mrs. Foster has more love than anybody, and she allows it to ramble around over the country everywhere. Having more affection than she felt like lavishing on Shorty, she shed a few sunny smiles and some caresses on some total strangers, and Shorty mixed himself up with some XXX sheep-dip, and choked his wife till he could hang your overcoat on her optics. Then he caressed her with little nicknacks that he found in the back-yard till the officer came, and took him home with him. Shorty means well, but his conjugal record has been stormy, and for the twenty-ninth time he has decided that he and Ella can not be happy together. Their tastes are totally dissimilar, and their natures do not seem to harmonize. The chances are that they will walk adown life's golden sands hereafter by different trails, and the storms of adversity and the sunshine of prosperity will alike find them widely separated. It is a lesson to the young who contemplate a wedded future to understand thoroughly each other's characteristics and quaint styles of assault and battery before they unite.—Boomerang.

Somnambulism in Dogs.

There is something peculiar about somnambulism when considered from a scientific and philosophical standpoint. The sleep-walker, it will be found, still retains a dim idea, even while he sleeps, of the condition of affairs when he went to sleep. For instance, if he leaves his clothes in a certain part of the room on retiring, he knows when he rises just where to find them, even in the dark. This is a question which opens up a wonderful field for physiological and mental research. While young and giddy we became a somnambulist, and excited a great deal of curiosity by our strange freaks during sleep, and this one question of the slumbering mind and its memory of facts existing prior to sleep, was the most remarkable thing about it all to us. We puzzled over that a good deal. At night we would retire to rest, and the next thing we would know, we would wake up in the middle of a contiguous melon-patch, and there would be two or three other somnambulists there in the same patch, and as much surprised as we were. Still there is the same truth staring us in the face. Every somnambulist there had through his sleep retained in his semi-conscious state a perfect recollection of where every article of his clothing was, and how to get out of the up-stairs window without waking the old people. Bye and bye the owner of the melon-patch procured, at great expense, a large humorous bulldog, who was also a somnambulist. He walked in his sleep a good deal. That is why we quit. We didn't propose to descend to the level of the brute creation. We just said, if a bulldog wants to somnam, he can do so, and we leave the field to him. We made this resolution one night just after we had plugged a watermelon. While stooping over in the act, we felt a pang of conscience, and heard our suspenders break.

Perhaps the casual reader has never sat down on a buzz saw and felt himself gradually fading away. If so, he does not know what it is to form the acquaintance of a somnambulist bulldog in the prime of life.—Boomerang.

"Hawkeye Dots."

"Oysters are best in December," says an exchange. May be so; but rats are worst in gnawgust.

As Anna Dickinson is determined to play nothing but male characters, if she is going to play Puck, she'd better not put it off until she is much older.

"Does it affect one unpleasantly or injuriously," writes a high-school girl, "to sleep in the moonlight?" Certes, girle, it makes you light-headed. Gibbous a hard one.

A correspondent wants to know "how we pronounce 'Ras-el-Tin'?" We don't pronounce it at all; we only write it. Do you suppose we read the paper to the subscribers?

Mr. Middelrib came down at 4:15 to take the Express East, and learned that his train had pulled out just a quarter of an hour prior to his arrival. The traveler turned away sadly. "Not lost," he said, "but gone by four."

Whenever George Peck, of the Milwaukee Sun, sees a girl kissing her pet dog, he thinks of the dreadful places where that dog's nose has been during the day, and it makes him sick. This is a view of it that perhaps has not occurred to the woman who kisses her dog, but it is certainly worthy of her careful consideration.

Student wants to know what is meant by the word "loot" in the war dispatches. Why, a lute is a thing with strings that you can strum with your fingers. Hence, anything you can get your fingers onto, that's loot. For example: You deposit your money in a New Jersey bank. Well, that's loot, but you don't get any of it.

"Now, the beauty of a paper collar," remarked the honorable member, coaxing a refractory pin, "is its economy. You wear one a week, then you turn it and wear it another week. Then you split it, and you have two new collars with one clean side, good for another week, each of 'em." And adjusting the flat scarf over the red flannel shirt, he went down to dinner.

Tennyson lives in a "large imposing stone structure, built in a free treatment of domestic Gothic of the Tudor period." He bates to have strangers come about the grounds, and one day he caught a tourist in the shrubbery, and chained the unhappy man to a rock and read a new poem to him. The man's beirs brought suit for damages, but couldn't prove anything, and lost their cause.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To a Friend Studying German.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Denn set it on your card,
Dat all the nouns have shenders,
Und the shenders all are hard.
Dere ish also dings called pronouns,
Vitch it's shoost ash vell to know;
Boot ach i de verbs or time-words—
Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Dou moost eat apout a peck
A week of stinging sauerkraut.
Und sefen pfoundts of speck,
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,
Und deuce knows vot in rum;
Dis ish de only certain way
To make de accents coom.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Brepere dein soul to shand
Soosh sentences ash ne'er vas heardt
In any oder land.
Till dou canst make parentheses
Intwisted—ohne zähl—
Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn;
For a langushe ideál.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Du must mitout an fear
Trink efery tay an gallon dry
Of foamín Sherman bier.
Und de more you trinks, pe certain,
More Deutsch you'll surely pe;
For Gambirinus ish de Emperor
Of the whole of Germany.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
If a shendleman dou art,
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,
Und get a schveetes heart,
From Schwabenland or Sachsen,
Where now dis writer pees;
Und de bretty girls all wachsen
Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty,
Denn, on de oder hand,
Take a blonde moustachoe lofer
In de vine green Sherman land.
Und if you shoost kit married
(Vood mit vood soon makes a vire,)
You'll learn to sprechen Deutsch, mein kind,
Ash fast ash you tesire.

—Charles Godfrey Leland.

The Old-Time Liars.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Said the man with a shrew for a wife:
Woman's love is like Scotch snuff;
We get one pinch and that's enough.
The old darkey's idea was:
Woman's lub an India rubber—
It stretch de moah you lub her.

A JERSEYMAN'S SIGN.

Heer pize, and kake, and bier I sell,
Good oysters stood and in de shel;
And frigh'd uns tew, for them that chews,
And with dispatch black butes and shuse.

Advice to a Lover.

Dost thou love, and seek to win her?
Heed an old experienced sinner,
How to make her soft eyes glisten,
Listen:
Seize her hand, and warmly grasp it,
To your heart then fondly clasp it;
Fear not lest your touch distress her;
Press her!

Should she smile, the skies look brighter;
Let your answering glance requite her;
Sit beside her close and snug, or
Hug her.

Should she frown, be not afraid;
Press again the scornful maid;
Try with lover's arts to please her—
Squeeze her.

Never yield to melancholy,
Such in love were idle folly—
Wouldst thou win thy fair Melissa?
Kiss her.

If she then adheres to reason,
Foe to love, punish her treason;
Tell her naught will her enamor—
—her!"—A Military Liar.

The Finding of Moses.

On Egypt's banks, contagious to the Nile,
Great Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style;
And as she ran about to dry her skin,
She kicked the bulrush that had Moses in.
At that event surprised, awhile she staid
In silence gazing at the boiling fluid;
Then, turning to her maids, she said in accents mild,
"Blood an' ages, girls, which of yez owns the child?"
—From the Recollections of a Dublin Man.

Arabi Bey.

I am flying, Egypt, flying, and it's likely I shall fly
Till I can't fly any further, for I do not care to die.
I'm so stifled by the desert sand, my lungs can hardly
wheeze,
And I'm feeling mighty shaky in my stomach and my
knees.
Not a bit of camel's sirloin, nor a drop of camel's
whey—
Not an orange or banana has passed my lips to-day.
For I'm flying, Egypt, flying, and my present purpose
is
To keep on flying till I know I'm safely out of this!

From Ratapoul to Bag-el-Dad I've wound my weary
way—
From Alexandria's marble halls to Bing Whang's
cots of clay—
From Snicker Eli's sandy plains to Cairo's tufted
walls—
From Thump-el-Hittem's lowly site to Sneeze's royal
halls—

And still the bloody Britisher comes prancing up be-
hind,
With a threat to tear my inwards out and strew them to
the wind!
Do you wonder, Egypt—wonder, with my army 'round
me dying,
That I'm flying, Egypt, flying, and propose to keep
on flying?—Denver Tribune.

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the accommodation of over two hundred patients, and they
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with cultivated gardens and pleasant walks. Its advan-
tages over public institutions in facility of admission and in
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References—Dr. L. C. Laue, San Francisco,
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It is one of the peculiarities of the play of "Daniel Rochat," that when the curtain falls the brooding discontent which has been gathering in the audience throughout the last act, breaks out in open-voiced rebellion. During the action of the play, the sympathies waver, and are now with Daniel, and again with Leah. But when she is led away at last, heartbroken but firm, and they realize that these two lives are forever dis severed which were woven so closely for a few brief days, there is a very storm of murmurs against Leah. It is rarely in a play that the characters seem so very real. People forget altogether that this twain are but the figment of a great imagination, and argue the merits and demerits of the case almost as bitterly as a pair of religionists quarreling over their respective creeds. It has given to many the new luxury of thinking and looking about them. They find this vital problem a not unfamiliar spectre in many households. It becomes of deeper interest than ordinary in the play of "Daniel Rochat," because the lovers are an exceptional man and woman. He towers above his fellows by the right of intellectual superiority. He is a politician, a leader, an orator, and what spell so potent to win a woman's heart as the silver ring of an eloquent tongue?

She is an intelligent, accomplished woman. She comes of English stock, but has been cradled upon Plymouth rock. It is because of this unusual combination, perhaps, that she escapes the narrowness of Puritanic training, for she is not a pious woman, but her religion is deeply grained. She has a broad and liberal mind, too, for she is even willing to be married by Mother Church to save Rochat's giving pain to his family—a grave concession for a Yankee girl. But when he strikes a blow at the rooted convictions of her soul, she is up in arms against the attack upon her anchor to immortality. Miss Sarah Jewett's Leah is a very beautiful creation. From her naive and candid acceptance of her lover's suit till he leaves her by night, unable to bear the brunt of a world's ridicule by submitting to a religious marriage, she is warm, impetuous, loving. She yields to him with charming abandon when the sudden marriage is proposed. She foregoes all the pomp, and ceremony, and finery with which a girl loves to mark this great epoch in her life, without a thought. When the civil contract is made, she playfully accepts it as a custom of the country. Rochat alone is grave in this scene, for he alone knows its import. M. Turler, the magistrate, or notary, or whatever he may be, jests with his bit of official tri-color quite as freely as the flighty cousins themselves, a pair of pretty young women, afflicted with a very bad case of stage-laugh, who are merely thrown in to give an added appearance of triviality to the scene, and pronounces the marriage blessing like a man in a farce.

What wonder that Leah, a woman without a prejudice, but with a reverence for holy things, refuses to believe herself married when Rochat declines to have his union sanctified by the man of God? And yet, the stand he takes is so cleverly brought about that he has a grain of sympathy even here. He has come to Switzerland to pronounce a eulogy upon Voltaire, the apostle of his own belief, or disbelief, as one likes to put it. The Paris papers, giving news of his approaching marriage, boldly challenge him to refuse the religious ceremony, and he has ever at his elbow Bidache, that dry, delicious Mephisto to sting him to the pride of refusing to stultify himself before his party, who are looking to him for so much. It is a trying situation—love and ambition, the master passions of the human race, arrayed against each other with crossed swords. What wonder that he tries with the woman of his love the power with which he sways the masses, and seeks to convince her with eloquent reasoning? But there is nothing stronger in all this world than a woman's faith. Once fixed, once rooted, it is as immovable as the everlasting hills. Feeble young girls walked to the martyr's stake and into the mouths of wild-beasts for it in the days of the early Christians, and in these later times so fond, so loving a woman as Leah Henderson will sacrifice all but that for her love's sake. "It does not sound very promising," people will say to whom you relate the plot. "Sardou is a great playwright; but there is certainly nothing very dramatic in the religious differences of a pair of lovers. It is such an every-day affair, you know." Is there not? The intense interest of the fourth act overshadows that of the third; but it is a strong moment in the life of those two when in the face of her little world the husband of Leah's choice refuses to go to the altar with her. With beautiful humility, she begs, persuades, implores. One wonders how he can refuse, as she droops upon his arm, weighted with love and grief. But he is firm, and when the truth of his decision breaks upon her, she leaves him with a swift, sudden farewell. Then one hates him.

When Daniel invades her chamber by night, with perhaps rather a weaker assertion of his right to be there than one would wish to see in his manner, one feels that even so mighty a thing as religion can not stand between these warm, palpitating hearts. But these are not a weak man and woman playing at love, as the comedy is played so often and finished so soon. Their love is made of enduring material, as one feels even at the last, when the green curtain

rings down upon their separated lives; but it is love subjugated by reason. The interview between man and wife is carried on with a man's fervor on his side, with the pleading tenderness of a woman upon hers. Miss Jewett infuses the scene with all that there is of lovely tenderness in woman's nature. Leah loves ardently, purely, grandly, as she herself says, and Miss Jewett carries out the thought to inspiration. He would be a hard man, indeed, to refuse this gentle creature; but it is only when she appeals to his strength, and crying, "Help me, help me, Daniel!" throws herself upon his breast, that he yields. The inherent chivalry of the true man always responds to the cry for help, and at last he consents, but with the condition that no one shall know it but Leah. Then one despises him. One sympathizes with Leah in her contempt for this bit of littleness in her grand lover.

Next morning, when she comes to the signing of the divorce, pale, cold, and listless, with the divine spark dead in her bosom, one pities him. A night of thinking has dissipated his scruples, and he is not willing to forego the happiness of a lifetime for a mere theory, as his friend Fargis tells him earlier. He is ready to follow her whithersoever she may ask him. But it is too late. Leah has a clear, resolute mind, and looking into the future she sees that with this thorn root growing across the very entrance to their joint path in life there is no happiness for them.

People take such a vital interest in the play that they can not bear to leave the theatre without seeing the lovers in each other's arms. They seem scarcely to believe their senses when the suffering girl is led away, and all is over. But would the play have its strange, vivid effect; would it not be irredeemably commonplace if, at the last, according to all stage traditions, Leah should tear the decree of divorce to fragments, and, crying, "Daniel, I can not give you up," fall into his arms? It was not only his knowledge of human nature, but his art, that made the dramatist leave it as it is—an episode in two strong lives, and not the rounding of them.

De Belleville plays Daniel Rochat excellently well. There is an impalpable something wanting in the man rather than in the actor, a subtle strength which is perhaps by birthright the lack of the Gaul. But, as the ideal Daniel would be almost as hard to find as the ideal actor for the part, he may be said to have made a success of it. Even the fervid impetuosity of the Gaul was lacking on the first night, when the actor, almost pallid with nervousness, seemed studying to repress himself perhaps to the standard established by his predecessor in the part. There is a rooted belief in the mind of all New Yorkers, that Charles Thorne can stand with compressed lips and heaving chest, and express volumes of meaning. De Belleville improved as his fervor grew, and the weight of his part sat more easily upon him, and, as he is an actor of fine presence and excellent methods, his Daniel was not unworthy of the flawless Leah. Indeed the cast throughout was something to be enjoyed, for was not the winsome Maud Harrison Esther, the high light among the sombre tones of all this deep feeling? She looked extremely well in her pretty white pilgrim, and quite distracting enough to turn the head of Mr. Casimir Fargis, who promptly proceeded to have it turned in a bit of enjoyable comedy, even though it were a trifle stiff. She manages always to put a great deal into a text, however brief and few her lines. Mrs. Phillips is a delightful Mrs. Powers, and floats about the stage as comfortably and as thoroughly at ease as if audiences were unknown features of the theatre. Her voice is not resonant, and one loses half she is saying at times, but when there is an actual point to be made, she is there to make it, and the tilts at arms between the Puritan lady and Dr. Bidache were most cleverly done. A new sort of Puritanism this, which makes proselytes among the soldiers with a glass of brandy as an accompaniment to the tracts which she sowed like tares. A Frenchman's idea of Puritanism probably, and not a bad one. Indeed it is rather amusing throughout the play to watch for the Frenchman's grasp of our salient Americanisms, not the least of which is the ready-packed trunk which dispenses with the absolute necessity for the trousseau and the apparently thoroughly established fact of American promptitude. Stoddard's Bidache stands out clear and sharp from everything around it—a *genre* study to delight in, and not to forget. His obstinacy, his zeal, his dry, caustic tongue, his belief, as fixed and rigid as his carriage, even the uncompromising bang of his straggling hair—are the telling details of a strong drawing. Quite in contrast to him is Fargis, the easy-going free-thinker, who is quite content with his own philosophy without seeking to convert his fellow creatures, and has sense enough, as all these cool philosophers have, to know that an anti-religious wife sitting upon his hearthstone would be a dangerous element in the family peace. The part is admirably fitted to the actor who plays it. As much can be said of Charles Henderson. Mr. Stuart speaks his lines with all due feeling; but the "head of the family," as he is spoken of more than once, demands an actor of greater calibre. In proper hands it could be made a very telling part in this wonderful play, which has set us all to thinking and arguing and turning the vexed question over and over, only to leave it, as David Rochat and Leah Henderson did, an unsettled one at last.

BETSY B.

The *Californian* for September opens with the continuation of Leonard Kipp's "Thaloe"; James Berry Bensch contributes a poem entitled "Remembered"; "The Wreck of the Golden Rule" is described by W. A. Patterson; Kate Heath is the author of "One Afternoon"; and "Deathless Gain" is a poem by T. S. Collier. The editors announce that next month the name of this magazine will be changed to "The Overland Monthly." From a business point of view the idea is a good one. It is to be hoped the editor can bring his magazine up to the old *Overland* standard.

"Intercepted" has been running all the week at the Baldwin Theatre to good houses, and it is anticipated that since Miss Helen Mason, the debutante, has given way to Miss Eva West, it will be more satisfactory.

Mr. Bruno Gortatowsky has just arrived in this city from Germany. He is a pianist who has studied in Berlin and Stuttgart under Raith, Lebert, and Pruckner. He will shortly give a piano recital.

We have received from M. Gray, 117 Post Street, the "Ballets-Doux" waltzes, composed by W. Stuckenholz, and dedicated to Mr. A. T. Badiam.

DANIEL ROCHAT.

The Trotting-Horse Reporter Dilates Upon It.

"Is the society editor in?" asked a rather pretty young lady, as she swung the door of the editorial rooms gently open yesterday afternoon.

Nobody noticed her for a moment, but finally the trotting-horse statistician, who was explaining to the dramatic critic why "Muldoon's Picnic" was a greater drama than "Daniel Rochat," became aware of the presence of one of the gentle sex, and waved his somewhat profuse hand in the general direction of a chair, the movement being understood as an invitation to be seated. The young lady accepted the proffered hospitality, and remained silent.

"It's no use talking," continued the horse editor, resuming his conversation with the dramatic critic, "you ducks that come raw from a college, and fall against a newspaper office, thinking that you are too fly for any use, are just as liable to make a break as anybody else. If 'Daniel Rochat' is a good play I'm a Chinaman, and that settles it. Now look at the heroine—that Henderson girl. She's gone on Dan, ain't she?"

The dramatic critic admitted that such was the case.

"And Dan," continued the horse editor, "is just looney about her. Everything is lovely. The old lady doesn't buck-jump or drive on one line, as old ladies are apt to do when anybody wants to marry a girl of theirs, and there is no old man to steer clear of, or dog to poison, or anything that generally makes it tough work for a fellow to catch a girl these times. They get the word trotting level, and go down to the quarter-pole like a double team, don't they?"

The critic nodded assent.

"What does Dan think? What has he got a right to think? He says to himself: 'Here is a girl that it will do to buy pools on. She ain't going to break or strike a pace. A man can go through life with her at any gait he likes, and if somebody knocks a spoke out once in a while, or pinches him a little too close to the pole, she won't dive into the fence and break her check-rein, and like enough get distanced.' That's the kind of talk Dan gives himself, ain't it?"

"It is possible that you are correct," replied the critic, "although I must confess that at Yale—"

"Never mind about Yale; we are not there this afternoon," said the repository of information concerning Maud S. "What I want to get at is that Sardou was chewing on the wrong apple when he wrote that play. This Henderson girl is mawed on Dan, and wants to marry him. They paw around for a couple of acts, and finally the date for the performance is fixed. The fellow with the red sash—he joins 'em according to the civil code. Then the girl says the race is a mile, and repeat, so to speak, and expects the preacher to marry 'em again. Dan says not much; no preacher in his. Girl cries, and grabs him by the neck, and burrows in his shirt-front with her nose; but Danny doesn't waken. 'No parson for me,' he says; 'I love you fondly, madly; but I am not a chump.' The girl bursts out crying, and leaves him. Next day Dan wants to hedge, and says he'll go the whole ratchet, church and all. Then the girl says she's changed her mind, and doesn't love him any more. Now, in 'Muldoon's Picnic'—"

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the young lady; "but which one of you is the society editor?"

"We don't keep one on this paper, miss," said the horse-critic; "but the whole gang takes a crack at that style of journalistic labor once in a while. Is there anything we can do for you?"

"I was going to ask," said the girl, "if it would be too much trouble for you to give me some hints as to the proper way to receive and dispose of guests at a wedding; how the supper should be served, and so-forth."

"You want to know what is 'en riggle' and 'recherchy,' as the French say," remarked the horse man. "We can give you the correct pointer. Are you the blushing bride?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl, in a rather weak voice; "that is—"

"Oh, I understand," said the horse editor. "I appreciate your feelings. I was once young and bashful myself. Now, about this wedding. The receiving part is easy. After the nuptial ceremony is concluded, you and Mike—"

"But his name isn't Mike," said the young lady. "His name is—"

"Oh, I know all about that," said the equine journalist. "Of course, his name is Adelbert, or Reginald, or some other dry-goods clerk nonsense, but in giving advice we always allude to the sucker as Mike and call the bride as Hannah. It saves time. Now, after you and Mike are married you want to jog along home, and plant yourselves at the back end of the parlor. Better have a floral bell, or something like that to stand under, because it is considered the correct thing, and makes a better *toot ensemble*, as the French say. Then the guests they get in line and go by you on a slow walk—a kind of we-buried-him-sadly-by-dead-of-night clip, and you shake hands with each one, and say, 'Thanks, awfully'; and they look at you and Mike as if you were a couple of prize cattle, and feel sorry for you."

"And the supper?" asked the young lady.

"Oh, yes, the supper. Well, at some weddings they feed in the dining-room, and at others each guest sits on a chair and has his lunch brought to him. Now, I always advised the use of chopped feed at weddings—bring on the ham sandwiches and ice cream at the same time. They can't eat the sandwiches first, you know, because if they do, the cream will melt, and if they throw in the cream to start with, the sandwiches will act like Banquo's ghost—they will not down." And the horse-reporter winked vigorously at the dramatic critic in order to attract the attention of that person to his able joke. But the critic was trying to smoke a cigar that the advance agent of the circus had given him, and did not look.

"Of course," continued the biographer of Goldsmith Maid, "it would be better if you could give each guest a box-stall, and throw the feed in early in the evening, but this is not often practicable, so you had better keep on the old racket."

"I am sure I am very thankful, sir, for the interest you have taken in this matter," said the girl, "and I shall follow your advice. Which is the way down stairs, please?"

"There are two ways," replied the horse-reporter. "You can jump down the hatchway or I like the stairs. Our elevator never runs."—Chicago Tribune.

AT THE FAIR.

FREUD'S CORSET HOUSE.

In a prominent and well-located position on the north side of the gallery, just at the head of the front stairs, Freud, of 742 and 744 Market Street, makes a fine display of corsets and other articles of his own manufacture, as well as Paris importations. An hour here can easily be passed in admiring these beautiful goods. In a case occupying the centre of the department is his own work, which is of the finest and most substantial description. There is one corset in this case which is especially attractive to the ladies. It is of the most elegant kind of white satin, adorned with fine finishings, and is known as "The Bride's Corset." In another case there is shown the corsets that received the first prize in the Paris exposition, and they are indeed lovely, especially the one in black, woven with gold thread, and one in blue, woven with silver. These are pronounced by all who see them as being the finest specimens of corsets ever seen in this country. Another one which is much admired, is that on the figure, and made of blue satin embroidered in white silk. There are also the "Magnetic," and the "Electric" corset, with many other styles. Quite a novelty of this house is the new satin down bustles. Freud's business is so steadily on the increase that he has been obliged to enlarge his store by taking the two adjoining buildings on Dupont Street. There is now an entrance on Dupont to their main building.

ARPAD HARASZTHY & CO.

In a central location on the first floor at the left-hand side of the main entrance to the Pavilion, and occupying a space twenty feet by sixteen, can be seen a display that not only owes its attraction to its arrangement, but also on account of the good spirit it calls forth. The large pyramid of excellent and well-known wines draws its own special attention. Here can be found Zinfandel, Claret, Gutted Hock, Riesling Hock, California Burgundy, and brandies from the vintages of 1877 to 1881. But towering above all in this pyramid, so grand and noble in its appearance, and composed of over seven hundred bottles of all sizes, is the Eclipse Champagne, on which this well-known firm, located at 830 Washington Street, so justly prides itself. The whole arrangement of this section, so gaily brilliant with its flags, banners, and other decorations, speaks the artistic taste of the proprietors, and is the genuine admiration of the hundreds of visitors who come to this place both day and evening.

G. T. MARSH & CO.

One of the most attractive departments in the pavilion is that occupied by G. T. Marsh & Co., of 625 Market street, with their grand assortment of Japanese and Chinese goods. The tasteful and artistic manner in which their place is arranged, adds greatly to the exhibition. The walls are hung with a deep rich red, which sets off to the best advantage the costly articles. At the back of this booth there hang two panels of gold thread embroidered brocade, the design representing Shishis gambling. These embroideries are valued at three hundred, and three hundred and seventy-five dollars each. In the centre stands a large bronze piece inlaid with gold and silver. It represents Kato Kio Masa, the deified hero and the conqueror of Corea. It is costly and elegant. Some very exquisite work is found in three small pieces of Satsuma. They reach only five inches in height, and are valued at one hundred and fifty dollars. They consist of an incense burner and two vases. In fact, all articles here are works of the highest art. This firm has two places in the fair—the one just spoken of is on the north side of the gallery, at the head of the western stair-case, and the other is on the lower floor facing the orchestra. These goods are sold to show that this house sells at lower rates than any other of its kind on this coast, as they have no reciprocal trade. The firm has the advantage of one of the partners living on the spot where these articles come from.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.

At the east end of the Gallery we noticed a display of carriages, of which O. F. Willey & Co. No. 427 Montgomery Street, have the most prominent show, consisting of many fine styles, suitable either for public or private use, from the largest coach to the light sulky. We noticed particularly a very fine wagonette, with canopy top, to seat eight persons, and also a fine victoria for ladies' Park driving, which is a novelty here. In fact their display seems to be the attraction at this end of the hall.

JOHN F. MYERS.

The new Adams & Westlake Oil-Stoves (pat'd 1882) may be seen in use Thursdays and Saturdays in the fair, at the third stand on the first cross aisle, at the right of the main entrance to the fair-building. Mr. John F. Myers, the agent, will be present to explain its merits during the process of baking, etc. This stove, the most perfect thus far invented, should be examined by every one contemplating economical and effective cooking. The depot for these stoves is at 77 Fourth Street.

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twentieth day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A colored blacksmith of Vienna, Georgia, was shooing a mule not long ago, when the animal disengaged itself, and drove one of its hind feet against the negro's head with the force of a battering-ram. A few days afterward some one asked the owner if the blacksmith sustained severe injuries. "I can't say that he did," responded the man, dejectedly, "but the mule goes on three legs."

A clergyman in one of the Scotch country districts, says *Chambers's Journal*, had a stranger to officiate for him one day, and meeting his beadle afterward, he said to him: "Well, Dougall, how did you like last Sunday's preaching?" "It was a great deal over plain and simple for me," replied the beadle. "I like sermons that jumble the judgment and confound the sense. Od, sir, I never saw one that could come up to yourself at that."

An Arch-Street Church (Presbyterian) clergyman coming out recently, says the *Philadelphia Progress*, encountered a backsliding young man passing. B. Young Man—"Ah, doctor, how d'd do? Fine weather." Clergyman (gruffly)—"Bad weather—hot—empty benches." B. Y. M. (seeking to propitiate)—"I had the pleasure of hearing you preach last Sunday." Clergyman (suspiciously)—"Me? Preach? Eh? What was my text?" B. Y. M. (floored, but recovering)—"Why, doctor! Is it possible you can have forgotten?" Catches a car.

The Chroniqueur of the Paris *Univers Illustré*—Gérôme, otherwise M. Ludovic Halévy—has been reminded by England's interference in Egypt in the Khedive's behalf, of an incident which he once witnessed in the streets of Paris. A powerful man was observed administering the soundest of sound thrashings to a woman with whom he had been walking. The indignant spectators rushed to her assistance, and her cowardly assailant made off. "Can you identify him?" "Do you know who he is?" she was asked. "Of course I know him," was the reply; "he is my protector!"

During a shower recently, says the *Detroit Free Press*, a citizen, carrying a very wet umbrella, entered a hotel to pay a call to some one up-stairs. After placing his umbrella where it might drain, he wrote upon a piece of paper and pinned to it the sentence: "N. B.—This umbrella belongs to a man who strikes a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound blow—back in fifteen minutes." He went his way up-stairs, and after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned to find his umbrella gone, and in its place a note reading: "P. S.—Umbrella taken by a man who walks ten miles an hour—won't be back at all."

Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, was a most eccentric old man. As usual at family prayers, which he invariably conducted himself, he prayed by name for the people staying with him. There was a gentleman from Madras for whom he prayed, and then he said: "Let us pray for his dear wife and dear children." A thought struck him; he paused, and said to his chaplain: "By-the-by, is he a married man?" "No, my lord, he is not married." "Ah, well, never mind," he resumed; "he may marry, and the children may come." On another occasion it was related that he was preaching against the sin of avarice, when he delivered himself of the following remarks: "My brethren, there are several forms of avarice; one form has recently been brought home to me most unpleasantly. You all know my arch-deacon there, a most excellent man; well, last week he sold me a horse for five hundred rupees; it is not worth ten. This, my brethren, I consider a most unpleasant form of avarice."

An economical young man takes three ladies to dinner at a Paris restaurant, and before the repast is brought in, says confidentially to the waiter: "Whenever I call for three bottles of Chambertin bring us a good second-class Beuue; it is less heating to the blood, and the little dears'll never know the difference—you understand?" The waiter replies that he does. Dinner is served; Chambertin is demanded, and Beuue is brought in, according to agreement. Presently the generous diner calls for the bill, and when he receives it his face clouds visibly. "Here, waiter," he observes, discharging a whole brood of nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles upon that functionary, "there is some mistake here in the wine item." "Oh, no, sir," says the waiter courteously; "there are three bottles of Chambertin charged, and that was what you ordered." "Certainly three bottles of Chambertin," chorus the ladies, "we remember you ordering them. It is all right." The economical young man has nothing to do but to pay up, and to endeavor to calculate how much he has made by his prudent forethought.

Among the Northern men who went down to General McDowell's headquarters shortly before the battle of Bull Run, "just to see the fun," was Mr. Kennedy Marshall, of Butler, Penn., then a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and one of his reminiscences of the stampede and wild flight to the North after the defeat, relates to the late Judge McGuffin, of Newcastle. "He had been one of the 'On to Richmond' crowd," says Mr. Marshall, "who had come down to stiffen up the President's spine, and was loud in advocating a vigorous prosecution of the war. He was a large man, and wore a long linen duster. When the rush to the rear began, he ran with the rest. He was fat, and as the crowd gradually swept past him, he at last began to think the rebels must be almost within grasp of his flying duster-tails. Blind with sweat and dust, he tripped on a log and fell flat on his stomach, or as flat as he could fall on such a round stomach. A zouave, who was hard at his heels, came down with emphasis on top. Mr. McGuffin was certain that the Philistines were upon him, and with a weak endeavor to roll his eyes around, that he might see his foe's face, exclaimed: 'Great God, gentlemen, can't this thing be compromised?'"

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ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—OF

the Thunder Powder Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Alameda County, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 3) of Forty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room No. 5, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 17th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

Office Thunder Powder Company, 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California.

CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the tenth day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 18) of Thirty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 14th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary, Office—Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 42) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary, Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 24) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 20, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary, Office—Room 20, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 4th day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 20) of One Dollar (\$1) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 7th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary, Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

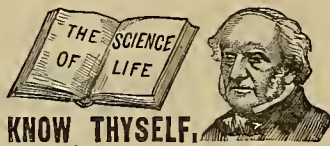
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LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

CATHARINE TOEDTER, formerly CATHARINE ROBINET, and PETER TOEDTER, her husband,

Plaintiff,

vs. DAVID FOGARTY,

Defendant.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 1, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Catharine Toedter, formerly Catharine Robinet, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against David Fogarty, defendant, on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book Two of said Court, at page 187, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of the southerly line of Ellis Street, running thence southerly along said line of Larkin Street forty-seven feet to the northerly line of Willow Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along said line of Willow Avenue eighty-seven feet and six inches; thence at right angles northerly forty feet and six inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Eight, as by the map of said City and County.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 17th day of September, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, August 19, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

LOUGHBOROUGH & NEWHALL, Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

August 19, 26, September 2, 9.

[Department No. 7.]

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT,
City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ENMA J. FAIRBAIRN,

Plaintiff,

vs. NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN

Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the County and City of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF

California send Greeting to NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion, and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessities of life; and awarding the custody of the child of the parties hereto to plaintiff. Also, requiring defendant to pay such sums as the Court may deem proper for the support of plaintiff and her child, and costs of suit, together with general relief. Reference to the complaint is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31 day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two.

[Seal.] DAVID WILDER, Clerk.

By J. D. RUGGLES, Deputy Clerk.

[Department No. 7.]

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

A. F. BENJAMIN,

Plaintiff,

vs. JACOB LEVY,

Defendant.

Superior Court. (Late 4th District Court.) No. 22,467. EXECUTION.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein A. F. Benjamin, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Jacob Levy, defendant, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$2,327.90 U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon and costs, etc. I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the 15th day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereafter described property, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Jacob Levy, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Tyler Street, distant 165 feet westerly from the west line of Franklin Street, running thence westerly along said north line of Tyler Street 27 6-12 feet; thence at right angles northerly 120 feet; thence at right angles easterly 27 6-12 feet; and thence at right angles southerly 120 feet to the point of commencement. Together with the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 28th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the 15th day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, August 5, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. B. L. BRANDT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

August 5, 12, 19, 26.

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Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 10.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1882.

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CIRCLED BY FIRE.

The Awful Peril of a Brigade in the Midst of a Flaming Forest.

During that most terrible time of the insurrection of the Sepoys, Hindoos and English alike committed more crimes, more horrors, and more abominations than had been recorded in Europe for more than three centuries. While the Hindoos killed and massacred with a refinement of cruelty which was unexampled, the English, in the cities and throughout the country, hanged, decapitated, or shot from the cannon's mouth every suspected or denounced individual. The laws of the Reign of Terror against the suspects in 1793 was a mere trifle beside the sanguinary enforcement of martial law in India.

General Wilson was besieging Delhi, and was waiting for reinforcements. Three thousand soldiers under General Scott were coming up through a valley running east and west. Another column, consisting of four squadrons of cavalry, the Fourteenth Regiment of English infantry, and six pieces of cannon, under command of Colonel Mackenzie, had taken a more direct route through a vast forest—the forest of Massallhi—which would hasten their arrival by at least five days. Colonel Mackenzie, who was still quite young, was considered a valiant soldier. He had recently proved his bravery and ability before Sebastopol, and had the highest reputation among English officers for being able to extricate himself from a difficult situation with honor. The officers and soldiers of his little corps had a blind confidence in their chief, who himself felt capable of great deeds.

The column followed the banks of a dried-up stream. High branches of immense trees formed a vault, and moderated the terrible heat of the sun, so that they were able to advance in the middle of the day without excessive fatigue to man or beast. The miniature army was skillfully distributed. Some distance in advance twenty hussars reconnoitred the road; then came the foot-soldiers, flanked by the cavalry on the right and left; the elephants, carrying the baggage and dragging the artillery, followed; and finally, a mounted guard brought up the rear. The colonel, and his friend Richard Welcome, major of artillery, rode half-way between the advance guard and the head of the regiment. They could have conversed aloud without being overheard by any one whatever; but at this time there hung over the whole of India such an anxious solicitude that unconsciously the two officers spoke in a half whisper. After a long silence, the major slowly said:

"Have you noticed, colonel, that the two or three villages through which we have passed—"

"Were completely deserted? Yes, Dick; I have noticed it."

"Does it not make you uneasy?"

"To any one else, Dick, I would say no. But you are a man incapable of fear, and besides, after me, you have the responsibility of the expedition. That is why I say to you yes, it does trouble me."

"Why?"

"Absolutely I do not know. But in all the other villages we have passed through there have been people—hostile people, it is true, but still human beings—pariahs, women, and old men."

At the very moment that the colonel uttered these words, two troopers fell back to report the first houses of a hamlet.

The necessary precautions were taken to avoid falling into an ambush, and the advance was continued. This village, like the others, was entirely uninhabited. It consisted of a few huts, built partly of branches and partly of loam, the best of which looked like a dog-kennel. We searched every hut. Not a soul, not a domestic animal—nothing.

"These people must have fled from some formidable danger."

"May not that danger befall us?" asked the major.

"Certainly. What could the few wretches sheltered by these cabins have to fear from us?"

Colonel Mackenzie knit his brows. The march was resumed after two hours of rest, during which the roads and paths were fruitlessly explored. Side by side the two superior officers rode on for a while in silence. Both were gloomy and preoccupied. Suddenly Mackenzie raised his head.

"Something is certainly the matter," said he, still whispering, "but what? I am racking my brains to find out. I can surmise nothing."

"Do you apprehend peril?"

"Yes, Dick, I feel it."

"Of what nature?"

"Ah, that's it! If I only knew that, it might be at least partially averted. There is certainly some mysterious, invisible work going on around us—something dark and inscrutable."

At these words Richard Welcome looked at the colonel as if he half suspected him of fear, but William Mackenzie, having turned toward the major, presented a calm countenance in which the most intrepid courage was expressed. A few seconds afterward the colonel drew from a pocket in his saddle a chart, which he spread out on the neck of his horse.

"Here, Dick, my friend," said he, "look, here is the plan

of the forest. We entered it about thirty-six hours ago, and according to my reckoning we must have made thirty miles in all."

"I think so too, Will," replied the major.

"In that case there are still fourteen miles to cross before reaching the open country."

"Yes, but it is already four o'clock; our men and horses are exhausted, and if they march until night, that will be all they can do."

"Oh, I know that very well," muttered the colonel, impatiently. He was silent a moment, and then resumed with animation: "I would give half my fortune to be out of this forest. We meet too few people in it."

"And without taking into consideration," said the major, "the report that Tantia-Taupee, the companion and rival in ferocity of Ben-Madho, has possession of the country in these regions."

"Yes."

Another silence.

"Oh!" resumed the colonel, at last, "if the scoundrel comes with his army to offer me battle, even here, in the midst of these trees and brushwood, I would undertake, with your six cannon and my two thousand brave soldiers, to chase him as far as his legs could carry him. But how can I provide against any diabolical scheme of which this fiend incarnate is capable?"

"The officers might be discreetly asked if they think their men are in a condition to march five hours longer," said the major.

"Hum!" muttered Mackenzie; "yesterday they accomplished twenty-three miles, which is an enormous distance in such a country, and with soldiers who for the most part have come from Europe."

"No matter; we must ascertain what further exertion they are capable of."

"Yes; but the troops will suspect our uneasiness."

"Nothing is easier than to prevent that. The officers can be ordered to advance under the pretext of giving them orders for camping, and then we shall get the information we desire."

"All right," said Mackenzie.

The officers on being questioned were unanimous in declaring that it would be running a risk of losing a number of men on the way if they tried to make them march until ten o'clock at night. One of them added:

"Every foot-soldier who allows himself to be distanced by the column would be a dead man."

"Why?" asked the colonel; "because of the tigers?"

"Yes, colonel, because of the tigers on two legs."

"What do you mean, Chardson?"

"That we are watched—followed."

"By whom?"

"By marauders; who knows, by the enemy, perhaps."

"Why have you not told me that sooner, captain?"

"Because I had no proofs; but all the officers are dreading something, especially the cavalry officers."

"Ah!" said the colonel, at length; "but the soldiers do not mistrust anything, do they?"

"I hope not, colonel."

"Very well, Chardson; I am pleased that you have been so sharp-sighted. Moreover, I thank you for having dared to speak to me of your suspicions. Could not the stragglers be put on the elephants, or ride double with the cavalry?"

"The elephants!" interrupted Major Welcome; "that would be rather difficult. They already have their full load, which consists of our food."

"You are right; but the cavalry?"

"Yes, perhaps the cavalry could each take a man behind, and the strong foot-soldiers could double their pace so as to make four miles an hour."

"And, besides, when they are too weary they can replace their comrades on horseback," said the colonel. "We have three battalions of infantry. Each battalion can mount, and by turns rest in this way for an hour."

"You know the horses are already very much fatigued, colonel," said Captain Chardson.

"Yes, but I do not want to encamp in this forest to-night. We have still fourteen miles to make before leaving it. They must be made."

"They shall be made, colonel. But will not these measures impress the soldiers?"

"No. They must be told that on leaving the forest we will receive intelligence of the siege of Delhi, which it is necessary to obtain this very evening in order to operate in accordance with my instructions."

The officers were advised of the decision of their superiors. The men who were the most fatigued received orders to mount behind the cavalymen, who numbered in proportion to the infantry nearly as one to three. They obeyed without much urging, on the contrary, were very much pleased with this relief of their weariness. This increase of burden was, doubtless, not relished by the horses, but the exigencies of the case would not allow them any indulgence. The column moved more rapidly, and accomplished more than four miles during the first hour. The soldiers certainly thought there was a reason for this singular manoeuvre, but they believed the news from Delhi was unfavorable, and that it was necessary to hasten in order to succor the besieging army. Besides, they had entire confidence in their chief, and their good humor did not sensibly diminish. After the second

party of foot-soldiers had mounted, night fell. It was a solemn moment. Despite the care which the officers took to hide their uneasiness, despite the gayety which they affected perhaps a little too noisily, they were not able to entirely conceal the anxiety which haunted them. As darkness gradually descended upon the forest, the soldiers themselves felt less inspired. The moon would not rise until late, and in consequence of the thick foliage, the blackness of the night was unredeemed by the bright starlight peculiar to that country.

Instinctively the column concentrated. The cavalry of the advance guard and those who closed the march unconsciously diminished the distance which separated them from the main body of troops. Each man crowded close to his neighbor. There was not one straggler. Apprehension gave legs to the most exhausted. William Mackenzie encouraged the greatest possible gayety. Dick Welcome seconded his chief, riding from the advance to the rear-guard, giving orders, and inviting the soldiers to laugh and sing. They would have gladly complied, and indeed for a moment accompanied a young sergeant who struck up a lively tune, but the heart was not in it, and the refrain died away on their lips. The gloom of uncertainty pervaded all. There was no acknowledged danger before them, but from the chief to the lowest foot-soldier they abandoned themselves to the influence of presentiment. Each of these men unwittingly recalled to mind the abominations which had taken place during this atrocious war. They recounted the most horrible details of the mutilations of which so many of their compatriots had been the victims. In the darkness, augmented by the dust in which the horses seemed to move mysteriously, the motion of each man, and even the gigantic silhouettes of the elephants, surmounted by their enormous loads, produced a feeling of profound fear and despondency. Nevertheless the advance continued. It was about an hour after nightfall. At times the creaking of branches or some other sound was heard, but nothing unusual.

"Six miles yet, Dick," murmured the colonel, who made his repeater strike; "six miles. At least an hour and a half longer, for we have commenced to travel less rapidly."

"This darkness oppresses me," replied the major, quietly.

"Would it be inexpedient to light the torches, so as to enliven the march?" said the colonel, after a moment's pause.

"Yes," replied Welcome; "if the dogs commanded by Tantia-Taupée are at our heels, each soldier carrying a torch would immediately become a living target for their almost unerring aim."

But, behold! At the very moment when Welcome expressed his opinion very positively the sky was illuminated, and the night became less dark.

"There," said the major, "is that the moon?"

"It is not the moon," abruptly said Mackenzie.

"Nevertheless, it is in the east that the sky is brightening."

And in fact in the clear sky a light, like the rising dawn, could be distinguished through the thickness of the foliage.

"What can this singular appearance be?"

A sergeant was summoned, the same one whose joyous song had had so little effect a few minutes before.

"Wilcox," said the colonel, who knew him personally, and knew that he was as agile as a monkey, and exceedingly courageous; "Wilcox, climb to the top of that tree, and look toward the east, in order to find out the cause of that light. It is probably some town with its inhabitants that those black devils of Hindoos have delivered over to the flames."

The sergeant gave a spring, and rapidly gaining the high branches, was lost to sight. Those below waited until he should descend or speak. Suddenly he was heard to cry out:

"The forest is on fire!"

"The devil!" said the colonel.

The major, less excited, made a speaking-trumpet of his hands, and interrogated Wilcox.

"In what direction?" he asked.

"Toward the east, as the redness of the sky indicates."

"About how far off?"

"About six miles."

"Is the fire large?"

"No; as far as I can judge from here, the trees are burning for a space of two hundred yards."

"Very well; you can come down, James."

He descended, and returned to the ranks. Mackenzie, Welcome, and several other officers were collected at the foot of the tree which had served as an observatory.

"It is probably nothing," said the colonel. "It is not astonishing that a fire should kindle easily in the forest, considering the drought which lasts for eleven months in this district."

"And who knows but the fire was caused by the imprudence of our own men during the halt this afternoon? It may have been smouldering for several hours," said Welcome.

"Very possibly, Dick," replied Mackenzie; "but for all that, we must not lose a minute. The column must move forward again."

They set out anew at a rate which would have enabled them to leave the forest before the expiration of three-quarters of an hour.

"Every man remain at his post, and do not stir from it on any pretext," said the colonel to his officers. "You, Dick, go to the head of the artillery. I will remain at your side."

The third party of infantry were now in the saddle. There was great haste. William Mackenzie was still gloomy and preoccupied. The major, his friend from childhood, was astonished at his silence and anxiety.

"Do not be uneasy, William," said he; "this fire is not what you fear."

At these words Mackenzie quickly raised his eyes to his companion in arms.

"Ah!" he said, "have you also thought that perhaps it has been kindled by the jackals of Tantia-Taupée?"

"In fact that idea has presented itself to my mind; but why should they kindle the fire so far from us?"

"Because our night march has doubtless deceived them."

"Indeed—"

"They believe that we encamped at nightfall, and have no idea that the column has marched more than eight miles since then."

"It is possible."

"Be it an accident or an ambushade, Dick, the danger is not the less great. In my opinion, the fire will reach us by means of the underbrush much more rapidly than we think. We must advance to the edge of the wood by a forced march."

"The men—"

"Oh, we no longer have a choice of means. We are no longer permitted to spare them if we want to save them," interrupted the colonel, almost in a loud voice.

"Do you think so, William?"

"If necessary, I would not hesitate to excite their fears, so as to rouse them."

"You are unduly alarmed," said Richard Welcome.

But he had scarcely spoken when Captain Chardson presented himself before his superior officers, unsummoned. John Chardson was quite a young man, but his mind was already matured, and the colonel valued him highly.

"What is the matter, captain?" asked Mackenzie.

The young man extended his arms before him, and pronounced the single word, "Look!"

In that direction also the sky had gradually brightened. The colonel and Dick Welcome started in their saddles.

"Another fire!" muttered Mackenzie, "and this time in front of us, on the edge of the forest that we would leave in twenty minutes."

"A million devils!" exclaimed the major; "are the cowardly knaves determined to roast us alive?"

The major had spoken so loud that five or six soldiers of the artillery overheard him. But caution was no longer seasonable. To the right the forest blazed anew, then to the left. The intentions of the incendiaries could no longer be doubted. They had a design upon the English column, and it alone.

"Let a torch be lighted," commanded Mackenzie. The order was executed. The colonel studied his chart attentively, and said:

"Fortunately, we have arrived at a point where the roads leading out of the forest are quite numerous. This one, running toward the north, is the longest, and consequently the most dangerous. That one, to the south, and until proved to the contrary, must be considered the most practicable."

"But are we not following the shortest road?"

"Yes, but it is cut off by the fire."

Not a word was added. More than one already considered it folly to think of the roads, the plan of the Hindoos evidently being to fire the woods wherever the little army could pass. James Wilcox was ordered a second time to climb to the top of the gigantic cedar. The colonel went up with him, so as to form his own estimate of the gravity of the danger. They did not have to ascend very high to be convinced that the situation of the column was desperate. It was the centre of a veritable circle of fire. The conflagration was assuming mighty and terrible proportions. The colonel descended in great haste. The quaking troops were halted. With heads erect, and nostrils widely distended, the horses turned, snuffing toward the side where the peril was probably the greatest. Behind the artillery the elephants, much excited, gave signs of terror. Their conductors could scarcely control them, even by means of blows intermingled with exclamations. The soldiers regarded each other gloomily.

"My friends," said the colonel, "we are warring with wild beasts. The danger which threatens us is imminent. I need not attempt to conceal it. We are in the midst of a circle of flames."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Sir Garnet Wolseley's proclamation announcing to the Egyptians that "the mosques shall be respected, and all supplies paid for," shows, observes the *New York Times*, that he at least understands how to treat the Eastern races. A similar line of policy won golden opinions for General Roberts during the campaign of 1880 in Southern Afghanistan. Indeed, just as there is no more certain way of earning an Oriental's undying hatred than by insulting his religion, so there is no surer passport to his favor than by showing respect for it. A strategem of this kind was successfully practiced by General Championnet, when the French occupied Naples at the opening of the present century. Finding it impossible to withstand the fury of the Neapolitan "lazzaroni," who murdered every straggler from the French ranks, and even rushed knife in hand upon them when they were planting cannon in the streets, he decided to attempt conciliation. A guard of honor was placed in front of the shrine of the favorite Neapolitan saint, Gennaro or Januarius, and the countersign given to the French sentries was "Reverence for Gennaro." This wily courtesy turned the scale at once. The streets resounded with cries of "Long live the French," and the whole native population hastened to range themselves on the side of the invaders.

"Mrs. Livermore," says Margery Dean, "tells a story of a linguistic experience in Antwerp. It is the city of processions. Desiring to know the meaning of one of these street displays, she asked a man in French. His reply was unintelligible. For some moments they wrestled, even resorting to paper and pencil; but it was no use. At last it occurred to Mrs. Livermore to ask him if he knew even the least English. 'Good Lord, yes! Was horn in Eastport, Maine!'"

CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

"Welcome home, Pansy."

Dappleval was at its prettiest this sweet June day as it nestled cozily among the hills that towered above it on every side. Down in the shady glen where the village church stood, almost hidden by the cypress trees whose great boughs of green were swept caressingly against the sides of the modest structure, Pansy Perkins was standing, and as Ethelbert Pettingill spoke the words with which this chapter opens, her face lighted up with a radiant smile that was beautiful in its sad expanse of territory.

"Come to me, Pansy," he said.

It was Ethelbert's voice, tender, gentle, that spoke, yet with something in its tones that made the girl pause.

Presently Pansy spoke.

"It is very hot, is it not, darling?" she said.

"Yes," replied Ethelbert, "and it is getting late, and we should be going home." And as he spoke the girl looked up at him with those dark eyes that had witched so many men.

"Do you love me?" she said.

"Passionately, my angel," was the reply in tremulous tones.

"And you will buy me some ice-cream?" she continued.

Ethelbert felt his heart throbbing against his suspender, and for an instant he could not reply. But the momentary agitation was soon over, and he spoke out in mellow tones:

"I will do it with pleasure."

The peachy cheek of the girl was laid close to his now, and the velvety lips kissed him tenderly back of the left ear. And then, turning her head slightly, Pansy whispered to herself: "I have not lost my grip."—From "*Pansy's Peril*," by Joseph Medill.

"My own darling!"

George W. Simpson says these words softly to himself as he lies in the hammock under the linden trees, the soft breath of a June zephyr kissing the pearl-colored pants that fit him so suddenly, and then rioting among the scarlet bank of roses that are climbing in fanciful ways around the pillars that guard the entrance to Distress Warrant Castle. She of whom he speaks there is a beautiful girl with a dusky, piquante face—a face that is arch, sparkling, and bright, as only brunette faces can be, and over the laughing face is a fluffy mass of dark waving hair, while a pair of pansy-dark eyes with golden lights in their soft depths, and sweetly curving lips tinted with the velvety crimson of the rose, complete a picture that would make your head swim.

Pearl McCloskey is indeed beautiful, and as she comes singing along the graveled path with the golden light of a summer day falling upon her uncovered head, the very birds that are caroling among the branches of the lindens seem to pause and look at her. She sings in a low, sweet voice that is tremulous with dinner a little Breton love-song that she had heard in Milwaukee:

May Ann McLaughlin, don't you cry;

Wipe the tear-drops from your eye;

You'll be happy by-and-by—

May Ann McLaughlin, don't you cry.

The pure, Madonna-like face of the young man lifts itself from the depths of the hammock, and he looks at the girl with a weary, wistful, two-hot-days-and-no-white-vest-in-the-house expression that would move a plumber. She sees him, and runs eagerly to the hammock. Putting her dimpled arm around his neck she kisses the rosebud mouth, and then seats herself by his side.

"Do you love me as much to-day as you did last Thursday?" she asks, while the brown eyes sparkle with merriment. But back of the laughing look there is a tender, loving, I-must-not-let-him-get-away expression that tells how she worships this man.

"Yes, sweetheart," replied George; "I love you more every day of my life, for you do not sing as much as you used to."—From "*How He Loved Her*," by Joseph Medill.

"No, darling, it can never be."

Up from the meadows that stretched away to the westward of Brierton Villa came the sweet, soft scents of the magnolia blossoms that were waving languidly in the sensuous movings of an August breeze.

"I shall miss him sorely," said Gladys McMurry, looking wistfully at the fast-disappearing form of Ethelbert O'Brien. "In the long, dreary days of winter, when the sky is overcast with leaden clouds, I shall miss my Ethelbert. And yet it is better so. Better that I should hear alone the secret burden of my woe—a burden that can never be lifted, never be cast aside until the icy arms of Death shall be stretched forth to welcome a storm-tossed soul that is only too anxious to come to his embrace." And with a convulsive sob, the girl sank upon a prettily made hench of strong oak limbs, and was soon sitting upon one foot, while the other peeped coquettishly out from beneath the fleecy folds of her soft white dress.

But though the pretty head was laid upon the dimpled arms, and the starry eyes were sending forth floods of bitter tears—tears of repentance and sorrow—Gladys was not alone. Ethelbert had paused where the path turned into the roadside to pluck a rose, that he might have some memento, no matter how fragile, of the happy hours he had spent at Brierton Villa. Looking back as he stood there, he had seen Gladys seat herself upon the rustic hench, and noticed her dejection and grief. Quickly retracing his steps, he stood by her side, and saw the lissome form convulsed with sobs—saw that she was sitting upon her foot in a very agony of despair.

"Do not weep, darling," he said, making a bluff to preempt the other end of the hench.

Gladys looked up. Her eyes were dim with tears, and as she placed her other foot with languid grace upon the unoccupied portion of the hench, a sweet, loving smile illumined her face, and in the dewy eyes there came a look of sweet content.

"Do you promise me, then?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Ethelbert, bending tenderly over her, and trying to nip a kiss on the fly, "you shall have all the matinee tickets you want."

"Then," said the girl, taking away her foot, "nothing but death shall part us."—From "*Her Foot was Her Fortune*," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.

SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

The fall fashions are rapidly coming out. The costumes are new and beautiful, the styles are various in regard to outside garments, and there are some pretty novelties in fringes and other trimmings. New draperies are brought forth for decorating bedrooms, and many new shades are making their appearance; although reds, of all tints, and greens are destined to be the most popular during the coming fall and winter season, red especially. Jackets and basques will undoubtedly take the lead in that part of the ladies' costumes. Redingotes are exceedingly stylish. I saw one a few days since just put on exhibition by one of our leading importers. It was of *brocatelle*; that is, the flowers were *brocatelle* on a watered-silk ground. The whole showed the new shade known as *pain brûlé*, or brown-bread color. The material was of the very richest and most elegant description. The garment reached within about seven inches of the bottom of the skirt, and was trimmed with a new trimming material, forming a ribbon plush. It was put on down the front on both sides, growing wider as it reached the lower part. It then extended around the base some six inches in width. There were cuffs, pockets, and collar, all very deep cut, of this ribbon plush. The lining was of *pourpre*, or royal red plush, showing various tints in the shading. The price was one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Another redingote was of silk, giving the appearance of net in the new shade of putty. Upon this open-work fabric was embossed velvet in designs of peaches. The heavy satin lining was of the exact shade. This redingote was cut up the back nearly to the waist, and filled in with a jabot of lace on either side. The lace was in its way something entirely new, being of real Spanish, in stripes, alternating with stripes of a sort of silky fabric. It was of the shade to correspond with the cloak. A couple of rows of this lace went around the base, and formed a jabot up each side of the front. The sleeves were of the bell-shape, and elaborately finished with the lace. There was still another new cloak. This also was of a new shape, somewhat shorter in the back than in the front. The fabric was in texture heavy, and of an invisible check. The color was of a very delicate shade, touching on the terra cotta. The sleeves were flowing, and reached below the body of the wrap. A fringe four or five inches wide, composed of iridescent heads and silk tape, adorned the base, and was headed with real ostrich plumes in their natural tints. The sleeves were trimmed with a wing-shaped *passanterie*, which also covered the seams in the back, and formed a collar around and over the shoulders. The lining was of satin of a Bismarck brown. The latest outer garments for misses and school girls are English walking-jackets of cloth, and in all the dark shades, particularly bronze, cadet blue, and dark grey. As a general rule they are plain, though the dressy ones are ornamented with galeon or hraid, with a loop of ribbon and a cut jet huckle. Jackets, either for the street, house, or carriage are also quite in vogue for ladies. I saw an exceedingly rich one. It was of tinsel brocade, the flowers being of pale-pink and blue, on a black ground, and the whole shot with tinsel. It had a deep, reverse collar of black velvet, with cuffs and pockets to match. It was lined throughout with light-pink surrah satin. The price was seventy-five dollars. Opera cloaks are now beginning to be imported by our merchants, three of which are too beautiful to be passed over unnoticed. There was one of red pressed flannel, lined with red surrah satin, and profusely trimmed with black hraid. There was a deep pattern of it around the edge, in imitation of gimp. Up the front, sides, and back the hraid represented long, graceful feathers. A deep fringe of red and black silk finished the base. A handsome walking dress is made of bottle-green ladies'-cloth. The skirt is in kilts, at the front reaching up to the waist, and growing shorter, till they reach the back, where they are about eighteen inches high. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a wide piece, say six inches wide, of plush the shade of the dress goods. The over-dress, or polonaise, is made with reverse front laid in soft plaits and edged with the plush. The back has the usual drapery. The waist is double-breasted, vest shape, with a puff of plush over the seams of the arm-holes. It has a Sarah Bernhardt collar of plush, with cuffs to match. The smoked-pearl buttons are ornamented with steel. A plush hat, elaborately trimmed with shaded pink and red feathers, is to be worn with it. A dinner dress was approaching completion at one store I visited. It consisted of dark green satin with embossed lilies of black velvet outlined with gold thread, and satin the very lightest tint of green. The whole was ornamented with a lace-work of gold thread woven with chenille. The body was square cut, with elbow sleeves. The novelty in fringe was that made of narrow black ribbon of number one and two. The ribbon was either plain or watered, the watered being the most stylish. This ribbon is mixed with chenille or silk, and many are edged with cut jet that give a rich and beautiful effect. The fringes are of various widths, running from five to fifteen inches, and range in price from three dollars up to eighteen and twenty. They will be principally used on three-quarter cloaks of any material, except plush and velvet, and even then they will be admissible on velvet when mixed with chenille. Feather-trimming promises to be more in vogue the coming season than it has ever been before, and will take the place of the deep, heavy ruching which has been so universally worn around the bottom of dress skirts. It is said that parasols for the fall and winter will be edged with feathers. At one house is shone a new supply of cretonnes for decorating bedrooms. In Europe it is now becoming quite the style to hang the walls as well as the windows with these gaily-figured cretonnes, (that is, in toilet-rooms), and the fashion is beginning to take hold here. The cretonne can now be purchased for twenty cents a yard. The ground is usually light blue, pink, or black, upon which are flowers of every possible color or tint. A new and decidedly beautiful trimming has just come out. It measures four inches wide, and is of plush. The plush is in raised work, forming oblong designs of an inch and a-half long, and an inch wide. It is yet so new that the price was not marked upon it when I examined it, a day or two since.

HELENA.

August 23, 1882.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Commerce and Industries of the Pacific Coast" is a large volume of advertisements written by John S. Hittell. Its title leads to the supposition that it is a cyclopedia for the Pacific Coast trade; but if such was the intention of the author and publishers, it is certainly very imperfect. But comparatively few names are to be encountered in the various departments of commercial industries, and those are frequently of minor importance, and evidently inserted for remuneration. The only approach to thoroughness appears in the appendix, where a tolerably complete list of Pacific Coast merchants and manufacturers is published in microscopic type. Published and for sale by Bancroft & Co.

Astronomy is one of the most fascinating of studies, and yet it is lamentably neglected by the schools throughout the United States. In fact, a score of years ago it received more attention than it does at the present day. One reason of this neglect is that there has been a lack of text-books both comprehensive and suitable for beginners. This is now remedied, however, by two Eastern astronomers, Professor Isaac Sharpless and Professor G. M. Phillips, who have written an admirable treatise on "Astronomy," for school and general readers. It is well illustrated, and may be readily comprehended. Published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hoffman, 205 Montgomery Street; price, \$1.25.

A lack of artistic taste has much detracted from the good material to be found in Mr. Richard E. White's "The Cross of Monterey, and Other Poems." Mr. White appears to be gifted with much imagination and ability, and even in the cases where he has closely copied the themes of some well-known poems, he has evinced a constructive talent. But he is oppressed with a villainous ballad metre, which banters almost every piece in the volume. With the exception of a few sonnets, and one or two other pieces, everything is in this monotonous metre. The poems possess, however, the merit of having California subjects, and of being after a fashion faithful pictures of Pacific Coast scenes. Published by the California Publishing Company, 408 California Street; for sale by the booksellers.

Judge Frank McGlavin has chosen the little kingdom of Cambodia, on the Gulf of Siam, as the scene of a singular romance, entitled "Norodom." It is a story rich in Oriental coloring, and dealing with the hot passions of the East. A youth who has been jilted by a village belle describes her beauty to the king, in the hope that the monarch will quickly grow weary of her charms, and end her life. The king makes the addition to his harem; but so much does he love the girl that her happiness is prolonged until his death, when she is made queen by an admiring populace. At several points the interest flags, but these are redeemed by the strong action and graphic incidents of the rest of the volume. As a picture of Eastern life it is rather a success. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Announcements: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, make an announcement that will give much gratification to the lovers of poetry. They will shortly publish a volume which is to be a complete collection of the poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It will be an *edition de luxe*, and will be illustrated by twenty-eight engravings done by seventeen members of the Boston Paint and Clay Club. Among the first publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons for the fall season will be: "Social Equality," by W. H. Mallock; "The Political Conspiracies Preceding the Rebellion," by Thomas M. Anderson, Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. A.; "A School Atlas of Astronomy," by A. Keith Johnson; "Easy Star Lessons," by R. A. Proctor; "How to Succeed," by Senators Bayard and Edmunds, Commissioner Loring, Hamilton Gibson, General Sooy Smith, E. P. Roe, Lyman Abbott, and Thomas Edison. "Dr. C. M. Newell, of Boston, whose recently published novel, 'Kalani of Oahu,' has attracted so much attention, announces that he contemplates the speedy publication of a new romance, of which the old king, Kamehameha, shall be the hero. The author has in his possession notes of some startling incidents, recently confided many years ago by the king himself to a resident who is now very aged.

Professor J. R. Seeley, nearly a score of years ago, set the religious world agog with a work entitled "Ecce Homo." It was written in what many readers are pleased to call a "heautiful" style. Several answers, and also volumes supporting it, were afterward published which served to sustain interest for several years. The author has just written a work entitled "Natural Religion." It is the result of a series of papers which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* from 1875 to 1878. The author begins with the remark that he endeavors in the volume to promote neither orthodoxy nor heterodoxy, but that he believes that in religion, as in politics, there are truths outside the region of party debate, and that these truths are more important than the contending parties will easily be induced to believe. Upon this premise he strives to lucidly point out those truths. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

Miscellany: Mr. Aldrich has gone to the Novgorod Fair—a festival which he intends to describe in print. Mr. W. M. Rossetti quotes Trelawney as saying concerning Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," that he found in it the materials of poetry, but not poetry itself. Florence Maryatt, the English novelist, has been on the stage as Lady Jane in "Patience." All the letters of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey addressed to the late Sir John Coleridge have been consulted by Doctor Brandt during the preparation of his new work on Coleridge. These letters cover nearly the whole of the poet's career, and begin with the appeal to buy his discharge from the army. Some of the originals of George Cruikshank's drawings for the illustration of Ainsworth's books will be sold at the coming auction in London of the novelist's library. Mr. Samuel Longfellow will begin work upon his biography of his famous brother about the first of October. He intends to write the book at Cambridge. Several sons of famous fathers are living on their parentage in London. *All the Year Round* is still "conducted by Charles Dickens." This magazine was the dead Dickens's personal property, and was left to the present Charles Dickens with the proviso that the name should be placed at the head of its pages. Douglas Jerrold was the editor of *Lloyd's Weekly News*, and when he died the proprietors continued the family name by putting in the line, "Edited by Blanchard Jerrold." The editing is said to consist in the drawing of a salary. *Fun* is nominally edited by Tom Hood, a son of Thomas Hood, the famous humorist.

The latest number of Q. P. Index's "Monograph" essays are "Historical Quotations," by A. Hayward, Q. C.; "Richard III.," by Goldwin Smith; and "Felipe II.," by John Fiske. Published by J. W. Christopher, 47 Dey Street, New York; price, 10 cents each. The *North American Review* for September has an article by Dorman B. Eaton on "Political Assessments," "Oaths in Legal Proceedings," by Judge Edward A. Thomas; Thompson B. Maury, late of the Signal Office, contributes an article on "Tornadoes and their Causes," "Architecture in America" is by Clarence Cook; Augustus G. Cobb writes of "Earth-Burial and Cremation," and J. F. Manning on "The Geneva Award and the Ship-Owners." *Harper's* for September begins with an entertaining paper about "A Summer at New York," Mrs. John Lillie's "In Surrey" is written in her usual charming style; G. P. Lathrop's "Spanish Vista," contains some especially fine illustrations. In *Lippincott's* for September is an illustrated paper on "An Antwerp Printing-House," by Rose C. Kingsley; a poem, "At War," by Louise Chandler Moulton, and an interesting article, "Songs that have made History," by Amelia E. Burr. The *Magazine of Art* for September opens with an illustrated sketch of the life and works of the American artist, G. H. Boughton. "Canterbury Cathedral" (illustrated) is the second paper that Mr. T. G. Bonney has given on this stately old edifice. "Japanese and Chinese Bronzes" will have an especial interest for San Franciscans. The article on "Van Dyck" is illustrated by some well-executed engravings from the great master's works.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Hurricane.

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh;
I know thy breath in the burning sky;
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane.

And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails.
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick, hot atmosphere
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast, and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches with hues of death
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are bent
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air;
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven and hurries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

—William Cullen Bryant.

To the West Wind.

O wild west wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou
Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:
Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver: hear, O hear!

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them. Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble, and despoil themselves: O hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in thy boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the sky's speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit; be thou, if impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Victor Hugo has become so deaf that he can not enjoy conversation.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous correspondent, is lecturing to crowded audiences in Australia.

Clémenceau, Gambetta's great opponent in the Chamber of Deputies, was first to offer words of condolence to Gambetta on the announcement of his mother's death.

The Count de Chambord is now at the Marienbad Springs in Bohemia, where he occupies a private house. He lives a retired life, dividing his time between taking the waters and attending mass in the morning, and wild duck shooting in the afternoon.

Prince Bismarck from his country seat at Varzin directs the foreign affairs of Germany. An almost uninterrupted communication by letter and telegraph is maintained with the German Foreign Office. Count Herbert Bismarck acts as his father's secretary, while Count Rantzau, Bismarck's son-in-law, dispatches.

The Empress of Austria lately asked whether a visit from her would be well received by the Pope during her journey incognito through Italy. The Pope requested the Nuncio at Vienna to ascertain if the visit had any political scope, or was a simple act of devotion. If the latter, a cordial affirmative reply was to be given.

In a Russian exile known as "No. 11" a Siberian traveler lately recognized at Yakutsk the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovich. In 1875 the grand duke was exiled to Orenburg for stealing his mother's diamonds and insulting the Czar. Afterward he plotted with the nihilists to assassinate the present Czar. His banishment to Siberia followed.

M. Carvalho, the director of the Opera Comique, has lost his singular suit with the Duc de Marmier and the Duchesse de Fitz-James. They, as the legal representatives of the Duc de Choiseul, who built the theatre in 1781, claimed a box which the latter had reserved for his own use. The French courts hold that the plaintiffs still have the right to occupy the box.

Should the next child of the King and Queen of Spain be a boy, he will bear the name of Alfonso or Ferdinand, or both. If a girl, she will be named Maria-Theresa, after the famous empress, who was the great-great-grandmother of Queen Marie, and the great-great-great-grandmother of King Alfonso. The royal pair are, by the way, also both descended from Louis XIV. of France.

Miss Risley-Seward, a daughter of ex-Solicitor of the Treasury Risley, became a great favorite with William H. Seward while he was Secretary of State, and subsequently accompanied him during his tour around the world. Mr. Seward in his will bequeathed her thirty thousand dollars on condition that she should adopt his name. She accepted the money, adopted the name, and now refuses to marry, because she will not consent to change her name. At present she is in Italy studying the old monasteries of Tuscany.

General Skobeleff was interviewed shortly before his death by M. Fryze, a Polish journalist, who began to talk by saying that the very sight of a journalist must be obnoxious. "Oh, on the contrary," replied General Skobeleff, "I owe my present position mainly to the press, and especially to the English press. If it were not for the special correspondents, of whom there were always some with me during the Turkish war, I should have remained a major-general, and no one would have heard of me."

Madame Vallemberg, the daughter of Mr. D'Ehrenoff, the Swedish Minister to the Porte, is in training for a swim across the Bosphorus. This is with the concurrence of her husband, a naval officer, the son of a rich banker of Norway, to whom she was married a year or so ago. Madame Vallemberg's mother was a daughter of Sir Thomas Reed, a former British consul-general in the Tripolitan State of Northern Africa. Madame Vallemberg has already swam with the stream down from Therapia to Yenikioi, the next village on the Bosphorus, on a trial trip.

At the Guildhall banquet to her majesty's ministers it was touching to see Professor Fawcett, the blind postmaster-general, with his girlish wife, and to note her tender devotion, helping every movement of his hands, particularly when he tremblingly held the huge loving cup which was handed round. Every gentleman as he takes it howls to the lady next him. She takes off the lid, and holds it while he drinks. After having quaffed, he wipes the edge where his lips rested, bows, and gives the cup to the lady, holding the lid for her while she drinks; and so the cup passes round.

A Philadelphia artist who saw Arabi in Alexandria last winter draws this sketch of his personal appearance: "A tall, heavy-faced man, swollen, swarthy, with only a pretty clear eye to soften the general harshness of expression, and a black mustache to hide a not particularly finely carved mouth. His legs are as unattractive as his face. The under-pinning looks too frail for the rest of the body. He is a bulky man, not Falstaffian in girth, but a broad, thick-chested fellow, built on the lobster pattern. Take him from his heavy beard to his spindle legs, Arabi Pasha reminds one more of a negro than of the agreeable and pleasant-faced gentlemen one meets among the Arabs and Egyptians."

Nearly every day Peter Cooper drives down to his office, and stays there for a few hours. As he comes out to his coupé he is surrounded by a bevy of seedy-looking men. Each in turn steps up to him with a "Good day, Mr. Cooper," and an expectant look in his eye, and just as regularly the benevolent old gentleman puts his hand in his pocket, and gives him a piece of money, and a "Good day to you." "Why do you let these people annoy you, Mr. Cooper?" asked an impatient young man the other day. "They don't annoy me at all," said the philanthropist. "They are old friends of mine, poor fellows. Many of them have seen better days. They don't want much—just enough for a dinner or a lunch. When I am ready to leave the office I put a few dollars in change in my pocket, and give it to them when they speak to me. They expect it, you know, and I wouldn't like to disappoint them."

Most wretched indeed must be the life of the Czar, if even a tithe of the stories related may be credited. In the harbor of Peterhof all the vessels have, it is said, frequently been alarmed and searched three times in a single night, while the imperial yachts are constantly kept with anchors weighed and steam up, to facilitate the instantaneous flight of the Romanoff family, if occasion demanded. And the helix is current that the Czar has ordered all his movable property, of every sort, to be moved and safely lodged in some foreign land. Meanwhile the Boyar aristocracy, zealous of immediate coronation. So impressed is Alexander with their arguments, it is said, that he is secretly preparing for a sudden coronation either in the Kasan Cathedral, St. Petersburg, or in the palace chapel, Peterhof, the announcements regarding a coronation at Moscow being made merely to throw the nihilists off the track.

The death of the Princess Roland Bonaparte leaves her husband a very rich man. Two years ago he was a second lieutenant in a line regiment, with nothing but his pay to depend upon; his sister was studying engraving and sculpture; his father, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, the slayer of Victor Noir, was dying in poverty. In a lucky hour Mademoiselle Marie Felix Blanc, the daughter of the great keeper of gaming-tables of Monaco, agreed to exchange her millions for the title of "princess," even though it was given by the son of Pierre Bonaparte and a working woman, and its legality is not admitted by such members of the family as Prince Louis Lucien. In July, 1881, her widowed mother died, and her vast fortune passed to the two princesses and their brother. It is but just to say that the young woman who has just died was a modest, amiable, and clever girl, and that Prince Roland has proved himself a dutiful and affectionate son and brother, and a hard-working soldier. His sister Jeanne was married in March last to the Marquis de Villeneuve-Esclapon, a member of an old Provençal family of Royalist traditions. She received a dowry of a million francs from her brother and his wife.

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

The editor of the *Argonaut* has been unable to find room for me lately. But he is away. He is up to his midriff in the filthy pool. Like flowers after rain I lift up my bruised head. I will be revenged upon him—ha! ha! A deep revenge is mine. I shall take all the space I want.

Just before dinner the other day, I picked up one of Dumas' dramas, "La Tour de Nesle." My attention was attracted to it by having read an item mentioning the death of Frédéric Gaillardet, who wrote in collaboration with Dumas upon this drama. Gaillardet was for many years the Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, and an excellent one, too. He was one of the few French journalists who thoroughly understand American affairs. Laboulaye is another. But he is a publicist rather than a journalist.

The drama interested me so that I could not lay it down until I had finished it. Yet it is stuffed as full of horrors as is the "Pirate's Own Book." It hinges upon the illicit loves of Margaret of Burgundy, wife of Louis X.; her amours with stranger gallants come to visit the gay city of Paris; the number of richly dressed bodies found floating in the Seine from day to day; the mystery surrounding the gloomy Tower of Nesle; and generally it is bloody and horrible. Yet it is a fair exponent of the taste of Paris fifty years ago. And the taste of Paris was then, as it is now, the taste of the world.

With my mind full of this bloody drama I went to see "Daniel Rochat." For three hours a large audience sat listening with keen interest to—what? The discussion of an idea. For Rochat is nothing but the personification of an idea—that of modern atheism—and the play is nothing but a vehicle for carrying the arguments discussing it.

It was instructive to see how much the taste of the world had changed.

I was rather amused at the demonstrations of applause when "Daniel Rochat" was played last week. Any unusually violent outbursts of atheism from Daniel or Bidache were received with applause from the gallery. Correspondingly, Lea's protestations of attachment for her faith were received with applause from the dress-circle—principally from the women. The men in the dress-circle were mostly silent. I suppose they are Agnostics merely, and do not know what they believe. Women and the lower classes of men have firm convictions.

It is curious, by the way, how differently stage emotion affects different people. For instance, when "The Banker's Daughter" was on, a couple of weeks ago, many women wept copiously. Some of them were hard-hearted wretches, too. One of the dampest there I had seen stab reputations with as little compunction as a bug-hunter would impale a beetle upon a pin. And a certain Boniface I wot of, who will skin you alive if he has a fair show, wept profusely. So did Zulana. As the curtain was falling I said to her:

"How well Mrs. Trestellas is looking to-night!"

Zulana looked up through her tears.

"And what a very handsome dress that is she has on."

"Pooh!" cried Zulana, "she bought that stuff because it looks like cloth, but it isn't—it's only suiting. And those buttons she's stuck all over it only cost two bits a dozen. I'll wager the whole suit could be had for thirty dollars."

"Indeed!" I replied, "what a very lucky fellow Trestellas is. But I see the play has moved you, my dear, Pardon me for disturbing you."

The "unsatisfactory ending" of "Daniel Rochat" has been the cause of a great deal of discussion recently. The majority of people have stoutly maintained that it should end in the conventional and commonplace manner—to wit, by the lovers "making up." The minority have maintained that such an ending would ruin the play, dramatically speaking. The minority is right. The minority generally is, by the way. Of all human aspersions upon the Deity, "Vox populi, vox Dei," is the silliest.

Apologies of all this, here is a letter written by Miss Jewett herself to an inquiring friend, when the play was running in Brooklyn over a year ago. It will be read with interest by the advocates of both sides:

In speaking of the play of "Daniel Rochat," I must begin by paying my tribute to the author. I think Monsieur Sordou one of the first and best dramatists of our day, and I find myself happy and at ease in demonstrating the exquisite consistency of his works. To me he seems a master in motive and dramatic construction, and if my sentiment and feeling did not agree with his, I should differ with great deference. I am too radical myself to agree with the belief of Lea Henderson in "Daniel Rochat," but she agrees so perfectly with herself, as a character, that I can not conceive of changing the result of the play. It is most painful, but inevitable. I understand that it would be infinitely more comforting to bring the lovers together, but I think it would be entirely out of harmony with the two characters. They represent opposite types, equally strong, equally sincere. In both cases love meant a demand, and a concession on either side could not have been genuine, only a means to gain an end. Lea was wise enough to see this, and the dignity and pathos of her renunciation are to me most eloquent. The public does not like to be pained in its amusement, and I doubt the general popularity of Sordou's last play. It is a tragedy of convictions. Daniel's yielding was only a temporary weakness; he was as secure in his disbelief as Lea in her belief. They had grown into different faiths, and the sympathy they desired each in the other simply did not exist. Lea says: "The distance between our souls would only widen and widen, and finally engulf our happiness." The interest of the play seems to me to lie in the development of the two characters; the arguments on both sides of the religious question seem to me mere platitudes—they have been made over and over again. The woman's belief is a sentiment of her nature lived into conviction; the man's atheism an experience verified by living; it answers his requirements, and agrees with his study and observation. Why should her influence contradict his determination? His mind would surely assert itself against her, and knowing this, she felt her failure. No, I can not imagine an influence strong enough to change the character of either, and the infinite dignity of the separation expresses perfectly a love that life made impossible.

SARA JEWETT.

Apologies of "La Tour de Nesle," of which I spoke but now, it may not be uninteresting to recall the fact that Dumas and Gaillardet fought a duel, by reason of some quarrel they had. It was in 1834. They fought with pistols, at fifty paces, advancing to fifteen paces, and firing at will after the word. Neither was touched. Although both desired to continue the duel, the seconds, being of the regulation French stripe, refused to allow it.

All but one—Bixio. This gentleman was a good deal like Dr. Slammer of the Ninety-seventh. He besought Dumas

(who was an excellent shot) to kill Gaillardet at the first fire—"not that I have any feeling against him," quoth Bixio, "but I have heard that every man receiving a fatal gun-shot wound turns around before he falls. I would like to know if it be true—purely from a scientific standpoint. Kill him, please."

But Gaillardet lived until 1882.

And how with Bixio? During the revolution of 1848 he was leading a charge against a harricade in the Rue Soufflot. A ball fired from a house-top struck him in the shoulder, passed through his lung, making a wound fifteen inches long, and came out near the dorsal vertebrae.

Bixio leaped convulsively into the air, spun around three times, and fell upon his face.

"It is true—they do turn," he muttered, as the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils.

He had solved the problem.

In Tuesday's papers I read an account of how a young woman was prevented from "seeking a watery grave" (*Call*) through "hurling herself into the black waters of the bay" (*Chronicle*) by means of "the timely intervention of one of our efficient police" (*Examiner*). The cause of this young person's desire to choke herself with dirty water was apparently a barber—a very Lovelace of a barber, who had three inamoratas.

Sigh no more, girls, O sigh no more,
Barbers deceive ye ever
From flower to flower, like bees, they soar—
To one girl constant never.

Now, far be it from me to prevent the sex from making fools of themselves in such a manner as seemeth best to them. That they can do so thoroughly no true man will deny. But I consider their selection of homunculi extremely uncomplimentary to the stronger sex.

For instance, some months ago a young girl, as handsome as she was silly, committed suicide for a tailor. Did I say a tailor?—nay, he was a tailorkin—a sartorial hop-o'-my-thumb.

This was certainly hard on the youth of the city, but presently there came another. This time the young lady, notwithstanding the fact that she was a handsome brunette, fixed her affections on a boot-black. But he was a faithless and cold-hearted boot-black, and allowed her to sit, like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief. "Alack! Alack! O my boot-black! He cometh not," she said, "I am weary, weary—I would that I were dead!" So she took strychnine or something, and the doctors held an autopsy, and doubtless commented on the beauty of the cadaver.

Now this third creature would slay herself for a barber. I pray her pause. Let her kill herself, an' she will, but worthily. There is nothing romantic about dying for love of a tailor, a barber, or a boot-black. Let her take higher ground. There must be gamblers, burglars, or murderers with whom she could fall in love. Were she to kill herself for one of these, she would at once attain a more permanent place in literature than the columns of a daily paper.

My little dears, (of the lower classes,) when you want to commit suicide, do it romantically. Then shall nothing so become you in life as the leaving of it.

Monday night I went to the California to see Mr. Edgar Fawcett's play, "The False Friend." Mr. Edgar Fawcett has written some excellent verse and some very clever novels. He has also written a very bad play. It is called "The False Friend."

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's play bored me immensely. I stood it as long as I could—I am soon and easily bored—and then I went to the circus.

I had been in some doubt as to why "old" John Robinson calls his concern a "great moral circus." It could not be by reason of the personnel, for a more truculent looking set of low-browed knaves than are the supers I never saw. I soon discovered the reason. Dan Rice, the sometime clown, who is connected with the circus in some other capacity, delivered what I am justified in calling a homily. He apostrophized our Golden Gate, our climate, the beauty of our women, etc., and then emitted some moral apophthegms, and bade us all be good. If we are, I suppose we shall all go to a celestial circus in the New Jerusalem.

Mr. Rice closed by introducing what he called "the beau ideal of beauty—the most renowned, elegant, and distinguished lady in the perfeshun—Maddumazell Dee Granville." The lady appeared clad in a combination of evening dress, street dress, and tights. She wore a large white hat, an extremely décolleté corsage, which gave promise of leading to a dress, but only developed into a gauzy and extremely abbreviated skirt or skirtlet of lace, which fell around her hips. Below were tights, encasing a pair of massive limbs. But the Maddumazelle was massive all over.

She began by seizing a chair in her teeth, and waving it gracefully around her head. In the intervals of this performance she would assume a statuesque attitude, (a circus statuesque attitude, *bien entendu*), and survey the spectators with superb scorn. I caught her eye during one of these intervals of magnificent fatigue, and I know in my heart of hearts that the Maddumazelle despised me.

They have an excellent rider in this circus—Mr. Robert Stickney. It is not so much what he does as the way in which he does it. He is one of the most graceful of men—a rare thing with Americans—and a handsome fellow withal. He is slightly reminiscent of Omar Kingsley, the famous "Ella Zoyara." Of course you remember him? I was reading Gottschalk's memoirs recently, and a reference that he makes to the furore caused at Havana by the "hermosa señorita Zoyara" reminded me of the last time I saw that peculiar person. Of course every one knows now that "Ella Zoyara, the greatest lady equestrienne in the world," was Omar Kingsley. But for a long time it was not known, and the strength and dash of Kingsley made him a phenomenal success. He used to be an extremely handsome fellow, with curling black hair, black eyes, small hands and feet, and a fine figure. I can recall him now, entering the ring as a jaunty *écuyère*, his riding-whip at the traditional angle, making eyes at the men, and kissing his finger-tips. They used

to rave over him in the Spanish-American lands to the south of us. Many were the gifts Zoyara received from amorous Spanish dandies.

But I am wandering. I was going to speak of the last time I saw him as Zoyara. It was at his benefit, and he was the ring-master. Many years had elapsed since he had worn the female garb. But when Zoyara bounded into the ring, the transformation was complete. No one would have recognized the smug ring-master of a few moments before. She went through the regulation feats with daring grace, and finally came to the hoops. She cleared all but one, which an awkward super persisted in holding at an impossible angle. Three times she passed it, and each time the super grew more uneasy and more awkward. Finally Zoyara attempted it, but the super had lost his head. He succeeded in catching Zoyara's foot with the hoop, and she was dragged from her horse, and hurled with much force to the ground, where her forehead struck against the edge of one of the wooden stools used for standing on.

There was a roar of dismay from the audience, and then a storm of hisses leveled at the unhappy super. Zoyara rose, picked up the hoop, gracefully presented it to the super, smiled, kissed her hand to the audience, bounded after her horse, mounted, and finished the act successfully. The whole thing was so neatly done, and Kingsley's command of his temper was so great, that the audience fairly rose at him.

I admired his self-control extremely; for I had seen him drilling his troupe once when there was no audience present. The vigor of his profanity then convinced me that had such been the case at this time he would have laid out the super with a stool.

The other evening I witnessed what its participants believed to be a "social gathering." It was the annual something of one of the many lodges to which I belong, and which I never attend. Curiosity led me to look in.

The revelers were all very worthy people, of the lower middle class. But they took their pleasure sadly. Between the dances the sexes separated. The men gathered like flies around the door, and glared gloomily at the women. The women sat in rows around the room, and stared stonily at the men. A decorous hush pervaded the—I was going to say mortuary chamber. One looked involuntarily for the corpse.

But two persons struggled against the general gloom. One was a large fat man, in a sad-colored suit, who walked about the room with a sweet though artificial smile upon his lips, and a straw in his mouth. This latter was evidently intended to give him a reckless appearance.

It failed—it reminded the spectator only of coming rain.

The other person was a man attired in yellow garments—the coat being of the variety known as "sack," and the trousers of the variety known as "baggy." This person carried a light cane with him upon the ball-room floor. He also endeavored to divert the current of the public mind. A preposterous child in a red frock was standing in the centre of the floor. The yellow-clad man stiffly advanced, and solemnly chucked the child under the chin. The action, I have every reason to believe, was intended as a playful one. But the preposterous child began to sniffle, the assemblage looked on with mute though solemn disapproval, and the yellow-clad man faded from the fête like the dissolving view of a stereopticon.

A wicked wit in one of the Paris papers gives the following as the repertoire of plays at Sarah Bernhardt's theatre:

"Sarah Bernhardt the Sculptress." In this piece Madame Bernhardt will sculpt a bust of Monsieur Damala.

"Sarah Bernhardt the Paintress." In this piece Madame Bernhardt will paint a painting of Monsieur Damala.

"The Taking of the Bastille by Sarah Bernhardt." In this piece Madame Bernhardt will storm the Bastille, single-handed, against an army of veterans. The army of veterans will be represented by Monsieur Damala.

"The Creation of Sarah Bernhardt." A Scientific Drama. In this piece Monsieur Damala will assume the rôle of Chaos.

"Sarah Bernhardt in Spain." With Ballet. In this piece Madame Bernhardt will imitate the sound of castagnets by simply shaking herself.

Doctors, as a rule, grow very cold-hearted. I met one Thursday evening of last week, who was apparently in a hurry and a temper. Being in neither myself, I thought I would add to his:

"Hullo, Doc!" I cried, "whither away so fast? I know it's not a patient, by your speed."

"No," he replied, "it's"—Here his voice fell to a hoarse whisper.

"Ah," said I, "that's what I supposed. But what do you look so glum about, then?"

"Because I'm late," grumbled Medico. "I just came from Oakland, and a cursed idiot jumped off the boat, and made us lose half an hour. Confound him!"

"Perhaps he didn't think of the delay he would cause."

"Of course he didn't. The man was evidently a boor. Utterly destitute of breeding. To keep three or four hundred passengers waiting just because he wanted to relieve the world of his worthless life. No gentleman would do such a thing, sir."

Perhaps the doctor was right. If any of you recollect Monpavon, in Daudet's "Nabob," you will remember that he went to his death gaily, with a flower in his button-hole and a smile upon his lips; that he killed himself in a bathroom, that "he might make no mess"; and that he left an apology for what mess he did make.

On the California Street cars last Wednesday I saw a—to me—most interesting Old-Fashioned Person. He was clad from head to foot in black broadcloth, which is now never worn save by old-fashioned persons and parsons. His hat was a silk one, but there was no "hell" to the crown, no "curl" to the brim. It was a plain, simple cylinder, with a little rim around the bottom—such a hat as Muldoon wears on the variety stage. His collar was a standing one, and rose threateningly on either side of his face toward his ears. He showed a full expanse of shirt-front (ladies may not have noticed that for these many months the shirt-front has disappeared, and is only visible in evening dress). In this shirt-front appeared the familiar shirt-studs of our child-

hood—the ones which are really buttons, and which really button the shirt. Around the shirt-studs appeared the like-wise familiar imprints of a thumb—a maddened thumb, which, in impelling the stubborn stud, had wreaked havoc with the shirt. The cuffs were those laboriously antique things which doubled back upon themselves. At the intersection of the baggy ridges thus formed were a pair of United States shields, gorgeous in the glitter of red and blue enamel. I am patriotic, but I could not muster moral courage enough to wear those sleeve-buttons.

This Old-Fashioned Person was really delicious. He looked as if he had just stepped out of 1850.

But he detected my perhaps too inquisitive gaze. Regarding me with asperity, he took a large apple from his pocket, which he sternly peeled and ate.

Ah me! He was indeed old-fashioned. I lack the courage to consume in public either peanuts or pop-corn.

A number of months ago I translated a most amusing sketch by Gustave Droz, entitled "L'Ame en Peine." It went on to say—but never mind what it went on to say. It was officially condemned by the Virtue and Morality Editor of the *Argonaut*. He was stern in his condemnation. He said he was surprised that I should ever have done such a thing into English. It was calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of every modest maiden.

Etc., etc., etc.

I accepted my punishment meekly. I confess I am not strong on what is or is not calculated to bring the blush to the cheeks of modest maidens. My ideas, in fact, are so extremely heterodox upon this subject that I sometimes consider these easily-colored maidens as not modest but only prudish.

Perhaps I am wrong.

However that may be, the obnoxious MS. was promptly pigeon-holed, and I sometimes gaze upon it when I feel that I am growing wickedly free in my language.

Yet the other day there came into the *Argonaut* office a MS. It was a translation of the same sketch, and it was translated much more literally than I had dared to do it. I repaired to the Virtue and Morality Editor.

"Have you read this?" I inquired.

"No."

"Do you know what it is?"

"No."

"It is a translation of the same sketch for which you so fiercely scored me some months ago. You remember?—the one which 'was calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of every modest girl'?"

"Well?"

"Well, this translation has been done—and well done, too—by a most estimable young lady, whom you know and esteem."

The Virtue and Morality Editor of the *Argonaut* wheeled round upon his chair, and devoted his powerful mind to the inspection of his morning mail.

He knows more about mails than females, evidently.

I happened upon two items in the Paris papers last week which interested me extremely. Both were about Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème." This—one of the most charming books that ever was written—I read once a year. I am never without a copy. Or stay—I was some months ago. My extravagant praise so impressed a naval friend of mine that he ransacked the town to purchase a copy just before he sailed, and such being our barbaric condition that there were none to be had, I loaned him mine, on condition that he would return it when his ship reached New York—which promise he loyally fulfilled.

Of the two items of which I speak, one was a mention of the fact that the "Société des Amis des Livres" had just published a luxurious edition of Murger's book. This society, by the way, consists of some three-score wealthy book-lovers, who meet once a month, eat a good dinner, drink good wine, and discuss good books—not "good" in the moralist's sense, but in the bibliomaniac's. They have a fashion, too, of getting up costly editions of famous works, printing two or three hundred copies, and then destroying the plates.

Well, they have just issued a marvelous edition of the "Vie de Bohème." It is printed on creamy, ribbed paper, as thick as Bristol card-board. It is the traditional rivulet of text in a meadow of margin. And it is thickly studded with the most dainty etchings in the world.

Alas! I shall be unhappy until I get my fingers on a copy, and I can not spare the money. The superfluities of life cost me so much now.

The other item I saw was an account of the death of Jean Wallon, author of a number of works on philosophy and religion. He was the original of the character of Colline.

Delightful Gustave Colline! Man of many books, I love thee! From the "Foreign Authors' Pocket" of thy shabby, snuff-colored vestment, to the abyss in thy coat-tails where dictionaries lay engulfed, thou wert wont to produce gems of wit which Murger embalmed in prose. Genial Gustave Colline! May thy life in the next world be as happy as that in this was merry.

A book not so well known as the "Vie de Bohème" is a sequel, which takes place during the Revolution of '48. In the ups and downs of that troublous time Colline becomes Minister of Foreign Affairs. He at once installs the ministry in a café, and proceeds to play billiards for the various embassies. The amounts put up against them range from some thousands of francs for the post of minister at the Court of St. James to a glass of beer for that of Switzerland. The prudent Colline thus amasses considerable lucre before his official head falls. Some of this he gives to Rudolph and Schanard, two Bohemian friends, who at once charter a cab for a month, that being their ideal of luxury. The fall of Colline's ministry leaving them stranded for funds, and having nowhere else to go, they cook, eat, and sleep in the cab for the remainder of the month. The meeting between the fallen statesman and his two friends—the having discovered their ambulatory residence by reason of a stove-pipe sticking out through the circular window in the back—is touching in the extreme.

Zulana had been down to Monterey for a few days. I will admit it frankly—while she was gone I had been having a Time. I will further admit frankly that when she came back I said nothing whatever about what kind of a Time I had.

But the finger of fat was poised above me. Zulana found me out. And this was the way:

I was engaged in skillfully disposing my locks over my marble cocoanut, when Zulana entered. As the malpunctuated report said of Palmerston, "she entered in her hand, a paper in her eye, a glare."

I saw that glare, and shuddered.

"I should like to know," she began, in a somewhat high-keyed voice, "I should like to know what this means."

"Certainly, my dear," I meekly replied, "you shall—as soon as I know what it is."

I was not tooting my horn very loudly that morning. I am an old bird, and I fully recognize the fact when the day is cold.

"It is," she replied, "or rather it purports to be"—here her voice became bitterly sarcastic—"a poem."

"Well, well, my dear, what if it is? And who wrote it?"

"It is in your handwriting," said Zulana, "and it is very silly. I will read it." And she did. It ran thus:

A broken fan! O hapless wight!
Gaze on your work with soul contrite.
Think what a clumsy lout you are
When thus a fragile fan you mar—
Hate yourself for your awkward plight.

Yet broken fans may be set right;
Not so the hearts their owners smite—
Longer they bear the fatal scar
Than does the fan.

Shall I forget that merry night?
Shall I forget those eyes so bright?
Graved on my heart their memories are—
Graved on my heart, too, is the scar.
Would I could mend it as I might
A broken fan!

She read it execrably. I couldn't help noticing that, despite my terror.

"Now, if you can explain to me what this means," she began, icily—

"Why, nothing at all, Zulana. How can you be so absurd? It is just some little poem I have seen somewhere and copied—that is all."

"When you lie to me, sir," she said, cuttingly, "I wish you would at least not insult my intelligence by doing it so transparently. This was written by you. It is original, for there are corrections in it. See—here you have changed *thing to lout*; and then again *fan-sticks reunite* to *fans may be set right*."

"Why, y-e-e-e-s, so I did, come to think of it. I did write it. Upon my word I had forgotten it."

"A likely story. Now, sir, I want to know all about this. Whose fan did you break? And to what creature do you permit yourself to address such language? '*Graved on your heart is the scar*' indeed! you old fool!"

"Don't be absurd, Zulana," I interrupted, glibly. "There was no fan, no woman, no broken heart, no merry night, nothing. It was just a fancy of mine, that's all. I was struck by the jingle of the words *A broken fan*, and thought they would lend themselves readily to the refrain of a rondeau—such as it is. You know I sometimes toss off little bits of verse."

I was gaining ground. I concluded to take the aggressive. "Now don't you think you have made a mountain out of a molehill? Doesn't it strike you that you've been acting rather foolishly?"

Zulana answered, it seemed to me, rather at cross purposes: "You were struck by the jingle of the words '*a broken fan*'?"

"Yes."

"And you thought you'd 'toss off a rondeau'?"

"Yes."

"And there was no fan?"

"No."

"No 'broken heart'?"

"No."

"No 'merry night'?"

"No."

"And no woman?"

"NO!"

I breathed more freely. I was out of the woods. But Lord! How I had lied! Still there was a look in Zulana's eye which made me uneasy. She spoke:

"I am sorry that you should have involved yourself in such a network of falsehoods. Had you owned up at the beginning I might have looked upon it as some trifling thing, and forgotten it. Now the anxiety you display, your wealth of lies, the ardent nature of these lines—all these things convince me that it is much more serious than I had supposed. I knew you thoughtless and fond of gayety, Zulana, but I did not think—"

Here her voice faltered, and reversing the piece of paper she had read from, she handed it to me, and hastily left the room.

What were the words upon the other side of that cursed bit of paper that I should first groan, and then swear at my idiocy? Few, but significant—it was a little, plain, simple bill, and it ran thus:

San Francisco, August 28, 1882.
Mr. Zulano,
To ORFEVRE & CO., DR.
MANUFACTURING JEWELERS.
To repairing Mother-of-pearl Fan.....\$4.75.
Received payment,
Orfevre & Co.

Thus tottered and fell to the ground the colossal fabric of fiction I had so industriously reared. Woe, woe!

Zulana hasn't spoken to me for several days. She'll come round after a while, though. But when she does, I hope she won't go through my pockets any more.

One thing is certain. I must quit—well, quit writing verses on the backs of bills.

ZULANO.

SOCIETY.

The leading social event of the present week was the dinner given by Honorable and Mrs. Leland Stanford to a number of their friends at their city residence on California street on Tuesday evening last.

The house was tastefully and abundantly adorned with cut flowers, and evergreens, and semi-tropical plants, every apartment being enlivened and ornamented with beautiful floral designs. Guests began to arrive at a quarter before seven, and were received by the host and hostess in the main parlor. Mrs. Stanford had on a royal velvet, court train, and wore diamonds and emerald ornaments. At eight o'clock dinner was announced, and the Governor advanced toward the banqueting apartment with Mrs. Stephen J. Field, followed by the guests, and Mrs. Stanford and Judge Field in the rear. The table was simply a marvel in the matter of its floral adornment, which was a feast of itself, to say nothing of the splendid repast that followed, and which lasted until eleven. The following are the names of the guests, and the order in which they sat at the table:

Mrs. Judge S. J. Field on the right of the host, who sat at the centre of the table, on the east side; then to the right of Mrs. Field Rev. Dr. W. H. Platt, rector of Grace Church; then Miss Carrie Gwin, S. M. Wilson, Mrs. Colonel Charles F. Crocker, James Flood, Mrs. William T. Coleman, D. O. Mills, and Mrs. ex-Senator William M. Stewart; to the left of Governor Stanford, near Mrs. D. Ogden Mills, General McDowell, Miss Swearingen, Major Rathbone, U. S. A., Mrs. ex-Senator William M. Gwin, Judge Sawyer, and Mrs. S. M. Wilson. Mrs. Stanford sat opposite her husband, with Judge Field on her right, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, J. W. Mackay, Mrs. Easton, William T. Coleman, Mrs. D. O. Mills, ex-Senator William M. Stewart, and ex-Senator William M. Gwin; and on Mrs. Stanford's left were Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*, Mrs. General McDowell, Ogden Mills, Mrs. Major Rathbone, Edgar Mills, Mrs. James Flood, and Colonel Charles F. Crocker.

Cards, with names of guests, lay on the table at places designated for occupants, those for the ladies being composed of white satin, twelve inches long, fringed and hand-painted. In the centre of each card was the name of the lady guest and the date, and at the top a monogram L. S., all in gold letters. In front of each lady's plate was a basket of old gold filled with roses tied with satin ribbons of many colors; in each basket were Pauline, Marshal Neil, bon celine, Homer, Duchesse Brabant, Lamark, saffron, and Hermoso rosebuds. The gentlemen's cards were six by four inches in size, and each contained the name of a guest, and in front of each plate was a boutonniere of tuberoses.

On Wednesday morning last General McDowell entertained Admiral Aslambeff and Prince Meschersky at breakfast. There is quite a round of festivities promised next week, conspicuous among which is the reception to be given by Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, in honor of their son, who married Miss Livingston, of New York, some five or six months ago, and their daughter, who was married to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the distinguished journalist, a little more than a year ago, all of whom are at present at Milbrae, at which place the reception will take place on Tuesday evening next, a special train to carry guests having been chartered to leave here at 9 in the evening. On the succeeding evening there will be a brilliant gathering at Menlo Park, the occasion being a reception by Baron A. E. Olovsky, the Russian Consul-General, to distinguished officers of his government now in this city, and others. The anticipated arrival of the Princess Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, has thrown our British society into a whirl of social excitement. The party left Quebec yesterday, and are expected to arrive here on or about the middle of the month. The *Cosmos*, (carrying fourteen guns,) Admiral East, which will soon arrive in port from Victoria, has been detailed to carry the party to British Columbia.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Mastic, of Alameda, who have been staying at Monterey for a few days, have returned. Mrs. Eddy and her daughter, Mrs. Sawyer and her daughter, and Mrs. Pillsbury, are all in Switzerland. Mr. and Mrs. D. McRuer have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. Fawcett, of Santa Barbara, is at Monterey. Mrs. W. H. Wallace has returned from Etna Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Walker, of San Rafael, accompanied by Miss Walker, are in New York. Colonel and Mrs. James H. Withington, and Mr. and Mrs. Willard V. Huntington, who have been spending a week or so at Monterey, have returned. Miss J. P. Adams, of Oakland, who has been visiting Monterey, has returned to her home. Miss Mamie Wilson, of San José, who has been visiting Mrs. Judge Wallace, has returned to her home. W. P. Harrington, of Colusa, left for the East yesterday. Paymaster Colby, U. S. N., and Mrs. Colby have returned to Mare Island from Napa Soda Springs. Mrs. Senator Miller and Miss Dora Miller will return to New York from Europe next week. Mrs. Breckinridge, Mrs. W. F. Goad, and Miss Sue Wilkins, returned to Monterey on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. George Hamlin, who came on here from New York to be present at the wedding of Mrs. Hamlin's sister, (Miss Gerke,) have been spending a few days at the Hotel del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker and Miss Hattie and William H. Crocker are spending a few weeks in Norway. Mrs. W. S. Keyes, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Laton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vetherber, Mrs. J. H. Dickinson, and Miss Ortiz were among those who went to Monterey on Saturday last to stay over Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman have returned from Tahoe. N. G. Kittle and family have returned from San Rafael for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Scott have returned from Monterey and Santa Cruz. The Misses Adams, of Menlo Park, left Thursday last for Washington Territory, accompanied by their father, Mrs. R. G. Sneath and daughter went to Tahoe on Wednesday last. Mrs. General Barnes and her son William leave for the East on Wednesday next. Mrs. Ford, who has sojourned three months at the Big Trees, Yosemite, and other places in the Sierra Nevada mountains, has returned to the Occidental. Mrs. R. McDonough, who accompanied Mrs. Ford, has also returned to the Occidental. Mrs. Adam Grant, accompanied by her son and niece, Miss Minnie Hammond, of Chicago, are at Lake Tahoe. Major Hammond is at Clear Lake, the guest of Captain and Mrs. Floyd. Miss Jennie Miller of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington and party, who spent a portion of last week at Tahoe and the Geysers, returned on Monday last, and will leave for New York on Monday next, via the Southern route, stopping over a few days at Los Angeles. Mrs. Creed Haymond went up to Sacramento on Monday last, to stay a week or two. Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering went to Monterey on Saturday last, and returned on the following Monday. Miss Lizzie Stevenson, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in this city. James Freeborn and family, who have been stopping quite a while at Monterey, accompanied by Miss Smith, returned home for the season on Monday last. Mrs. H. L. Holden and Miss Canfield have also returned from Monterey. L. W. Curtis, U. S. N., will arrive here from the East to-morrow. Livingstone Stone, U. S. Fish Commissioner, is visiting this coast, and is at present in the city. Mrs. Ex-Governor F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low and Mrs. H. N. Cook returned from Monterey on August 2d.

VANITY FAIR.

"Surf-bathing," says a writer in the *Atlanta Constitution*, "is a revelation. I went in yesterday with a lovely and modest woman from the North, with whom I had but a short acquaintance, although I had seen a good deal of her. As we stood awaiting the coming of a huge wave she clutched my arm, and poising herself on one foot, hended the other leg, and pulled her stocking over her knee—trying vainly to make it cover a strip of white. She thought nothing of this, neither did I. In an instant the wave was on us, and we were riding the swell as happy as a pair of ducks. That evening this lady went sailing with the same party that had been bathing with her in the morning. As she stepped over the side of the boat she exposed about four inches of her pretty silk stockings, and her face was crimsoned with shame and mortification. Now, why this difference? But if the dressing on the beach and the unconsciousness with which the most modest of girls stand the exposure consequent upon it is remarkable, the conduct of a crowd in bathing is still more so. That is the miracle of social life, I think. The girls are clad in this prancingly pretty dress—the passing pressure of the waves outlining the curves of the body—and yet there is not the slightest prurient suggestion, and no hint of gallantry. I don't believe a scandal was ever born in the surf. I noted at one of the resorts several days ago the handsomest woman I ever saw on the beach. She was tall and slender, but divinely formed. Her pretty head was poised like a queen's upon a swan-like neck that swelled into snowy bust and shoulders. A bathing shirt, loosely tied about the neck, and without sleeves, gave perfect play to her superb body. Black silk stockings, and feet that left perfectly outlined footprints, set regularly in the sand at about thirty degrees divergence. There was something royal in the unconscious grace and beauty of this woman as she walked into the water the cynosure of a hundred eyes. Utterly dwarfing her escort, she seemed disregardful of his presence, and when the foam was clustering about her knees raised her gleaming arms above her head, and went like a flash into the body of an incoming breaker."

English authorities state that youthful damsels make use of polar-blue paper, with a lily thereon inscribed, for epistolary purposes. Engaged people adopt orange flowers as a fitting emblem for their writing paper from the moment of betrothal to that of marriage. Sporting characters are naturally lavish of horse-shoes and jockey-caps, even where *billets-doux* are concerned. A successful *ménage* proclaims its happiness to the world by choosing two partridges contentedly sitting side by side on a tuft of greensward, as the inscription for the family note-paper. In the matter of perfumes, *héliotrope du roi* has recently come in vogue. But refined society seems to have frowned so resolutely on all intrusive odors, even of the most halmy description, that it seems useless to give any novelty in that line the peculiar stamp of fashion.

"A great many fine clothes are worn at the Saratoga hops," writes a *World* correspondent. "On a recent Saturday night a lady, who never appears in the same dress twice, wore a magnificent pale blue costume, very full dress indeed, and blazed with diamonds at her ears, on her wrists, and a splendid necklace around her throat. This simple creature thought a hotel hop the place to display jewels. Suppose she were invited to the White House to dinner, what difference could she make between an occasion of the highest distinction and a tri-weekly dance at which half the women wear their morning clothes? There seems to be something in the feminine nature that keeps them from applying practical sense to small things. I look upon that jeweled woman as a corrupter of youth. How many younger women and girls will she lead astray? The conclusion is forced upon me that she thinks the hotel hop a very distinguished affair. I don't." To offset this the London *World* remarks: "For possessors of good jewelry, the affectation is, excepting on great occasions, never to display it. Naked arms and throats in the young greet one on every side. Let anybody who doubts this cast an eye around a dinner table in the country. It will then be perceived that those known to have untold wealth in the shape of these refinements of the toilet hidden in their dressing boxes only allow them to shine by their absence. Then turn to the poorer country neighbors, and it will be found that they carry all their little possessions on their person in the shape of bangles, chains, etc., with accompanying gold locket."

Parisian society is now considerably Anglicized. The cafés are taking the names of taverns and bars. The aristocrats are giving their children English names, and it is considered the right thing to have none but English servants, and speak to them in English. Dinner is served in the English style. On some tables English dry sherry has made its appearance. The Prince of Wales is the modern French exquisite's model of manners and elegance.

Of men who go to halls, says the London *World*, less could be written than of men who stay away. It may safely be predicated that there are but few of the rougher sex who confess to going for their own amusement. The men of mature age who frequent the dance are, as a rule, of the ever-green species, who, having discovered the secret of perpetual youth, aspire to no higher ambition. The middle-aged individual whose youth was not gilded is also a feature of the modern hall-room, and has even been known to become a social power. The young man of promise is not very often seen; yet there are exceptions, for there are those who hold that no social opportunity should ever be let go by, and a supper given to the wife or a dance to the daughter of some powerful personage may be a first step to better things. Here and there one observes men whose presence is entirely inexplicable. They find no amusement in the monotonous round, and take no pains to disguise their weariness; they are too indolent to utilize the dance opportunities which the more pushing are on the lookout for, and they share the amazement of their friends as to why they ever come, and wherefore, having come, they do not hurry away again. Then

there are the energetic persons, who dance every dance as if their lives depended upon it. It is generally supposed that they belong to the class of chance diners-out, who, having performed yeomen's service for the plainest and most unattractive girls in the room, are rewarded by an occasional eleventh-hour invitation to dinner, when some one more desirable has failed. Time would fail to describe one-half of the other types that crowd the doorways, and, for the most part, whose one redeeming quality is extreme youth. There is the epicene young man, whose perfumed air and embroidered appearance rouse strong desire to violence on the part of his more robust brethren; there are the herd of striplings whose chief characteristics at present are their feet and hands. There are the youths of slightly maturer growth, who, having arrived at the white-waistcoat stage of development, and on the strength of being members of some newly established club of juveniles, and of having their names inscribed on half a dozen invitation-lists, feel that the world indeed is their oyster. The smart young man of the present day is one of the most curious outcomes of the age; his future is doubtless full of the widest possibilities, which are all the more interesting, inasmuch as his present condition is utterly destitute of promise of anything in particular.

An attempt has been made abroad to revive coral, but as yet with no extraordinary success. Coral of the purest rose hue is becoming to very few complexions, and should be worn only by young people. The rarest specimens are extremely dear, and these require a setting of diamonds to make them at all desirable as personal ornaments. Mrs. Mackay is said to own the finest rose coral in Europe. But as she owns the "finest" of every gem, few ladies envy her this possession, which is about as available as a curio, and is simply something to admire in a velvet jewel case.

Science has investigated the absorbent and radiant power of different fibres and different colors, but man in his wisdom disregards this, and prefers the worst instead of the best. Woman may expose her brain to the direct rays of the sun by wearing a small, useless bonnet, but fashion compels her to carry a parasol to compensate for it. On the other hand, fashion, not so cruel as she is painted, is equally in favor of large hats with useful brims. Not so with man. Broad brims are tabooed, and parasols are not permissible. With regard to the neck, man has no choice; a collar he must wear, and one fitting close to the neck and reinforced by a cravat or tie. To woman alone is granted the comfort of low-necked, half-low, heart-shaped, or loose-fitting collars. The body, or trunk, is no better off. Man must wear a stiff white shirt, a vest, and a lined and padded coat. Woman need wear but one (visible) garment, which may be made as light and thin as is possible without being transparent. It is even doubtful whether the tightly drawn corset, that object of universal use which is so violently denounced by the opposite sex, causes more discomfort than the numerous articles with which man surrounds himself; for physiologists have learned that woman can breathe with the upper part of the lungs, (thoracic breathing), and therefore suffers less from tight-lacing than man. As regards the arm, matters are pretty evenly balanced, with the odds in favor of woman, who may shorten her sleeves as much as she pleases, and in no case wears more than one long-sleeved garment where a man wears three. Cuffs she may dispense with, but he can not. Her sleeves may not be lined; his must, unless of very thick material.

"Cheering intelligence comes to us from the shores of France," says the New York *Hour*, "to the effect that crinoline is not to be worn. The proverbial taste and intelligence of the French people have once more asserted themselves, and have secured the world at large from an immeasurable calamity." It is interesting in this connection to compare this statement with some of the fashion news of two decades ago. A correspondent in a Paris letter to Harper's *Weekly* written in the spring of 1860 announces the "gratifying news" that the "Empress Eugénie has issued the imperial fiat that the crinoline shall be at once abolished. It is most fitting that the empress should end this grotesque deformity of fashion, since, as every one is aware, it was only brought into fashion when Napoleon III. was expecting the speedy advent of a Napoleon IV."

France is still unrivaled in two things, both highly essential to the perfection of a toilette. One is the trimming of a bonnet, the other the draping of a mantle or of a skirt. Recalling the well-known recipe for a perfect salad, which requires a miser to dole out the vinegar, a spendthrift to pour in the oil, and a madman to stir the whole, one might say that to secure perfection in a costume it should be cut by an English tailor, draped by a Frenchman, colored by an Italian, and the details supplied by a Spanish woman.

"A dreadful new fashion is threatened," says a correspondent, "which will undoubtedly not be adopted by American young ladies at Newport or the White Mountains. It is said that adventurous Parisiennes intend to start the style of wearing silk socks instead of long stockings for mountain excursions, under hoots in passementerie to imitate lace. I do not believe that this new mode will ever become popular; but it may be tried by some of the eccentric French dames and damsels who go on tours throughout Switzerland. When I last visited Chamouni I saw two young Frenchwomen, apparently ladies, who were making the excursion to the Mer de Glace in full Knickerbocker costumes of dark-brown cloth, which differed from the ordinary suits of that character worn by men merely in having a short-helmed blouse substituted for the masculine jacket and waistcoat. These young ladies while ascending the mountain met a party of American tourists. One of these last, a little girl of about ten years of age, was mounted on a mule. 'Pray pull down your dress, mademoiselle,' said one of the Frenchwomen, as she passed, serene in skirtless array; 'you are showing your ankles,' which reminded me somewhat of the gentleman who was bathing in a river, and who, seeing a coach with two ladies in it overturned in the midst of the stream, gave as his reason for not going to help them get out of the carriage that 'he had not any gloves on.'"

STUDENTS IN PARIS.

How Ebenezer Bowers Led a Gallant Charge against a Rival Studio.

A cloud of smoke, a roar of laughter. "Bravo, Bottomgate! Bravo!" Some dozen hearded, disheveled young men are seated at a table on which are the remnants of a meal, and many empty bottles. They all gaze in one direction, and renew their shouts, "Bravo, bravo!" A small, pale-faced, pale-haired young man is dancing wildly at one end of the squalid room. The son of an animal painter, and intended for the church, it was only after some three years of study for the divine office that he suddenly wearied of the prospect of slipper-garnished curatedom, and took to his father's trade. To this moment he has not lost the effects of his pious training, and will discourse for hours on religion and its intimate connection with the development of art; paints Virgins and St. Johns, and spends the evenings growing more and more pious as he grows more befuddled. Bottomgate has a little studio of his own. A narrow street, a narrower doorway, and black passage. Feel your way up the dark staircase—up, up, *cinqième*! open the door. A bed on the floor, easels, canvases, and hare walls; a wash-stand and chair are wheeled into the corner; bed-room and studio in one, sickly with paint odors. But who are Bottomgate's friends? French and Americans, they are assembled at a farewell supper of a bony, under-sized New Englander, who is returning to his native country after three or four years' study in Paris. Coming a raw lad, fresh from the severe discipline of an Eastern States home, he is leaving well certificated in the "péchés mignons" of his artist "camarades," and an exhibitor in the Salon. Eh'n-e-e-zer B-a-o-w-e-r-s, as his friends delight to call him, imitating his dry, nasal twang—Ebenezer Bowers arrived in Paris utterly ignorant of the world in which he was to live so long, and having a high ideal, almost a reverence for art, was somewhat taken aback when, on entering the atelier, he and another "nouveau," a large-headed, huge-lipped French dwarf, were set to fight a duel with long paint brushes. Each rubbed his brush in color, red or green (complementary colors by an atelier joke,) and dabbed at his opponent's face or neck, a hit in the eye or mouth by either bringing mighty applause from the crowd of smoking blouses congregated around the fencer-victims. Ebenezer as "nouveau" was obstreperous and dogged, and as a punishment for his sundry complaints and murmurings when ordered to go out and bring drinks for his numerous masters, he was made to spend a whole night hoxed up in the wooden pedestal of a giant cast, which was placed, extinguisher-like, over him, the cast on top to keep him fast in his prison the while. Half-stifed, dusty, dirty, but amenable at the next morning's exit, from that day Ebenezer was conquered; nay, even became zealous in his office as "nouveau." One afternoon, coming back liquor-laden, he was attacked by the "nouveau" of a rival atelier near, and after a prolonged struggle robbed of his precious burden. Arrived torn, breathless, and bleeding, he recounted his misfortunes to his brethren, who rose *en masse*, and quickly arming themselves with sticks, umbrellas, fire-irons, and large easels, and stools, (these last as hattering-rams,) led by Ebenezer, made a furious onslaught upon the hated neighbors. The bitter clamor of a hundred eager tongues, the stormy thumpings on the stout door of the rival studio-castle, lasted for some half-hour, when that hinged barrier giving way, the two wild hordes rushed at each other with fury. Who can sing the deeds of daring of these Greeks and Trojans of art? The battle was long and bloody, and Ebenezer a hero. When the gendarmes arrived, and took the rioters bodily off to the "mairie," Ebenezer was last seen struggling, wriggling, and kicking in the arms of a gigantic "gardien," who with great difficulty bad collared this torn, foaming, squirming, swearing Yankee, still clinging to the fragments of a recaptured bottle. The two ateliers were shut for some six months after this by order of the minister, but Ebenezer came back with an established reputation. This spare American would not leave Bottomgate to dance alone to-night were he not tinged with sadness at parting, for he much likes to "sling his toes," as he calls it. Ebenezer, at "Bullier's" is a great sight. Head up, eyes right, solemn of countenance, his legs describing all sorts of strange arcs, they being but hung loosely to his body, he will dance against all comers. "I went to Bullier's the other night," wrote Bottomgate, when he first came to Paris to the tutor priest who watched over his earlier years; "I went out of curiosity; you know one ought to see this sort of thing while one is in Paris. Dining in the Quartier Latin at ten o'clock, I made my way along the boulevards—along, along, until I saw 'Jardin' in large gas letters, and following the stream setting towards the entrance, I found myself elbowing by a crowd of strange-looking young men and maidens. A blaze of light, and the tops of many hats, walking, music, noise, and dust. A widespread, low-roofed and iron spandrelled region, lighted by a thousand lamps. To the left the hand played on a platform; to the right a sea of tables and chairs, under trees hung with Chinese lanterns. In the midst twenty or thirty sets of quadrilles were going to the music of 'Olivette.' The men, gay young fellows mostly, and lithe-limbed, walk, amble, or frisk across and back with their partners, without any sort of arrangement. They choose their own steps, their own time, and seem to dance out of pure exuberance of spirits. I saw strange groups of students—tall, mulatto-colored West Indians, with the respectable silk top-hat, hoh-nobbing with wild-looking 'Gascons' or sun-browned Midi youth. Then a handsome Apollo-like German, tenderly arm-in-arm with a hump-backed, sad-eyed 'camarade.' This is the true genius of the place. But professional dancers come here to show off. A crowd near the hand watches the efforts of four of these last. I laughed to see two Chinamen there, much pressed to dance by some roguish young women, but this failing, a bold maid took them by the pigtails, and, one in each hand, walked them about the garden like lambs. Another tried to make a tall, shy, awkward young Englishman dance. His confusion was delicious; but I am quite sure he did not understand half the volume of words she poured out at him in French. There was the usual quota of British tourists in loud check suits and caps, and a paterfamilias, who scanned, somewhat conscience-stricken, but with great curiosity, the antics of the dancers."

WASHINGTON REMINISCENCES.

More Concerning the Social and Political Lights of Ten Years Ago.

Madame Catacazy, wife of the Russian Minister, was a woman of fine presence and unusually attractive. All of the outer surroundings at her mansion were Siberian; but, once within the presence of this peerless French woman under a Russian banner, and the atmosphere was incomparably genial. It was not unusual for a person to run against a dozen lackeys in white kids, and carrying silver trays for the rapid transit of your cards, before you approached the lady of the house; but, after going through the ceremony of paying your respects, you were free to roam at will through the *salon*, and listen to graphic descriptions of Russian winters, told in excellent English, flavored with French accent and gesture. Madame Catacazy was not so young as she was handsome. Her complexion was like the heart of a sea shell, and her hair was of the color called golden, while her eyes, although not positively beautiful, did not detract from her attractiveness. She always wore a robe of velvet at her receptions, made with a graceful sweep of train, also a loose sacque of the same open at the throat, with flowing sleeves heavily embroidered in gold, revealing the fair proportions of her neck and arms, and the superb contour of her shoulders. The dwelling of the Muscovite minister was not remarkable in any sense, unless you observed the Russian coat of arms embossed in white on the glass panels of the door, and at times saw the Russian ensign flying from the flagstaff. Madame C. was a great admirer of General Grant, and the best proof that the President was not unkindful of the lady's taste existed in the fact that many a bouquet sent her from the distinguished occupant of the White House exhaled its fragrance in the most pretentious apartment of her house. The madame used to take pleasure in calling a number of her American friends to account for "reading so much in French, but not talking it."

At this time Hon. Lyman Trumbull was United States Senator from Illinois. He was undoubtedly the ablest lawyer and the most skillful debater in the Senate at the time. "He was a man of unquestionable integrity and great moral worth, possessing rare scholarly attainments. While not easily irritated, I once saw him aroused while engaged in debate with the uncongenial Senator from Massachusetts—the great Sumner. It was Greek meeting Greek, and the two colubriads fired red-hot missiles at each other over Governor Walker, of Virginia, whose administration they were warmly discussing. Trumbull resided upon the site of the old capitol prison at that time; and, by the way, this was the spot where Calhoun breathed his last; where Mrs. Greenough and Belle Boyd lingered long in prison; where Mrs. Surratt was confined, and where Wirz was hung."

Garrett Davis was one of the senators from Kentucky, and was the Rip Van Winkle of the upper house. He had been asleep since 1840, and did not know in 1870 that slavery had been abolished. Otherwise he was a man of some ability, and spoke clearly and well; but his topics of 1840 generally cleared the galleries. One day Mr. Davis dropped down into the waiting-room of the Congressional bath-rooms, and was informed by an attendant that it was his turn next, "as Mr. Revels, the colored senator, would soon be out." Davis turned as white as a sheet in his amazement, and glared angrily at the author of the monstrous announcement. But the enraged Kentuckian did not speak until he returned to the Senate chamber, where he cleared out the galleries in a two-hours' speech.

The severe and uniform plainness with which Miss Sherman used to wear her hair was a safe criterion for strangers to follow at receptions bent on identification without introduction. She was as refined and courteous in her bearing as the general was sharp and abrupt. She had a fair, intelligent face, as I remember it; cold, rather than intense or eager, and a grace that always provoked admiration when mere prettiness fails. Miss Sherman of that day is now the wife of a naval officer. Beck, now a senator from Kentucky, and then a representative in Congress, used to go a good deal to receptions with his oldest daughter, who was very handsome, (she died not long ago,) and the two always held a small court, on account of their prepossessing ways. Another daughter of Senator Beck is the wife of an officer of the marine corps.

Mrs. Senator Williams, of Oregon, was one of the most dazzling ladies in Washington; and after the appointment of Mr. Williams as attorney-general she became much sought after, and her receptions were crushes that were impossible to describe. It was said of Mrs. Williams that the men all admired her and the women all hated her. It was also said of Mrs. W. that she was formerly "an uncultivated person," and there was much more fault found with her by those of her own sex. But she became the queen of society, all the same; and with great wealth, like that of Mrs. Mackay's, at her disposal, she would, like the latter lady, have dazzled the fashionable world. On New Year's, 1873, while making a call on Mrs. Williams with Major Drew, of the army, I heard Governor Graham, of North Carolina, formerly United States senator, secretary of the navy under Fillmore, and Whig candidate for vice-president with General Scott—"gentleman of the old school, sir," and he himself distinguished for his charming manners—say of the bestest that she was the most bewitching woman he had ever met. Governor Graham had, notwithstanding, known Sallie Ward, Harriet Lane, Madame Le Vert, Mrs. Boulogny, Mrs. Aaron V. Brown and her two daughters, Cynthia and Narcissus Saunders, and other famous ladies who had lived in Washington before or during Buchanan's administration. During the winter of 1869-70 Mrs. Williams had with her from Oregon a Mrs. Savier, who was also quite attractive. Senator Williams was at that time probably the strongest man from the Pacific Coast, unflinching in his duty, untiring in his energy, quiet, unostentatious, and greatly esteemed. Allan G. Thurman was in the Senate then, and was the ablest man on the Democratic side. He was scholarly and practical. He was always ready, spicy, and sound in debate, and graceful and parliamentary at all times. His oratory was chopped, but classical. The oldest man in the Senate at that time was Simon Cameron, the Thurlow Weed of Pennsylvania politics.

Charles Sumner and Oliver P. Morton were the leaders

of the Republican party in the Senate at that time. Mr. Sumner was the most attractive man in the Senate, and all who visited the galleries for the first time at once searched for the senator who was nearly beaten to death by an enraged South Carolinian in the old Chamber twelve or thirteen years before. Sumner had a massive forehead, over which lingered a swath of gray hair. He was a very fine-looking man, but he was always so soberly and so solemnly in earnest that he was, at least seemingly, uncongenial. He was a compeller of men, and had a domineering manner at times. But he was the most steadfast, energetic, and influential friend the black slave of America ever had, and his was the quickest hand to shake that of Hiram Rhodes Revels, after the latter's admission to the United States Senate in 1870 by a very close vote. Sumner was pleasant at home, so I have heard his friends say. I never spent but one evening with him. I had just introduced Charles Wetmore, of Oakland, who was in Washington early in 1873 for the first time, to Colonel John W. Forney, at or near Willard's Hotel, and the colonel said that he was going up to Sumner's, (who had a house next to the Arlington,) and invited us to accompany him, which we did. Louis Napoleon had died that day, and Mr. Sumner told us all about how he had met him at Lady Blessington's, in London, away back in the '40's, and what he thought of him. He also gave us a description of Count d'Orsay, whom he often met at Lady Blessington's. He showed us his books and many valuable old letters, and otherwise entertained us for an hour or more, and then invited us to supper, which we all declined, because we were to attend a banquet to be given that same evening at Willard's to Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone.

I have said that Morton was one of the leaders of the Republican party in the Senate at that time. He was the leader, I think, because he was a stronger man than Sumner. He lacked the New England culture and eloquence of Sumner, to be sure, but he had the impressiveness and strength of character of the brainy and liberal men of the West, and he often carried schemes successfully and triumphantly through the Senate that Sumner would never have dared to have advanced beyond conception. I always considered Morton too bitter in his reconstruction opinions, and thought he lacked that noble sentiment of Lincoln, "with malice toward none, and with charity for all," in a too marked degree for the good of the country. Still he was one of the greatest men of our day, and the glory of his fame as the "War Governor of Indiana" is imperishable.

I well remember the day that Ben Butler and "Sunset" Cox had their great scene in the House. I have forgotten the subject upon which they met upon this occasion, but think it was over a resolution to expel a member from South Carolina on account of his sale of a cadetship, during which Cox referred to Whitmore as a carpet-bagger. The latter was defended by Butler, who showed that Whitmore had lived longer in South Carolina before he became a candidate for Congress than Cox had been in New York when he became a candidate for a like position. It was give and take between the two, and the House was in a great uproar for some time. At last Cox got very angry, and went over to the Republican side, and said some very severe things right under the nose of the hero of Big Bethel, as Butler was often derisively called in those days. He was so severe that the great body gradually got over its disorder, and you might have heard a pin drop anywhere in the hall. Cox was so close to Butler that the latter might have strangled the little New Yorker on the spot, and many were afraid that Butler would answer Cox with a blow. But he did not. He sat in his seat at least thirty seconds after Cox had concluded, and then the people in the crowded galleries leaned forward, and every member rose to his feet. He then glared at Cox another half minute, and, waving him away, said: "Shoo fly! don't bodder me!" I doubt if there was ever, in the House of Representatives, such a roar of laughter and vociferation. Democrats themselves laughed until they cried, and Cox got quietly back to his seat, and tried to rally. But it was impossible, and the house adjourned in a state of great indecorum. Bill Shaffer, who made a fortune out here in Bodie three years ago, rode down from the Capitol that evening in an F street car, and seeing Butler in the same conveyance, asked: "How, in the name of wonder, did you ever think of 'Shoo fly' in your reply to Cox?" "Well," replied Ben, "you see he had been buzzing around me for several days, and the first thing I thought of, when he came so near to me to-day, was a blue-bottle fly, so I—" "Great God!" exclaimed Shaffer, "what an escape you made! Had you breathed the word *bottle*, Cox would have coked you up forever." All who call to mind the attitude of Generals Grant and Butler in relation to each other at the close of the war, will appreciate Shaffer's remark. I first met Mr. Cox at the house of the Misses Emma and Ada Webb, who lived with their parents on Sands Street, Brooklyn, when not playing, in July, 1866. I found him to be even at that time a very fascinating fellow. He was exceedingly felicitous, I remember, in his manner of congratulating Miss Emma Webb upon her success as a lecturer, which was temporary, she having taken the field as the Anna Dickinson of the Democratic party. During the progress of the scene between Cox and Butler, Sargent, James A. Johnson, and Axtell were members of Congress from California, and probably remember the episode well. Old Covode, though not a member at that time; was on the floor, and fell laughing into the arms of Fernando Wood. There was a rare picture! Just imagine Fernando Wood, of New York, hugging honest old John Covode, of Pennsylvania, on the floor of the House of Representatives. No wonder Congress adjourned after such a tableau.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 30, 1882.

B. C. T.

Complaints are made at Aix-les-Bains that baccarat is played at the Casino to an altogether unwarrantable extent, and it is believed that the pastime will, in consequence, be prohibited. A short time ago an English gentleman, while on his wedding tour, lost at that place all the money he had with him, and was obliged to telegraph home for more.

A Baltimore girl at Cape May, say *Puck*, wears a red-white-and-blue bathing suit, and when a shark chased her the other day she said she came for a close shave.

OFF FOR THE WAR.

The Gay Scenes in London at the Departure of the Troops for Egypt.

The London season is now virtually over. That annual event, for so long a time the tacitly acknowledged terminal point to summer fashionable life in the metropolis—the Eton and Harrow cricket match—has taken place, and the only thing that now keeps people in town is the excitement attending the departure of the troops for Egypt. It is curious that so trifling and common a thing as a cricket match, the contending elevens of which are composed for the most part of boys still low down in their teens, and consequently in its play and progress unfruitful of any but a comparatively inferior order of cricket, should be regarded as an event sufficiently important to wait in town for, or to draw the crowds it does of the highest people in the land every year to Lord's Cricket Ground. The secret of it, however, lies in the fact that Eton and Harrow, while the two greatest, are the two most aristocratic schools in England. As such, they comprise among their hundreds of boys the sons and brothers of the noblest and most influential families in the kingdom.

But, though the match is over and the usual time to flit has arrived, and August is the month for the German baths, yachting at the Isle of Wight, grouse-shooting on the Scotch moors, and garden and lawn-tennis down at their country places, the swells of London society at the end of this season have other and graver matters to occupy their thoughts, and the talk and gossip in the smoking-rooms and bow-windows of the United Service, the Army and Navy, the Guards, the Marlborough, the Raleigh, and the other aristocratic military clubs of the West End, where the swells most do congregate in the off hours, is not of the last escapade of a certain professional beauty; the latest scandal about the Countess of A—— and the actor; the charms of the "City" man's daughter whose *dot*, despite her beefy exterior, has made her the belle *par excellence* of the season, or the pot of money so-and-so landed at Goodwood, but of who has gone, is going, or is likely to go to Egypt. England is certainly sending her crack troops to do battle for her this time, and if regiments whose officers consist of no one less than a baronet can't subdue the hordes of the rebellious Arabi, it will not be because their country grudges to let them go and do it.

The past week has witnessed the departure of the Scots Guard and the Household Cavalry, and great was the excitement attending their going. On Sunday morning the first battalion of the former regiment marched out of the Wellington Barracks amid a scene unequalled since the days of the Crimea. Clad in their white service jackets and white-turbaned helmets, there was little resemblance in them to the red-coated, bear-skinned fellows that all American visitors to London know so well as the sentries at Buckingham Palace, the Tower, the Bank of England, and the Haymarket Opera House. Down along the Thames embankment to Blackfriars Bridge they marched, eight hundred strong, with their band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "The British Grenadiers," and officered by some of the bluest blood in Britain. Though but seven o'clock, the neighborhood along the line of march was awake, and every window occupied by kindly faces and waving handkerchiefs. Cheer after cheer rang out upon the morning air, and sticks, hats, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the surging crowds which lined the roadway, and in their enthusiasm pressed in upon the soldiers as they marched, on several occasions actually lifting them off their feet. In command of the brigade of which the Scots are to form a part also went the Duke of Connaught. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge accompanied his Royal Highness on board the transport to bid him good-bye.

On Tuesday the Household Cavalry, consisting of a squadron each from the First and Second Life Guards and the Horse Guards, (popularly known as the Blues,) sailed. They were differently accoutred from the way one is accustomed to see them, sitting like equestrian statues in their sentry-boxes in Whitehall. The burnished cuirass, high plumed steel helmet, and long jack-boots were missing, but in their stead were serge tunics—red for the Life Guards and blue for the Blues—white turbaned helmets—a style of headgear now generally adopted throughout the army for service in hot countries—and brown leather boots, swathed about the leg with serge. The Prince of Wales, who draws pay as their colonel-in-chief, was on hand with the princess to make them a speech, and bid them good-bye. In the undress uniform of a field-marshal, he rode round and inspected them, while the princess sat in the carriage and looked on. Then he complimented and congratulated them, and wished he was going with them, after which the officers of the squadron dismounted, took off their right-hand gauntlets, and advancing to the carriage of the princess, she shook each cordially by the hand, and wished him farewell.

It was a pretty scene in its way, and no doubt the prince meant all he said about wanting to go himself. They say his royal mamma won't let him, but the truth is he is sadly out of health, and has been warned by his physicians for some time past to go a slower pace than heretofore, if he wished to feel the weight of England's crown on his head. The selection of Colonel Ewart to command the household cavalry in his stead is regarded as rather a snub to the famous though somewhat eccentric Colonel Burnaby, the author of "A Ride to Khiva," who has lately been promoted to the lieutenant-colony of the Blues. Among the other swells who went as officers of the squadron were Lord Edward Somerset, (the Duke of Beaufort's son,) Sir John Wiloughby, and the Hon. Oliver Montagu, (son of the Earl of Sandwich). The latter is the gentleman whose name was so frequently, and somewhat injuriously to the lady's reputation, coupled with that of the Countess of Lonsdale during her husband's lifetime, but who since the earl's death and the succession to the title by his brother, has rather given up the running in favor of Mr. Luke White.

Lord Coleridge, the Lord Chief Justice of England, is reported to have accepted the invitation of the Bar Association of New York to pay them a visit next year. Lord Coleridge was the attorney-general who prosecuted the Tichborne claimant, gaining much notoriety there. He is one of the few "old school" lawyers left in England.

LONDON, August 11, 1882.

COCKAIG

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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BY TELEGRAPH.

SACRAMENTO, Friday Noon.

Estee's nomination is a surprise to me. It is not satisfactory. I will reserve till next week the privilege of defining the Argonaut's position.

PIXLEY.

In a government where all can vote it is important to understand the details of party management; to know *who* it is who manages, and *how* it is that the machinery of our political system is manipulated. In a community that governs itself through political parties it is necessary to know *by whom* the party ranks are captained, and *by what means* and *for what ends* the party machine is run. We have just elected ninety-six delegates from San Francisco to a Republican State Convention. Before this paper is read it will be known whether the scheme that was hatched in this city shall have succeeded or not; whether the candidate of the machine shall have been nominated or not, and whether the slate shall pass through the convention unbroken, or whether it shall be sponged clean by the honest men of the party. If this were to be the only convention of the season we would not write this article; we would accept the situation, trusting that no serious consequences would result from the deliberations of a body in which there are so many intelligent, brave, and honest men as will be found at Sacramento. When that body has acted, made its platform, and nominated its candidates, we shall repose with great confidence upon the intelligence and patriotism of the Republican party for a result. To the extent that candidates are deserving, to that extent they will be supported; to that extent only have they any right to expect support. All things else being equal, a Republican should vote for a Republican. All things else being equal, a Democrat may vote for a Democrat, but under no circumstances should an intelligent community be caught supporting good men on a bad platform. The candidate who will endeavor to make it appear that he is better than the principles he represents is a hypocrite. The candidate who will falsely claim to be controlled by party principles which do not satisfy his intelligence and conscience is a knave, and the candidate who dare not avow his opposition to a party declaration, if he thinks it wrong, is a coward. Later in the campaign we can make our personal applications.

Let those who claim to be intelligent and respectable Republicans consider by whom, how, and for what purpose the party machine is run within their party lines. In the Republican party, and in the Democratic party, there is the "machine." Each has its "hoss," and each its recognized captains, who are of the working force. The rank and file belong to both parties. The pimps, lovers, and idlers; the criminals, drunkards, and vagrants, who compose so large a population in all great cities, form a common working force to run these machines. We presume we will not wound the sensibilities of Messrs. Higgins, Gannon, Chute & Co., of

the Republican party, nor of Christopher Buckley or Mr. Samuel Rainey, of the Democratic party, by recognizing them as managers of their respective machines. They are friends, and they work together. Like attorneys, they work for themselves by obtaining from their clients professional employment. Messrs. Higgins & Co. are not retained by the Republican party to attend to its general business; nor are Messrs. Buckley & Co. for the Democracy. It is a mistake to suppose that these gentlemen are Republicans or Democrats. They are neither. They are professional men. They are politicians, working for themselves and for money, just as the lawyer works for money for himself. One political firm works within the Republican party; the other within the Democracy. State officials, legislators, and supervisors are to them in the relations of judges and jurors before whom they practice. Their clients are largely corporations. For a consideration they will aid to obtain a franchise or promote special legislation. Between the "hosses" there is never any personal feeling. These machines often run together, and work in entire harmony. Messrs. H. & Co. will aid Messrs. B. & Co. to carry a Democratic primary. B. & Co. will return the favor to enable H. & Co. to carry a Republican primary. Thus each firm secures the convention of his party, and secures the nominees of that convention. When the candidates are nominated, Messrs. B. & Co. meet with Messrs. H. & Co. and agree who shall be elected. All things being equal, each party machine will vote for and work for its party, and look to its party for the small offices to reward its workers. But if one party has the kind of a man in candidacy that the machine can not use, then the two machines unite on the other candidate, by an agreement as to the division of appointments, and all the pimps, lovers, drunkards, idlers, vagabonds, and office-holding and office-seeking workers of the two machines unite to elect those candidates with whom the hosses have made the best terms. Oftentimes the machines get all the deputyships, as we think they did in the case of Stuart and — (we reserve to a later day in the campaign the privilege of giving the names of the candidates with whom bargains shall have been consummated.) These hosses are sometimes in desperate conflict. These machines are often in earnest opposition, just as lawyers who, getting deeply interested for their respective clients, work zealously for them. When the trial is over, the lawyers shake hands. When the party warfare is ended, the hosses "connubiate." To rail at Higgins, Gannon, and Chute; to scold at Buckley and Rainey; to lose one's temper, and get angry in writing or speaking about them, is neither wise nor politic. It only gives them additional importance, and they are not even offended. They had rather be kicked than not noticed. A lawyer had rather be advertised by abuse than to be overlooked. So the hosses get business, and the machine gets grists, by the constant assaults upon them. If the *Bulletin* had never written of the "Higginses," the "Gannons," the "Chutes," of Boss Buckley, and Sam Rainey, these gentlemen would not hold the exalted positions they now occupy in the estimation of knaves, nor would they be regarded as so important by fools. They would not be hosses. George Hearst would not employ them to make him governor, nor would Horace Davis entrust to them his candidacy for Congress. And there would be no machine, if from the respectable—simply respectable—class of society, there were no one to employ them. If the gas company, and the water company, and the railroad companies had never engaged them to carry a convention, or hired them in the lobby, or used them for any purpose, but had always treated all the professional politicians as criminals, there would be no such practices within the field of politics as now exist—that is, these things would not exist, if business men performed their duty as citizens. If the business men, property-owners, and tax-payers would take as much interest as does this rohhier class, the corporations, railroad, gas and water companies would not be compelled to hold their property, as they now do, at the mercy of these conspirators; the tax-payers would not be sweated as they now are by these soldiers of fortune. Those who have nothing are handed together by thorough organization, and marshaled by competent leaders, to prey upon those who have something. Millions are stolen which property pays through taxation; corporations are robbed and plundered. If the corporations would spend as much money, and put forth the same effort to assist the tax-paying community to resist these hosses and machines as they do to placate them and huy them off, they would not figure in either party. If the respectable element of society would combine, they could drive this vicious element together. It would be compelled to hide in one party or the other; and when it was once driven together, it could be crushed.

Now, very shortly we will have a municipal election in San Francisco. These factions are in command of all the party machinery. They will aid each other to put up nominating conventions. Buckley & Co. will run one; Higgins & Co. will run the other. They can not be beaten at a primary election; and if by any accident an independent man is nominated for office who has not sold himself to the

machine, he will be betrayed and beaten. So long as decent, property-owning, tax-paying citizens are divided and the machines united, so long will society be governed by professional politicians, and the party be managed by hosses. The *Bulletin* earnestly advocated a primary election. It has been tried, and it failed, and primaries always fail. More Democrats than Republicans voted at some of the precincts at the last Republican primary. The election was a fraud in most of the wards. It was worse—it was a farce. The delegates are seldom representative men, and are often men without principle or property. They go to the convention for the money that is in it, or to serve some friend who wants office. There has been but one successful mode ever found in San Francisco to secure good conventions, and to bring good results out of a municipal scramble—"The People's Party," "The Tax-payers' Party," "The Citizens' Party"—the party that came, purified and clean, out of the old Vigilante organization, and gave San Francisco the best municipal government it ever had—the party that was essentially an independent party. It was composed of the men who owned San Francisco. It had no County Committee; it held no primaries. It was neither Whig nor Democratic; it was neither Democratic nor Republican. It attended only to city politics; it left State and national politics to the management of parties. We should be glad to see this history repeated. We should be glad to have the experiment tried once more of independence and no party in the selection of officials for this city. We should be pleased if prominent merchants would take the lead again, and call together the members of some old and long-forgotten convention. Let them name another nominating convention. Let it meet in secret, and in secret consider the claims of all candidates for office. We shall be glad if Mr. Dempster, William T. Coleman, Sam Soule, 33 Secretary, or the ever vigilant "Eye," will call together a convention of good citizens to act as a nominating convention for municipal officers. Anything is better than the Republican party machine; anything is better than the Democratic machine. The fact is, and it is an alarming one, that we are falling under the control of a class of political managers, who are "robbers" in a very thin disguise. This city is drifting to confiscation; it is drifting into the control of an exceedingly vile and dangerous element. Let us quote from the *Call* a description of the kind of political future that is opening up to us. The description is accurate, and we have no doubt truthful. We delight in flinging an occasional brickbat at the *Call* office, but we always hope, if it hits Mr. Pickering, it will hit him on one of his soft spots where it won't be fatal. We always fire at his head. The *Call* is more accurate and impartial in its news-gathering than any other morning journal in San Francisco, and we quote from it the following:

The Seventh Ward polling-place was at No. 416 Folsom Street, and was a scene of turbulence and violence, disgraceful in the extreme. The two tickets in the field were called the "Boohar" and "Harrington," and each faction had on the ground the pick of the roughs and hoodlums from all portions of the city. Such a gathering of the vicious and criminal element has rarely been seen by those who had the misfortune to be residents of that portion of San Francisco. The roughs and malefactors of every ward seemed to be massed in this particular precinct, and the respectable mechanic or business man who endeavored to enjoy his right of suffrage was indeed in great good luck if he escaped without injury to his person or clothing at the hands of paid fighters, whose sole object was to prevent and obstruct those from voting who were in opposition to the men who hired them. Few of the real Republican voters of the ward were permitted to vote. Occasionally a respectable-looking person would fall into line, but before he could reach the ballot-box some person would catch him by the coat-collar, drag him to the edge of the sidewalk, and then let go, disappearing in the crowd. The individual who was so unceremoniously dragged out would naturally attempt to regain his place, and then the cry would be raised: "There's a fellow trying to sneak in." A police officer's attention would be called to him, and a second time he would be taken by the collar, and yanked out into the street, where he would meditate on the heautes of our free institutions for a few moments, and depart, a sadder if not a wiser man. This sport got to be quite monotonous after a while, and Tom McCormick, the pugilist, who was evidently the king-pin of the Boohar faction, enlivened things by displaying his powers on another hruiser's nose. He was arrested twice during the day, but was immediately released on bail, and resumed his interesting pastime. Jim Toland and "Yorkey" added to the zest of the entertainment with their presence. John E. Ross, Assistant Engineer of the Fire Department, took an active part in the affair, and was busily engaged in securing votes for the Boohar faction. One of Harrington's friends, named Ward, who was acting as challenger during his chief's absence, was dragged from his position near the door, knocked down, and pretty badly beaten. When the polls closed, there were fully sixty persons waiting in line for an opportunity to vote. As an evidence of the disgraceful manner in which affairs were conducted only two hundred and sixty-two votes were polled, although the club roll showed four hundred and sixty-two names, and it is safe to say that not one hundred of the ballots were cast by bona fide Republican voters. The afternoon was filled with successive fights, and the air was blue with blasphemy of the foulest nature. Altogether it was one of the most scandalous and disgraceful elections ever held in any ward, and reflects no credit on those concerned in it.

In the Twelfth Senatorial District, No. 37 Ellis Street, the *Call* says:

Among those most active in this ward were men known to the police as gamblers, vagrants, "lovers," and ward strikers, a class of individuals who make themselves very officious in ward clubs, irrespective of party,

men who owe allegiance to neither of the great political organizations, and whose only aim is to dip in the sack of those who will pay most for their services.

The *Examiner's* account is equally emphatic in its narration of the disgraceful scenes. We do not quote from it because it is the Democratic organ, but we do not hesitate to declare that its narration is equally correct.

The *Chronicle* gives the following as its observation of the Seventh Ward contest :

In the Seventh Ward the professional politicians voted one hundred and ten certificates of registration, and carried their ticket by about sixty majority. This polling place was the scene of the worst and most disgraceful time ever witnessed at a primary, the details of which were superintended by William Higgins and Sam Rainey, a Democrat, in person. The police arrested no less than a dozen men, and interrupted the progress of about as many fights. It was said that some of the desperadoes employed to do this bulldozing actually contemplated the assassination of William Harrington, the leader of the opposing faction, and once during an incipient row he was knocked down.

We commend all this to the serious consideration of reflecting minds. We commend it to the thoughtful attention of Republican and Democratic gentlemen throughout the State, and beg of them to answer the question to themselves, whether a government can endure, law be enforced, property protected, and personal liberty preserved if this criminal element shall be permitted to obtain control? We will not close this article without saying how deeply we resent the conduct of certain men who consider themselves gentlemen, and who would be very indignant if we named them as spies in the Republican camp, as traitors to principle, as senseless, willing tools of the machine, and as selfish, cowardly figure-heads. When the time comes we will name them, and will abide the consequences of their indignation. We expect the criminal and blackguard class to allow itself to be used by the machine; but when men of property, of family, of birth, and official position, who have been honored in the past, and who are ambitious for the future, consent to go through a primary contest so utterly disgraceful as was this recent one as the candidates of the machine; when they allow themselves to be used as wheels, cogs, and levers in this Juggernaut that is crushing society, we will indulge ourselves in the luxury of naming them, and of classifying them with the vile company with which they associate. We have no suggestions, other than general ones, to make in reference to the mode of calling a county convention. We would prefer a non-partisan one; but if the Republicans are determined to run a straight ticket, we would not be averse to the Republican County Committee naming from the twelve wards twenty-four good citizens. We say *good citizens*. Let these twenty-four name forty-eight others, more or less, who shall act as delegates to a nominating convention. We would prefer this convention to be half Democratic and half Republican, but all respectable. A convention thus composed of good citizens could present such a ticket as no machine or combination of machines could defeat. It would sweep the city like a broom. It would bring out such an array of home defenders to fight against the party thieves as would be altogether irresistible.

The Roman Catholic journal, "devoted to the propagation," etc., says the Turkish empire will be overturned and demolished about the year 1882, and in proof of this assertion quotes the prophecy of a celebrated French papist by the name of Rohrer, who wrote in 1832. This Rohrer, or prophet, or whatever he may turn out to be, bases his prophecy upon those of Daniel and the Book of Revelations. He reproduces all the jargon and unintelligible jumble of the seven beasts and ten horns, the teeth of iron, the claws of brass, the little horn, and the purple and scarlet woman drunk with blood etc., and after figuring up horns, beasts, cities, kings, and kingdoms, ciphers out the destruction of Islam and the overthrow of Mohammedanism this year. This Rohrer prophet of the holy Roman Church is silent about the agencies which are to accomplish this result. If it is England that is thus predestined to overthrow the Turkish empire, and to work out such grand results for Christianity and civilization as are involved in the destruction of Rome's greatest enemy; if the Crescent is to wane and fade out, and over it the Cross is to regain its ascendancy; if Constantinople is to become again an ecclesiastical appanage to Rome, and if England is the instrument for the accomplishment of this result, and the war in Egypt the opportunity—then it would seem to us that papal Rome, Catholic Ireland, the Land-League of San Francisco, and the Roman Catholic family journal, "devoted to the propagation," etc., ought to call off their dogs from England, dry up the yawp of resolutions and the clamor of Irish oratory, and let the Lion have full swing to work out the predictions of the prophet Daniel and the other prophet, Rohrer.

The success attending the convention that gave our city its present officials, and the disgraceful failure attending the recent primary for delegates to the State Convention, are suggestive. Our Sheriff, Sedgwick, is a success. He was elected after a hard contest with one of the Pope's Democratic Irish, supported by both machines. Higgins and all Ireland, from the Cove of Cork to the Giant's Causeway, op-

posed the election of John Sedgwick because he was an American, and supported Desmond because he was not. Our County Clerk is making a good and clean administration. Alex. Badlam, the Assessor, is highly ornamental but awfully expensive. O'Grady, the Tax-collector, is Irish. John Cherry is all right for Recorder. Brickwedel is a full hand of trumps. The Treasurer is all right. The Board of Education is phenomenal. The Mayor is an honest man, and the Board of Supervisors is an improvement on any we have had in a decade. Some of these men ought to be renominated. It makes no difference how nominating conventions are called, if we get good candidates. It makes no difference how candidates are elected, if we get good officers. Primaries always were and always will be failures. There is no way of preventing a Republican scalawag from voting at a Democratic primary, or a Democratic scalawag from voting at a Republican primary. There has been no mode yet invented for keeping either party independent of the control of "hosses." We do not know of any human device for securing an honest and well-conducted primary election. The experience of San Francisco with all parties for thirty years past is that the best nominating conventions, the best candidates, and the best city governments come from conventions arbitrarily called and secretly conducted. If good men are brought together to make nominations nobody cares how it is brought about, except the men who want office for themselves or their friends, or who want to make money out of politics by some indirection.

The Roman Catholic family journal, "devoted to the propagation," etc., in San Francisco, devotes five columns in defense of the miracles at Knock and Lourdes. The only direct and positive proof of the miraculous genuflections of the image of the Holy Mother of God upon the gable end of the parish church at Knock, in Ballyhomis, afforded by these articles, is the testimony of a young girl whose mother is now keeping a prosperous boarding-house for the pilgrims who are thronging to this marvelous shrine. This testimony is amply sufficient to convince bigots, fools, or even superior minds who yield the control of their reason to ecclesiastical authority, or allow their intelligence to be governed by spiritual influences. No testimony can convince any one of sound sense—one with a sound mind in a sound body—of the possibility of any deviation from the established laws of nature. It is only the irreverent, and those misguided by education, who think God works His healing miracles through calcined marl from a parish church. This may do for the ignorant peasantry of one of Ireland's poorest parishes, but it shocks the reason of all intelligent persons, and it should offend the pious mind as something worse than blasphemy.

Our eloquent conversational friend, the Hon. Drury Melone, was chosen delegate to the Republican State Convention by the independent constituency of the Seventh Ward, as represented by the machine of Mr. William Higgins, Colonel Gannon, and Richard Chute, Esquire. He was chosen to cast his vote for the Hon. Morris M. Estee of Napa for Governor. We are sorry to be compelled to recognize this otherwise respectable gentleman as one of the utensils. We are not sorry to know that he will hereafter be identified by his scars. When such men as Horace Davis, Dr. Simpson, and Drury Melone become the willing instruments of William Higgins, Colonel Gannon, and Richard Chute, Esquire, we allow to the machine—had as we think it—the better character, and one more deserving of the respect of good citizens.

"The latest news from Egypt to-day," said Chairman Toohey to the Land-League, "is that the English are getting fearfully worsted." A murmur of applause greeted this remark. Mr. and Miss Golder sang a song, the usual collection was taken up, and the League adjourned. What a hopping and jumping there must be among the fleas on the British lion when they are informed of the movements of the Irish Land-League in San Francisco.

It would seem as though, for the first time in the history of San Francisco, there is a real opposition to the old gas company. The companies that have been heretofore organized were all either strangled in the cradle or bought off as they evidenced competitive strength. These companies were all heralded with loud protestations of virtuous purpose. They were all advertised as real rivals, and all promised reduced prices and improved gas; but all either fizzled out or sold out. The Central Gas-light Company has come to the front without any fuss or brag. It is now producing gas, and has been supplying over twelve hundred consumers for more than six months. Among these consumers are the Palace and Grand hotels, the Russ House, the Tivoli, the Free Public Library, and the new Mechanics' Pavilion. At the last place the new light is seen in its perfection, and it is a beautiful light. The works already constructed evidence ample capital. The additional works now being constructed at the Fillmore-street front are of the very best character, and indicate unlimited means. When completed, San Francisco can be easily reached in all its parts by its mains and distributing pipes. In the meantime, the Board of Supervisors is indicating an intention to make a

two years' contract with the old company. The new works are prepared to light two-fifths of the streets at less than one-fourth the price of the old company. In a short time the new company can light all San Francisco at one-fourth the money the old company is now demanding for a moonlight schedule. Our supervisors are justly earning for themselves a good name. We hope they will deserve it by resisting the golden arguments, and give the long-suffering people of this city good gas at low rates. More anon.

Every now and then the hog-wallow press of the interior breaks out into a spasm of personal denunciation against the editor of the *Argonaut*. Vituperative and abusive language is regarded by the more illiterate and vulgar country editor as strong writing. He sits upon an upturned nail-keg, in his unclean editorial den, and works himself into a fever of indignation because the views of the editor of the *Argonaut* are not his views. Unlearned, coarse, illogical, ill-tempered, irrational, vulgar, and malicious, he deems it the right thing to assault the *Argonaut* and its editor with vulgar personal abuse, because upon the question of immigration, naturalization, temperance, the Sunday-law, and other Americanisms, this paper is not in sympathy with the criminal, pauper, and vagabond element that is endeavoring to control the politics of the country, and endeavoring to destroy its institutions. This country editor is, as a rule, a foreign-born individual, usually a printer by occupation, who, by some process of intellectual development, has been transformed from the case to the editorial chair. As a rule he is of Irish birth or lineage; a papist in his religion, and a Democrat in his politics. He drinks whisky, chews plug tobacco, smokes a pipe, is unclean in his habits, immoral in his practices, and living upon the skirmish-ground and border-land between blackmail and hegemony. His paper is his weapon of attack, which he uses as would a bravo or a blackguard to demand tribute, or as his mendicant-bag in which to receive alms. He hopes, in his assaults upon the *Argonaut*, to commend himself to the village idlers and politicians, among whom he passes for an oracle. He hopes to obtain the dignity of being kicked by us, and aspires to the immortality of having himself named in the *Argonaut*. This journal has now been established five years, and as yet no blackguard, Democratic, Irish papist, drunken country editor has achieved that distinction. We have no time for this kind of controversy, no space for it, and no inclination to indulge in it. And yet we will be honest enough to admit that we are not indifferent to it. We enjoy it; it flatters us; it is evidence that our shafts hit; it advertises the kind of work we are conscientiously endeavoring to do; it is an assurance that we are not working in vain.

P. S.—When this kind of country editor writes and prints personal assaults upon us, we would be glad if he would send us his paper marked "personal," as it frequently happens that we do not see these assaults. Friends in the locality will oblige us by sending copies for our scrap-book.

It is not without a pardonable amount of gratification that we call attention to the fifth plank in the platform formulated by the Republican Convention. It reads: "History and experience unite to prove the necessity of preserving one day in seven as a day of rest from labor. Without legislation on this subject, the laboring classes might be compelled to continue in unceasing toil; therefore we are in favor of observing Sunday as a day of rest and recreation, and while we expressly disavow the right or the wish to force any class of our citizens to spend that day in any particular manner, we do favor the maintenance of the present Sunday laws, or similar laws, providing for the suspension of all unnecessary business on that day." When it is considered that the *Argonaut* was the first to advocate such a plank, and that, single-handed and alone, it has battled for its adoption, our exultation is excusable. There are many purblind Republicans who fear this plank will injure the party. They were never more mistaken in their lives. While in the city it is possible that the cohorts of Gin may cause some slight defection in the ranks, in the country the sentiment is almost unanimously in favor of the Sunday law. The issue is clear-cut—Respectability and Republicanism versus Gin and Democracy. Not the least gratifying feature of the matter is that the log-rollers sent by the so-called "League of Freedom" to Sacramento are reported as "extremely dissatisfied with the Sunday Law plank in the Republican platform." We are pleased that they are displeased.

In the affair of the twenty-sixth instant at Kassassin, the Egyptians met their second defeat at the hands of the British. Although they fought desperately, the discipline and superior equipments of the British force were too much for their ill-organized troops. It is now said that Arabi Pasha would like to make terms of peace. On Wednesday he asked for an eight-days' armistice. This may be the preliminary for a larger demand. Its prompt refusal by General Wolseley shows that the British nation intends to follow its former policy, and prosecute the war with bitter and unrelenting energy until quarter without condition is begged for by the prostrate rebels.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Parisian Jesters.

Prince X., a noble stranger who has been in Paris precisely forty-eight hours, is asked: "Well, Prince, what do you think of our Parisian women, eh?" "Charming creatures, indeed; but you know from what I've seen of them so far I am not sure as to the constancy of their affections, you know."

A physician falls into a fit while making a round of visits, and is carried into a drug store. "Send for Doctor X—," says somebody. "No, no; not for him," says the dying man, feebly, at the mention of his rival's name; "if he brought me round it would advertise him! I prefer to die."

"Here, waiter, a glass of beer!" "Beer, sir?" "Yes, sir! Instantly, sir!" After the lapse of three or four minutes, the waiter having remained rooted to the spot, the would-be customer shouts again: "Ho, waiter! That beer!" The waiter (moving away at a snail's pace)—"In a minute, sir! I'll run off and get it now, sir." Guest—"You'll run? If that is what you call running, what do you do when you walk?" Waiter (promptly)—"I sit down, sir."—*New York World.*

The Maddening Waltz.

Professor James P. Welch, of Philadelphia, an old-time dancing-master, is going to begin a crusade against the waltz. He says that the waltz, as now danced, is peculiarly immoral and shockingly vulgar. We thought likely that just as we got so that we could walk around over a lady's train to waltz time, and felt as though we could mingle in good society and join the giddy throng, some giant reformer would sail in and bust the whole business. This is not the first time we have been left in a similar manner. Professor Welch claims that the dancers, especially among the lower classes, become too contiguous, and that at the seaside resorts waltzers are too sociable altogether. This is a natural result of the two sexes going in swimming together. It was not allowed when we were a boy. Of course the Atlantic is a pretty big pond, and there is room for all; but man is a social being, and he hates to go four miles away and bathe by himself when he is liable to have a cramp and get drowned. He naturally wants to bathe somewhere where a young woman, wearing a blue dressing-saque and a bracelet, can run in and rescue him when he gets a cramp. Waltzing, however, should be reformed somewhat. The young man who thinks he ought to insert his nose in the ear of his partner while dancing ought to be taken out in the cloak-room and his attention called to his error. A large man with a two-year-old club could explain it to him so that the whole matter would be perfectly obvious. Waltzing is just like everything else—it can be perverted. Even the camp-meeting has recently been the subject of harsh and bitter criticism. When the camp-meeting gets perverted, it is time for us all to beware. None of us are safe. Whether in the ball-room, at the seaside, the camp-meeting, or in the sleeping-car, the journalist is surrounded by a cordon of disguised foes, any one of whom will down him if he don't keep his eyes constantly peeled. We live in an age of temptations, and consequent victories or defeats. Let us, therefore, brethren of the press, so live that the first man who points the finger

of scorn at us may be worn out on the cold bosom of earth.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Look Not upon the Soda.

There is a beautiful young lady in this city, a temperance girl, who has a pair of eyes that sparkle so that a stranger would think she was winking when she looked up and smiled. She was on the way to the temperance lodge the other night, and stopped at a soda fountain to get a glass of soda, and when the clerk asked what flavor she would have, she looked up, and smiled, and said: "I will leave that to you." The clerk said afterward, when her brother came in after the lodge was out, to whip him, that he would have sworn she winked. It seems some of the customers want a little handy in their soda, and the proprietor told the clerk when anybody winked and looked sort of cunning, to put in a little handy with the flavoring. The soda began to take effect on the girl just as she got into the ante-room, and instead of whispering the pass-word to the outside sentinel, that worthy official, who is a young married man, says she put her mouth up to his ear, and bit it, and then threw her arms around his neck. He would not have cared so much about this, only his wife was in the ante-room putting on her regalia. The soda girl also caused remarks in the ante-room by getting into her regalia first, and pulling it on as she would a pair of trousers. There is a hole in the door which the applicant for admission puts her mouth up to, and whispers the pass-word into the ear of the inside sentinel, who is a lady. The soda girl put her mouth up to the hole, after giving three distinct raps, and as the ear of the sentinel covered the hole on the opposite side of the door, the soda girl said: "Set 'em up. Soda with perfu (his merry innit." As the regular quarterly pass-word was "Strong drink is raging," and the inside sentinel smelled liquor on the breath of the applicant, she thought some saloon character was trying to get into the lodge, so she drew her stuffed club, the badge of her office, and opened the door. Seeing that it was a member, the guard let the girl in, after reprimanding her for her levity, and the girl marched to the middle of the floor. The custom is for a member on entering to go to the middle of the floor, look at the grand worthy chair-holder, and place the right index-finger to the right side of the nose, and keep it there until the chairman responds, when the new-comer takes a seat. The girl instead placed her thumb to her nose, and wiggled her fingers, and went and took a seat beside the chaplain, and put her feet upon the desk in front of the good man. The chaplain faints, the worthy chairman declared a recess, and the members all gathered around the sister, whose face was flushed. The sisters tried to get her into the ante-room, and soak her head, but she said she wanted to ride the goat, and she took a run and jump, and sat upon a table as though it was a side-saddle, and laughed so loud the brothers and sisters thought she would disturb the worshippers in a saloon not far away. Finally the choir struck up the tune, "Cold water, bright water," and the soda girl sung: "Jobny fill up the bowl," and tried to put her thumbs in the arm-holes of her vest, and walk like Pat Rooney. The brother finally got her to go home, and now it is a go-as-you-please between the girl and the drug-clerk and the proprietor and the girl's brother as to who is to blame.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

The Parlor Bed-room.

"On sundry occasions," said the Jester, "I have been sentenced to pass one night in solitary confinement in the modern chamber of horrors known as the spare room." The passengers all groaned in horrible chorus, and closing the car windows moved a little nearer the stove. "Yes," said the tall, thin passenger, "it is on the first floor, next to the roof, and the cold, steel-blue starlight glitters in through the dormer window, and sometimes between the shingles." "And you can reach out of bed with your hands," said the man on the wood-box, "and scrape enough frost off the walls to make a snowball as big as a turnip." "They won't let you have a light," the sad passenger said; "the old man says there is a heap of lumber and trash in the room, and they're afraid you'll set fire to something." "As you grope your wayless way across the room," said the Jester, "you bump your head against all manner of things you don't know the names of; hunches, and hunches of seed things, and weeds and 'yarbs' hanging up to dry, stiff withered leaves down your hack every time you strike a hunch, and this makes it mighty comfortable for you while you sleep. And about half way across the room to the head, you black your eye and knock yourself down with an ear of corn, hard as flint and twenty-two inches long—took the first premium at the county fair eight years before, and the old man had it hanging from the rafters ever since." "And if you sit up right suddenly in the night," said the sad passenger, "you run a scythe in your eye that hangs over the head-board." "The sheets are not so thick as tin plates," said the tall, thin passenger, "but they're a great deal colder." "And no matter how long or how short you are," said the Jester, "the blankets are always about six or eight inches shorter than you are. And if you tuck them around your neck and under your chin, your feet stick out all night." "And in that house," said Endymion, "they eat breakfast in the night, every time. You bear the old man about two o'clock in the night shouting at the family to get up and eat. You think there is a fire somewhere, and you want to run and jump into it, so you make a rush for the stairway, miss your way, walk out of the dormer window, slide down the snowy roof, and land down among the cattle." "It's all right, though," said the brakeman, "for the cattle toss you right back through the window again, and you go down stairs all right. When you find the alarm is only for breakfast, you say you believe you'd like to wash your face and hands before you eat." "All right," they tell you, "you'll find the trough right by the well, over in the twenty-acre piece, down by the timber." That's a mile and a-half away, and the snow knee deep. The first man who performs his ablutions breaks the path for the rest of the family." "You find a towel," said the cross passenger, "about six feet long, leaning up against the end of the smoke-house. You bang it against the corner of the house a few times, to make some breaks in it so that you can fold it up and carry it under your arm, like a piece of bark. You start away, hut you come back and say you'd like a piece of soap." "All right." They give you a gallon of soap in a stone jar two feet high. You say you prefer toilet soap, and they give you a bar three feet long, and hard as an ax-helve." But here the whistle blew long and loud, and the passengers hurried away to a hotel full of solid comfort.—*Burdette.*

A REBEL SONG.

[The following lyric possesses great interest from the fact that it has seldom appeared in print in the North, and is said to have been very popular among Stonewall Jackson's soldiers, as they sat around their camp-fires in the Valley of the Shenandoah.]

"Come, cheerily, men, pile on the rails
And stir the camp-fires bright,
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll have a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There hurly Blue-Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of 'Stonewall Jackson's way.'

"We see him now; his old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew,
His smooth dry smile, his speech so pat,
So firm, so bold, so true;
The Blue-Light elder knows 'em well
Says he, 'That's Banks. He's fond of shell,
Lord save his soul! We'll give him hell!
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.'

"Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all!
Hats off!
Old 'Stonewall's' going to pray!
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! 'Tis his way.
Kneeling upon his native sod,
In forma pauperis to his God—
Stretch forth thine arm—lay bare thy rod!
Amen. That's 'Stonewall's' way.

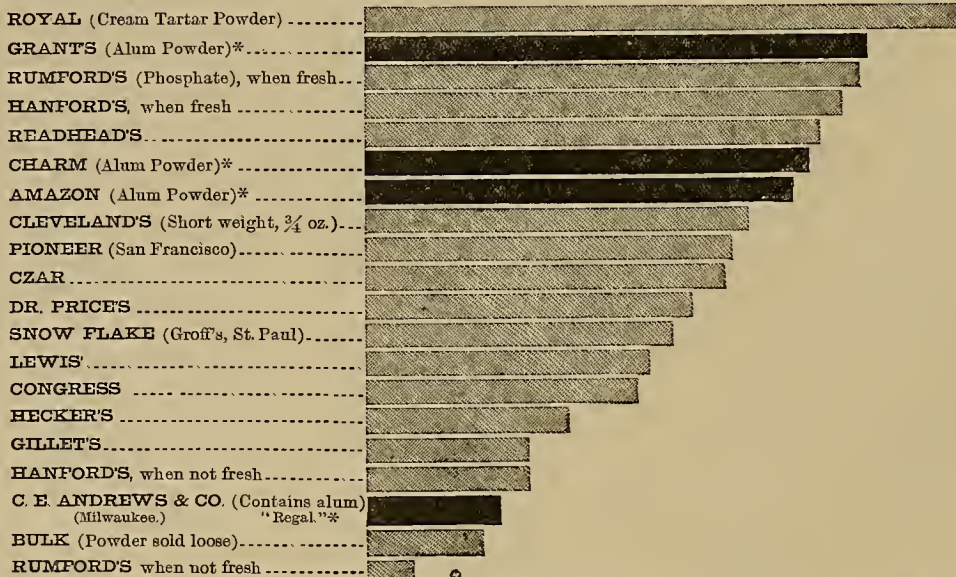
"He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; he'll win
His way out, ball or blade.
No matter if our shoes be worn;
No matter if our feet be torn—
Quick step! We'll with him before morn
In 'Stonewall Jackson's way.'

"The bright sun scatters hack the mists
Of morning—and, hy George!
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists
Hemmed by an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees whipped before!
'Bayonets and grape,' hear Stonewall roar;
'Charge, Ashby! Pay off Stuart's score
In 'Stonewall Jackson's way.'

"Ab, woman! wait, and watch, and yearn
For news of Stonewall's hand;
Ah, widow! read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand;
Ah, maiden! weep on, hope on, pray on,
Thy lot is not so all forlorn;
The foe bad better ne'er been born
That gets in 'Stonewall's' way."

A notorious scamp, much affected in a revival, once went to Jonathan Edwards, and said to him, in the religious parlance of the time: "I realize that I am the chief of sinners." "Glad to hear it," replied the dominie; "your neighbors have long realized it." "I feel," persisted the whining penitent, "that I am willing to be damned for the glory of God." "Well," replied the hard-hearted preacher, "I don't know anybody around here that would have the slightest objection."

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF BAKING POWDERS.



NOTE—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative strength of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. SCHEDLER. A one-pound can of each Powder was taken, the total leavening power of volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated in the above diagram. This practical test for strength by Prof. SCHEDLER only proves what every observant consumer of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER knows by experience, that while it costs a few cents per pound more than the ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work.

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* While this Diagram shows some of the alum Powders to be of a higher degree of strength than ordinary Powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum Baking Powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

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"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I have purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a Cream of Tartar Powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum, or phosphates, or other injurious substances. E. G. LOVE, Pb. D."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. H. A. MOTT, Pb. D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or other injurious substances. HENRY MORTON, M. D., President Stevens Institute of Technology."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome. S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Massachusetts."

"June 23, 1882.—I have made a careful analytical test of Royal Baking Powder purchased by myself in the open market here, and in the original package. I find it to be a Cream of Tartar Powder of the highest degree of strength, containing nothing but pure, wholesome, and useful ingredients. JUAN H. WRIGHT, M. D., Analytical Chemist, formerly Wright & Merrill, St. Louis."

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HAWTHORNE'S POSTHUMOUS NOVEL.

The literary circles of Boston are at present much interested over the contest in the Hawthorne family. Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., the publishers, recently issued a circular stating that they would shortly publish a posthumous novel by the late Nathaniel Hawthorne, entitled, "Dr. Grimsbaw's Secret." Messrs. Osgood & Co. were understood to have obtained their information, together with the manuscript, from Mr. Julian Hawthorne. The latter gentleman, at all events, was to furnish, it was said, a preface to the book. According to this first statement, the manuscript of the story was discovered among the papers of the late novelist, and upon being deciphered, revealed an almost perfectly developed and finished work, requiring only a few touches by way of revision or addition in unimportant particulars. This production had lain unknown in a trunk for eighteen years, and this treasure-laden trunk had "accompanied the family," (presumably that of Julian Hawthorne), and had been in Europe most of the time since the last publication of Hawthorne's posthumous works. This circular was copied by the Boston *Advertiser*, which journal also appended a long note, discussing the forthcoming book, and also its great author's peculiarities of writing. The announcement, however, was promptly followed by a denial on the part of Mr. Hawthorne's daughter, who is now Mrs. Lathrop, that there is any such thing in existence as a complete romance by her father. She explains in detail the disposition made of her father's papers after his death, and avers that a finished work, such as "Doctor Grimsbaw's Secret" is asserted to be, could not have escaped the notice of any member of the family. She denies a number of minor averments made in the *Advertiser* statement, and unquestionably leaves upon the mind the impression that, in her judgment, the publication of the forthcoming novel under her father's name would be an unscrupulous forgery. To a reporter of the Boston *Traveller* her husband observed: "Of this new romance we know absolutely nothing. There was a fragment, a study for a romance, among Mr. Hawthorne's papers, whose character and motive correspond with that announced in the forthcoming work, but it was only a fragment. At the time of Mrs. Hawthorne's death all of Mr. Hawthorne's papers were in her possession. She died in London, and her two daughters only were with her at the time, Julian Hawthorne being then in America. After her death, my wife—who was not my wife then," he said, smiling—"carefully went over all the papers left, giving them two examinations. We found the MS. of 'Septimus Felton,' which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of October, 1872, and among others this 'unrelated fragment' to which I refer. This consisted of a manuscript book, written in 1858, which seems to have been the first study for a new romance. While its plan was radically different from 'Septimus,' there were also many points of resemblance. Some time after our marriage, Mr. Hawthorne's papers and literary remains were divided, and this sketch was among the papers that passed into the possession of Julian Hawthorne." For a time it was expected that the grave misgivings excited by Mrs. Lathrop's statement might be set at rest by explanations, which, it was understood, had been requested from Mr. Julian Hawthorne by those who had made themselves responsible for the original announcement. But it can not be said that the interview of a special correspondent with Mr. Julian Hawthorne, whose results were printed in the *Advertiser* on August 16th, were satisfactory. The correspondent begins by acknowledging that much of the first statement published in the *Advertiser* was incorrect; that the novel "is not as complete a work" as was asserted; that there is "a small break in the middle," and that "several chapters are needed to finish the book." He admits, too, that the handwriting is very different from several specimens of Hawthorne's manuscript which he had seen. The writer of the communication likewise acknowledges that Mrs. Lathrop was right in contradicting several of the minor affirmations in the first statement, relating for the most part to the elder Hawthorne's literary habits. On the other hand, this special correspondent has seen the manuscript of "Dr. Grimsbaw's Secret." "The writing," he says, "and its evident age—for it is old and brown—are proof to the eye at once that the manuscript is a genuine work of Hawthorne." Regarding this statement, the New York *Sun* remarks: "The fact that it is old and brown proves nothing as to authorship; and the correspondent has just said that the writing differed notably from other specimens of Hawthorne's. The interview with Mr. Julian Hawthorne, published in the *Advertiser*, leaves the controversy just where it was before. Mr. Hawthorne produces a manuscript which he says was his father's. Mrs. Lathrop says that no such manuscript was among her father's papers. No attempt is made to show how it might have been there, and yet have escaped her notice. On the whole, we advise the publishers to insist upon a somewhat closer investigation of the matter, and meanwhile it might be well for them to name their authority for the original announcement, part of which, at least, is now acknowledged to have been incorrect."

CCXLIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, September 4th.

Crab Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Breaded Lamb Chops.
Tomato Sauce. Potato Croquettes.
Boiled Ham.
Fried Egg-plant. Summer Squash.
Roast Venison.
Currant Jelly and Port-wine Sauce.
Beets, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Jelly Custards.
Sponge Cake, Pears, Peaches, Apricots, Nectarines, Plums, Gages, Figs, Apples, and Grapes.

JELLY CUSTARDS.—Make a custard of one quart of milk and six eggs, sweeten with one cup of sugar, boil gently until it thickens well, and flavor with vanilla when cold. Fill your custard-glasses two-thirds full, and heap with jelly. Use red for half of the glasses and yellow for the remainder.

An eccentric old gentleman who had married his second wife, a hoydenish young creature, entertained a party of gentlemen one afternoon, and was much chagrined by the non-appearance of his girlish spouse. Upon inquiring he ascertained that she was in the garden, and thereupon invited his guests out to be introduced to her. As they rose to accept the invitation, his son, a lad of fourteen, exclaimed: "Don't do it, dad!" "Why not?" he asked, angrily. "Because," returned the boy, half apologetically, "she's up a cherry tree."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Peeping Tom.

There was a wife in Coventry
Whose name was Mrs. Brown;
Her husband was a high-toned bird—
The mayor of the town.
He did misuse the people so
It raised an awful storm,
Till Mrs. Brown declared she would
Inaugurate reform.
The old gent said he'd yield him to
The prayers of Mrs. Brown.
If she would ride upon a mule
All naked through the town.
She quick did let the people know
The promise of old Brown,
And they unto their houses bled
While she rode through the town.
But one old rooster, bald and gray,
Upon his knees went down,
And peeped out through the keyhole at
The disrobed Mrs. Brown.
Straightway his eyes fell out, and he
Forevermore was blind,
And ever after lived a life
Detested by mankind.
But always, to his dying day,
That ornery rooster bled
The sight of glowing Mrs. Brown
With unfeigned bliss recalled.
—Unknown Liar.

An Ortbographical Fancy.

With tragic air the lovelorn heir
Once chased the chaste Louise;
She quickly guessed her guest was there
To please her with his pleas.
Now at her side he kneeling sigbed
His sighs of woeful size—
"Oh, hear me here, for lo! most low
I rise before your eyes.
This soul is sole thine own, Louise—
'Twill never wean, I ween,
The love that I—aye, e'er shall feel,
Though mean may be its mien."
"You know I can not tell you no,"
The maid made answer true—
"I love you aught, as sure I ought—
To you 'tis due I do!"
"Since you are won, O fairest one!
The marriage rite is right;
The chapel aisle I'll lead you up
This night!" exclaimed the knight.
—H. C. Dodge.

A Murderous Symposium.
THE CUCUMBER.

I am the festive cucumber,
My victims by thousands I number,
In the still night-time
The stairs they climb,
In garments of rosewood lumber.

THE HOLE IN THE ICE.

Oh, come and tumble through me,
Small boy with eyes of blue,
My depths are dark and gloomy,
But cool enough for you.
Yes, I will keep you nice and cool,
Then you won't have to go to school.

THE BLOWN-OUT GAS.

O sweet to me when Corydon takes Chloë
Daown ter the city fer ter see the sights,
Her bunnit might be called a trifle showy—
His cotton gloves are neither lefts nor rights.
O' nights
He blows me out, and I, most unpretentious
Asphyx them into the Sweet Subsequentious

THE MULE.

They have twisted my tender and touching tale,
And I really know not why;
But somehow or other, each took a sail
To the Saccharine By-and-by.

THE KEROSENE CAN.

When the wind whistles and the snow drifts higher,
The maiden lifteth me to light the figger,
Oh, never more will Connemara see
That fair young exile skipping gay and free
Among the pigs about the cabin yard;
She's all on band; but rather tired and charred.

THE TOY PISTOL.

O you poor rivals,
Tuppenny rivals,
Six for a centlet,
Hear my old war-whoop:
I can discount you,
Every occasion.
Lo, when I tackle
Small boy superfluous,
I am a terror,
Terror from Wayback,
W. County.
For I can check their
Native garrulity,
Giving them lockjaw;
Prithee, friend, make no
Error about it.
—V. Hugo Dusenbury, Professional Poet of Puck.

Bewailings of a "Broken Baritone."

A las! alas! "my cake is" DO,
"My sun of life has set," RE,
But, could I keep a single MI,
"I might be bappy yet." MI,
Chauting on E's no ease to FA,
At upper notes I strain, FA,
Doubtful of FA—"so near yet" SOL,
I strive for it in vain.
E'n dead-heads long have "damned my" SOL,
"Too flat!" "You're old," they cry, LA,
Fools! "old SOL sinks by nature's" LA,
So "bow is that for high?" SI
Gone are those that I used to—
A DO, RE, MI, FA and near,
Naught's left me but—to drink—to die—
My SOL, LA, SI's my "bier!"
—Boston Times.

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If the accomplished Union Square Company had sought long and far for something with which to relieve the tension of interest in "Daniel Rochat," and give an interval of dullness before the sensational "Lights o' London" flashed upon us, they could not have hit it more unerringly than in "The False Friend." It is a pyramid of intentions, and nothing more. One feels constantly that something must happen, something must be done, something must be said; but nothing ever is done or said of any importance, for there is not a strong scene in the play. The work is well laid on, but after that the artist's cunning failed him. For some unreasonable reason it is generally a bad lookout when a play begins with a prologue. It is like a house built upon stilts—which may be a very good sort of a house, but has a tremendous vista of foundation. One likes to be plunged at once into the thick of the story in a play, and let it unravel itself. And yet, perhaps it would have been difficult to have omitted the Australian canyon in this new phase of the Tichborne tale. By the way, we need not consider our *amour propre* wounded so long as they spell it "canyon," but all the world knows that California has a patent right to the "cañon," as Australia has to the hush, or India to the jungle, or Ireland to the bog, though there be hushes, and jungles, and bogs elsewhere.

We are taken from the lonely scene under the antipodean sky to the lawn of Fielding manor, where at least half a dozen tenants, in blouses and clogs, are bleating a weak burrah for the coming bome of the prodigal. Some of the resident gentry are discreetly distributed upon the green, and an old lady of eighty-two, and perhaps some months and some days—though, contrary to custom, these trifling additions are not mentioned—is wheeled in an invalid's perambulator by an old serving-man, who looks like Kerry, and acts with all the responsibility of the Queen's John Brown. As these two are the only picturesque-looking ones in the play, so they are the only two parts worth playing.

As for Lucian Gleyre, the villain and the hero, he is but a half-hearted villain, and certainly the shallowest of impostors, with a disposition to confess, which is really phenomenal. "You are not Cuthbert Fielding, you are Lucian Gleyre," cries a young woman in a long black dress, pointing a dramatic forefinger at him. She has informed us previously that she is an "American" with a history, and is at present engaged as music mistress for Edith Fielding. "His name is Lucian Gleyre, and he is my husband," cries the young woman in black. "My name was Lucian Gleyre, and I was her husband," acknowledges the young man, "but I am now Cuthbert Fielding," and without giving any very lucid explanation of how this interesting state of affairs ceased to be, he proceeds to prove his identity according to the time-honored custom of the drama, with a tibia and a bit of verse. The aged lady accepts the verse against the evidence of her own eyesight, and curtain!

In the second act, Mr. Lucian Gleyre is comfortably established at the manor, and has but one thorn in his pillow—the lover of Edith Fielding, a young subaltern in the possession of a very fine uniform, and a very detective disposition. Mr. Lucian Gleyre having acquitted himself satisfactorily of a very uncomfortable interview with this young man, is about to seek the comfort of his thornless pillow, when he is surprised by the aged lady, come at this singularly appropriate hour—it is upon the stroke of midnight—to present him with a portrait of his mother. He seizes it, kisses it, and dilates in the most glowing manner upon its faithfulness to the fond familiar features. "Villain, your villainy is unlooked for," cries the aged lady; "that is the picture of your aunt, and this is your mother!" "Certainly this is my mother," cries Gleyre; "I only fell into your trap to entrap you. My own, dear mother," and he apostrophizes the other picture till the aged lady brings her glasses to bear upon it, and discovers that she has made another mistake. "Villain," she cries once more. But the villain, fearing that she is about to spring a whole photograph gallery upon him, heads her off with a confession. "I am not Cuthbert Fielding," he says, "but he is dead, and I might as well be here as another man." He further intimates to the aged lady that silence would be a commendable policy on her part, whereupon, like all women so advised, she sets up a howl with all the might of her lungs, and calling for help, vanishes into the dark. Just here occurs the most singular effect of the play. Simultaneously with the aged lady's exit comes a crash. The first thought of the audience is the kitchen pantry, the second is a reverberating shot; but it transpires that Jupiter, to enhance the interest of the play, has hurled a unique bolt, as the French would say, athwart the Fielding sky, and its one accompanying flash of lightning strikes the aged lady, and literally fires her out of the play at the close of the second act. This is unkind of Jupiter, or the author, since she has the only part in it, a circumstance which has had something to do with Mrs. Phillips's extraordinary success.

Lucian Gleyre is then obliged to look about for some one else to whom to make confession, and is surprised at night—it is one of his peculiarities to be surprised by night—by the entrance of the real

Cuthbert Fielding. Once more Gleyre confesses. It seems to be a luxury with him, as Grace Roseberry said of the hapless New Magdalen. He invites the real Cuthbert to a chair, which the real Cuthbert accepts, and gazes pensively at the ceiling while Lucian explains the situation—a situation which he resolves to hold, and in his capacity of magistrate has the real Cuthbert clapped into jail. Gleyre seems to be forever in the attitude of Boss Tweed, and with thumbs in pockets to ask them independently what they are going to do about it. At this stage it becomes imminent that he should look about for some one else to whom to confess, and Miss Edith Fielding is about the only interested party left. Gleyre's love for her having been divined by the jealousy of her lover, she consents to play a trick upon him, and by her arts to move him to the confession of his imposture through the confession of his passion. With a clever actress this might have been made a good scene, but Miss Eleanor Carey is only a pretty, pleasing woman, with nothing of art or subtlety in her acting, and the opportunity went unimproved. Mr. De Belleville failed to make any impression in the part, because it was too faintly outlined. Gleyre is not a villain either of dash or suavity. He is simply a man who, seeing the opportunity, has seized it, without the boldness to hold it or the finesse to carry the deception.

As for the Tichborne story, though truth be stranger than fiction, it is still a little too near and new to be thrilling. It has a smack of the newspaper, and a flavor of stale news. It is like a dress or a bonnet or a piece of furniture which is just old enough to be out of fashion, but not old enough to be old-fashioned. In short, the worn Tichborne story needs a reversal. If the fat claimant had but known the sea of literature into which he was plunging a thousand pens, perhaps he would have forborne his venture, and kindly remained a fat butcher at Wapping. Why does not some one now write a play in which an usurper should boldly rise and put the true man out of place? Such a tortuosity might puzzle an audience in a world where it is only necessary to make an assertion to have some one believe it.

The sub-plot in "A False Friend" is not unlike a scene in an old English comedy, but Mr. Fawcett, comedian, is forced to stand about with nothing in particular to do, but willing to be as funny as he can should opportunity arise. Miss Harrison is equally tied, although the idea of her part, a young girl haunted by a possible stepmother, is not a bad one. For that matter, there are many good ideas in "The False Friend," but everything is vague, misty, nebulous. There are no situations, no climaxes, and there is no go to anything. People have been saying a good deal about Mr. Stoddart's Andrew, but it is, in effect, nothing but the strong personality of the artist standing out through a part weakly written in. It is not a character like Babbage or Bidache; the one the brusque man of business, with a kind heart beneath the crust; the other the dry man of brains, the leader of the party rather than the orator at whose elbow he stands, and who carries conviction with a *coup de theatre*, as it were. Andrew is simply an old servant man, weakened by age, and without a peculiarity in the world. Yet his reception shows the readiness of the multitude to acknowledge the skill of the artist.

There is far more to speak of in Mrs. Phillips's Lady Ogden—a sketch which is extremely well done. In fact, the death is unpleasantly realistic, and quite subdues the risibles of those who were moved to laughter by the funny little thunderstorm coming in just at the nick of time, and going out like a flash in the pan as soon as its work was done. Can it be possible that they are beginning to economize in thunder in the theatres?

People went away from "The False Friend" with a curious feeling of having been defrauded of something that they might have had. Everything seemed to be a mere rehearsal, and went slowly; but perhaps it is just as well that our emotions have been let down a peg, that we may tune them up again for next week's sensation under the flaring lights of London town. BETSY B.

A number of prominent citizens have requested Mr. W. R. Palmer to take a benefit, in order that they may have an opportunity of testifying their appreciation of the pleasure which has been afforded them by the performances of the Union Square Theatre Company, under his management. The performance will probably take place on the afternoon of Thursday week, and a programme of special interest is being arranged, which will present the principal members of the company in characters that they will represent only on this occasion during their present stay.

At Haverly's California Theatre "The False Friend" has been playing all the week to fair houses. At the Baldwin Theatre "Hazel Kirke" will begin a series of farewell performances under the management of Gustave Frohman, on next Monday evening. Emerson's Minstrels have returned to this city, and will open at the Standard Theatre on next Monday evening. On Monday afternoon there will be a rehearsal of the new opera, "Otumbo," by Messrs. H. A. Stuart and Borchert, of this city.

—ON NEXT MONDAY EVENING "HAZEL KIRKE" will make its reappearance on the stage of the Baldwin Theatre, under the efficient management of Mr. Gus Frohman. The company has recently made a tour through the country, where it was received everywhere with enthusiasm. There has been little change made in the cast, the company being composed of the same members, with but one exception, that of Mr. Henry Lee, whose part is now taken by the popular local actor, Mr. Joseph Grismer. The hold which "Hazel Kirke" has on the San Francisco public is extraordinary. Beside the constant patronage of the theatre-loving public, it has succeeded in calling out not only all those who occasionally visit the theatre, but also many who could not have been brought to any other play. Notwithstanding the fact that it ran for a long season a short time ago, there is as much interest manifested by the public anticipation of the coming reappearance as if it were entirely fresh. This, however, is perhaps somewhat due to the fact that this is the last chance that the public will have this season to witness this charming little play, as the company goes East at the conclusion of the present short engagement. J. H. Love, late business manager for Emerson, is to be treasurer, and W. W. Randall, well known as an author and journalist, has been engaged as business agent of the Madison Square Company.

WAGNER'S NEW OPERA.

Production of "Parsifal" at the Bayreuth Theatre.

Margery Deane, in a recent letter to the New York *Tribune*, gives a description of the first performance at Bayreuth, July 24, of Wagner's new opera, "Parsifal." The plot is taken from an old legend about the Knights of the Holy Grail, (Christ's communion-cup,) which Tennyson has also used in one of his poems. Parsifal, (or Percival,) a youth of "boly innocence," is chosen to save the life of Amfortas, king of the Knights of the Holy Grail, who, having laid aside his sacred Spear at the seductive solicitations of Kundry, a beautiful enchantress, is wounded by Klingsor, an evil magician, whom he had gone forth to vanquish. Amfortas may be healed if Parsifal can regain the sacred Spear, (the weapon which pierced Christ's side at the cross,) and touch its point to the wound. Parsifal passes through many temptations, but through faith withstands Kundry's temptations and Klingsor's machinations. He captures the Spear, redeems the imprisoned soul of the beautiful Kundry, and heals the wounded king. "The opera," writes Mrs. Deane, "began promptly at four o'clock P. M., and the first act lasted one hour and three-quarters. This was because the tempo is taken so slowly; and although the second act is longer in text, the less serious character of the music shortens it to one hour and five minutes. The third act began at a quarter to nine, and at ten o'clock the curtain fell. As for Materna in the part of Kundry, her wild, disordered hair half covering her face, in the first act, make her fiendish and uncanny to look upon; but in the second act all the beauty which dress and a fascinating exterior can bestow, are hers. Her gown is a marvel of art; a soft cream-colored silk, covered with exquisite embroideries. Nothing could be more perfect or grand than her acting in every scene. In the flower-garden the whole stage is filled with huge tropical flowers, and the flower-maidens are only so many more blossoms of the very same hue. The music of 'Parsifal' is constructed on the 'motives' principle. A 'motive,' formerly called 'theme,' is a short musical phrase which represents either a person or an action, and is introduced either by the orchestra or in the vocal part. This 'motive' appears in the orchestral part whenever a reference is made to the 'warning.' In this consists the originality of Wagner's music. The better the bearer is acquainted with these 'motives' the deeper his appreciation of Wagner's genius. In Weber's 'Freischutz' and 'Euryanthe,' and Auher's 'Masaniello,' we find the occasional use of themes alluding to certain persons or situations, but Wagner is the first composer who has brought the symphonic style of composition into a positive form, and adopted it as the real type of an operatic work. From this point of view he is the only worthy successor of Beethoven. Every scene and every character is represented by the most perfectly appropriate music which was ever set to words. There is a wonderful variety. The leading motives number twenty-three or twenty-four, of which the most important refer to the following subjects: The Grail, the Evening Supper, the Prophecy, Parsifal, Kundry, Amfortas's grief, the Maiden's enticing song, and the song of Faith. There is no overture, but each of the three acts is preceded by an introduction in which we hear the motives of the scenes characterizing each act. The style of composition is simple but noble throughout, and so is the orchestration. A notable feature of the latter is that the string and wind instruments predominate. Another is, that the brass is

used in a very moderate degree. That 'Parsifal' is not adapted to an ordinary theatre will be easily conceived. Wagner has written it for Bayreuth, partly because he wished to dedicate something to the people who have dedicated so much to him. He calls it a 'Buhnen-weih-festpiel,' (stage-consecrating festival play,) thereby signifying his desire that it is to be consecrated to the exclusive use of the theatre in Bayreuth. The scenery is more rich and magnificent than anything which was ever put upon any stage. No one can question the perfect artistic taste with which all parts were pictorially represented. The stage apparatus is very complicated. Carl Brandt, who constructed the machinery for the 'Nibelungen,' was engaged upon this work when he died last year. His son has, however, carried out his plans with wonderful success. The decorative part was designed by Foulkowsky, an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner's. Wagner has supervised every detail of the preparations, as he did for the 'Nibelungen,' not only as musical director, but as stage manager, elocutionary instructor, etc. If a gesture was wrong or a syllable indistinctly spoken, the master was ready with his criticism.

The San Francisco Philharmonic Society experienced so much success in their concerts last year that they have decided to give a grand series of six concerts during the coming season, to take place on the first Friday in each of the successive months of October, November, and December of this year, and January, February, and March of 1882. Mr. Gustave Hinrichs will conduct, as before, and previous to each concert will be given a rehearsal for subscribers only. The subscription-list is now open at Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

—THE GREAT CIRCUS COMBINATION WHICH John Robinson brought here from the East has been playing to crowded audiences all the week. The extensive scale on which this circus is managed necessitates two separate rings, with a performance going on in each ring at the same time. There are nearly a hundred performers, together with a squadron of horses. The managerie is one of the most complete affairs ever brought to this coast, and the trained elephants and trick dogs excite wondering comment. This afternoon and evening will take place the last performances of this circus. The eminent success which this combination has attained is greatly due to the untiring efforts of its able advance agent, Colonel Foster.

—ON NEXT MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 4TH, the Standard Theatre will be reopened by the Emerson Minstrels. This theatre has been entirely refitted and decorated. The latest style of opera chairs has been introduced into the parquette and dress-circle, and popular prices will prevail. The company is composed of twenty-five artists just from the East. Everything betokens a long and successful season.

—M. STRAUS, THE ARTIST, LEAVES FOR THE East about October 1. Previous to his departure he will have an exhibition of all his paintings and finished studies, at the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association, Pine Street, beginning to-day, and closing with a sale Friday evening, September 8.

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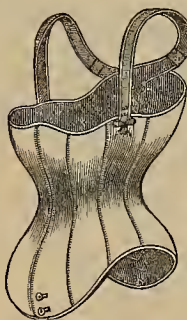
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There is a good anecdote told of Joachim Raff, whose death has recently left a blank in the musical world. When Meyerbeer died, Raff was living in Paris, and wrote the funeral march which was played at Plassy before Rossini. "Well," asked Raff, "what do you think of it?" "Mon cher," replied the caustic maestro, "I think that it would have been better if it had been your funeral and Meyerbeer's composition."

When Aurelien Scholl, and "Baron" Harden-Hickey arrived at the Dutch frontier, on their recent excursion, with a view to dueling, the customs inspector glanced at their baggage, and remarked: "Ah, swords! Swords are dutiable, sir. Seven francs each, if you please. Step this way." And he politely ushered the duelists into the office, where they paid the duty. Then he wished them good-day politely, and they stepped out and into the arms of a gendarme, who confiscated the weapons.

The wife of the great French naturalist, M. Geoffroy Ste.-Hilaire, once lost a handsome diamond necklace, and the house was in an uproar in consequence of the vanished bauble. Incidentally the naturalist mentioned that a favorite hahoon, which he kept up stairs, had been playing for some days past with a necklace precisely similar to the one described. He was indignantly asked why he had not taken the necklace from the animal? "I thought that it belonged to him," calmly answered M. Geoffroy Ste.-Hilaire.

A facetious Paris journalist, wishing to "take a rise" out of Léon Gozlan, inserted the following paragraph among the odds and ends of his paper: "M. Léon Gozlan was at one time a sailor, and while serving on board a brig not only caused the crew to mutiny, but also killed the captain." In the very next number of the journal appeared a letter, addressed to the editor by the author of "Notaire de Chantilly." It ran thus: "Monsieur: You say that I have been a sailor, which is quite true; that I caused the crew of a brig to mutiny, and then killed the captain, which is also perfectly correct; but you forgot to add a detail which may particularly interest your readers: after killing the captain I ate him!—Léon Gozlan."

Conversing about old-fashioned names, ex-Secretary Blaine recently told a correspondent a story about an aunt of Mr. Cheney, of Boston, who named her children after names she found in French novels. "Every child," said Mr. Blaine, "had a romantic French name. One was named Valet—Valet Cheney." "Where did she get the name Valet from?" I asked. "Well, it was this way. I knew Valet well when I was a boy. I also knew he had a middle name, for he used to write it Valet D. C. Cheney. One day I asked him to give me his whole name. 'Mother got it out of a French novel,' said Valet. 'My full name is Valet de Chambre Cheney. Pretty name, isn't it? And uncommon, too. They spell it in French *Valet de Chambre*.'"

A New Yorker, says the *Wall Street News*, who spent several weeks in Europe this summer, set aside a half-day before leaving Paris to settling with his landlord. The host made out his bill for every meal and lodging—so much for candles, so much for ice, milk, water, etc., as is usual with them—and when the Yankee had looked it over, he said: "It is not enough; you have forgotten one important item." "Great heaven! can it be possible?" gasped the landlord, and he ran away to think. After an hour's hard work he could add nothing except the cost of another candle. "And are you going to let me off with this?" "I—I think I have it all. 'Oh no, you haven't; but that's none of my business. I will pay it as it stands.' 'Will monsieur be kind enough to mention the other item?' 'See you hanged first—here's your money.' Then the host went away to rack his brains. The idea that he had not charged enough almost drove him frantic, but he could not remember that lost item. At length, as the Yankee was about to leave, he approached him with tears in his eyes, and besought him to reveal the secret. "Why, I called you the most brazen-faced robber in France!" was the reply, as he laid down a five-franc piece. "You did! Thank heaven—that's always three francs! Here's your change—good-bye—bon voyage!"

Sir Walter Scott was in the habit of employing in literary work a German student named Weher. Being an interesting person, he became a favorite with Scott's household, and often dined with them. Sir Walter, knowing that Weher was inclined to drink too freely, encouraged this intimacy, that he might keep him as much as possible from temptation. When Sir Walter left Edinburgh at Christmas, 1813, the two parted kindly, and on the day after his return Weher was with him in the library, as usual, making extracts. As the light began to fail Scott leaned back in his chair, and was about to ring for candles, when, seeing the German looking at him with unusual solemnity, he asked what was the matter. "Mr. Scott," said Weher, rising, "you have long insulted me, and I can hear it no longer. I have brought a pair of pistols, and must insist on your taking one of them instantly." And he produced the weapons which had been placed under his chair, and laid one of them on Scott's paper. "You are mistaken, I think," said Scott, "in your way of setting about this affair—but no matter. It can, however, be no part of your object to annoy Mrs. Scott and the children; therefore, if you please, we will put the pistols into the drawer till after dinner, and then arrange to go out together like gentlemen." Weher answered with the same coolness: "I believe that will be better," and laid the second pistol on the table. Scott looked both in his drawer, saying: "I am glad you have felt the propriety of my suggestion; let me only request further that nothing may occur at dinner to give my wife any suspicion of what has been passing." Scott then went to his dressing-room, and immediately sent a message to one of Weher's intimate companions, who came and took him away. He had been on a long walk through the Highlands, during which he had drank so heavily as to unsettle his mind. He became a hopeless lunatic, and until his death was supported at Scott's expense in an asylum at York. But for the great novelist's self-control, there would have been a murder in that quiet library.



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ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 17th day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 74) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 37, Nevada Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twentieth day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.
Office—Room 37, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—OF

the Thunder Powder Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Alameda County, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 1) of Forty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room No. 5, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. O. OAKLEY, Secretary.
Office Thunder Powder Company, 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California.

CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the tenth day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 16) of Thirty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 14th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary,
Office—Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 42) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company.—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of July, 1882, an assessment (No. 24) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 18th day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

CATHARINE TOEDTER, formerly CATHARINE ROBINET, and PETER TOEDTER, her husband, Plaintiff,
vs.
DAVID FOGARTY, Defendant.

Superior Court. Department No. 1. No. 4673. Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 1, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Catharine Toedter, formerly Catharine Robinet, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against David Fogarty, defendant, on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book Two of said Court, at page 367, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Larkin Street, distant seventy-three feet southerly from the southerly line of Ellis Street, running thence southerly along said line of Larkin Street forty-seven feet to the northerly line of Willow Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along said line of Willow Avenue eighty-seven feet and six inches; thence at right angles northerly forty-seven feet and six inches, to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Eight, as by the map of said City and County.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 13th day of September, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, August 19, 1882. JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

LOUGHBOROUGH & NEWHALL, Attorneys for Plaintiffs. August 19, 26, September 2, 9.

(Department No. 7.)

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT,

City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EMMA J. FAIRBAIRN, Plaintiff,

vs.

NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF

California send Greeting to NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion, and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessities of life; and awarding the custody of the child of the parties hereto to plaintiff. Also, requiring defendant to pay such sums as the Court may deem proper for the support of plaintiff and her child, and costs of suit, together with general relief. Reference to the complaint is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two.

(Seal.) DAVID WILDER, Clerk.
By J. D. RUGGLES, Deputy Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

A. F. BENJAMIN, Plaintiff,

vs.

JACOB LEVY, Defendant.

Superior Court. (Late 4th District Court.) No. 22,467. EXECUTION.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested, on the 2d day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein A. F. Benjamin, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against Jacob Levy, defendant, on the 1st day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$2,277 97-100 U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the 1st day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Jacob Levy, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Tyler Street, distant 165 feet westerly from the west line of Franklin Street, running thence westerly along said north line of Tyler Street 27 6-12 feet; thence at right-angles northerly 120 feet; thence at right-angles easterly 27 6-12 feet; and thence at right-angles southerly 120 feet to the point of commencement. Together with the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 28th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the first day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, August 5, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff

J. B. L. BRANDT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

August 5, 12, 19, 26.

NOTICE—The above sale is postponed till MONDAY,

the 13th day of September, A. D. 1882, at the same hour and place.

Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, August 28, 1882.

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Due from Banks.....	327,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
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Due Banks.....	337,491 09
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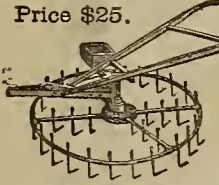
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VOL. XI. NO. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

RAMON'S ROMANCE.

A Story of the Mexic Land, and How a Spaniard Loves.

He was only a potter of the people; poor, and pious, and peaceful, contentedly whirling his little lathe day after day, loving his labor, eager to advance in his art, but otherwise unambitious, unassuming, with never a dream beyond the simple, homely life of the hour, and never a dread deeper or darker than that Tihurcio Fuentes's last load of wood from Pinos Altos might prove delusive juniper, instead of sturdy oak, and that so the contents of his kiln might be lost in the firing.

He loved his work, did this untutored Sonorense, as men not often do love their own handiwork. The tender, cherishing pride he had in his red *ollas* and *cántaros*, and glossy, dark green and brown *mesetas*, was more like the objective love of woman than the subjective and utilitarian interest of man. From the days of his early boyhood, among all the tropic splendor and halmy beauty of his native village, on the loamy banks of the swift-flowing river at Rosario, Ramon Gutierrez had been wont to gather up handfuls of rank, black clay, and from it shape forms rudely imitative of the shapely vessels and quaint toys moulded from the plastic and fragrant clay of Guadalupe, and brought up hither from the further *tierra caliente*, by some comparatively enterprising master of a pack-train.

His parents—untaught peasants as they were, dwelling in a poor, bare *jacal*, beneath a great tamarind tree just outside of Rosario, diligent and devout, and none the less faithful to each other and to their religion that their constancy was all unwedded—had destined Ramon for the priesthood, half awed at the thought of their own presumption, and much doubting whether so much indulgence might be accorded their hope. But the slender, little brown lad had rebelled fiercely against the holy vocation, protesting his aversion with a wild abandon and energy that astounded his father and mother and the good old village priest, long used to his unquestioning obedience and gentle compliance.

"What! make myself *padre*, and know only the hooks—the dead, dull hooks! No, no, no! That I can never do. I will be *ollero*, and learn to make—ah, such brave, beautiful figures as never were seen of men. But I would lead also a holy life; all the offices will I do; confession and every feast day will I keep, and offer—yes, not alms alone—not *limosnadas* only—but votive offerings of my best work—images of great beauty for all the saints. So would I atone for that I am, as you say, ingrate, in that I will not give my life to God and the Holy Mother. A priest! I would be dreaming of my clay over the blessed host, and listening for the lathe when the litany should be chanting. Command it not, *mamacita*. Ah, father, spare thy son! *Señor padre*, intercede for me, that they make me not priest against my will!"

So all day long the hoy had raved and entreated, until the good old priest, full of pity for his distress, had temporized and hesitated a respite from Ramon's determined father, indignant at his secession from reverence and obedience; and, hearkening Ramon aside, Father Gumecindo put into his hand a coin of gold, and said:

"To-night goes Marco Villega hence with his boats; to-day they will be laden. Go, then, to Marco with my commendation, and take passage hence, for thy father will have thee priest whether or no. But—hear me, hoy—think not I would counsel a child to set at naught the wishes of his elders. I help thee to depart, not for pity on thy puny pain, but for churchly zeal. I were loth to have thee as my successor, for naught were worse for the church than the reluctant service of an unwilling minister."

And so that night Ramon arose from his little bed, which was only a sheep-skin spread on the hard earth floor, and carrying his rawhide sandals and his treasured knife, he stole away between high hedges whose thickets of great roses of Castile made the air rich with heavy odor, down past the rock-ledge hill where crapy pink *mallates* swung out their trailers of bloom, amidst flaming, brilliant *tavachines*; and among all the village houses, on whose red-tiled roofs, tenantless now in the cold, pale moonlight, by day, in the sultry noontime, great green and bronze-mailed iguanas lay hasking; through groves of guavas, glossy-leaved and waxen-blossomed, and plummy palms, and rustling plantains, down to the rapid river, where a half score of canoes, dug out of once stately forest growths, were putting off for the seaport, forty leagues away. And there—once past the treacherous currents, and the sunken rocks, and the rapids, and all the sore portages of the river; the ghastly *caymanero* below lone Chametla, swarming with ravenous saurian monsters; and the threatening sandbar where the river joined the sea, with great, white-topped, green-walled waves thundering forward to engulf the frail craft; and the dreary, desolate straits, untenanted save of half-savage fishermen, hivouacking on many a narrow eyot where snaky mangroves grew, their slimy stems thick-encrusted with little coppery flavored oysters, that were sometimes out of water at very low tide—after these and many a stranger sight from the rolling, unsteady *canos* plunging through the waves, Ramon Gutierrez came to anchor in the great port. In a wretched *peon* quarter, far out along the *Playa del Estero*, the hoy learned his simple trade.

He was always conscious that, even in so common and mechanical a craft as his, there might be many degrees of excellence beyond the skill that wrought rude playthings and domestic utensils. He never dreamed of the marvelous potentialities of conception and execution compassed by the masters of his art, but he divined that training and experience might develop powers and talent unknown here; and divining, there grew upon him an unquellable longing to be in the wonderful land yonder, away northward, of whose attainments and enterprise in science he had heard from chance American travelers such accounts as seemed fairy tales indeed. Moved by this desire, and by some element of restlessness in his nature—who shall say it may not have been a strain of Gitano blood, filtered down through many generations from far-off Spanish progenitors?—some vagrant or nomad instinct one day impelled him to sever such slight ties as he had formed at the great husy, bright port on the white tropic sands, and untrammelled, with none to let or hinder, he wandered northward, away, always northward, along the rockbound coast of the great western gulf, over many a painful, weary league of burning desert sand, and many a chain and spur of mountain heights that sentinelled the wealth of a world, but warned off investigation and development with the uplifted, forbidding hands of grim tradition and bloody reminiscence. Stony, and sterile, and austere as that mineral region seems—more if the beholding eyes have gazed on tropic bloom and beauty—it seemed to Ramon that he was standing by the gates of Paradise when he stopped on the crest of the eastward hill, footsore and tattered, to look down upon the hybrid habitations of Silver, nestled among a scant growth of clustering cottonwoods, vivid green from a grateful shower that had swept over the town, and that even now hung down a dense gray curtain on the hither side of Pinos Altos.

And here, in the remote frontier mining camp, overflowing with abuses, and absurdities, and anomalies, Ramon found a poor dwelling-place, and with his own deft and slender hands set up a modest kiln of adobe, and huilt himself a primitive lathe, and sent it whirling under the clay that, for want of even a *burro*—the patient, kindly donkey of the country—he carried down from its distant hed of deposit, in a rawhide slung over his own graceful shoulders. He was an atom—he was less than an atom—in the organization of Silver. The money-getting population knew not even of his existence, save as they came, having tested the grateful use of great water-cooling *ollas* when summer heats set the earth gasp, for the sake of creature comfort, to hector and haggle over his large porous vases of correct and classic shape, such as, mayhap, the marriage feast of Cana knew. Naught cared Ramon for their indifference or their contempt. Little knew he, little recked he, how they held him. Only when penurious greed heat down the price of his wares until no margin of profit remained for his labor, only then he murmured, half protesting, half grumbling, "*Dios! how they are hard—los Americanos!*" The very indolence of the Mexican nature is in a measure wholesome, since its imperturbability is superior to the scorn of narrow minds.

So Ramon wrought on, at his oven by the great adobe church, in contentment, and what to him seemed comfort, unshaken by a tremor of trouble, unpierced by a pang of passionate pain, until the day that Charlotte Pleyel came to stand beside his kiln, to awaken, all unwitting, the slumbering heart of the man in his bosom, and teach him the bitterness of fate.

It had rained in the night-time, and the sky, clear-washed, was cobalt behind its cumulose curd-white clouds; the cottonwoods shook their leaves with a sound like the clapping of myriads of tiny elfin hands; the blackbirds were caroling their own gurgling roundelay; the boom of blasts in the neighboring mines was less sharply resonant than usual; and the thunder of the stamp-mills down in the gulch drifted up the valley, subdued till it might have been a far-away surf dashing on ocean's shore.

Charlotte Pleyel and Miss Harrod were fast friends and firm. Both had been trained to a broader reach and a higher aim than the petty gossip and narrow purpose that surrounded them here. Charlotte, with all her mental force, had the artless enthusiasm of a child, with a child's well-believing and credulous faith in the whole world. Upon this ingenuous trust Miss Harrod's intense consciousness and keen reading of motives, seen by the light of experience, acted as a restraint. The two natures were complementary. So much they found in common of appreciation and attainment, that their companionship sufficed each for the other, almost without contact with the little world about them.

This morning, taking a new route homeward from one of the long, healthful strolls in which both delighted, they saw, on turning the corner of the churchyard wall, Ramon's rude furnace, and made their way thither among the scattered refuse and rubbish, all manner of débris, and sodden, undried adobes. Ramon Gutierrez was unloading his kiln, briskly whisking off dust and ashes from the flowerpots and deep bowls that lay, clean, red, unglazed, in the uncovered oven. The innate tact and unflinching courtesy of his race stood him in ready stead when they announced their errand.

"How placidly he takes it all," said Charlotte Pleyel. "Do you suppose that stoicism is assumed for effect, or is it one of the race characteristics you often flaunt in my face?"

"Your latter hypothesis is correct," said Miss Harrod, dryly; "I rejoice to note that you prove amenable to instruction. Given, an American or an Englishman, of this humble grade, what flippancy, what would-be facetiousness, what impertinence of attempted equality, would meet such an unusual step as this of ours. But this poor fellow, without blankets enough to protect him from the cold, with every tradition of poverty and privation behind him, maintains his own self-respect without an effort to infringe upon ours. My dear, it is the coloring of heredity; a drop, perhaps, of the blood of some ancient hidalgo runs in his veins. Behold the man!"

Ramon had been gazing on them with an ease of regard that was as unconstrained as inoffensive, manipulating the while the mass of moulds. He put out his hand with a warning word as Charlotte would have imitated him, then laughed good-naturedly at her uncomprehending dismay.

"He says they are too hot to handle," said Miss Harrod. "Later, when they shall be cool, they are at our service."

"Ask him if we may come, as we planned, to work here. I have always longed for work like this. Of course we will pay for the trouble we give."

Ramon, when their desire became clear to him, disclaimed all thought of remuneration. "But of a surety! Most gladly will I give you aught of pleasure. Will the lady try now? These clumsy cups and dishes, these homely flowerpots, are all I have now. But other forms I can mould as well, when there is need. Will you hut give to me a thought?—one little word of what you would have? For money? Ah, no. How should I be paid for a poor hall of clay? The whole round world, is it not made of earth?—and shall I ask pay for a hit of its crust? No! My house is poor and small, but it is yours."

Thenceforward Charlotte and Miss Harrod found novelty and purpose in their frequent visits to the little dim room where Ramon wrought. The lathe learned lovelier shapes of symmetry and strength, as its master modeled his creations after many a cut and design of world-famous vase, and artistic amphora, and long-lost lachrymal. The two women made themselves foster-mothers of his work, and brought forth every fine fact and fancy in their ken that might avail in his art. Ramon's sincere but simple gratitude was as far as possible from abjectness or sycophancy. He took their aid with straight-forward directness and matter-of-fact good faith, and a quiet, unconcerned maintenance of his own dignity, scanning and criticising with the artless freedom of a child old line engravings and etchings that were priceless.

"Is he the less happy for knowing naught of Wedgewood and Palissy? Would he be more skillful for learning of Di Cesnola and Schliemann? Would it make his glaze smoother or more brilliant could he read of Pompeii and her frescoes, and all the treasures exhumed there?"

"No," said Charlotte; "he has copied that drawing—see with what admirable aptness—all ignorant that the cinerary urn it imitates held the ashes of a king and hero! Let him alone in his blissful ignorance."

But many an unwonted coin found its way to Ramon's hand for his improved workmanship. Not alone with patterns they aided him. Sending away for manuals on all branches of the ceramic art, the two studied together, and then verbally imparted their knowledge to the grown-up child who could not read for himself. And Miss Harrod, practical to a degree, paused one afternoon in the full swing of their daily healthful tramp among the barren hills, and made Charlotte share with her the burden of a great silken kerchief filled with a clay that her dilettante geology told her was kaolin, and patient reading and pertinacious experiment found its use. Then Charlotte unpacked her kit of porcelain colors, and set artistic eye and dexterous fingers at work in skillful ornamentation of over-glaze. So spread the fame of merit to be found in Ramon's dishes and flagons, and his placques and tiles, crude though they still were, in that far-off valley, where as yet the beautiful was in ignominious subjection to the useful.

But, for all the pleasant consciousness of good deeds done and benefit conferred, Miss Harrod was ill at ease. She saw how every germ of feeling latent in the inactivity of Ramon's nature was developing in the light and warmth of their contact and counsel. Reared among Gutierrez's countrymen, she knew to a shade every possible combination in that strange compound of pride and passion, of hardihood and humility, of impulse, indolence, and irrationality, making up the ardent, inflammable Southern nature. She told herself all reassuring things, and rebuked her suspicions, and ridiculed herself for an ultra tendency toward romance. Yet her misgiving and foreboding grew apace. She could not fail to note how Ramon's speaking face glowed into sudden warmth when, lingering in his work-room, Charlotte's soft voice breathed approbation in the few broken words she could master of liquid Spanish; and how his beautiful, lustrous eyes lost their languor, and lighted up with an intensity of admiration that was almost fierce, when they dwelt on Charlotte's fair, sweet face. One day Ramon, kneeling to knead the plastic clay, felt his cheek brushed by the long, silken braid of fair hair that swung over Charlotte's shoulder, as she moved near him, steadying a tall tankard she was hearing to the furnace. The dark potter caught that plaited tress, and held it to his lips with a swift, stealthy motion, more significant than any outburst of frenzy could have been.

Miss Harrod set her teeth in her lip, to stifle her cry at the sight of that demonstration of suppressed and struggling emotion. But Charlotte, little vain as some spotless saint in marble, far above the thought of human passions, turned her eyes from the glowing furnace to the obscurity below all unconscious and unsuspecting. "You have dropped your clay, Ramon. How unfortunate! Is it quite spoiled? Another hatch, then. And will you loosen my hair, dear? It caught on the lathe, and Ramon must not touch it—his hands are earthy." Miss Harrod drew Charlotte outside, although the rain was falling heavily. "I will not stay there another minute. I will go there never again. It is frightful." She stopped, conscious of Charlotte's wondering regard. "I am nervous. The fumes of the glazing-mixture went to my head, or some compound of chlorine set free from the colors in reaction. I—don't care to go back to-day."

Once away from the spot she took herself severely to task, as for unwarranted and groundless indignation.

"Of course, the poor fellow admires Charlotte—who could help it? Adores her even as the humblest believer may worship a saint. But further than that—or closer—bah! I'm growing childish. This weak, intellectual atmosphere vitiates my judgment." She told herself that the caress she had witnessed was an involuntary but impersonal homage to beauty—that homage of a dark race for blonde beauty, that might trace its origin back to Montezuman days, when Guatemozin and his fellows looked eagerly and longingly out across the eastern ocean for the promised coming of the fair god. But try how she would to lull her fear by ethnological conclusion, she could not dispel her conviction that Ramon's feeling for Charlotte was not the reverence of a devotee nor the gratitude of a beneficiary, but the infatuation of an ardent, undisciplined nature, undominated by any restraining influence of education or of expediency. He made no further alarming manifestations, but Miss Harrod could not help observing that as the days sped on he grew thin and pale, as one who is wasted by acute illness or by great grief. His sunken cheek, his feverish, shining eyes, his thin, tremulous hands, moved the girl's compassion. Yet she made it her earnest aim that she and Charlotte should go to the work-room as little as possible. In the dearth of diversion consequent upon the social chaos of Silver, it had become a favorite resource to frequent Ramon's dark and dingy little abode, and Miss Harrod found it no difficult task to be there only accompanied by some of her acquaintance. But in the difficulty of inventing plausible pretenses for avoiding the place, she developed an impatience and irritability that amazed Charlotte Pleyel.

"I don't see why you want to keep fagging at one whim forever," she said, crossly, one day. "No, I don't want to go to the pottery. For my own part, I like variety. And it hurts my lungs. I don't care to ruin my health for a few paltry bits of clay that would not cover my grave. I mean to walk to the top of Chihuahua Hill—I've never been there. Of course, you will do as you please."

As they passed one of the score or so of saloons that Silver boasts, Ramon, sitting on the pavement, looked up at them with piteous eyes that touched Miss Harrod sorely. They had not seen him for a fortnight.

"It can do no harm to greet him, he looks so ill."

These few days had wrought sad ravages in his face and form. He was wasted and shrunken, his face haggard and hollow. Miss Harrod had long suspected some organic trouble of the sort, but notwithstanding she knew it was the cause his race invariably assigns for such ailments, she heard with angry impatience Ramon's meek explanation of his malady.

"Sickness of the heart; yes, by that I suffer much. Something of palpitations, much of pain. No, no doctor can cure, I think. It comes from suffering—from sorrow—*por la tristeza*."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Harrod, in vigorous Spanish idiom. "*¿Ni que tristeza!* I dare say you've had heart-disease all your life long."

Half way up the hill, Miss Harrod brought her companion to a standstill.

"How uncommonly careless to have brought no glass! With one, we might see as far almost as the Mogollons. Wait you here, Charlotte, and I will just scamper down and borrow one from Le Cher." She had not gone a dozen rods toward the jeweler's, when the sound of voices in the steep, stony street behind her arrested her steps, and sent her hastening back with flying feet. A score of squalid natives thrust frowzy heads and ungainly, half-naked bodies out of their burrow-like hovels; the commotion of speech, pitched to accents of petulance or of pain, had stirred their sluggish sense to something like curiosity. Charlotte Pleyel, alarmed, amazed, with lips that quivered and eyes that commanded release, stood there in tragic attitude, clasped in the arms of Ramon Gutierrez. His dark olive skin was livid with excitement; great strained veins stood out on his brow and bare throat, thick and purple; his eyes were dilated and distended.

"Ramon!" cried Miss Harrod, in the vernacular, rude and rapid, "how dare you! Let go that lady at once! Do you hear?—or I shall strike you down like a dog! What do you mean, you hound?" She lifted her light umbrella club-wise, all her cold and cynical indifference gone, fierce as a tigress in defense of the woman she loved. Ramon opened his enfolding arms with a sudden pulsing motion that thrust Charlotte toward her friend with a force that almost felled her. His voice, normally gentle as a woman's, was hoarse and hard when he spoke.

"She would have entered yonder," he cried, pointing to the hut before them; "and I could only hold her—she would not understand. One lies there ill—ah, black and putrid! I would not let her go; how could I? Think, lady, of that perfect face all seamed and unsightly with the disease of scars. What, then!—do I not say it is *viruelas*?" Then Miss Harrod, not staying to explain, with only a word to Ramon, seized Charlotte and hurried her away to safety, far from the infected house.

For weeks a vague rumor had terrified the timid of small-pox here in Silver, unquarantined and unopposed by common precaution; but the authorities, fearful of deterring immigration, had hushed the whisper down.

All the profuse praise and earnest gratitude bestowed upon him availed not to lighten Ramon's despondency. In

lieu of the olden gentle brightness a dull and stolid gloom had fallen upon him—a despairing and hopeless apathy.

"My work has for me now nothing of interest," he said, to Miss Harrod's kindly effort to awaken his attention. "Confession—no! I am done with the church. She succors not her children in the day of need; she opens no road to my doubt and pain. Ay! that I am wrong and mad, I know full well; but one's heart does not reason. Ah, yes! the difference I see, and the unworthiness, and the want of hope, but yet it bursts!—ay, *Madre de Dios*, it bursts!" He threw up his arms as he moved away with the unbalanced action of one deeply drunken.

That night a strange sense of uneasiness oppressed Miss Harrod. Telling herself this presentiment of impending evil was but natural to a nervous system undone by the shocks of the day, following her anxious strain and perplexity of weeks past, she fought with all the might of her will what seemed to her an irrational and childish terror. But at last, actuated by the force of a fear she could not define nor locate, she yielded in a sort of defiant desperation, and went swiftly away through the deepening dusk to the hotel where Charlotte abode. A tall, white figure was perched on the breakwater before her door, and Miss Harrod sat down beside her friend.

"I have a foolish apprehension of coming trouble or danger to-night," said Charlotte Pleyel. "The effect of our alarm to-day, perhaps, or else my nerves are agitated by electricity in the air. Do you see what a storm is raging yonder over Bear Mountain? The lightning is so sharp! The storm-king hurls jagged spears at the earth to-night. I hope the floodgates are all in. Do you know, the last rain sent the water almost over this wall?"

For through the streets of Silver, when the rains fall, rush turbid and turbulent torrents of water, that cut off unwary stragglers from their own quarter sometimes for hours, and that necessitate for houses on the lower levels defensive breakwaters of masonry, with floodgates to bar out those angry streams.

"I wish—oh, how I wish!—Richard would come to-night." "He may," said Miss Harrod, soothingly; "the coach is late. Hark! I hear it now, just coming down the long hill."

Sitting in silence, they heard the heavy stage rumble down the road, and pause ponderously a brief while at the ugly, picturesque old postoffice building, around on the corner, under the cottonwoods. They could picture the inevitable sensation among the idle crowd of loungers hanging over the wooden breakwater there, and could imagine how the querulous officials grumbled over the mail-bags. Then the great, lumbering vehicle swayed around the corral corner, stopped at the hotel office, and—yes, a tall, light figure sprang out, and with long, eager steps came forward. Charlotte rose with one glad cry:

"Oh, Richard!"

"Well, Charlie, I'm home again. What! crying, dear little woman! Not sorry I'm here?"

Before the tender, teasing words were spoken, some one lurking in the shadow of the cottonwoods had leaped forth; some one with a dark, set face, transformed by devilish jealousy and hate; some one with eyes that gleamed bright, and a knife that flashed brighter; some one who would have exacted a dear cost for Richard Pleyel's caress but for Miss Harrod's keen vision and alertness. She caught Ramon's uplifted arm, and dashed him back against the house, flinging the weight of her whole body upon him. Richard Pleyel swung Charlotte into the shelter of one strong arm, and, quick as light, dropped into readiness of aim the unfailing weapon of the country.

"What does all this mean?"

"He embraces her!—he!" cried the maddened Mexican in the very muzzle of the murderously leveled revolver. "I meant no harm; I was here but to see her precious face, until that— But he embraces her, and you think I shall not kill him?"

"You think you love Charlotte? No!" Miss Harrod's voice, low, steady in her forced composure, cut through the air like the ping of a shot or the hiss of a whip-lash. "You think you love her, and yet you would slay him of all the world most dear to her—her husband!"

Ramon's knife fell from his hand and clinked on the pavement. His head drooped.

"Her—her husband, say you?"

"Her husband, and the father of her child."

Inside the open door just then a baby-voice rang out. It seemed to exorcise the demon of insane passion and cruel hate that had raged in Ramon's breast. Over his worn, troubled face stole something of the old look of gentleness and simple faith.

"I never dreamed of this," he murmured; "the saints bless her little one!"

"Well, must we stand here all night, doing private theatricals? There is Gerry, crying. What is this all about? Shall I shoot that damned brigand?" Richard Pleyel, understanding not a word of the dialogue, full of wrath and perplexity, restrained his natural impulse, fearful of acting with wrongheaded haste, and indemnified himself for that self-control by opening the safety-valve of profanity.

"No," cried Miss Harrod, "no, oh, no! It is all a mistake. He thought you—some one else."

"A pleasant prospect for 'some one else,'" said Richard, grimly, "and a large and enthusiastic reception for me."

When Ramon had gone uncertainly around the shadowy corner, Miss Harrod renewed the sensation. For the first time in her life she quietly swooned away. She had done her part; she had striven to guard his wife from the very knowledge of evil, and she had saved the life of the man she had loved long before he had known Charlotte.

Later, Richard Pleyel, revolving the situation slowly in his mind, announced his intention of finding Ramon. "Fellows who make such mistakes should be put under restraint. They are dangerous in the character of strays." And Miss Harrod, conquering the deadly physical weakness that had overcome her, insisted upon being of the party. The search was not attended with signal and unqualified success. They found Ramon's rooms; they found shattered fragments and pieces broken in firing; they found beautiful bits he had finished, glazed and glittering; a heap of unused clay, and a silent wheel; and they found the Mexican potter, dead among his work, his lifeless face resting upon his lathe.

NEW MEXICO, September, 1882.

YDA H. ADDIS.

CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

"Stop that horse-car!"

It was a balmy afternoon in August, and all the world seemed wrapped in a mantle of loveliness. The wind was sighing through lawn and garden in a drowsy fashion, and the flowers that lined the graveled walks of Coastcliff Castle seemed to be beckoning with loving hands to the Lady Esmeralda, as she sat in graceful poise on a velvet-covered *fauteuil*, and gazed in a languid, dreamy, no-washing-to-be-done-for-three-days manner upon the pageant of nature.

But when the voice of one she knew—one she had loved with a deathless tenderness in the halcyon days gone by—came floating to her on the scented breath of the morning, a thrill passed through her, and the eyes, erstwhile so listless, gleamed with the baleful fires of revenge. Looking eagerly across the croquet-ground, she saw Pizarro McGinnis, the man who had scorned her love, coming across-lots on a run, while far in advance, and now almost opposite Coastcliff Castle, was a horse-car. The girl smiled grimly.

"Stop that car!" shouted Pizarro again.

The smile had faded from the pretty face now, but no look of pity took its place. "Devil a stop will he get from me," she murmured, and went into the house.

In a few moments there was a rap at the door. Esmeralda answered it, and found Pizarro there.

"You have blighted my life, false woman," he said. "I had a job way out on Blue Island Avenue, and now I shall lose it because you would not stop the car."

"Do you mean this?" asked the girl, kicking the dog off the front steps as she spoke.

"Yes," said the man, "you have utterly blasted all my prospects."

"Then," said Esmeralda, a look of holy calm and peaceful joy stealing over her face, "the Mulcaheys are avenged."—From "*Passion's Upas-Tree*," by Joseph Medill.

"Good-bye, papa."

The plump, white arms of Erica Brown were thrown about her father's neck, and the pretty face with its *riant* mouth and cunning dimples was pressed closely to the bronzed cheek of the farmer, as he stood in the kitchen doorway a moment before going out to his daily toil.

"I am going to plow the south meadow this morning, my darling," he said to the girl, "and when noon comes you must have my accounts as treasurer of the church all arranged, because the Building Committee will be here after dinner, and I am to turn over the money in my hands, so that the erection of the new church in the little dell just beyond where we buried that mouse-colored heifer two years ago last spring can be commenced at once." And kissing his daughter again, farmer Brown took a bite of hard tobacco and went away into the glad sunlight.

The petals of the June roses had fallen like a pink carpet along the edge of the woods, contrasting prettily with the vivid green of the grass and leaves. Above the hum of insects and the twittering of the birds rose the sturdy voice of Farmer Brown, swearing at the off mule. "Get up, darn it!" he said. But the mule only waved its ears in a sensuous, languid fashion, and looked wistfully into the next meadow, where the starry-eyed kine were grazing, and the old sorrel mare that had a splint on her near front leg was quaffing the incense of a new-born day. Picking up a short stick, the farmer advanced and struck the faithful mule a cruel blow just abast his midship ribs. Stretching out his hind legs in a dreamy, listless way, the mule felt them touch something, and in a moment Farmer Brown was sailing in the far blue overhead.

The little church in the mossy dell is not completed yet, and the Building Committee is anxiously waiting for the treasurer to come down.—From "*He Cometh up as a Fire-work*," by Joseph Medill.

"It is too true."

The tone in which these words were uttered was not that which one would expect to hear from the lips of a man so strong of limb, lithe of figure, and fair of face as Harold McIntyre. But though he stood there beneath the old elm-tree, in the full vigor of buoyant, youthful strength, his voice was the voice of tears, and over his face there passed ever and anon—more anon perhaps than ever—a sad, weary, four-flush look that was pitiful indeed. Bertha Redingote, to whom he spoke, was an only daughter, (her father had always been lucky), and between her and Harold there had grown up a love that the years had only fostered and strengthened.

They were to be married in the fall, these two—the sensuous, dreamy, coal-going-up-one-dollar-per-ton-every-day season, when the leaves begin to turn from tinted green to vivid scarlet—and, lover-like, they had been talking over the future.

"Yes," said Bertha, "I suppose there comes a time in every man's life when he wants a home—a home in the true sense of the word. The most unromantic man in the world has these dreams. And romance is a very beautiful thing."

"And are you then so very romantic, my sweet?" Harold asks, drawing the girl closer to him and kissing her tenderly.

"You know I am, darling," the girl replies, tapping with her riding-whip the pretty foot that peeps coyly out from beneath the dark blue dress.

"An elopement would be very romantic," says Harold.

The face of the girl lights up with a radiant smile.

"It would be delicious," she exclaims. "To steal away on a beautiful summer night like this, with the moon shedding a glory over all the earth, and seek some little ivy-crowned chapel where a hooded priest was waiting, and there be made the wife of the man you love, would be just too sweet."

And she draws closer to him.

"It is moonlight to-night," Harold says.

"Yes," replies the girl.

"And there is a chapel in yonder dell."

"I know it," Bertha says.

"There is only one thing wanting," He speaks the words slowly and with a tinge of pathos in his tones.

"What is that?" asks the girl, bending forward.

"A man to marry," he hisses in hoarse, bitter tones, and flees with a mocking laugh into the tall timber.—From "*How Harold Skipped*," by Joseph Medill, the Tribune Novelist.

A DAY AT LONG BEACH.

Our New York Correspondent Visits the Popular Long Island Resort.

On a perfect summer day this week I went to revisit Long Beach. It was at its best, under a clear sky and with fine atmospheric conditions; but it does not need to be seen at its best to give you a favorable impression of it. Without doubt this resort is the most superior of all the watering-places on Long Island. To be sure, you pass through Long Island City, on your way thither from New York, a city famous for its vile smells, and must hold your nose. But what pleasure is obtained without some self-sacrifice? Well, Long Beach is not a seaside town, with rival hotels filled with people who are trying to outshine each other, nor is it like Coney Island, with its jostling crowds and endless bang and rattle. This is what it is not, I say; for there is as much in what a thing is not as in what it is. There is nothing here but the hotel and several cottages. The beach itself is famous. One of the best features of the place is that the trains do not approach near enough to the hotel to disturb the guests or the cottages. This seclusion is what the better classes seek at the seaside, and when this spot was found out they took possession of it.

As I expected, I found the guests amusing themselves in a quiet way. There are no attractions external to the hotel, save the bathing on the beach, and yachting outside the breakers, which is indulged in by men who have a taste for that form of amusement. As for the ladies, they bathe in the morning, idle away the afternoon, lounging or reading, and flutter around the piazza at night in search of—lawful prey, if the truth must be told. They wear coquettish bathing-suits in which there is a very perceptible dash of æstheticism. Very pretty caps are worn in the water, and silk stockings, some of them artistically embroidered. As at other resorts, there is a marked tendency in bathing-costumes to fit the figure snugly, and to be scanty—which is all very well for the plump and shapely. The innocent naturally suppose that stockings are worn because they prevent an exposure of the bare flesh, and thereby a shock to the modesty of the wearers. "Isn't it this?" a young friend asked me with some astonishment. He had been at the Beach several days, and was desperately in love with a blue-eyed sylph, who wore dark-blue stockings clocked with red when sporting in the surf. It pained me to tell this youth that a woman, who said she knew what she knew, had told me in confidence that it was not to cover up their legs, of which they are proud, but to hide their feet. "By Jove! I never thought of that," the young man said. It was also a revelation to this ardent youth to learn that the feet of these pretty society young ladies are often deformed, and that their toes are crooked and have all sorts of protuberances on them. These sportive maidens were not born so. Tight shoes with high heels did it.

In the afternoons, mothers and their daughters sit in arm-chairs on the piazza, reading (I must say it, to be truthful) sensational novels; and they are so dog-eared that some of the guests must exchange civilities and trade books. Most of the costumes were of airy summer fabrics, tastefully made and worn with grace. Under the marquees on the beach were more readers, half reclining on benches or on the sand. At this time of day, an air of complete repose seems to rest on everything. Late in the afternoon the concert opens, and the novel-readers waken into life, and engage in conversation or promenade on the piazza back and forth. Then there is dressing for dinner, and preparation for the enjoyment of the evening—little hops in the parlors, night concert, strolling on the beach, and confidential chats in shadowy corners. There is flirting, of course, and some attempts at match-making—that is, acquaintanceships are formed with a view to possible consequences. But where can enough people to make a small town (for there are a thousand guests in the house) live under the same roof without campaigning a little?

A very large proportion of the guests are from New York, and there are many good names among them. There are others from different parts of the country, and, in justice to these ladies, it should be said that they are quite as ambitious to give signs of their wealth and station as the people from the metropolis. The cottages which extend down the beach on a line with the great bouse are tenanted by persons of distinction. The second cottage (just back of which is a little chapel) is occupied by the fat and jovial Colonel Bob Ingersoll and his family. He has found time to run away from the Star Route trials in Washington, to spend two or three days each week at his cottage. Colonel Bob is such a good conversationalist, and is so perennially bappy, that his society is courted by both men and women. His two daughters are very interesting looking girls, with round faces aglow with natural bloom. Their manner is somewhat reserved and shy, which may be accounted for by the fact that they have a consciousness all the time that many people whom they meet regard Colonel Bob, their fond papa, as a veritable Mephistopheles. Mrs. Ingersoll is a tall, pale woman, who does not care much for society. Although the Ingersolls have quitted their Illinois home, and now have a house in Washington, they have not abandoned all of their Illinois ways. A large flock of chickens may be seen any day back of their cottage, scratching in the sand. The notorious iconoclast sits on his piazza sometimes, and watches them with the interest of a back-country farmer.

They have been hunting the fox at Newport. This pastime is now out of season, but as it shakes up somewhat torpid livers, too much fault should not be found with it. The meetings there have been those of the Queens County Hunt. Around Newport the country is picturesque, but owing to the unevenness of the ground, and the natural obstructions to cross-country riding, the sport is more fatiguing than it is on the stretching meadows of Long Island. There is always a large number of fashionable spectators in coaches and carriages, producing a picturesque scene. At a meeting the other day our friend Freddie Gebhardt (who got a fall, poor boy, before the day was over) was conspicuous among the riders. So was Pierre Lorillard, and that very fat but polished Russian, Mr. Eliot Zabrowski. Mr. Peter Smith, of England, always joins in the chase, and is envied by his fellow-riders because he is an Englishman. Ah, me! what a cursed thing it is to be born in this country of ours. There

are as many lady riders, it is said, at a meeting here, in proportion to the whole number of riders, as attend a chase in England, and the number is increasing rapidly, I am told. Mrs. Belmont Purdy is a famous borsewoman, and frequently goes to a hunt in weather that keeps all the other female riders at home. Another distinguished rider is Miss Emily Havemeyer, who received the brush at a recent meeting at Newport. She is frequently seen cantering on the drives at that resort with the fearlessness and grace of an amazon. Light-tinted habits are worn at the chase. They are very snug and scant, and are worn with a brown Derby hat. There can not be any doubt that great progress has been made in horsemanship of late in the country, and that American women can stick to their saddles when following hounds as well as English women. A few years ago only the woman of a bold, dashing nature was seen on horseback. Now the young lady of fashion must as well know how to ride as to dance, and many of the ladies who ride to hounds cut as good a figure as the gentlemen. Let any accomplishment once become fashionable and women will acquire it—are sure to do it, in fact.

As I have talked so much about the pastimes and the vagaries of fashionable life at the seaside, I will speak of another custom that has attained great popularity among the young people. By young people I mean those of a marriageable age, yet who have not married. It is a revival of the old-fashioned straw-ride, which boys and girls in the country so delight in. This is it—there are some modifications, to be sure, to suit the circumstances: In the country the straw-ride is taken in the winter season, in a huge sled, and the night is spent at some farm-house in dancing country-dances on a puncheon floor. He who has not gone on one of these frolics, let me say, has not enjoyed all of life. Well, our seaside friends scramble into a cart or a wagon, instead of into a sled. Straw is strewn on the floor of the wagon to lessen the resistance. The young people sit very close together (not always compelled to for economical reason—they like it) and enjoy themselves. The heavy wheels jolt over a country road—the moon may be shining—to some little hotel, where the landlord is surprised into activity. There may be a dance, if a fiddler can be procured, or a supper, or both. At a late hour the merry-makers tumble again into the straw; again the heavy wheels grind on the road; broad shoulders and lithe forms are strangely blended; the moon is low. These frolics are indulged in particularly at Long Branch, but they are also popular at many of the quiet nooks on Long Island frequented by the aristocracy.

At Brighton Beach, yesterday, a handsome yellow girl created a sensation in the crowd moving uneasily in front of the music pavilion. She had a plump, fine figure, and was dressed with an elegance and taste that showed her charms to advantage. She wore a close-fitting jersey of brocaded silk, laced at the back with a crimson cord, from under which fell a beautiful maroon velvet skirt. Her hat was a jaunty one of white straw, and her boots were of patent leather with the latest agony (this used in its literal sense) in heels. My first impression was that she was a rich Creole from the South, or the wife or mistress of some West Indian planter. This was my first impression, I say; but it faded away when I saw her afterward trundling a baby carriage walking at the side of her mistress. She was only a nurse-maid. Society indulges in whims at all seasons, but at no time so much as when at watering places. This transformation of nurse-girls, once arrayed in calico gowns and muslin caps, into the semblance of princess, is one of them. Life at Saratoga is largely made up of a contest between the female guests as to which shall wear the handsomest dresses and display the greatest number of them. This rivalry even goes so far that the piazza of one hotel is pitted against that of another. War is declared at the opening of the season, and hostilities go on without interruption until the close. The nurse-maid is a part of the family establishment. Why should she not be made to contribute to its magnificence? So she is dressed up, to her infinite delight. I know of no mothers like those of New York to gratify their vanity in respect to the display of their maids and children. Baby and nurse are daily put on exhibition. One day the little creature is dressed in pink, and its little head reclines on a pink pillow covered with lace. The nurse also wears pink to match the youngster's outfit. When baby is attired the next day in blue, the nurse likewise puts on blue—the pair forming a study in blue, you might say—and so on. Meanwhile, the mother attends the balls at the hotel, drives her village cart, and takes part in all the gayeties of fashionable life, only giving enough attention to her child to see that the daily programme is carried out.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1882.

"Poor Oscar Wilde!" says "Brunswick," in the Boston *Gazette*; "he is terribly tormented here, and yet he stays on. He must find us better paying than his own countrymen. But he has to stand a great amount of teasing. The other day he visited Long Branch, and when he went into the drawing-room of the West End Hotel, in the evening, a party of young men and maidens dressed in the most æsthetic costumes danced the 'Patience' lancers, assuming the most agonizing attitudes before his very eyes. He didn't like it at all, and left the next day. Now he is visiting Beecher, at Peekskill. There is a certain resemblance between Beecher and Wilde. The long hair, the smooth face—but there the likeness ends. Beecher looks as though he had blood in his veins, while Wilde has the appearance of having lived on calk and water."

M. Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, predicts the probable end of the world by its coming in contact with a comet, which he says will make its appearance in September. The comet will pass so near the earth, he declares, that the planet will have great difficulty in escaping destruction.

It is not difficult to sympathize with the horror of a dream which Sidney Smith once had in illness, and afterwards related to Mrs. Kemble—he dreamed that he "was chained to a rock and being talked to death by Harriet Martineau and Macaulay."

We have forty-six rear-admirals under pay. "The rear of the navy seems well protected," thinks the *Lowell Courier*.

PORTIÈRES.

The Momentous Question of Drapery versus Doors.

In an interesting plea for the use of flowing curtains in place of unwieldy doors, a writer in the New York *Times* remarks that wherever doors are not absolutely needed let us discard them. They are absolutely needed at the entrance of a house and to all the bed-rooms in the dwelling, and we like one (for scientific reasons) at the top of the kitchen stairs—why there should be another at the bottom has long been a puzzle to us. Smells that can not be kept out by one door must be in a bad way, or ventilation is wholly at fault. In reception-rooms we would do away with all doors. Curtains will fill their places a thousand times better. As to having a portière, as it is called, and a door, why should we? If we have one we do not need the other. Curtains cut off draughts far more effectually than doors, which, in truth, create them, and, by raising or drawing aside a curtain, we gain an outlet of air far more effectually than by setting the door open and having it slam the instant there is a breath of wind. Then, too, life would certainly be longer in many families, for after all, there is only a certain amount of force in the world, and much of it is expended in reiterated commands to "Shut that door," or "Leave the door open, will you," as the case may be. We give our vote decidedly in favor of curtains—tapestry ones, it may be, in winter; cool, delightful, pretty muslin ones in summer. Some houses have a double entrance door. What is the use of the inner one, and how far can it be replaced by a curtain? It is of very little practical use at all, and a hanging would answer every purpose. If there is no inner door, the curtain is still an advantage. If the entry is small, and that objectionable thing, the staircase, is prominent, as most architects now love to make it, the introduction of the hanging will save a certain shock to the nervous system every time the bouse is entered, and that is a gain. Even if the stairway is in broken flights, and a stained-glass window throws a mellow light into the hall, even under those fortunate and little-to-be-hoped-for circumstances, the substitution of drapery for wood will prove an advantage. Then the doorways opening in the hall, the reception-room, and the dining-room. Why should they meet us with the atrocious persistence of the modern door? Why not have them converted into pleasant objects by merely removing the door, and hanging drapery from a simple pole? It need not indeed, and should not, be long or full, only sufficient in length to touch the floor, and in width to fall in easy folds. A double cord can be so arranged that a curtain of this kind is as readily pulled back as a door is opened or shut, and how charming a hall looks where, instead of three or four blank doors, draperies suitable to the season hang in graceful folds. It may be objected that the substitution of curtains for doors would do away with a feeling of privacy and seclusion; everything would be heard, and servants would know more of family discussions than is exactly desirable; but to this there is the obvious reply that no doors can shut out secrets; that they never have done so, and never will. A sense of insecurity where the curtain alone separated us from the ears of the household might tend to the cultivation of lower voices, and to the suppression of many a word of rudeness and contempt which would never find utterance if we reflected that the "walls have ears." These bangings ought never to be glaring, and it is an open question whether an interior is really the better for the introduction of such very handsome materials for curtains as wealthy folks can indulge in. Do the heavy plush hangings, with their embroidered designs or "inlaid" work in equally handsome cloth or velvet, really look better than simpler bangings of light material handsomely embroidered? The whole "beauty" of such decoration lies in its suitability. Most dwellers in houses may well be content with simple hangings, in which lies scope for any amount of decorations, either by the needle or the brush. The most fashionable, if not always the most effective, draperies are in panels of different materials. The upper panel, for example, of satin, the centre of velvet, and the lower one of plush, or three different tones of color in the same material, are often used. None the less still more effective hangings are those in which the ground is strictly uniform and neutral in tone, and which are dependent for beauty upon the colors introduced by painting and needlework. Great efforts have been made of late to overcome the objection to the many openings to a room, and one method resorted to in the hope of obliterating the "cut-up" appearance of an apartment with three or four doors and as many windows, has been the introduction of wall-hangings and portières of the same material. The effect in some rooms is very pleasant, and as it is easily carried out the plan has something to recommend it. Tapestry hangings for the purpose are only within the reach of the few, but very simple materials are often used, among them that known as "dennin," which is of neutral blue color. A bordering of deeper blue or of neutral red is arranged around the room immediately below the ceiling, and upon this airy, handsome designs can be worked or painted or sewn on in relief; a deeper border or dado of the same design and material runs in like manner around the bottom, and the hangings thus prepared are carried right round the room, with the exception of the doorways and windows. Over these shelves are placed, upon which the bordering takes the shape of a hanging or cornice, and beneath this projection a plain iron rod is fixed, from which the drapery depends by means of rings, so that it can be thrown aside at pleasure. The effect is heightened if the mantel-shelf is similarly treated, and the frieze bordering carried round it, fitting into the fireplace. These hangings are of course plain and inexpensive; but there is no limit to the expense that can be lavished upon them when the attempt is made to reproduce by their means the effect of the tapestry hangings of the past. But in view of the articles furnished by modern ingenuity, art, and taste for wall decoration, it seems rather more suitable to limit draperies or hangings to the windows and doorways of a room. In doing so, if regard is had to the intention of the hanging, there is scope for every variety of individual taste, and there is no reason why in our modern homes we should not reproduce all the beauty and effect of our ancestral homes of ancient splendor.

SOCIETY.

The Mills Reception.

A reception to Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, by Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, at their residence at Millbrae—which has been talked of and looked forward to by society people for some time—took place on Tuesday evening last, and was as brilliant and delightful as it was possible to make it. It was attended by four or five hundred ladies and gentlemen from San Francisco, who left here by a special train at a quarter past nine o'clock in the evening for Millbrae, where they took carriages for the scene of festivities, over a highway prettily illuminated by Chinese lanterns and other lights. The grounds surrounding the handsome residence were also brilliantly illuminated, and presented a very agreeable and enlivening scene. The house ornamentation and floral decorations were truly elegant and tasteful in conception and arrangement, and all the other accessories, such as music, supper, etc., were as complete and as excellent as it was possible to make them. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Dancing shortly afterward commenced, and was kept up until about two o'clock the next morning, when the guests finally departed, and returned to this city about three o'clock. This entertainment was given in honor of a son and daughter of the house who brought back from the East a wife and husband for their first presentation to San Francisco society. It will be remembered that something more than a year ago Miss Mills became the wife of Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the New York *Tribune*. He was not present at the entertainment, having been unexpectedly summoned to New York a few days since. Mr. Ogden Mills Jr. married Miss Livingstone of New York, a few months since. This is the first presentation of his bride to the family circle in San Francisco. There has been no entertainment ever given in our city more elegant or more select, nor where great wealth was more carefully kept subordinate to good taste.

The Whitney-Myrick Wedding.

Trinity Church was fashionably filled on Wednesday evening last, the occasion being the wedding of Captain Folliot A. Whitney, U. S. A., and Miss Hattie Myrick, of this city. There was a large number of officers in attendance beside the ushers, all of whom, except Generals McDowell and Kautz, were in full uniform. The bride is a pronounced brunette, and has a handsome face and figure, and is well known in San Francisco as a lady of culture and refinement. There never was a pleasanter or happier looking bride. She stepped along on her way to the chancel with all the graciousness and gracefulness of a young queen. Captain Whitney, of the Eighth Infantry, who is a fine specimen of American manhood, being nearly six feet in height and well proportioned, was in full uniform. He is a native of Washington, D. C., and joined the army of the Union as second-lieutenant of the First Maryland Cavalry, April 25, 1862. He fought all through the war, and was twice brevetted for gallant and meritorious service—once in the battle of Olustee, in Florida, and again in an engagement before Richmond. He entered the regular army before the close of the war, receiving his commission as first-lieutenant in the First Artillery on October 14, 1864, and was later transferred to the Eighteenth Infantry and subsequently to the Eighth. He is now on duty on this coast, and is a great favorite with all who know him.

The chancel was tastefully ornamented with cut flowers and evergreens, and overhead was a beautiful floral design containing the letters "W." and "M." in monogram and surmounted by two doves.

The bridal procession entered the church at a quarter to nine, preceded by the ushers—Lieutenant J. Pitcher, Eighth Infantry; Lieutenants Mott and Bailey, First Artillery; and Lieutenant Tate, First Cavalry. Then came the groomsmen and bridesmaids—Lieutenants Mott, L. Pitcher, and Hurlbert, all in uniform, and the Misses Nina Platt, Florence Godley, and Carrie Durbrow, all in white. Then Mrs. Elliott (a sister of the bride) and the groom, and Mr. Elliott and the bride-elect. The bride had on a costume of white satin, princess train, and wore a white tulle veil.

After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, where a reception took place, to which the following-named guests were invited, most of them being present:

General and Mrs. McDowell, Harry McDowell, General and Mrs. Kautz, Captain and Mrs. Bailey, Major Wilhelm, Captain Savage, Lieutenant and Mrs. Lynch, Lieutenant and Mrs. Winslow, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. M. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Berry, Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Jennie Sullivan, Colonel and Mrs. Andrews, Miss Andrews, Captain Dillenback, Lieutenants Best and Hunter, Colonel and Mrs. Frank, Lieutenant Chamberlain, Lieutenant Tate, Mr. and Mrs. King, Colonel Smith, Colonel and Mrs. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, General and Mrs. Elliott, Messrs. Nicholson and Beasley, Mrs. and Miss Mansfield, Dr. Mansfield, Captain and Mrs. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Godley, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Miss Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Durbrow, Miss Durbrow, George and Harry Durbrow, Mr. and Mrs. Platt, Dr. and Mrs. Landers, Miss Landers, Mrs. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Black, General and Mrs. Stoneham, Mr. and Mrs. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. Torbert, Miss Sheda Torbert, Mrs. Woods, Colonel and Mrs. Stevenson, the Misses Stevenson, Colonel and Mrs. Weller.

The De Nervo-Neal Wedding.

On Thursday afternoon there was married, at the residence of her parents, (where every girl ought to be married,) Miss Lillie Neal to Mr. De Nervo, of the banking house of Alfred Borel & Co. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Lion. The guests were confined to the relatives and more intimate friends of the contracting parties. The entertainment was elegant, the bride's presents most generous, and the bride as handsome as handsome could be. After the ceremony the bridal party went to Monterey.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Miss Huntington, Miss Stoddard, and Mr. Pardee, who have been here since the first of July, left on Monday last for New York, accompanied by Mrs. Scott (a niece of Mrs. Huntington) as far as Los Angeles. Mrs. Crooks and her family, who have been visiting the Eastern watering places during the summer, and at several of which Miss Calla Crooks received much attention,

returned home on Sunday last. Master Frederick H. Le-favor, of the *Ranger*, and wife, née Miss Collins, have arrived in New York and are at the Sturtevant House. Mrs. George Hamlin, who came on here from New York a few weeks ago to be present at her sister's wedding, will spend the winter with another sister, Miss Lillie Gerke, on California Street. General Thomas H. Williams and his daughter, Miss Mamie B. Williams, of Oakland, who have been visiting Monterey during the past week, have returned. Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, who have been staying a month at Monterey, have returned. Mrs. George S. Ladd returned from Monterey last week, after a stay of some months. Mrs. J. B. Haggins also returned from Monterey, where she has sojourned for several months. Mrs. Leland Stanford returned from Sacramento on Friday last. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge and their niece, Miss Mollie Dodge, left for the East during the week; Miss Dodge, has been an established favorite in San Francisco society since her stay here. Major Hammond has returned from Clear Lake. Captain Floyd, who has been in town for a few days, has returned to Clear Lake. Mrs. William Norris leaves on an Eastern visit week after next. Mr. and Mrs. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, who have been visiting Tahoe since their return from Monterey, got back from the lake on Tuesday last. Miss Edith Blanding has returned from Congress Springs. Mrs. Walter Dean and family have gone to New York. Mrs. Gordon Blanding will extend her stay at Monterey until the first of October. Mr. and Mrs. Stanwood, who have been spending the summer at San Rafael, have returned to the Palace. Mrs. Adam Grant and her niece, Miss Mamie Hammond, of Chicago, have returned from Lake Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne have returned to the city. Mrs. Colonel W. B. Lent and her daughter, Miss Fannie Lent, are contemplating an early return to New York for the winter. Mrs. Thomas Breeze has returned for the season. Lieutenant F. W. Nahor, U. S. N., has been staying a few days in Los Angeles. George Gee has returned from Napa County. Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, U. S. N., arrived from the East on Thursday last. The Washington *Sunday Herald* says that the belle of the late garden party at the Grand Union of Saratoga was Miss Maud Hopkins, of San Francisco. The engagement between Archibald Forbes, "the great English war correspondent," and Miss Lulu Meigs, daughter of General Meigs, has been broken off. Captain Phillip, U. S. N., and Mrs. Phillip, have been on an excursion to Alaska. Mrs. Phillip accompanies her husband on the *Ranger* on its next trip down the southern coast. Miss Livingstone is visiting at the Navy Yard. F. R. Ames, U. S. A., has returned from Los Angeles. Justice and Mrs. Field left here for Washington on Tuesday last. Mrs. General Barnes and her son William left for Cambridge on Wednesday last; Mrs. Barnes, after seeing her son entered at Harvard, will visit her relatives on the Hudson and return to San Francisco early in November. Miss Viola Lowery, of San José, is visiting the family of Judge Sawyer. Mrs. J. M. Mansfield, of Napa, is visiting friends in this city. Mrs. Homer King, who has been spending the summer with her parents at Napa, has returned for the winter to her residence corner of Sacramento and Hyde streets; her sister, Mrs. Frank B. Edgerton, who has been roaming in Europe for nearly two years, left Liverpool for New York on Saturday last, and upon her arrival in America she will meet Miss Julia Sterling, of Napa, (who has been a guest of Senator and Mrs. J. P. Jones for the past eight months) and the two will return to California together, accompanied, probably, by Miss Bessie Grattan, who is now at Long Branch, and who, it is rumored, has won the heart of a wealthy New Zealander. General T. C. W. Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith, and Captain G. E. Merton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Merton, are stopping temporarily at the Grand, having arrived from Arizona and New Mexico a few days ago. Miss Van Dyke went to Monterey on Tuesday last to stay a few days. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Merrill, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson and the Misses Stetson, went to Monterey on Saturday last and returned during the early part of the present week. Captain Oliver Eldridge left for the East on Wednesday last to be gone until the middle of October. The Marquis of Lorne and his wife, (the Princess Louise), and their party, who left Canada on Monday, arrived at Chicago on Wednesday, and again departed on Thursday for this city, where they will probably arrive on Thursday or Friday next. The distinguished party are accompanied by Mrs. Herve and Miss McNeill, ladies in waiting to the princess; Colonel De Winton, the Governor's private secretary; Captain Bagot, aide-de-camp, and Doctor Barnie; also Colonel Tourtelotte, of General Sherman's staff, two orderlies and eight servants. Splendid suits have been placed in readiness for the party at the Palace, but it is not yet known how much attention the Governor and his wife will be willing to receive, although the Scotch and English residents of our city trust that they may be permitted to honor a daughter of the Empress of India in a fitting, if not, indeed, in an imposing way.

An English princess carried a Mother Hubbard parasol at the garden party at Marlborough House which she designed and painted her ownself. The design consisted of quaint Kate Greenaway children running round the edge, chasing a quantity of butterflies that fluttered over the whole surface. It was a spirited and an amusing picture, and in a good deal better taste than the jeweled parasol carried by one of her royal mother's subjects on the same occasion. Apparently flowers and loud colors were exhausted for this enterprising lady, for she wore triumphantly over her head a white-watered silk affair with a rosary at the top of amethysts and topaz, forming a star encircled with rows of seed pearls. Stones of smaller size were carried in a line down each of the bamboo stretchers of the frame, and the whole terminated by a fringe of white silk, on which were a profusion of jewels.

Chicago girls have discovered, it is said, that by keeping five or six beans in the mouth the voice is given "an old aristocratic family accent."

The latest telegrams from Corea states that the uncle of the king has seized the throne. It's a cold day, even in Corea, when a pawnbroker gets left.

A DORMITORY SCENE.

A Northern Girl Describes Some Southern Girls at a Camp-Meeting.

It was in Kentucky. "The Camp of the Women" we christened it when we were ushered into the neat lodging-house for ladies on the camp-meeting premises. Twenty white single beds, with spring mattresses and good hard pillows; four nails driven into the joist by each headboard, to hang up petticoats and bonnets; clean pine floors, sweet pine walls, open pine rafters, above which the new pine roof spread protecting hands, with finger-tips touching on the ridge-pole, among the upper tree-houghs. There was a motherly woman in charge. Mankind had been banished to outer darkness, and we abandoned ourselves to that delightful "we-can-do-as-we-please" feeling, which the presence of the masculine element invariably destroys.

"Oceans of space," chirruped the trim little woman next door. She had put her watch in one shoe, and her switch and net in the other, and placed them both, like little soldiers on guard, under the head rail; her long, bright hose fluttered from the post, her bustle was coiled trimly under the head; her skirts, that rattled like chimes of faint bells when she lifted them over her head, were hung, with their dainty ruffles and rickrack, on the pallid wall. "Oceans of space! Isn't it jolly to crowd into close quarters, and get along with six feet instead of twenty?"

"Yes, ma'am. It reminds me of the Centennial," says a shrill voice from the farther corner. "We had to roll up our clothes in bundles and lay them on the floor, and but one could move about and dress at a time."

The time is ten o'clock; we are ready for the lights to be turned out, when up the stairs, all talking at once, as only women, Southern women, know how to do, without discord, comes a hevy of girls from a friend's cottage—six, eight, ten, eleven, we count, as their beads appear above the floor, from the unhoped stairway.

All cousins, Kentucky cousins, met by appointment on the old camp-ground. Eleven girl cousins! And how they did rattle on!

"Cousin Hallie, Cousin Tom was mightily provoked."

"Pooh! Cousin Bettie, I reckon it's Cousin Sallie you mean. Cousin Sallie is perfectly devoted to Cousin Tom, so Cousin Billy says."

"Why, Cousin Hallie, you don't know what you're talking about—me! Why, Cousin Tom is paying his addresses to Cousin Henri Woolfolk; didn't you know that? Yes'm."

"Cousin Mettie and Cousin John are coming to-morrow from Lexington; they stayed for the frolic at Crab Orchard Springs. They say Cousin Mettie was the prettiest girl on the floor. I reckon she was."

I don't doubt it, as these sample cousins disrobe. Luxuriant hair, silken and soft, about their shoulders; exquisite arms, tapering, slender, white, and shining as ivory, gleaming above their beads, as they brush their loosened locks; white foreheads, all alike, all with dark eyes; such pretty embroidered clothing—"ruffles and lace and snowy puffs," which Watterson asserts or laments "that only the angels see." Such harmless, innocent girls, all bound by interlacings of family ties, all with marked family resemblance.

After all the hair is plaited, and all the shining arms are hidden under muslin sleeves, they take their stockings—this queer hand of girls—and going close to the lamp, examine them for holes as if they were to read their fortunes on the dainty hose. Every left hand is thrust in the foot of a long-legged stocking. Some of the cousins discover wee holes in the toes, and they stand darning, with their heads bent toward the lamp, while the other cousins press around.

"Nonsense, darned stockings after eleven o'clock; some women in this dormitory want to get to sleep before morning," growls an elderly lady.

I doze from sheer fatigue, although the lights are bright, and the talking unabated. From time to time I rouse enough to see that the cousins are grouped three and five in a bed, sitting upright, with their arms about each other, and their heads together. Their talk has grown lower, but anon spouts up with little giggles and exclamations. Then they flit up and down the long room, hack and forth, mysterious and mischievous. Their moving forms and the white clothing hung high on the walls, and the rafters towering above, change in my sleepy brain to the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, upon which the angels ascend and descend. When I am roused—by the silence, I suppose—I find each pretty head bent reverently in prayer, in the sweet, childish fashion of the past, and the old lady who resented their darning is sitting upright, her arms clasped grimly about her knees, her nightcap in a frenzied peak, her spectacles awry, muttering, "I wonder what them gals will do next. Twelve o'clock, and they've been a chatterin' straight along. I reckon they'll pop up from their knees and begin a wardenance; they've done everything else."

But at last everything is still. The lantern is turned low. Mrs. Brannin, the janitress, is tip-toeing about, when a scream brings friend and foe to their elbows.

"Oh, Mrs. Brannin! do you think there are any snakes in here?"

"Snakes, miss? Shure and there couldn't be."

Then the whole eleven appeal to Mrs. Brannin to tell them there are no rats around; they are "so afraid of rats."

My distracted neighbor puts on her specs again, sits up in bed, hugs her knees, and, wagging her ghostly nightcap, declares plaintively that she is "a stranger in these parts," and then announces her intention of arising and preparing to be burned at the stake.

Toward morning it is quiet in "the camp of the women." The stars slip along and peep through a knot-hole near the roof. An owl hoots in his wide-eyed dreams, and the railroad trains rumble and grumble along the track a mile away. Then the stars tremble like dew-drops amid the pink cloud-blossoms of the dawn. A mocking-bird takes up the song the whip-poor-will has dropped. A fresh breeze springs up to meet the sun, and the chatter of the cousins recommences. They all tell their dreams, and have a sign for every dream.

When I return from morning prayers in the chapel, they are yet pluming themselves before the looking-glasses. They sit in the breezy upper room, when they are ready for church, waiting for Cousin Mettie and Cousin John from the dissipations of Crab Orchard.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

A SUSPENDED ELOPEMENT.

Love Struggling with a Bulldog, a Fire-Escape, and an Irate Farmer.

I had loved Bella for more than a year. When I say that I was over twenty-five, my readers of the sterner sex will, I am sure, be impressed by my constancy.

Bella had money. Not that this had, of course, anything to do with my extraordinary devotion, but it served for a time to be the harrier to our happiness. I first met and fell a victim to Bella's charms when her mother was alive. Her father had then been dead several years. The old lady took to me. I have a knack of getting on with old ladies. This is a very useful gift when they are well off, and are the mothers of lovely daughters. I advise all young men to cultivate it. The main point is always to be more attentive to the mother than the daughter. It is well to throw in occasional remarks about the apparent degeneracy of the age, and allude to the superior constitutions and characters of the preceding generation.

All was working smoothly for Bella and me, when cruel Fate, in the shape of a drunken car-driver, crushed the mother under its juggernaut wheels. We prosecuted the driver, and an intelligent jury, largely influenced by the wealth of the car company, decided that pedestrians have no rights which car-drivers are bound to respect.

It turned out that, by her father's will, Bella, in the event of her mother's death, was, until her twenty-first year, to be placed under the guardianship of an uncle, who was a farmer in Vermont. This same uncle was an admirable specimen of the typical Vermonter. He could freeze to the chance of making a dollar harder than a lobster's claw to a small boy's investigating finger. He had two great hulking sons, and determined that Bella should marry one or the other. Indeed, he believed he was acting most kindly in giving her a choice, instead of insisting on her taking the first-horn. When old Green found out that I had come into the neighborhood, and was hanging about the premises, he sternly warned me off, and even hinted at the fierceness and number of the dogs which populated his yard at night. I took his word for the dogs—it was about the only thing I would have taken it for.

Bella was virtually a prisoner. The old farmhouse was three stories high—a very unusual thing in that part of the country—and she was locked in at night in her room on the top floor. With great difficulty I managed to get one or two letters to her; but so closely was she watched and guarded during the day that speech with her was impossible. I was in despair. There was yet a year to run before she could claim release from this guardianship. Was there no means of escape possible?

While I was pondering over this question in the little hotel where I had now been staying some weeks, I heard a strange voice addressed to the proprietor in loud tones, and I distinctly caught the words "portable fire-escape." Instantly an inspiration flashed through my mind. I joined the party, and in doing so heard these words:

"It's just the simplest thing in the world. A two-year-old baby couldn't hurt itself. No, sir, it 'ud like to have one for a plaything, and 'ud amuse itself all day hauling itself to the top o' the house and lettin' itself down again. They're so light and easy, that when folks don't want escapes I often sells them as baby-jumpers. Jest try one; it's only four dollars and a half. Make it four to you, as an advertisement, seein' you keeps a hotel, and you'd ought to have one for the protection of your guests."

"Guess not. My place is only two stories high; and if we have a fire, they can jump out or burn, just as they durn please." And the careful hotel-keeper strolled off.

"What have you there, my friend?" I asked of the stranger.

"A portable fire-escape. Simplest thing in the world. But I was a fool to come to this section, anyhow. There isn't a house high enough for a man to hurt himself much if he rolled off the roof, and a Vermonter 'ud sooner take chances on his life than spend a dime, any day."

"I'll tell you how you can sell one escape for twenty dollars, and no trouble either."

"You will! I'm your oyster."

I unfolded my plot, and found a sympathetic listener. He was to go up to Bella's uncle's house and try to sell an escape. Of course, we knew that would be perfectly hopeless. So, after being rebuffed, he was to insist on leaving one on trial for a week or two, till he came around again. He was also to try to smuggle a letter to Bella, explaining that she was at night to get possession of the escape, attach it to her bedstead, and slide down into my waiting arms, which would be waiting as near as the dogs would let them. On the night she was ready, she was to signal in a certain way with a candle at the window.

The peddler started off, and soon returned, having been successful in getting the letter to Bella, and having given an exhibition of how to use the escape. For several nights I waited in vain for the signal, but at last it was shown. I did not hear the dogs about, and I gently crept nearly under the window. It was opened.

"Are you there, Bella?" I whispered.

"Yes."

"You're not afraid, dear?"

"Not very. I've tied the end round the bedstead, and I don't think I can slip out of the loops. Have you a buggy waiting?"

"Yes, dear; at the first turn of the road."

"Very well. I am going to try now. Oh!"

She had launched herself off from the side, and was descending beautifully.

"Don't come too fast, dear. Use the check rope if you feel you are coming too quickly."

She had got to the second floor, when there was an unaccountable stoppage.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"It won't move."

"Shake the rope."

"I have."

"Loosen the check."

"It is quite loose."

"Try to pull up a bit."

"I can't; I'm stuck fast."

"Let me shake the rope."

"Try. Oh! oh! It's no use; it won't move."

"Can't you slip out of the loop and slide down the rope? I'll catch you."

"No, I can not; I am sitting in them, and can't get out. Oh, what's to be done?"

"I'll try to climb up and see."

Bella sat dangling in the air, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth.

I tried to climb, but the rope was not half an inch thick, and I slipped back. Then came the tragic sequel. There was a rush of something behind me, and a bulldog seized me in that part which had been nearest to him as he approached. I have heard of soldiers riddled with bullets, or almost cut and thrust to pieces by swords and bayonets, who have still advanced upon the enemy. I don't believe they could have done it with a bulldog hanging on rearward. If any one of my male readers doubts this aspersion of man's courage, let him get an angry bulldog and try.

Other dogs began to give tongue. Bella screamed. Lights were seen moving in the house.

"Go!" she cried; "they will kill you if they find you."

"But I can not leave you, Bella." I must own this was not true. I was leaving her in small sections down the dog's throat, and I felt I must run away.

"Go; save yourself."

By a convulsive effort I shook off the dog, a considerable portion of my trousers and a couple of good mouthfuls of my anatomy, and hounded over a fence and up a tree. From there I watched the triumphant Vermonter haul Bella into a second-story window. Then they came out, and with much crying and swearing began to look for me. I am happy to say they were unsuccessful. About two hours afterward I ventured to limp home.

Bella never tried to elope again. She remained proof against all the arguments of her uncle and the charms of his Green Mountain boys, and when she became legally her own mistress she became mine legally too.

Never saw that fire-escape man again. Perhaps it was better for him I didn't. He never called for his machine. Possibly he heard something of the story in his travels.

I don't know that there is any moral to this tale, except never to use a rope fire-escape for an elopement. There must have been something prophetic in the instinct of the author of the old song, when he wrote:

"When a lady elopes
Down a ladder of ropes,
She may go to Hongkong for me."

JULIAN MAGNUS.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 7, 1882.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The nomination of M. M. Estee is a journalistic triumph for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. That paper was for him from the start, advocated and aided his nomination, and is fairly and justly entitled to the admission that without its influence he would not have been nominated. If the *Chronicle* shall, with its usual zeal and ability, continue to be his champion through the campaign, it will have a rightful claim to be considered the organ of the administration, and entitled to its patronage.

We need not be ashamed of Governor Woods, the Republican candidate of the Southern Congressional District, when we compare him with any of the gentlemen who have represented that district in the Congress of the United States, and we may be justly proud of him when we compare him to Tully, his Democratic opponent. Governor Woods possesses a clean record, and is sober and good-mannered. He is an able debater, and an enthusiastic, sincere, and earnest Republican. He has had a large experience in public affairs, and is capable of making a splendid canvass in a district that is against him. In the event of his election he will make a mark in the Congress of the United States.

A. E. W. Worley, of Colonel Jackson's *Post*, "price one cent," was a delegate in the lately deceased Republican Convention. He diligently labored for three days in persistently ear-wiggling members to indorse the bill introduced by Page into Congress, that the sixteenth of October he declared a national holiday, in commemoration of the discovery of America on that day by Christopher Columbus. When we remember that if it had not been for Columbus there would be no America, and if no America there would be no Colonel Jackson, and if no Colonel Jackson no *Post*, "price one cent," we profoundly sympathize with the movement that would set aside the sixteenth of October for a national holiday, upon which our Italian citizens could furl their lateen sails, and not go a-fishing.

A London lady of the esoteric, rational dress circle has recently let the cat out of the divided-skirt hag. She says that, while it divides the legs from each other, it yet has an *undivided* skirt over this arrangement, so that in reality it amounts simply to trousers—that is, drawers worn under a skirt—nothing in the world but the old, old story, encircled with a little new lace and huckles, and called by new and rational names.

Austrian astronomers now claim to possess the largest refracting telescope in the world, that lately completed at Vienna. The length of this instrument is thirty-three feet and six inches.

It is said that there are three men in this country who read the *Nation* regularly. One of them is the proof-reader of that pink-and-white sheet. The other two are its editors.

Before the wedding day she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterward she became dearer and he treasurer.

Two styles of consolation: A man's—"Just what I expected." A woman's—"I told you how it would be."

The wise are free from perplexities, the virtuous from anxiety, and the bold from fear.

THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Edward Everett Hale, the well-known writer, sends the following letter to the August *Wide Awake*: "I have spent the last two evenings in the gallery of the House of Commons in London. The theory is that no strangers whatever are admitted. True, galleries are built for them, and the 'Speaker's gallery' is open to all strangers introduced in the proper way. Still, if any member of the House were disagreeable enough to look up and say, 'I see strangers,' the Speaker would have to order the sergeant-at-arms to clear the galleries. Even the reporters for the newspapers would have to go. More than half a century ago, some member—I think Mr. O'Connell—was angry with the newspapers, and for a month he had the galleries cleared every night, so that nothing of the debates was published but the little which members would tell. In the second place, the gallery is small. There are two large galleries for the House of Lords, for Embassadors, and for members of the House of Commons, if they should be crowded out below. These were wholly empty the two nights I was there. But for other people the gallery seats, even with crowding, are about three or four hundred only. All intelligent people in the world are glad to go, so the chances are had for any one. In Washington, nearly two thousand persons can sit in the gallery of the House. In the Senate galleries there is room for ten times the number of Senators. I obtained a permit. The manner of entrance was like a novel. You enter through that grand Westminster Hall, which is often the place of a scene in Shakspeare. Parliament once sat here. Oliver Cromwell was inaugurated as Lord Protector here. There are now five statues of Elizabeth, of James I., of Charles I., and Charles II., and of some other kings here. Between Charles I. and Charles II. there is no Oliver Cromwell, however. You pass through this hall over the spot where Cromwell was inaugurated, and turn to the left into a beautiful new hall with fine statues of orators. From this you come to a large lobby, full of gentlemen, talking. I went at once to a side door, and, to a man in a black gown, more elaborate than you ever saw on a college stage, I said, 'I am admitted by Hon. Mr. —, who bids me say "—" to you.' The word I was to say was the pass-word, as if it were 'Hanover,' though that was not my pass. The man looked at a book, howed, and I passed under a curtain, upstairs. Here I took my place in the gallery, among many other men, most of them, I think, working men, who were all very silent and attentive. Opposite us, at the other end of the long hall, we could see ladies tightly pressed against Gothic windows, with just such sashes as a stained-glass window has. The result is that these ladies look from our gallery exactly like pictures in a stained-glass window. Beneath them, in two rows, in a gallery like ours, were two lines of reporters, thirty or more in all. Opposite us is the Speaker's chair or throne. It is a high chair on a dais, with a canopy in dark wood over it. Beneath the Speaker sit three clerks. He and they are all in gowns and wigs. In Parliament, if members wish to write or read, they retire to rooms for that purpose. In practice, therefore, the House of Commons is much more empty than our houses of assembly or of representatives ever are. Much of the time when I was in the gallery there were not twenty members in the house. On the conservative or opposition side there would be only one, the 'whip,' as he is called. He is there simply to watch things, and see that the conservatives suffer no harm. Twice last night the conservative 'whip' rose and said: 'I rise to a point of order. There seems to be no quorum present.' Whoever was speaking had to sit down on the moment. Then the Speaker rose and said: 'The point of order is raised that there is no quorum.' Then he sat down and waited, silent, perhaps a minute. But instantly—summoned by telegraph from the library or lobbies—liberal members came streaming in and took their seats. At the end of the minute the Speaker rose, and began counting the house aloud, 'One, two, three, four,' and so on, till he came to forty. Forty is the number for a quorum. As soon as he said 'forty' the member who was speaking went on with his speech, and all the new-comers went out together to their former lives, laughing and talking. In this way the conservative whip made sure that as many as forty liberals, or supporters of government, were at hand. Probably he had ready to come in a considerable number of his own side. But none of them came on these two calls, because they would not be counted. Had not thirty-nine liberals been at hand to make forty with the one conservative, the house must have adjourned. It is part of the business of the liberal 'whip' to keep a quorum in attendance. While I have been in London there has been some discussion in the papers as to the extreme difficulty of keeping a quorum present on Tuesday. I can hardly make you understand the very complicated forms of the business of the house. I think indeed that many of the members of the house do not understand them. But they pay great deference to the Speaker's interpretation of them. In fact, his office is not political here, as with us; and although he has great power, it is understood that his province is judicial, and that he will not use his power in any partisan way. With us, the Speaker of the National House of Representatives appoints all the committees. This fact gives him great political power in the conduct of business. Many persons would tell you that his post is the most important in our government after the President's. Perhaps it is. I had the very great pleasure of hearing Mr. Gladstone speak. It was a little speech, of ten minutes' length, on a question of the currency. But it was long enough to show the great elements of his power. He was perfectly at ease. The speech had no more formality about it than has the talk of a couple of boys in walking to school. It was simply as if he were talking to a knot of men, mostly younger than himself, on a subject in which they were interested, and where they knew that he was at home. He stood quite at ease, turning from the Speaker to different parts of the house as he referred to one member or another, resting on the table as much as he really wanted to rest, but not in any attitudinizing way. And he showed the greatest power of all by sitting down the moment he was done. Although he did as they all do, that is, briefed, resumed his speech in a few words at the end, he without any formal climax, or 'peroration.'"

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A writer on France in 1816 says: "The best claret is made on a farm called La Fitte, which is not large, and can furnish but a small portion of the wine sold under that name. People say that the quality of the fruit differs on the adjoining ground, even close to the partition fence."

Tradition says that beer was first made at Pelusium, on the Nile, 400 B. C.; but nowadays only a crude kind of barley beer is made by the natives in Egypt. There is, however, a brewery in Cairo, owned by a Geneva company, and worked on the German system, which can turn out four hundred barrels a week.

A statue in clay of Oliver Cromwell has been placed in the private corridor behind the House of Lords, with what object no one seems to know. It is all the more surprising that there is no statue of the Protector in London, as his features might be exactly reproduced. At Mr. Wilkinson's, near Sevenoaks, is Oliver's head. It is supposed to have been blown down from the top of Westminster Hall, where it had been placed, picked up, and sold to an ancestor of Mr. Wilkinson. The head has been embalmed, and the hair and features are in excellent preservation. There is the hole in the skull made by the pike on which on which it was impaled; also, a hole where a large wart has been cut out.

An account is given in English journals of the performance of a locomotive on the Great Northern Railroad, which recently carried the Duke of Edinburgh from Leeds to London—one hundred and eighty-six and three-quarter miles—in three hours, or at the rate of sixty-two miles per hour. This speed has frequently been equaled, and sometimes passed for short distances, but it is remarkable as the average rate for such a long journey. The engine had driving-wheels eight feet in diameter, or two feet larger than the wheels of the American engines. To accomplish the trip in the time given, the wheel must have made two hundred and nineteen revolutions per minute, or more than thirty thousand in three hours.

The most perfect specimen of a type-setting machine is now substantially complete in a private room at Colt's Hartford establishment. By an ingenious arrangement, it distributes while it sets, and the work of distribution being slightly more rapid than the setting, the cases are always full. The distributor is regulated in such a way that the instant the most frequently used letter case (say that of *e*) is filled, the work of distribution stops, to be resumed as soon as the case begins to be emptied. If the machine will do the work of two men setting type, (and much better than this is claimed for it,) it can readily be said to do the work of four, since the tedious work of distribution is disposed of at the same time, as a sort of side issue. And each letter goes into its appropriate case as certainly and regularly as the Yale key fits into its own lock.

Literary puzzles, now the fashion, are not exactly a novelty. An advocate, named Marchant, took it into his head to write a long love-letter from which the vowel *a* should be excluded. It exists printed, but absurd. In 1816 one Rouden outdid the love-letter by composing *La Piece Sans A*, which was acted (but only up to the commencement of the last scene) at the Théâtre des Variétés, drawing a crowded house to witness the first performance of this dramatic cripple. The curtain rose. Duval entered from one side of the stage and Mengozzi from the other. The first words uttered by the latter personage were: "Ah, monsieur! vous voilà!" At which the whole audience burst into a roar of laughter. It was a curious beginning for "A Piece Without an A." Luckily Mengozzi was within earshot of the prompter, and corrected his mistake with "Eb, monsieur! vous voici!"

Mr. E. B. Elliott, the Government Actuary, has computed the weight of a million dollars in gold and silver coin as follows: The standard gold dollar of the United States contains of gold of nine-tenths fineness 25.8 grains, and the standard silver dollar contains of silver of nine-tenths fineness 412.5 grains. One million standard gold dollars consequently weigh 25,800,000 grains, or 53,750 ounces troy, or 4,479 1-6 pounds troy of 5,760 grains each, or 3,685.77 pounds avoirdupois of 7,000 grains each, or 1 843-1000 "short" tons of 2,000 pounds avoirdupois each, or 1 645-1000 "long" tons of 2,240 pounds avoirdupois each. One million standard silver dollars weigh 412,500,000 grains, or 859,375 ounces troy, or 171,614.58 pounds troy, or 58,928.57 pounds avoirdupois, or 29 464-1000 "short" tons of 2,000 pounds avoirdupois each, or 26 307-1000 "long" tons of 2,240 pounds avoirdupois each. In round numbers, the following table represents the weight of a million dollars in the coins named:

Description of Coin.	Tons.
Standard gold coin.....	1 1/6
Standard silver coin.....	26 3/4
Subsidiary silver coin.....	25
Minor coin, five-cent nickel.....	100

Napoleon III. was fond of pomp and show, besides being a confirmed sensualist; and he derived a personal enjoyment from his entertainments. They were on a magnificent scale; but the only marked or lasting influence of the Imperial Court, as regards fashion or manners, was on female dress. The invitations to Compiègne and Fontainebleau were commonly for eight days; and a lady was expected to change her dress three or four times a day, and never to wear the same dress twice. The outfit for the visit was computed at not less than twelve thousand francs. A Frenchwoman of the imperial circle complained that she could not dress for less than one thousand pounds a year. A milliner's bill, on which an action was brought, amounted to fifteen thousand pounds for three years, and the fair defendant paid twelve thousand pounds into court. The case was reported in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. This spirit of extravagance proved catching, and extended to England, where traces of it are still discernible. It is not uncommon for a lady at a country house to come down in a morning dress, change it for lawn-tennis or a walk, put on a *negligé* trimmed with lace for the afternoon tea, and then dress for dinner or a ball. No indefensible fashion has taken so complete a hold on women of all classes as the fashion for false hair. Seventy-five tons of hair from the east paid duty at Marseilles alone in 1875, and Monsieur Baudrillard computes that double that quantity is annually worked up in France. The exports, principally to England and the United States, are estimated at seventy-five thousand pounds sterling.

Valuable discoveries have been made and valuable inventions suggested by the veriest accidents. An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain. The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger he was startled at the sudden enlarged appearance of a neighboring church spire. The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass-cutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon the glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figure appeared raised upon a dark ground. Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusty with dew. The swaying of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of a pendulum. The art of lithography was perfected through a suggestion made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as he proposed to be sent away to be washed. Not having pen, ink, and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone, intending to make a copy at his leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in full relief. The next step was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression. Hence the lithograph.

OLD FAVORITES.

Prelude to the Voices of the Night.

Pleasant it was when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves,
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His boary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound—

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which can not die,
Bright visions came to me,
As, lapped in thought, I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the ring of age,
And chronicles of old.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Intimations.

What glory then! What darkness now!
A glimpse, a thrill, and it is flown!
I reach, I grasp, but stand alone,
With empty arms and upturned brow.

Ye may not see, O weary eyes!
The band of angels, swift and bright,
That pass, but can not wake your sight,
Down trooping from the crowded skies.

O heavy ears! Ye may not hear
The strains that pass my conscious soul,
And seek, but find no earthly goal,
Far falling from another sphere.

Ah! soul of mine! Ah! soul of mine!
Thy sluggish senses are but bars
That stand between thee and the stars,
And shut thee from the world divine.

For something sweeter far than sound,
And something finer than the light
Comes through the discord and the night,
And penetrates or wraps thee round.

Nay, God is here, couldst thou but see;
All things of beauty are of Him;
And heaven, that holds the cherubim,
As lovingly embraces thee.

If thou hast apprehended well
The tender glory of a flower,
Which moved thee by some subtle power
Whose source and sway thou couldst not tell;

If thou hast kindled to the sweep
Of stormy clouds across the sky,
Or gazed with trance and tearful eye,
And swelling breast, upon the deep;

If thou hast felt the throb and thrill
Of early day and happy birds,
While peace, that drowned thy chosen words
Has flowed from thee in glad good-will—

Then hast thou drunk the heavenly dew:
Then have thy feet in rapture trod
The pathway of a thought of God,
And death can show thee nothing new.

For heaven and beauty are the same—
Of God the all-informing thought,
To sweet, supreme expression wrought,
And syllabled by sound and flame.

The light that beams from childhood's eyes,
The charm that dwells in summer woods,
The holy influence that broods
O'er all things under twilight skies—

The music of the simple notes
That rise from happy human homes,
The joy in life of all that roams
Upon the earth, and all that floats,

Proclaim that heaven's sweet providence
Enwraps the homely earth in whole,
And finds the secret of the soul
Through channels subtler than the sense.

O soul of mine! Throw wide thy door,
And cleanse thy paths from doubt and sin;
And the bright flood shall enter in
And give thee heaven forevermore! —J. G. Holland.

The Nevermore.

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which bad life's form and love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, bow still I am! But should there dart
One moment through my soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Villa Bohemia" is a bright little story, by Marie Le Baron, of how six charming maidens hired an old country farm-house, and resolved to strictly prohibit the intrusion of any male being. Their unsuccessful efforts are the cause of several amusing episodes. Published by Kochenderfer & Urie, 200 Broadway, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Cerebral Hyperæmia; Does it Exist?" is a reply which Doctor C. F. Buckley, an able British physician, makes to several works by Doctor W. A. Hammond, of New York, principal among which is a volume entitled "The Nervous System." The author regards Doctor Hammond's works as "misleading, if not pernicious," and in a logical manner dissects their statements and conclusions. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman is an English gentleman who visited the Rocky Mountains about four years ago, and wrote letters concerning his trip to several English periodicals, such as *Field* and the *Fortnightly Review*. He has since added much to these, and now embodies them in a volume entitled "Camps in the Rockies." Mr. Baillie-Grohman is a member of the Alpine Club, and since the age of ten has spent the greater portion of his time in exploring the high mountains of Europe; so that his descriptions of upland scenery in this country are rendered doubly interesting by reason of the author's past experience. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.75.

Mr. Luigi Monti is the reputed author of "Leone," the latest number of the "Round Robin Series." It is the story of the love of an Italian artist for an American beauty. The scene of the story is laid in Italy. An Italian nobleman, being cheated of his betrothed by her mercenary father, becomes a brigand, and slays the man who married her. She had died some months before, but the brigand steals the child, whom she had left, and places it under the guardianship of an old Capuchin. The monk educates the boy as a painter, and, ignorant himself of the lad's parentage, conceals from him any knowledge concerning the brigand's connection. The boy becomes a handsome and successful artist, and falls in love with the pretty daughter of a New England tourist. A series of complications arise by which the mystery is cleared, and the pair are united in a happy marriage. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"Bimbi" is the name that Ouida gives to a volume of children's stories which she has just published. They were written several years ago for the special amusement of the children of the present king of Italy, and are now first brought from royal darkness into public light. The tales are told in Ouida's cosmopolitan jumble, with French, Italian, and Heaven-knows-what interlarded with the English. And yet they are interesting and charming, as Ouida generally is, notwithstanding the abuse which she receives on all sides from the critics. It would be difficult to name a story as picturesque as her novel "In Maremma," which was published not long ago; and yet, with the exception of a few English reviewers, a large number of the critics dismissed it as "tawdry" and "unimaginative." In the present volume the story of the poodle "Mouffou," as the New York *Tribune* remarks, "is worthy taking a place with 'Rah and His Friends.'" The "Nürnberg Stove" is a delightful story about an old town in the Tyrol and its simple inhabitants. "The Little Earl" tells of an eight-year-old boy's experience on the Isle of Wight. The remaining stories are told in a manner which will hold the attention of the youngest story-listeners. Published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph Hofmann, 210 Montgomery Street; price, \$1.25.

The New York *Genealogical and Biographical Record* for July contains a very interesting paper by Hon. I. N. Arnold on "Reminiscences of Lincoln and Congress during the Rebellion." Some of the incidents therein related concerning Senator McDougall of California will prove highly reminiscent to Californians. The remainder of this number is taken up with notes and records of old New York families. Published at 64 Madison Avenue, New York; price, 50¢ per annum.—The September number of the *Electric* contains among other articles "Carlyle's Life and Reminiscences," "Electric Light and Force," by the Right Honorable Viscount Bury; "French Prisons and Convict Establishments," by Wagner, the musician; "Æsthetic Poetry: Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by Principal Shairp; "A Song for Women," by A. Matheson; "Personal Reminiscences of General Garibaldi," by his aide-de-camp, Alberto Mario; "From Fish to Reptile," by Doctor John Brown; and "The Great African Mystery."—The September *Century* opens with a delightful paper on "Thomas Bewick," by Austin Dobson. "Ningpo and the Buddhist Temples" are described by Miss Gordon Cumming. Edmund W. Gosse details many interesting facts concerning "Dante Gabriel Rossetti."—The *Atlantic Monthly* for September contains, among other articles, the first of a series of papers on the "Nation of Willows," by F. H. Cushing, the great *Umi* traveler; "The Last Chance of the Confederacy," by General A. C. McClure; and "A Geologic Ramble on the Weald," by Moncure D. Conway.

Announcements: Dr. A. L. Stone's "Leaves from a Finished Pastorate" is nearly ready for the market. It will contain twenty sermons, and makes nearly three hundred pages. It will appear in New York, and will cost to subscribers two dollars and a half per volume. Samuel Carson is the Pacific Coast agent.—The Early-English Text Society will probably issue this year the fifteenth century English poems owned by the Duke of Orleans. They are being reedited from the manuscript by Dr. Hanskeredt.—A new translation of the works of Machiavelli, by C. E. Detmold, will be brought out immediately by J. R. Osgood & Co.—Mr. Zola's new novel, "Le Bonheur des Dames," is to have a heroine of the saintly type.—Madame Judith Gautier, who is an admiring friend of Richard Wagner, and a frequent visitor in his family, has just published at Paris a study of his life and works.—The *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has begun the publication of a new serial story by William Black. It was written exclusively for that paper, and is entitled "An Adventure in Thule."—George Alfred Townsend is in Prussia. He will write a book on his return home.—Among the poems to be published this autumn are those of Mary Clemmer and Margaret E. Sangster. They will be brought out by J. R. Osgood & Co.—Our *Continent* has just purchased *Potter's American Monthly*, a Philadelphia publication.—Mr. H. C. Bunner's poems, both the serious and the humorous, are to be published in "Holt's Leisure Hour Series."—Jules Verne's latest work is entitled "Le Gazon Vert."—*Harper's Christmas* will contain a poem by T. B. Aldrich set to music.—A beautiful new edition of "The Lady of the Lake," with one hundred and twenty illustrations by leading American artists, is being prepared for the holidays by J. R. Osgood & Co.—"Highways and Byways," written and illustrated by W. H. Gibson, will be published in September, by the Messrs. Harper. Mr. Abbey's illustrations of Herrick will be printed in a handsome volume in October.—Victor Hugo, nearly thirty years ago, wrote a play with Mazarin for the hero. This play, under the title of "Les Jumeaux," he is now revising for the press.—"Helen of Troy," Mr. Andrew Lang's new poem, is a long one. It consists of six books of almost four hundred lines each. It will be published in London in October, and will be brought out in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons.—A volume from the pen of the late J. T. Fields, "Notes on Men and their Books," will appear during the autumn. It has been edited by his widow.—Miss Constance Fennimore Woolson, who has now quite recovered from an almost fatal illness, has finished her new novel, and the first chapters will be printed in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is called "For the Major," and is altogether an American story. Another pleasant announcement made by the editor of the magazine is that of a series of short stories which Charles Reade is writing expressly for its pages.—Among the forthcoming publications of Cassell, Peter & Galpin is an edition of Dickens's "Boots at the Holly-Ten Inn," with sixteen full-page illustrations, chromo-lithographed in ten colors, and sixteen illustrations in black and white, from original designs by J. C. Beard.

CIRCLED BY FIRE.

The Awful Peril of a Brigade in the Midst of a Flaming Forest.

II.

The colonel's words fell solemnly upon the ears of the soldiers. There was a hush. After a pause, he proceeded: "Yet all hope is not lost. With God's help, we can extricate ourselves. The fire is the only enemy we have to fear. Let every man search for a clearing. Once that is found, I will answer for the rest."

We have said that Mackenzie inspired his troops with great confidence in time of danger, and now that the chances of salvation were so very slight, he became once more the man of action.

In the twinkling of an eye the men divided into groups, and started in every direction in search of the desired glade. Unfortunately, and as if ill-luck attended them, the column was in a part of the forest where impenetrable thickets abounded. The thick brush interlaced like the threads of an impervious texture. Nevertheless, paths were found here and there. The most intelligent officers, and those familiar with the country, succeeded in penetrating the underbrush.

Suddenly the colonel paused. "A clearing!" he cried. "We passed near one fifteen hundred yards from here."

The drum and trumpet called the men.

"We must retrace our steps," said Mackenzie. "The conflagration is farthest from us on the eastern side, and on that very side there is a clearing. Safety, certain safety, lies there. Forward, my friends!"

The column obeyed. The soldiers, like half-rebellious children, were persuaded to obedience by promises of reward. Yet the colonel conceived that in order to make them hopeful and active, it was necessary to make them aware of his project. Having once more reunited his officers, he said:

"Gentlemen, as soon as we reach the glade, all the men must be employed in tearing up the shrubs, grass, and all the vegetation which has sprung up there. An area large enough to hold the troops must be cleared. The artillery must be placed in the middle so as to prevent the explosion of the powder and the shells. Then we must oppose fire with fire, by kindling the resinous trees and brush around us. Our flames will spread out and meet those of Tania-Taupée, which will be extinguished for want of food."

The soldiers understood the mechanism of this plan, and already felt assured of safety. They marched steadily for twenty minutes. The cavalry, who had started ahead, were already at work when the infantry reached the glade, which proved much nearer than they had hoped. As the colonel had foreseen, the conflagration advanced with terrible rapidity by means of the grass and underbrush, dried by the rays of the sun. The twigs caught as if by enchantment, and when their flames encountered a resinous tree the latter speedily writhed in the embraces of the formidable element. Very fortunately there was no breeze. The absolutely calm atmosphere allowed the smoke to ascend in a straight line toward the sky. If a violent wind had blown, every man of the ill-fated army would have been asphyxiated before being seriously threatened by the flames. As soon as the main body of the troops arrived, the task was organized. Major Welcome calculated the space needed for a shelter, and the clearing was commenced at the edge of the area indicated. Every man worked hard, and at a disadvantage, for there were no tools, and it was necessary to use the bayonets to dig up the deeply-rooted shrubs and furze, which tore the hands and stained them with blood. Mackenzie, his forehead deluged with sweat, worked like a common soldier. He was impatient at their slow progress. The flames were reaching the glade on all sides, except toward the east, where it was quite distant. The light cast by the three or four separate fires, which were about to unite, was so bright that the men no longer needed torches to work by. The terrible hour was about to strike. The flames would reach the soldiers in six or seven minutes. Would they have time to strip the ground still uncleared? Luckily with two thousand men, an arduous task may be accomplished in five minutes when no pains are spared.

"We shall succeed!" murmured the colonel, looking around him. But at this moment a frightful noise caused all the improvised workmen to raise their heads. It was not the rumbling of the fire; it was something else. Loud stamping and strange roars were heard, the nature of which was not apparent. The elephants waved their trunks, and again gave signs of uneasiness. In two minutes frightfully resounding howls were distinguished, which increased, accompanied by the crackling of branches.

"Malediction!" exclaimed the major; "it is the wild elephants rushing from the fire."

In fact the forest gaped. Gigantic pachyderms suddenly detached themselves from the sombre verdure, and entered the sphere of action of the column. It was a fearful scene. The monsters were too much excited to be deterred by the presence of man. They rushed upon the little army. Mackenzie, seeing the danger, uttered a cry.

"Fire! Fire on the elephants!" he yelled.

They fired rapidly and without aim. It was a disorderly discharge. Several elephants were wounded. Two or three fell. But about forty of them that were unhurt passed through the centre of the column like an avalanche, uttering harsh cries, and disappeared again in the depths of the forest, having spread disorder among the horsemen. More than fifty men had been knocked down, trampled upon, killed, or seriously wounded. Horses ran about in every direction and increased the confusion. One or two tame elephants followed the herd of their congeners. Disorder reigned. The fire was ready to devour the grass of the glade which was not sufficiently torn up. Without some supreme inspiration the column would perish. Two thousand men burned alive!

"Major Welcome," exclaimed Mackenzie, in a stentorian voice, "place your six pieces in battery, and let us fight this enemy."

Richard Welcome obeyed. With rapidity, with marvelous precision, he disposed his six pieces. The conflagration assumed a pointed shape, so that in front of the guns it was scarcely fifty yards off, while to the right and left it appeared still quite distant.

"There!" said Mackenzie, designating the brush which was burning at a few paces, "there is the place to strike."

A veritable peal of thunder followed this command, and then could be heard the noise of trees snapping and shattering one another in their fall. The flames, as though intimidated by this attack, seemed to pause, perhaps because the column of displaced air may have momentarily thrust the flames backward, perhaps from some other cause. Mackenzie resumed:

"Lower, major; fire lower. The ground must be ploughed up so as to hurl the burning bushes right and left."

The pieces were reloaded. Their thunder again shook the forest, and this time they had been so adroitly pointed that the halls stripped the soil, and sensibly retarded the progress of the scourge. A resounding cheer welcomed this partial success.

"Let no one cease working on this account," ordered the colonel. "Pull up everything that can offer food for the flames."

"Fire!" commanded the major, for the third time. Decidedly a breach was being effected. A mass of trees and shrubbery was destroyed. The spectacle, now more sublime, was not the less frightful. Behind the fallen trees the raging furnace was visible. At two hundred yards thick trunks writhed under the intensity of the heat. Magnificent gum trees, higher than and as straight as the masts of a frigate, burned from the base to the summit, like immense torches. At their foot everything was blazing. Animals of every shape and species fed distracted.

"Again, major! Again! Fire without stopping. We are near the open country on this side; who knows but you may mark out a pathway by which we can escape from this hell?"

The cannon balls, in tearing up the soil, cast up on all sides firebrands and flames, which spread from thicket to thicket with terrible haste, and in spite of every effort the circumference narrowed. The space was far from being cleared. Second by second the heat became more sensible. The faces of the resolute men streamed with sweat. The broad track, straight as an arrow, made by the cannonade, became deeper and deeper, but on its borders the fire, fed by the branches and fragments of wood cast up, was hotter and more fearful than ever. The infantry alone were able to work, for the cavalry had enough to do to manage their horses. As for the elephants, they had set control at defiance, and ran hither and thither, creating a new peril in the midst of the already appalling situation. The conflagration now approached from the east. The ground was at last stripped on that side, and the large space might possibly afford a shelter for the unfortunate sufferers. Vision was terribly clear. A flood of light inundated the sky and what remained of the forest. At the end of the gap made by the cannon the trees were still burning. The glade, large enough to contain the troops, was too confined to protect them from the effects of the fire.

"Let the counter-fire be lighted," commanded the colonel.

In spite of the danger of this experiment the men eagerly obeyed. Herbs and roots, heaped up beyond the circumference, within which the men stood, composed the conflagration of salvation—the conflagration which must march forth to encounter the enemy. The heat, now doubled in intensity, became so great that the men could no longer endure it. Those who were nearest the flame felt their heads scorching. The others vainly sought in the depths of their lungs for the breath which was failing them.

It grew hotter and hotter, and the suffering of those nearest the fire became absolutely intolerable. They were the poor infantry, for according to orders the artillery and cavalry had been placed in the centre of the area.

"Major Welcome, widen the opening you have just made," commanded the colonel. "Let three pieces fire to the left, and three to the right; we shall effect a little hydra."

Twenty times the canons discharged their balls on the borders of the immense avenue, which they had already plowed in the forest, an avenue illuminated in such a manner that no other spectacle can be compared to it. Under the redoubled shots of the artillery the trees fell, and the road widened. As yet only an army of salamanders might have been able to pass; for men to make such an attempt would still have been an act of folly. Yet the projectiles had leveled and shattered so many mighty trunks and other combustibles, that there was already an appreciable abatement of the fire throughout the whole length of the avenue. But on the two sides the flames were still terrible, and an attempt to pass would have been equivalent to placing one's self on a gridiron. Life within the clearing was becoming a torture. Several men had fallen down. The horses whined with heart-rending, human accents, and the elephants that remained faithful rent the air with their mournful cries of suffering. The explosions of artillery did not cease resounding in the ears of the despondent unfortunates, and to add to their consternation the wild elephants that had disappeared in the depths of the woods, finding nothing before them but flames, had been forced to retrace their steps, and once more congregated within the clearing. Again, they bore down upon the soldiers like a hurricane. Blinded and distracted, they bounded into the midst of the army. Is it possible to depict the chaos, the frightful havoc, the yells, the execrations, the terrors of this infernal scene? No; the imagination itself can form no correct idea. Horses, canon, cavalry, infantry, were alike mown down and trampled upon by this gigantic animal force. The men wished to defend themselves against this new enemy, which caused a momentary forgetfulness of the fire. Guns were discharged in every direction, but the elephants were hardly injured, while more than one soldier fell under the fire of a distracted or unskillful comrade. Mackenzie silently tore his beard. The officers tried no longer to restrain their men. They must be resigned to extermination by these ferocious monsters. Confusion was at its height; frenzy mounted to the brain, when suddenly, the largest, noblest, finest elephant, the evident leader of the herd, paused before the sinister and smoking pathway which the canons had tracked out. He remained a moment motionless, his little piercing eye penetrating the depths so violently opened. Then he uttered a cry—what a cry!—and, trunk erect, he dashed forward. All the other pachyderms followed in his footsteps with a speed of which no one could have believed these masses capable. Heads down, they plunged

into this infernal avenue with a noise so horrible that the little army, apparently overwhelmed with dismay at the fire to the exclusion of all other fears in this world, were terrified anew. Some poor wretches among the soldiers, trusting to the instinct of the elephants, leaped upon their backs. The domestic elephants also dashed forward, no one being able to restrain them. With a vague hope, the colonel followed with his eye the mad course of the mighty animals. The air around them was full of burning fragments. More than one fell. All threw the audacious soldiers who had mounted them. They could be seen galloping to the farther end of the fiery lane, and disappearing in the midst of a little black speck which must have been the extremity of the forest.

"Soldiers!" exclaimed Mackenzie, in a voice trembling with emotion, "safety lies there. The elephants with their instinct have shown us the way, and we must follow them. Major Welcome, you have seen. Will you accept the conduct of the cavalry out of this horrible furnace?"

"And you, colonel?"

"I stay with my brave infantry. It would be madness to attempt the passage on foot. But with your horses spurred sufficiently, you will be able in eight minutes to reach the verge of the woods. My soldiers and I will die, or will be saved together. Besides, the departure of the horses will give more room, and we can move farther away from the fire."

"I am ready, colonel," said Dick, simply.

The cavalry mounted. They were not afraid. The elephants had passed, why could they not also? Besides, it would be preferable to die amid the excitement of such an attempt than to be cooked, unresisting, by a slow fire. The major placed his column, three men abreast, himself at their head, and Captain Chardon at his side.

"Forward!" he cried.

The horses, managed with difficulty, would have dashed in their terror against a wall a hundred feet high. They were guided in the right direction, and started at full speed, in their turn, raising with their hoofs whirlwinds of sparks and cinders. Oh, what a frightful charge that was, between two walls of fire! The sweat of both horses and riders filled the air with steam. Now they must either roast or go through. Sometimes a still incandescent tree stretched across their path. They leaped over it; but more than one set about it clumsily, or else did not see the obstacle, and his blinded horse, not observing it, stumbled. Then steed and rider rolled on the glowing earth, the one kicking, the other shrieking. They were the cause of others falling, and the poor wretches writhed several moments before death came to their relief. Further on a huge trunk remained standing, with which the major narrowly escaped collision, but which his lucky star caused him to avoid. More than twenty men, less fortunate than he, lost their lives from this death-trap; while the doomed squadron, visibly diminishing, continued its way, enveloped in the dust and spray of the fire. The flight of these soldiers, in the intense light of the conflagration, through that avenue of fire, might have been mistaken for a charge of demons, under the orders of Satan, in some revolt of hell. Here and there lay a fallen elephant, which, in consuming, emitted a stifling odor. Beside it were the blackened corpses of men, unrecognizable, swollen, motionless. At this point the heat seemed to have reached its climax, and to remain master of courage and fear alike. The horses refused to advance, reared violently, and threw their riders. Of the latter it is unnecessary to speak more. Major Welcome's stallion was about to pause, but Dick planted the point of his sabre in the hind-quarters of the animal, and under this piercing agony the charger resumed its former speed. This was the salvation of the major, and that of the one hundred and twenty who remained of the four hundred and fifty hussars and artillerymen who had left the clearing. The road was strewn with the corpses of three hundred and thirty men, and as many horses. But the effort was made. The breathless gallop had lasted seven minutes. The squadron had just reached a part of the forest which was nearly extinguished, and they already saw before them the open country, which the moon had commenced to illumine.

"We are saved!" exclaimed a young officer, with an unspeakable accent of joy. A terrible volley answered the hopeful speech. Tania-Taupée's vile bandits, having seen the elephants pass, guarded that exit. They had no time to reload their guns. The squadron, carried forward by their impetuous flight, rushed like a gust of tempestuous wind on the revolted natives, and making a gap in their mass, passed through, and continued their route for more than twenty-five hundred yards. The horses had neither manes nor tails; the men had neither heads, eyebrows, nor hair; but they were saved.

These brave men, exhausted by the fatigues and perils of the night, and enjoying a delicious happiness in the refreshing coolness which surrounded them, cast aside all fear of Hindoos, and all other terrors, and throwing themselves on the bare ground, slept until day. When they rose, a new joy awaited them. Delhi had been taken by assault the evening before, and Tania-Taupée, on learning of this check to his compatriots, had started several hours before for the kingdom of the Oude, where he could still resist for two years. The major and Chardon would go no further without knowing the fate of Mackenzie. The forest still smoked, but the fire was less intense. Toward midday, with thirty men, they had the boldness to retrace the path of the preceding night. The passage was comparatively easy. When they arrived at the clearing eleven hundred men of the regiment still lived, including the colonel. The horses had become as white as snow during the seven minutes that comprised what Dick Welcome called "The Charge of Fire."—*Translated from the Argonaut from the French of Camille Debans, by F. S.*

Acting on the theory that in every house there is a skeleton in the closet, a Paris swindler sent out a number of duplicate notes to this effect: "I will reveal all unless you send a hundred francs to J. L., Poste Restante, Paris." It was evidently a good day for skeletons. At least ten persons promptly sent the sum demanded, and the swindler was congratulating himself upon having secured temporary affluence and a prospective fortune when the police swooped down upon him.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The Argonaut was never less perplexed at the political situation, and never had its line of duty more clearly marked out for the course it ought to pursue, than in the present campaign. There is no one connected with this journal who is not an earnest Republican. Its editor was at the birth of the party; he has been an earnest worker in it; he has been loyal to its principles, subject to its discipline, and has done hard service in its cause. His only defection was to become an elector for Horace Greeley, because Greeley was a better man and a better Republican, and could serve his country better in civil life, than General Grant. The methods of the late Republican Convention, the principles declared in its platform, the significant omissions therefrom, and some of the candidates in nomination, are utterly repugnant to us, and are in utter opposition to every sentiment and in subversion of every principle contained in the editorial writings of the Argonaut during the past five years. Out of the moral and almost total wreck of the convention, the preservation of the Sunday law is the only salvage we have been able to make. The Argonaut is opposed by and opposes the San Francisco "machine." It is a vile thing. The men who run it are unprincipled politicians of the meanest kind, nearly every one of whom is of Irish birth or Irish lineage. Its existence is a continual menace to good government, to property, and to social order. The machine has triumphed, and Morris M. Estee is its result. He was its candidate; he delivered himself over to its direction; he placed his name, his honor, his money, and in the event of his election his appointments to office, and the direction and control of his administration, in the hands of the men who compose the machine. His headquarters were at the saloon of Peter Hopkins, Esquire, whence, in consultation with Richard Chute, Esquire, he directed its movement. Mr. William Higgins made his headquarters at the "Mint" saloon, whence he directed his wing of the working force. Colonel Gannon was acting aide-de-camp between the right and left. The State Central Committee, under Pierre B. Cornwall, held the centre. The primary election was disgraceful. Brute force protected the ballot-box from the approach of honest men, [see last week's Argonaut,] and Mr. Estee sent seventy-five delegates to the State Convention to do his bidding. There is no intelligent man who does not know, nor is there an honest man who does not admit, that

such things are never done for party candidates by politicians, except for money, or the promise of office, or as the outcome of some dishonorable bargain. In such ways, with the use of the machine, through violence, fraud, and by illegal and altogether dishonorable practices, he secured seventy-five members in a delegation of ninety-six. His candidacy was one of clamor and misrepresentation—one of brag and false statement. To the citizens of the country he claimed the town; to the citizens of the town he claimed the country. He was nominated by intrigue and bargaining, by false promises, and by a systematic slandering of his principal opponent by himself and his friends. He was one thing to the mountain, and another to the valley. He was one thing to the League of Freedom, another to the Good Templars, and alike insincere to all. Delegates fraudulently elected were easy to manage, and were managed to the making of bargains in his interest. We are not discussing the personal or professional character of the Republican candidate for governor. It may be claimed for him that he is not responsible for the company he keeps; that on his way to Jericho he fell among thieves, and in personal safety was compelled to join the band that he might in safety reach his journey's end. He is nominated in defiance of every honorable party rule, through combinations and accidents entirely discreditable to himself and the conspirators whose nominee he was, and whose candidate he is. Judge Blake, his opponent, was done to death by the whispered slander of his being the railroad candidate. It is a curious fact that, while the railroad resolutions are filled with passionate declamation against the Central Pacific, and all the demagogue orators were allowed full play to their denunciation and to their expressions of hostility to the road, and while the temper of the convention was so pronounced in its hostility to railroad monopoly, as soon as the convention could divide into three parts its temper had changed and its policy became one of conciliation toward the company and concession to all its demands. Such has been Mr. Estee's political conduct as we know it, such his political character as we have studied it. We have said, and we quote from our lecture, "Politics makes cowards of us all," the following: "There should be no other standard for political than for 'personal conduct. The man in professional, commercial, 'or agricultural employment should have no higher or 'purer code than the man who engages in politics. It 'is just as cowardly and wrong to lie in the pulpit, to 'betray professional confidence, or to steal in business, as it 'is to lie or steal in politics, or steal in office, and no more 'so. The man who will misrepresent, overreach, defraud, 'and lie in the lowest of ward politics will defraud, intrigue, 'lie, and cheat in the highest position to which he may 'attain, and betray the most sacred trust that may be im-'posed upon him." The Argonaut is, and ever has been, pronounced in its American doctrines. The convention refused to consider, and only through courtesy permitted to be read, a resolution suggesting a modification of our immigration and naturalization laws. A resolution, asking for a moral recognition of the great temperance movement now going on throughout the East, met with like treatment. The president of the League of Freedom—organized for the purpose of obstructing the enforcement of the Sunday law—John W. Shaeffer, was a delegate in the convention, an active worker with the machine, and a supporter of Mr. Estee. After the convention had adjourned to serenade the gubernatorial nominee, and drink Mr. Hayward's wine, (he was the leader of the hydraulic miners, also a delegate in the convention and an active worker with the machine,) it met to repudiate in virtuous indignation a candidate for superintendent of schools, who drinks an occasional glass of wine, and nominated by acclamation another, who is habitually and notoriously intemperate. The Argonaut has pretended to admire brains, courage, and conscience. There were three candidates before the convention, who are men of great learning in the law, of large experience at bench and bar, either of whom would have adorned the Supreme Court. They were Belcher of Marysville, Catlin of Sacramento, and Bronson of Los Angeles. The candidates who are nominated are not men of learning; they are not in any sense distinguished, and, in our judgment, will not adorn the Supreme Bench. Their conduct around the convention, and after it, in lobby and bar-room, was conspicuously wanting in personal dignity. If the Argonaut has been earnest in any direction, it has displayed its zeal in upholding and at all times maintaining the law. This is the basis of our argument against the Sand-lot, against all sorts of riotous uprisings, against Mussel Slough, against Irish land-leagues, and against German and Irish leagues of freedom; yet in this convention a resolution was not permitted that so far recognized the rights of eight agricultural counties as to declare that the decision of Jackson Temple should stand as the law in the slickens case until the judgment was modified or reversed by an appellate tribunal. In the interest of Mr. Estee the convention was organized and run. It only broke away from his control in one instance, and that was the Sunday-law resolution. In the event of his election, he may be depended upon to veto any law in the direction of opposition to alcoholic traffic on Sunday. The president of the

convention, an ex-governor and ex-senator, nominated by the Estee machine combination, appointed committees as prepared and handed him by P. B. Cornwall and others of the San Francisco machine. He took his committees from the workshops of W. W. Higgins, Colonel Gannon, and Richard Chute, Esquire. His work was prepared for him by David McClure, Drury Melone, J. R. Hardenbergh, and other members of the machine. He gave all the committee appointments, with one or two exceptions, to the active adherents of Estee, entirely ignoring the candidacy of Judge Blake, Mr. Shafter, or Joseph Russ. He gave committee appointments to such men as Cornwall, Chute, Malone, and Hardenbergh, utterly ignoring such representative Republican gentlemen as James McM. Shafter and others. Why Shanklin was defeated for Surveyor; why Pedlar was nominated for Secretary of State; the bargain with Stearns of Santa Barbara for Lieutenant-Governor; how and by whom Judge Blake was whispered to death; the bargain made by Mr. Estee with the hydraulic miners; the assurances given by him to the valley farmers; the secret work at Estee's headquarters by Hamilton Smith, a Democrat, and president of the Gravel Miners' Association, a person who had no business around a Republican convention, except to debase it; the understanding had by Mr. Hayward with Mr. Pedlar at midnight; Hayward's denunciation and threats, when he supposed Estee was defeated—all these things, and some others, we will reserve for consideration at another time.

We think Mr. Estee represents no sentiment in sympathy with the Republican party of the past. He came late and unwillingly into the party. He voted against, and was opposed to, the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. He bolted the Republican party, opposed its regular nominee for governor, joined with the Dolly Varden movement, and upheld Senator Booth when he charged that the mission of the Republican party was ended, that it had outlived its usefulness, and that he had deliberately burned the bridges behind him, so that he might never be able to return to it. With other men, he bolted the Republican party, and went for Greeley against Grant; and in both campaigns made speeches in vindication of his right to do what the Argonaut has done, and is doing; viz., the right of exercising an independent judgment. Mr. Estee has been office-seeker and office-holder all the days of his life since he was twenty-three years of age. If the Argonaut was right in opposing Mr. Estee as a candidate for nomination because of his identification with that most vile thing in San Francisco which we call the "machine," we are not wrong in withholding from him our vote after he has accomplished his triumph over respectable citizens by the use of brute force, and by the exercise of the very worst and most criminal practices that are known to the lowest element in political management. It will not be consistent for our friends who took part in the Dolly Varden movement—Messrs. Booth, Swift, Estee, and others—to criticize this attitude of ours toward the Republican party as now managed. It will not be at all becoming for that great body of Republicans who repudiated the nomination of Mr. Gorham to forget that we have the same right to repudiate the nomination of Mr. Estee as they had to repudiate the candidacy of Black-and-tan. The same machine, the same men, and the same dishonorable practices gave the party over to the leadership of Gorham as have now surrendered it to Estee. We will trust to the followers of Greeley out of the Republican camp in Grant's second candidacy, and those who within the party opposed his nomination for a third term, to appreciate and understand our motives in not giving to a Republican candidate, irregularly and fraudulently nominated, our support. We desire, in answer to the charge that the Argonaut in this departure will injure the party, to say: It is the men who perpetrate crimes within the party who injure it, and not the men who have the courage to expose these crimes who are working mischief. It is the conspirators, criminals, office-seekers in a small way, and the ambitious, high-reaching, unprincipled knaves, who injure the party by their use of violence, their perpetration of frauds at primary elections, and their bargains and plots in State conventions. We beg, also, to remind our readers that, in assuming this attitude toward Estee, or the wing of the party of which he is the acknowledged leader, there is no element of treachery or ingratitude. The Argonaut owes no gratitude to party leaders; acknowledges no allegiance to the party machine; asks no favor from the party organization in San Francisco; its editor looks forward to no party honors under the present disgraceful and cowardly management; and when Mr. Estee came, unasked, to the Argonaut office, and made promises which he did not keep, and did not intend to keep, he challenged its editor to an opposition which will be as frank and manly as his was mean and inexcusable. The Argonaut, in withholding its support from Mr. Estee, and such other candidates upon the ticket as do not meet its approval, for want of qualifications or fitness, or by reason of their manner of nomination, will endeavor not to forfeit the good opinion of those gentlemen with whom its editor sat in convention, or

that larger and equally respectable constituency which composes its readers. We do not claim to influence, in the political sense, any gentlemen who shall, during this campaign, read our paper. We recognize in them a standard of intelligence that can be affected only by an honest statement of unquestioned facts. We shall make no assertions that, if challenged, we do not believe we can substantiate; and none that, if we can not, we will not willingly unwrite and recall.

We have no knowledge as to the course any one will pursue in reference to this coming election. We shall not attempt to control the opinion of any intelligent Republican. What the railroad people, the anti-débris, the temperance, or anybody else will do will not in the least degree concern us. It would seem that the railroad corporations had been retired from politics by the emphatic expression of the resolutions of both parties, and by the severe and personal denunciations of its managers that have been listened to and applauded by both conventions. When Mr. Charles Sumner and W. W. Foote, at San José, and M. M. Estee, at Sacramento, charge criminal acts upon the railroad directory—when the mouthings of every political and impecunious adventurer, who has neither property to tax nor merchandise to move, shall be encouraged to denounce a great industry, simply that he may win the applause of a political mob—it would seem that the representatives of that industry would not be very zealous to advance the political organizations that encouraged such contemptible and shameless demagoguery. The platforms of both conventions are against railroads; the candidates for governor of both parties are against them; the speech-makers of San José and Sacramento rivaled each other in mendacious slanders against them, and the two gubernatorial aspirants will go before the people to outbid each other in denunciation and vilification, while all the lesser ones of both packs will engage in stirring and rivalrous emulation to out-howl each other on the stump. It would seem, therefore, as if the votes of the seventy-five hundred railroad employees were not wanted, and the pecuniary assistance of Governor Stanford would not be asked by either party. This rejection of railroad support is more pronounced by the Republican than the Democratic party, because Governor Stanford and his entire force are Republicans. Governor Stanford was in early times one of the most zealous of party men. He was the Republican candidate for State Treasurer away back in those early days of forlorn bopes. He was the party's first Governor. He has never failed, in State or Federal politics, to aid the party with his best aid. He can not, in self-respect, continue to do this. The State Central Committee can not, with propriety, expect or accept his assistance. The party is turned over to Dolly Varden and the machine. Its leaders are helters, and its candidate for Governor has held an attitude of hostility to the Republican party for not less than ten years of the past twenty. On this election depends an entire Congressional delegation and a senator in the Congress of the United States. If it shall happen that out of these complications the Republican party loses its Governor, members of Congress, State ticket, and Senator of the United States, it will not then be in position to blame Governor Stanford or the railroad people for the result. If the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, San Diego, Tulare, Merced, Fresno, Kern, and Monterey should be indifferent to the result, and not become enthusiastic in the campaign, the reason for their apathy may be found in the fact that this important section of the country was not considered by the convention in the nomination of candidates, but was studiously and contemptuously ignored by it, and nearly all of the offices were given to San Francisco, Sacramento, Alameda, and the central counties. If the business men, moneyed interests, and respectable portion of the Republican party in San Francisco, Alameda, and Sacramento shall not take the usual interest in the success of the Republican ticket, the reason will be that the Republican candidates were nominated by the political machine—the party bosses, the riff-raff, and vagabonds that stole the San Francisco primaries, and ran the convention in the interest of the worst element of the party. If the eight agricultural counties that are in danger of injury from hydraulic mining shall feel that their material interests have been imperiled by the neglect and indifference of the convention to their just and legal demands, it will not be surprising. If the temperance people shall resent the fact that the convention sacrificed them, and refused any sort of recognition or sympathy with their movement, it may be attributed to the cowardly disregard of their wishes, and to the open sympathy given to the saloon and whisky interest by an open alliance with the illegal and law-resisting League of Freedom. If the Republican party shall be beaten—horse, foot, and dragons—and shall be captured—army, camp, and baggage-wagons—it will be owing to the disgraceful alliance between the hydraulic miners, the League of Freedom, the whisky traffic, and the utterly contemptible San Francisco Republican party machine of William W. Higgins, Colonel Gannon, and Richard Chute, Esquire.

The conversion of Saul on his way to Damascus may have been more sudden, but it was not more complete, than that of the *Bulletin* in its recent conversion to the San Francisco machine and the primary system. The long and constant readers of that valuable and widely circulated journal will remember with what zeal it did for long years combat primary elections; with what fervor it denounced the secret machinations and criminal manipulations of the Higginses, the Gannons, and the Chutes. They will recall its continued iteration of the Mulligans and the Caseys, and with what venomous unction it rolled off its bitter tongue the name of everybody who did not favor a "people's party," an "independent party," a "tax-payers' party," or whatever shape a non-partisan organization took for the election of city officials. The *Bulletin* is now the open and avowed friend of the Higgins policy. Mr. Higgins has lost control of the County Committee, but he has gained the ear of the *Bulletin*. The *Bulletin* is the organ of the machine. It favored a primary election for the last State Convention, and our readers will recall the extract we printed from the *Call's* account of the criminal and disgraceful scenes that occurred at the Seventh and other ward polls on that day. That primary gave the Republican party over not only to the control of the worst element within it, but to the joint control of the criminal elements of the Republican and Democratic parties, as represented by both party machines. With this result the *Bulletin* is satisfied, and in its Wednesday's issue writes a congratulatory editorial concerning the results accomplished. This is an utter repudiation of all its past declarations of a desire for honest government. When we know that the *Bulletin* and the machine are working thus harmoniously together, we look for a controlling motive. When we see the *Bulletin's* editorial staff reflecting the secrets of the Mint Saloon, and echoing the voice that comes from Peter Hopkins's bar-room, we look for the reason; and we find it in its blind, passionate, unreasonable, and irreconcilable hostility to the Spring Valley Water Company. The machine is opposed—for what cause we do not know, but we guess—to the Spring Valley Water Works Company. The *Bulletin*, beaten in its opposition to the company, defeated in its plans for their discomfiture, overruled by the courts, out-voted by the people, and ignored by the best Board of Supervisors we have had of late years, has made an alliance with the only other political enemy that the company has. It has joined hands with it, and has become a slave to do the bidding of the machine. For more than one year there has not been in the columns of the *Bulletin* an unkind or slighting allusion to any single member of the Republican machine. It has not criticised any act of theirs, but on the contrary has upheld and supported them through thick and thin. It advocated the last primary, and, in spite of the infamous history of that election day, it now advises another primary, that the same scenes may be enacted, the same results attained, and the city of San Francisco, with all its offices, be turned over to the vile and contemptible mob of party plunderers who will unite for its spoliation. This is infamous and inexcusable conduct on the part of the *Bulletin*, deliberately undertaken that it may vent the personal hostility of its proprietors upon the Spring Valley Water Company. If our advice could be followed, we would have an independent, non-partisan convention of respectable property owners to place decent and honest men in nomination for office. We would take up the convention business where the *Bulletin* dropped it, before it was bitten by the Spring Valley tarantula, and before the virus of its hate toward that company began to run as poison through its fevered veins, and crazed it toward everybody that does not agree with the *Bulletin* upon the subject of free municipal water. Whether the County Committee shall appoint men to select a nominating convention, or shall itself appoint a nominating convention, we care not. Regularity, precedent, or party rule has no weight with us; we do not care how a convention is brought together. It may come from the County Committee, or the editorial-room of the *Bulletin*, and we will judge of it by the character of the men who compose it, and not by the regularity of the machinery that convened it. We think very well of the majority of this County Committee; it has endeavored to do good work. We think well of the present Board of Supervisors; it has given us low taxes; it has reduced water-rates; it has economized in gas sixty thousand dollars during the year; it has destroyed an infamous street-cleaning ring, and saved forty thousand dollars a year in that direction. The same board would, if continued in office for two years more, accomplish results of intelligent and practical reform. If Mayor Blake would meet with the supervisors in more friendly and confidential communication, and consult with them oftener, he would do more good than he accomplishes by his vetoes. The suspicion occasionally dawns upon us that he is quite as intent upon gaining personal popularity through the exercise of his veto power as he is to accomplish a beneficent result. In our judgment, the city and its people would be a gainer if Mayor Blake would more frequently consult with individual supervisors, with a view to make his resort to a veto less indispensable than he seems to regard it, and less frequent than we think municipal interests require. Concert and harmony of action

ought to exist between the thirteen gentlemen who compose our city government; and if the one would go to the twelve occasionally, and not always demand that the twelve should come to the one, there would exist a more friendly intercourse, and out of it would come better results. We hope this unholy alliance between the *Bulletin* and the machine will come to grief. We wish the *Bulletin* would come back from its wanderings—from its association with swine, and its fodder of husks—to its old associations with the honest men who own San Francisco, and who, by virtue of that ownership, have the right to control its politics, without the interference of the wretched vagabonds who compose its party machines.

The nominations of Henry Edgerton and W. W. Morrow as members of Congress at large are most respectable; that of Henry Edgerton for his eloquence and speaking talent, and that of Mr. Morrow for his ability, industry, and those general qualities which will make him useful in the House of Representatives. Edgerton is a brilliant orator. He is eloquent beyond most men whom we have ever heard address an audience. Morrow, lacking the phenomenal gifts of Edgerton, possesses qualities that will make him more serviceable than his eloquent colleague in accomplishing results through earnest, untiring, and conscientious work. Edgerton will adorn the position, and California will have occasion to be justly proud of him whenever he comes into forensic conflict with the best debaters of the House. Morrow will be reliable at all times, with enough of talking talent to make himself felt, enough of force to make himself of practical use in the accomplishment of results, and enough of ability and respectability to take a position of leading influence as a national legislator.

A Republican said to us: "I will not vote for Mr. Estee, because of his course in bolting the ticket, as he did in Dolly Varden times for Greeley, and I make this distinction between him and the non-office-seeking Republicans: A man who wants no office and asks no party favor may be excused if he bolts a party ticket; but the man who lives upon office as Estee does, who seeks position as persistently as he does, who demands the kind of party discipline that gives him nomination, should himself be true to the party." Mr. Estee bolted the Gorham ticket when he ran for Governor. He bolted Timothy Guy Phelps when Bidwell ran against him. He bolted Grant and voted for Greeley. Thus has he been three times a bolter. He can not therefore complain if any Republican exercises the same privilege of private judgment that he has himself so freely exercised.

Weil, candidate for State Treasurer, is a German, renominated after four years of faithful service. Charles Clayton, for Railroad Commissioner, is of English birth, a merchant in San Francisco, and formerly member of Congress. William Minto, for Surveyor-General, is a Scotchman. Paul Neumann, candidate for Congress from the San Francisco district, is a Prussian by birth. The only Irishman before the convention withdrew before the roll-call was half finished. The members of the convention, outside of San Francisco, with two or three exceptions, were native-born. There were no Pope's Irish in the convention, in the lobby, or in candidacy. They did not apply. We shall see how it will be for city offices in the municipal convention.

Mr. Conklin, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, said, in his speech at the Palace Hotel, that Mr. Estee is "a man in whom there is no guile," and that "the platform is one which Republicans have struggled and prayed for years." We do not question the Hon. Roscoe's cousin's opinion of Estee's guilelessness; but we desire to inform him that Republicans in conventions assembled did for long years before he came to this country, struggle and pray for, first a wagon-road over the plains, then for a transcontinental railroad, and then for a southern railroad, and that it was not till these struggles were won and these prayers were answered that a set of younger politicians and later immigrants endeavored to attain office by such utterly absurd resolutions upon railroads as disgrace this Republican platform.

The railroad portion of the Republican platform was drawn up by Judge Lattimer of San Francisco. When it was challenged by able lawyers, James McM. Shafter, and others in the convention, as embodying illegal provisions, he had not the courage to attempt its defense. The ablest lawyer upon the committee admitted to the writer, after the discussion, that the railroad resolutions are utterly indefensible upon any principle of law or of common sense. They were passed for buncombe, to out-clamor the San José Convention in a bid for votes. It is an act of demagoguery, unworthy of an intelligent Republican convention, and does not express the sentiment or the honest opinion of any respectable minority of the Republican party.

An ill-natured sneer is being circulated that the editor of the *Argonaut* had difficulty in procuring a proxy for the State Convention. The truth is, he was offered proxies from fifteen different counties.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bill Nye on Bards.

"I want to get a position for my wife on your paper if I could," said a meek man with a slight tinge of reproach, as he came into the *Boomerang* office yesterday, and sat down on the desk with his coat-tails in the cold, calm depths of the paste fountain.

"She is really one of the literati, although people who has known her only by her wasbin' and ironi' don't suspect it. I, however, know her great mental scope. I've been married to her twenty-one years next frost, and I've been thrown more or less in contact with her. My soul and bern has communed together time and again, and we have discussed questions of considerable depth off and on.

"She writes a good legible hand, and is quick in figures. Whether you want some one to make out bills for pay-locals, or write a eulogy on a paid-up subscriber, she's your huckleberry. She's a perfect lady, and you might have her on your corps for years and the forked tongue of scandal would never touch you. She's plain, of course, in feature, and has an impediment in one limb, it being shorter than the other by four inches. This gives her an eccentric movement when she walks, like a self-rake reaper; but Lord! you never'd notice that after you come to know and love her.

"She can trill a stanza of poetry occasionally, too, if you give her time to think of a few hard words. She has wrote some as fine things as I have ever saw in the English language. She is better, however, on death than anything else. She loves to turn loose and mourn in easy rhyme at so much per stanza and found.

"She wrote a short poem on the death of a young man in our neighborhood, who was drowned while in a-swimming in the Stinking Water Creek. It run something like this:

"O treacherous, treacherous tide,
Young William got to drown—
To madly yank him off his base
And whirl him round and round.

"We found him in the twilight hour,
Freed from his earthly woes;
His calm face upward turning,
And alkali up his nose.

"His person was sunk in the shifting sand,
His mouth was open wide,
The pollywogs nestled in his ears,
Beneath the fragrant tide.

"His open-back shirt lay on the shore,
And the balance of his trousseau,
While his soul went scooting up the flume,
Out through the ether blue.

"'Twas down around the Coyote Point
We found him when evening fell,
And we planted him under the cactus vines,
In the shaft of the Mountain Bell.

"Good-bye, William, far away
On the edge of a large, damp cloud,
Though you're among the angel gang,
You needn't feel so doggon proud.

"I will also leave with you a few sonnets which are the work of her pen. You can look them over, and let me know in a day or two what salary you feel like paying a woman of her strength of intellect and grip of genius. Till then, adieu. I will call again Friday and complete the trade." Without another word he was gone, and he has not been seen since. Later on,

however, when we want to double up the subscription of the paper, we will publish another one of these poems. With our present facilities we do not dare to do it.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

The Poetry Market.

A timid but really rather pretty young man came stepping softly into the sanctum yesterday afternoon, when nobody was in but the advertisement solicitor.

"What is poetry worth?" he asked.
"Forty cents a line," said the advertising man, promptly, and rather tenderly, "and you can't do better anywhere in America. The advantages we offer for the publication of poetry are unsurpassed on either side of the Mississippi. Our circuitry, standing in five figures the first year, has steadily increased three times an hour ever since, and poetry published in this paper is placed in the hands of one hundred and fifty thousand families before night. How much have you?"

"Perhaps," said the timid young man, fairly reeling with delight, "it is a little too long."
"Makes no difference," said the ad. man, beaming upon him kindly; "we'll put it all in, if we have to issue a supplement. And everything over three thousand lines goes at thirty-five cents."

The timid young man looked disappointed.
"It isn't so much, then," he said, "when it's long?"
"Never," replied the ad. man, magnanimously. "Never; less room, more pay; that's the way you make a living. Got your copy with you?"
"Yes, sir," replied the young man, joyfully; "would you like to read it, sir, or shall I read it?"
"No, don't care to read it just now. Sit down and we'll count it."

So they sat down and counted it.
"My heart, my heart in throbbing numbers tells," read the ad. man. "Heart medicine, young man?" he asked, in the patronizing way of a man who knows everything.

"No, sir," replied the young man, in amazed tones, while the ad. man counted away for dear life. "No, sir; a rhapsody, sir."

"Oh, yes; yes, of course," said the ad. man, in reassuring tones. "Hundred nine, bund ten, bund seven—course, bund fourteen—bain't done much in rhapsodies since Helmbold failed—bund twenty-three—good things, though; we took a gross of 'em last spring on Pad & Lotion's column—bund for-two—and I wore one myself two weeks, and it made—bund fifty-four—man of me. One hundred and sixty-eight lines, sir, and we'll throw in a four-line bead and won't count the odd half line—\$57.20; call it an even \$55 cash down. Just step down to the business office and I'll give you a receipt."

We don't know what happened immediately after that. We only know that when the footman opened the door of the carriage to let us out at the marble steps of the *Hawkeye* office, the ad. man was leaning on the heavy bronze balusters, gazing wonderingly at the figure of a young man, walking unsteadily down the street, holding a fluttering manuscript in one hand, and in the other clasping his pallid brow.

"You may take my double-column head for a football, sir," said the ad. man, respectfully raising his hat, and standing uncovered as we ascended the broad stairway, "if that young fellow going down street isn't a three-square lunatic from Crazyville. Wanted me to pay him sixty-five dollars for a long rhyming puff without a line of business in it, sir."—*Burdette.*

THE SOUL OF THE SUNFLOWER.

By Sara Jewett.

The warm sun kissed the earth
To consecrate thy birth.
And from his close embrace
Thy radiant face
Sprang into sight,
A blossoming delight.

Through the long summer days
Thy lover's burning rays
Shone hot upon thy heart.
Thy life was part
Of his desire,
Thou passion-flower of fire!

And, turning toward his love,
Lifting thy head above
The earth that nurtured thee,
Thy majesty
And stately mien
Proclaims thee sun-crowned queen.

On earth, thy gorgeous bloom
Rears record of thy tomb,
And to transcendent light
Thy soul takes flight
Till thou art one,
O sunflower, with the sun!

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the yere?
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose, thus bearded with dew?
I will whisper to your ears,
The sweets of love are mixt with tears.
Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow-green and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer, these discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

—Robert Herrick.

The Rosebud.

Ob, touch that rosebud! It will bloom,
My lady fair,
A passionate red in dim green gloom,
A joy, a splendor, a perfume
That sleeps in air.
You touched my heart; it gave a thrill
Just like a rose
That opens at a lady's will;
Its bloom is always yours until
You bid it close. —Mortimer Collins.

Flora.

Ob, for that afternoon, that lane
Where I picked flowers. Never again
Will common wild flowers look so well—
So freshly bluish the pimpernel,
And modest blue and simple white
Stand in the grass to such delight!
I picked my flowers for Flora's sake,
Happy to have a chance to make
A nosegay she might chance to see
And know that it was made by me.
I found a baby oak-leaf, too,
So I had green, white, red, and blue.

—Henry Patmore.

THE INNER MAN.

History, says the London *Globe*, tells the story of the famous *colette de mouton en papillote*, which reconciled Louis the Fourteenth to the Duke of Burgundy, when the latter returned from the campaign in Flanders in 1708, preceded by the news of defeat. The duke was expected at court, and on his arrival he hastened to the apartment of Madame de Maintenon, where the king was in the midst of his supper. Madame de Maintenon had eaten her cabbage soup, picked a few crayfish from the Bievre, and was drinking her favorite Hermitage wine. The king got up, and to the great surprise of every one kissed the duke most affectionately, pressed him warmly by the hand, and, seconded by the hostess, bade him sit down and share their supper. "Chamarande," said the king, addressing his *valet de chambre*, "has not the Mayor of Rheims sent me some of the best vintage of champagne, and some of the famous Roussellet pears?" These good things were placed on the table, and Chamarande read the letter from the burgesses, saying that they had sent their king their wine, their pears, and their hearts—in fact, the best of everything they had in their city. "Sire," exclaimed Madame de Maintenon, "this trifling snipe will not be enough for our guests and for us, so that you will please let me offer you a dish invented by my father, Baron de Surienne d'Aubigne, who was reputed a gourmand." The favorite explained that the *plat* in question was a mutton, lamb, or veal cutlet, strewn with parsley and savory herbs, placed in a sheet of thin, well-buttered paper, and then grilled. "Why," said the king, "that is wrapping a chop in curl-papers!" "Precisely," replied the lady. The king seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, and declared he would have one of these cutlets on the following evening for supper, inviting the gentlemen and courtiers present to partake of the meal. On the following day the mutton cutlets *en papillote* were eaten by the guests, who drank the choicest of Rhine wines, and declared that they had never sat down to such an excellent dish before.

CCXLV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, September 11.

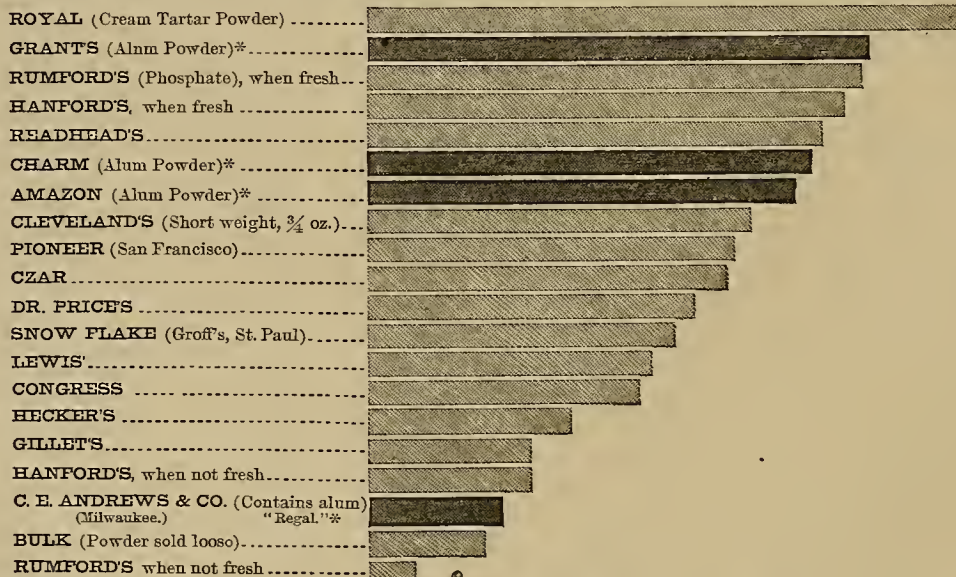
Okra Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Boiled Turbot, Egg Sauce.
Calf's Brains on Toast.
Succotash. Young Beets.
Roast Turkey. Sweet Potatoes.
French Vegetable Salad.
Charlotte Russe.

Pears, Peaches, Nectarines, Plums, Apricots, Gages, Figs, Apples, and Grapes.

FRIED BRAINS ON TOAST.—Soak the brains fifteen minutes; free from skin and fibre; then drop them into boiling water into which you have put a little salt and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Boil hard for ten minutes, then throw the brains into ice-cold water. When well cooled, break them up with a wooden or silver spoon, and stir in three well-beaten eggs, seasoned with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Have ready two tablespoonfuls of butter in a very hot frying-pan, pour in the mixture, and stir rapidly for ten minutes, or until it is a soft mass like scrambled eggs. Have six or eight rounds of fried bread; lay these upon a hot dish, and heap the brains upon them, and if you have some well-seasoned gravy, pour it over the mounds of brains and toast.

FRENCH VEGETABLE SALAD.—Take one can of French peas, one of string beans; drain, and lay upon a towel to dry; skin two tomatoes and crush them well; mix one tablespoonful of capers with these ingredients, and dress with mayonnaise sauce. This salad has been pronounced delicious by one well competent to judge.

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF BAKING POWDERS.



NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative strength of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. SCHEDLER. A one-pound can of each Powder was taken, the total leavening power of volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated in the above diagram. This practical test for strength by Prof. SCHEDLER only proves what every observant consumer of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER knows by experience, that while it costs a few cents per pound more than the ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work.

A SINGLE TRIAL OF THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER WILL CONVINCE ANY FAIR-MINDED PERSON OF THESE FACTS.

* While this Diagram shows some of the alum Powders to be of a higher degree of strength than ordinary Powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum Baking Powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS, DRS. LOVE AND MOTT.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I have purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a Cream of Tartar Powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum, or phosphates, or other injurious substances. E. G. LOVE, Ph. D."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. H. A. MOTT, Ph. D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or other injurious substances."

"HENRY MORTON, M. D., President Stevens Institute of Technology."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome. S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Massachusetts."

"June 23, 1882.—I have made a careful analytical test of Royal Baking Powder purchased by myself in the open market here, and in the original package. I find it to be a Cream of Tartar Powder of the highest degree of strength, containing nothing but pure, wholesome, and useful ingredients. JUAN H. WRIGHT, M. D., Analytical Chemist, formerly Wright & Merrill, St. Louis."

The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, and at State Fairs throughout the country. No other article of human food has received such high, emphatic, and universal indorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists, and boards of health all over the world.

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I am often reminded of that brilliant young Englishman who went to hear Mark Twain lecture, and said that "while it was awfully funny, Twain had really said no more than any one else could have said, if they had only thought of it." I fancy that the mere name, "The Lights o' London," could have made almost any play go which had any relevance at all; but since it remained for Mr. George Sims to find out its euphonic ring, why, then, honor to whom honor is due. I wonder if he himself ever sat by the roadside, a country boy, with a beating heart, pausing on the threshold of big London before he plunged into its seethe and whirl to wrest fortune and fame out of the vortex. He may have been horn within sound of Bowbells, but it is generally the country boys who do succeed in the race of ambition, and one is apt to think of every rising mao in London as a new Whittington, in his own line.

Like a greater man, Sims woke one morning and found himself famous; and though that fame is likely to be an evanescent one, he has had all the sweetness of its flavor, and he wrote truly enough when he said:

"O gleaming lamps of London,
That gem the city's crown,
What fortunes lie within you,
O lights o' London Town."

The odd part of it all is, after one has gotten up a tremendous amount of sentiment, in response to the meaningful phrase which makes the title of the play, that one does not see, after all, so very much of the cruel lamps of London. And yet one is sufficiently harrowed, for when Bess and Harold come to their own at last, the sigh of relief which goes up from the floor to the ceiling of the California is something stupendous.

"My dear," spoke Jack, as we seated ourselves, "you do not seem to be approaching 'The Lights o' London' in that farcical spirit with which you usually assist at the performance of melodrama. What does the unusual glare in your eye portend?"

"My dear Jack," I reply, "I find that to get any enjoyment out of a play, you must enter thoroughly into the spirit of it. Nothing is easier than to doubt and to scoff, nothing more comfortable than unquestioning faith. The melodrama is an appeal to the feelings and the understanding of the gallery boy. For the nonce I will be a gallery boy. Some one mentioned the doctrine of 'obsession' the other day. The unfamiliar word and the unfamiliar idea caught my fancy. Since I may not sit on high Olympus, owing to certain conventional scruples on your part, I will permit the soul of a gallery boy to come down and obsess me. If I cry out 'Hi yi yi,' or 'Hist the rag,' at unexpected moments, or emit a shrill whistle through my fingers which may strike your acute ear as an echo from Tar Flat, do not mind my unusual interjections, and do not sit upon me, for I shall not be myself, and the gallery boy may resent your interference in unexpected terms."

Jack glared at me as if he could have clapped me into a lunatic asylum on the spur of the moment without a pang, but undismayed I passed out of myself. I had a night of unalloyed dramatic enjoyment. I cast all ideas of unities and sequences to the winds. It did not at all matter that the "Lights o' London" is a most disjointed series of tableaux. I took my tableaux one at a time, and, as they are all played very much better than they deserve—and I took everything in dire and literal earnest—I had a very good time. Not so, Jack, who has been mounting a metaphysical scaffolding since Rochat came to town. He has become hypercritical, and kept up a running fire of objections throughout the eleven acts. The author calls them scenes, but as each one is perfectly independent of the other it is just as well to call them what they are.

"Pray, tell me," said Jack, as we talked it over afterward, "pray, tell me, what have the Jarvises to do with the plot, or little Tim, or Percy de Vere, or the philosopher, or—"

"Never mind going through them all, Jack," I interrupt. "It is after all but a gallery of portraits, and you will at least acknowledge that they are cleverly done."

"Well, yes," said Jack, "too cleverly by far if one may say so, for it seems an abasement of talent for an artist like Sara Jewett to be put into a colorless part like that of Bess Marks, where she who can do so much has absolutely nothing to do but be hapless and pathetic."

"True, Jack; but since some one must be hapless and pathetic, would you not rather it were Sara Jewett than some one else?"

"My love," says Jack, quite grandly—he always calls me "my love" when he would like to slap me—

"my love, I am arguing from an artistic standpoint, and the tables are indeed turned when such a state of things can come about. I am perhaps of an extravagant turn of mind, but I do not like to see brains and talent go to waste. One may enjoy the 'Lights o' London' very thoroughly, and yet regret to see such people put to the playing of it. There is Maud Harrison, the archest and sprightliest of comediennees, who has nothing to do but stand about and look interesting. Upon my word, I feel like writing in some lines for her myself, as she stands there helpless with her hands in her pockets."

"And yet, Jack," I say, "would you not rather see her stand there with her hands in her pockets than any one else?"

"Your arguments, madam," cries Jack, "are irrefutable, but utterly absurd." And he retreats into silence. After all, Jack is right. Next to seeing a poor player overweighted, there is nothing so unsatisfactory as seeing an artist undertaxed. "The Lights o' London" in lesser hands would still be an interesting melodrama, it is so skillfully wrought up; but in the hands of the present company it is full of delicious bits in which the artists owe nothing more to the author than suggestion. What could he better than Eva French's Tim, a waif of the streets, pinched, hungry, and morally oblivious. It is not a five-minutes scene, but it is thoroughly finished and artistic. What an unctuous old Jarvis Parselle makes, good nature radiating from every lap of his wrinkles, and an aroma of Dickens in every fold of his peculiarities. There is a faint suggestion of the Crummles ménage in the Jarvis household, and an indescribable atmosphere of comfort surrounding them. Mrs. Phillips has not quite the Cockney flavor, as no one has for the matter of that in all the cast, but she drops, as usual, as easily and naturally into her place as if she had been fitted to it. Mr. Clinton Stuart, as the decayed fop, makes another of the happy little hits which make one remember "The Lights o' London" in fragments rather than as a whole. Indeed, perhaps Mr. Fawcett is the only one in the long cast who does not leave the imprint of an especial talent upon a small part where any opportunity for character drawing is given. Miss Jewett, Mr. Ramsay, and Mr. De Belleville are mere figureheads of traditional sentiment. Nothing more is asked of them. Mr. Ramsay has perhaps more active misery to hear than all the rest, and bears it well. It is not a pleasant part he has to play, but he gives it with vigor and feeling, and plays quite skillfully upon the sympathies.

Of course, Stoddard's Seth Preen, who can originally have been but a minor part, is, par excellence, the hit of the drama. His strong, peculiar face has much to do with the effect of these masterful drawings of his, but he has a quick eye for detail, and there are many of Seth Preen's tricks which seem to have been copied from life. He makes the part stand out with lurid vividness, and there is something really horrible in the interview between father and daughter. He makes one to feel the difference between the stormy undercurrent of feeling in the bosom of the loutish countryman and the flippant, frivolous soul of the diamond-decked daughter. Miss Cary is at her best in this scene, which is a brief flash of brilliance amid all the squalor, but does not seem to mean anything in particular. In point of fact, nothing means anything in particular. It is all a grand combination of nothings in particular. The scenery is satisfactory without being great. True, in the first act, the Mark's lodge is perched upon the very doorstep of Arnytage Hall, but the stage is not as elastic as the fancy, and that goes for nothing. There are some extraordinary moonlight effects in Regent's Park, but they are entirely counteracted by the realistic splash when Seth Preen takes an involuntary dip, and Harold Arnytage goes after him with a very good "header." "The thorough" on Saturday night is noisily effective; the patrol of the police squad the admired of the gallery, and the filing in of the wretches to Marylebone Workhouse not picturesque, but very appealing. Perhaps this sort of play does set one a-thinking, and incline the heart to softer pity for a week or two. We all get into a grave mood now and then, and tell each other in a rush of pity that one-half the world does not know how the other is getting on; and perhaps some people are subject to an impulse of charity under such circumstances. Even Sims's philanthropy is not purely dramatic; for I read in a London paper the other day that while his *Romany Rye* was playing to a tremendous matinee house in one theatre, and Bella Pateman at a charitable benefit was bringing tears to the eyes of an audience of three thousand with her touching recitation of his Dagonet or Billy's Rose at another, Sims himself was entertaining three hundred workhouse children with a real country picnic, giving them an abundance of sandwiches, sweet cakes, and tea, fresh air, green grass and blue sky, and pure human kindness. And so easily is one's judgment biased, I have thought better of "The Lights o' London" ever since.

"Where can the people come from?" people were saying the other night, for "The Lights o' London" filled the California to its utmost capacity, Emerson's Minstrels opened to a crowded house, there was a rumor that the entire population was at the Fair, and Hazel Kirke was repeating her mimic woes to a weeping crowd. Poor Hazel! Her plurality of hus-

bands is getting to be somewhat confusing; for, whereas everything else seems to remain as it was in the beginning, there is a new Lord Travers with each new season, till Hazel begins to seem like an approved bigamist. The hills say that this is the end of "Hazel Kirke," perhaps forever. Let us devoutly hope so. It was a most enjoyable little play, but we have certainly had enough of it. A fresh, clean theatre, a bric-a-brac stage setting, a couple of new dresses, and a last fiftful flicker of interest, are sustaining it just now. The play has firmly established Effie Ellsler, Frank Weston Coudock, Bowser, and all the rest of them indeed, as favorites; and a further taste of their mettle, if such be the programme, will be anticipated with pleasure. People like to know how much their favorite players can do.

At the benefit of Mr. Palmer, the Union Square manager, to take place on next Thursday afternoon, the bill has been so ingeniously arranged that it brings out the entire strength of the company, not only in point of numbers, but their individual excellent talent as well. The necessarily chopped character of a benefit bill does not always turn out so happily.

As for Hazel, she is sadly hurled upon the Minstrels in that comical but unsatisfactory way in which minstrels always do a hurlesque. This one is better, perhaps, than usual. It seems to be a combination of "Hazel," "Boccaccio," and "The Mascott," but as the excellent talent of the new company lies in the musical line, the innovation is not misplaced. The theatre has been quite thoroughly renovated, the new chairs are exceedingly comfortable, and the new company well enough. The ventilation remains unchanged, but the new decorations are very handsome.

BETSY B.

We do not know how far the following extract, taken from the Indianapolis *Saturday Review*, is true; but it is nevertheless interesting: "Now that young Lytton Sothorn is to make a tour of this country next year, theatrical papers have begun the pleasant duty of exhibiting the skeleton in the house of Sothorn. Lytton Sothorn was not even mentioned in his father's will. Years before the latter died the two were open enemies. According to the *Dramatic World*, the rupture between father and son came about through a fellow named Frederick Lyster, (the degenerate brother of an accomplished and honorable gentleman,) who had married a young woman whose stage name was Minnie Walton. She died, poor creature, some time ago, and perhaps the memory of her death, and the reproachful face of her early youth occasionally afflicts the man who sold her, and bartered her, and chartered her like a chattel. The first to buy this poor beautiful outcast of her proprietor was Edward A. Sothorn, the elder. He paid cash for her with contemptuous liberality. Then he carried her around in his train as if this were Morocco, and she a mere pet slave, purchased in open market. All of a sudden the sordid wretch whose intimacy with the younger Sothorn overshadowed him like an upas tree, persuaded the boy—eager, rash, thoughtless as he was—to profit by his father's supineness. Lytton Sothorn fled with Minnie Walton, his father's mistress, bought and paid for, his father's printing, his father's reputation, his father's very name—and opened in Australia as the Sothorn, at the instigation of the infamous creature, who to all the qualities of Sir Pandarus added only the subtlety of Mephistopheles. That is why Edward A. Sothorn discarded Lytton, his son, and refused to see him as he lay in the embrace of death. Thus came it that he passed under the cold and despotic influence of the one surviving member of his own family—his sister. A most extraordinary woman is this sister, Mrs. Cowan; a heartless, icy, calculating woman. The lawyer of the widow and children accepted her offer to compromise, and she produced, as the amount to be divided, sixteen thousand pounds. Mrs. Cowan has no child, no sister, no brother, no husband. All that she retains of the property she got from her brother will go to her only intimate and companion, a street waif picked up in the wards of a London workhouse. It is certainly a grim and striking picture—the nameless parish orphan, horn in a gutter, and bred in a kitchen, waiting with graceless and servile patience for half the leavings of the witty, the polished, the fastidious, and unhappy being who was Edward Askew Sothorn."

At the Baldwin Theatre, during the past week, "Hazel Kirke" has been playing to crowded houses. It will continue until further notice. On Sunday night at this theatre, the treasurer, Charles Goodwin, will receive a benefit from the profession in this city. Haverly's California Theatre has scored a great success in "Lights o' London," which will continue through next week. Emerson's Minstrels, at the Standard Theatre, have also called forth good audiences, and the new sketches introduced have made a hit.

—THE VERY ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME WHICH has been arranged for Mr. W. R. Palmer's benefit, at the California Theatre on Thursday afternoon next, will be found in another column. The curiosity to see Miss Jewett, Miss Carey, Miss Harrison, Mrs. Phillips, and Messrs. Ramsey, Stoddard, and Fawcett, in parts which they will assume for this occasion only, will doubtless be great. Sale of seats opens to-day.

A LANGTRY REHEARSAL.

How the Jersey Lily Played at Twickenham Villa.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* recently spent an afternoon at Mr. Labouchere's Twickenham Villa, on the Thames, where Mrs. Langtry, under the tutelage of Mrs. Labouchere, (formerly the well-known comedy actress Henrietta Hodson,) was rehearsing the part of Rosalind in "As You Like It." He says: I know of no more exquisitely placed villa on the Thames than the modern representative of Pope's villa of the past, with its lawns overhanging the river in front, and its quaint retreat of verdant grounds and gardens at the back. It was our humor on this summer afternoon to consider a certain green space, bounded by tall elms, a stage, the forest scene in "As You Like It," and to have Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Labouchere rehearse some passages of Shakespeare's delightful comedy. Near by was a side-table with fruit and iced wine, and the actors were in ordinary morning dress—Mrs. Langtry in a pretty muslin delaine, with a sailor's hat; Mrs. Labouchere in blue serge—the one taking the rôle of Rosalind, the other that of Celia. This is the first rehearsal with an audience. The leading artist is slightly nervous—an excellent sign, and one which gives one hope of her; for in the first days of her engagement at the Haymarket I thought her too self-conscious, and in a conversation with her on Sunday I found her fully sensible of the ordeal she had passed through. "I have only understood the magnitude of what I undertook since the event has passed," she said. "Had I been so fully aware of the difficulties that belong to a reasonably successful appearance on the stage as I am now, I should not have had sufficient courage to risk so great a venture. I was not nervous then; I am now." "Which argues," I observed, "that you are making progress." She looked her part. There was a tired expression about her eyes, those liquid eyes about which poets have sung, and which great painters have striven to realize on canvas. Her study has given her face an intellectual expression, which adds somewhat of poetry to the pensiveness that is a notable characteristic of her beauty. There are possibly handsomer women than Mrs. Langtry to be seen after church on Fifth Avenue any Sunday, but none with greater charm of manner. Her features are singularly perfect, her eyes have "a languishing power of tenderness." It is not her fault if poets, painters, and society have made her the belle of more than one London season, and it is a laudable ambition, surely, that prompts her to seek approval for intellectual acquisitions beyond those of personal beauty. All the leading critics in the provincial journals say she is greatly improved, her Hester Grazebrook, in "An Unequal Match," being highly praised, more particularly in the last act. "You like the profession?" "Immensely." "It is quite a new life?" "Entirely. One has to eat at different hours, to go to bed, to get up, to change one's habits. But I like it; the occupation opens up to me a new world; the more one learns in it, the more one discovers one's ignorance." "They have been very good to you in the provinces?" "Too good. The Edinburgh students came to the theatre nightly four hundred strong, and my carriage was drawn by the crowd from the theatre to the hotel." "What shall you open with in New York?" "An Unequal Match," and I shall play Rosalind in "As You Like It." That is a hold thing to do, is it not? But what a part it is! It is a dream. I have experienced more real intellectual happiness in reading it than I have felt all my life." Mrs. Langtry has two qualifications for an actress, a fine appearance and a sympathetic voice. I think it will be said of her in the United States that she is not weighed with what is called the English accent. She speaks plainly, gives full value to her vowels, and does not underestimate the importance of her consonants. For some years past her instructor, Mrs. Labouchere, has been off the stage, appearing only occasionally for charitable and other objects. It was an event of this kind that brought out Mrs. Langtry. A theatrical entertainment had been arranged for the benefit of a public institution at Twickenham. One of the leading ladies falling sick, Mrs. Labouchere invited Mrs. Langtry to take her place. Mrs. Langtry had never acted or dreamed of acting, though her father was famous both as a reciter and a preacher. No doubt Mrs. Labouchere thought more at that time of Mrs. Langtry's name as "a draw" for her charitable enterprise than as strengthening the acting powers of her company. On the understanding that she would teach her the part, Mrs. Langtry gave a tardy consent, and the moment it was announced that she was to appear, the tickets went up to a premium, and half fashionable London went to Twickenham to see Mrs. Langtry's debut. The "society beauty" astonished friends and foes, and the necessity for profitable occupation arising, Mrs. Labouchere encouraged the amateur to study for the profession. The result was the engagement at the Haymarket. Mrs. Langtry is credited with being a clever woman of business. The truth is, she had a clever friend at her elbow, who had mastered all the ropes of her profession both as actress and manager. The Bancrofts, through Mrs. Labouchere, offered Mrs. Langtry twenty pounds sterling a week; at the end of the negotiation they gave her eighty pounds.

Obscure Intimations.

"Yuha Dam."—Declined.
 "Episode on the Steam Cars," A. J.—Declined.
 "Santa Monica," L. V. N.—Declined.
 "Corn Davis," J. B. G.—Declined.
 "Connecticut Letter," M. C. W.—Declined.
 "The Chase," A. W. S.—Declined.
 "The Old Coat," F. E. T.—Declined.
 "Bessie," L. L. P.—Accepted; will appear shortly.
 "Du Chien," N. C. K.—Accepted; will appear shortly.

Marcus M. Henry has been appointed Pacific Coast manager and correspondent of the "American Musical Review," whose headquarters are at 30 East Fourteenth Street, New York. His office is at Sherman & Clay's music store.

AYER'S AGUE CURE IS THE ONLY MEDICINE in existence which may be considered an antidote for fever and ague, and kindred diseases. It not only affords immediate relief, but it eradicates the malarial poison which produces the disease, without leaving any enervating or injurious effect, as is the case with many of the ague medicines advertised.

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IN ANOTHER COLUMN OF THIS PAPER IS THE card of James Paine, addressed to SPORTSMEN, in which he informs all duck-hunters that he has sold out his lease, ark, boats, etc. at TEAL STATION, to a private club, and that for the future it will be impossible to get either accommodations or shooting there. We happen to know that the club referred to consists of a number of wealthy gentlemen of this city, who have incurred a large outlay, and are determined to preserve the ponds and sloughs from the invasion of pot-hunters and other unwelcome intruders, and to this end have procured the appointment of two constables, whose duty it will be to patrol the premises in boats, and impartially arrest all trespassers.

THE COUNTRY AROUND DUNCAN'S MILLS is still green and spring-like, although other localities have become brown and dusty. For hotel accommodations apply to Queen & Goode, Duncan's Mills, N. P. C. R. R., Sonoma County.

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NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN.

The undersigned having sold his lease to the CHAMBERLAIN TRACT, in the Suisun Marshes, together with his ark, boats, etc., to a private club of gentlemen, who will hereafter strictly preserve all the premises for their own shooting only, hereby notifies his former patrons, and all persons who have been in the habit of visiting TEAL STATION, that it will be IMPOSSIBLE to accommodate them, or in any way afford them shooting facilities there, and they are therefore respectfully requested not to stop at that station.

JAMES PAINE, late of Teal Station.

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 FRED'K W. BERT.....Manager

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....TENDERED TO....

W. R. PALMER, ESQ.

BY MANY PROMINENT CITIZENS,

The management of the California Theatre, and the entire UNION SQUARE THEATRE COMPANY.

SPECIAL EXTRA MATINEE,

Thursday, September 14th, at 2 o'clock.

NOTE.—As the performance will commence precisely at 2 o'clock, it is particularly requested that all seats be occupied before that hour.

PROGRAMME.

DANIEL ROCHAT,

Fourth Act. (Boulevard Scene). Miss Sara Jewett, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Messrs. J. de Belleville, J. H. Stoddard, John Parselle, Clinton Stuart, and W. S. Quigley.

LADY OF LYONS,

Third Act. Miss Eleanor Cary, Miss Nellie Wetherell, and Mr. Walden Ramsey.

THE HUNCHBACK,

Scenes of Helen and Modus. Miss Maud Harrison and Mr. Owen Fawcett.

MACBETH,

(Sleep-walking Scene). Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Miss Eloise Willis, and Mr. Elberts.

ROMEO AND JULIET,

(Balcony Scene). Miss Sara Jewett and Mr. Walden Ramsey.

THE LONG STRIKE,

(Money-penny's Scene). Mr. J. H. Stoddard, Misses Maud Harrison, Nellie Wetherell, Eva French, and Messrs. Julian Magnus and W. E. Morse.

Stage Manager.....MR. BEN EAKER
 Conductor.....MR. LOUIS HOMER

The usual matinee prices will be retained. Sale of seats opens to-day.

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Gives to advanced piano pupils instruction in the works of Mozart, Beethoven, etc., with violin accompaniment.

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dealers in Old London Dock Brandies, Port Wine, Sherries, and all the choicest brands Clamagage, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liqueurs, etc. 229 MONTGOMERY STREET, and 411 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

The Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, Sept. 5, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 33) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was declared, payable on Friday, September 15, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close Sept. 9, 1882, at 3 P. M.

JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

THE
"Dress Reform"
CORSET.

Specialty for Stout Figures, (worn with or without Straps,) by mail, \$3.00. Send waist, hip, and bust measure. Also, Shoulder Braces, Union Under Flannels, Ladies' and Children's Comfort Waists, Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc. Send for Circular. The only Depot for these goods.

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 Boston Dress Reform,
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 SAN FRANCISCO.

An Elegant Corset to Order for \$1.

NOTICE.

Messrs. FRANK J. SYMMES and VANDERLYNN STOW, having purchased the entire Stock and good will of the business as formerly conducted by me at

122 & 124 SUTTER STREET

The patronage of all my friends is hereby respectfully solicited for them in the future.

THOMAS DAY.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 14, 1882.

The undersigned will continue the above-mentioned business in the name of

THOMAS DAY
& CO.,

And the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

FRANK J. SYMMES,
 VANDERLYNN STOW.

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110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

YOUNG MEN.

Mr. Thistlepod's Disgrace at their Absurd Dress.

Old Mr. Thistlepod climbed up the broad stairway of marble and rosewood leading to the high-backed, Queen-Anne editorial rooms of the *Hawkeye*, (the best advertising medium west of the Mississippi, and the most popular paper in the world, now is the time to make up clubs,) yesterday morning. His heavy tread fell noiselessly upon the Pompadour velvet carpets, and as he sank into a costly *escrivoire*, the perfumed light fell through the stained glass *tentativeux* at the facade of the managing editor's *bravement-de-cœur*, and touched the old man's face with a softened *ormolu*, that seemed like an echo from the stately *renaissance* that looked down upon the walls. Carefully moving the elegant Louis Quinze *passerolure* where the old man could not tip it over with his feet, if after his usual habit he should choose to rest them on the carved *marivaults-sujet*, the editor asked the honest tiller of the soil how were crops in the Flint River country.

"Crops?" echoed the old man. "Well, now I want to tell you about crops. Corn's all right, an' oats was better'n usual, an' wheat just boomed; but you've got a crop of fools in Burlington that'll just lay over any other green thing that ever drewed the cows in the State of Iowa."

The managing editor was surprised, and said he hadn't heard such intemperate talk since the prohibition canvass. He added that there were some fools in Burlington, he had heard, but as they were not subscribers to the *Hawkeye*, he didn't know much about them, and felt very little interest in them.

"Why, the town is full of 'em," shouted Mr. Thistlepod, who labors under the impression that he can't be heard unless he talks very loud.

"How can you tell they're fools?" asked the society editor.

"By their clothes," waved the old man, and the society editor slid as far as he could under the table, and then laid his face flat on his arm in order to write more easily. "By their clothes," repeated the sturdy old agriculturist. "Y'gaul, if a hoy of mine 'uz to dress like the young fellers I see in this town, I'd beat some sense into him with a neck-yoke. Why, he's redik'us, I tell ye it's redik'us. I see a young chap down in the countin' room with a pair o' trousers on him tighter'n candle moulds—I hope to die I didn't think he'd stuck his legs into a couple o' snake-skins. 'N' his coat—by jockies, it wasn't hardly long enough to cover his suspenders; it wasn't, I swanny. 'N' it fit him closer than his undershirt, and his shirt collar sawed his years every time he turned his head, 'n' he wore his watch-chain outside his coat. An' he wore a flat hat, with a round top, about as big as a cooky. An' his shoes! P'inted, do ye know, p'inted like topticks, 'n' they was long as pickaxes. To see him skippin' around in that git-up, lookin' more like a monkey nor a white man, 'y gaul, it made me mad, 'n' I swan I wanted to lick him. I declare I did. They's no sense in a Christian man makin' such an outlandish spectacle of himself, an' if I ever ketch my hoy dressed up in any such a dog-goned, redik'us, absurd, disgustin' fashion, I'll be gaul-swizzled if I—hellow, Jasper, are ye waitin' fur me?"

And saying good-bye, Mr. Thistlepod accompanied his son down stairs to the wagon. As the old man turned to go, he did not in the least degree resemble the "young feller" down in the counting-room. The big felt hat he wore had originally been of some color, but that was years ago. The blue merino band, sewed on with black thread, was too loose, and a twine string tied tightly around it caused the hat to bulge out above the hand like the dome of a mosque. The hickory shirt, fastened at the collar in severe simplicity with a big horn button, scorned a collar of any kind. The roomy brown vest had four white bone buttons and a black shawl-pin, and through the irregular reticulations of its much-abraded back the solitary suspender showed, resolutely clinging to a button aft and a nail forward. The baggy blue trousers swelled out below the flapping vest into an ample dome, strangely creased and tearfully wrinkled, heaving as the old man walked, into awful billowy bulges and humps, while one long, deep, diagonal crease showed where the trusty suspender, hauled taut from port to starboard, held everything fast on the quarter. Farther down they bagged in great, curving billows at the knees, and wrinkled behind; they were brief, and came to an untimely end about four inches before they reached the top of the shoe, and they ended abruptly; same size all the way down, and sawed square off across the ends. The shoes were not exactly pointed at the toes, and when the old man's feet were not in them you couldn't bet which way the shoes were pointed. Jasper was attired in like manner as his father, only being a much taller man, his trousers were correspondingly shorter. As they passed through the resthetic decorations of the counting-room, the man in the lean pants laughed sneeringly, and Mr. Thistlepod laughed tauntingly. The managing editor sank back in his ermine-cushioned *fleur-de-terre*.

"I am afraid," he sighed, wearily, "those two people are laughing at each other's clothes."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Scene—Piazza of a rural hotel. At one end of it a group of women talking vigorously; at the other end a group of men smoking.

Voice from the group of women—"I wish you to understand, madam, that my children have just as much right to the parlor as yours have."

Response—"I don't care a snap for you or your children; you're low, common trash!"

Voice from the group of men—"There's going to be a hen-fight; let's take a walk."

Response [all speaking together]—"Let's."

The bi-centennial anniversary of the landing of William Penn is to be celebrated in Philadelphia next week. Mr. Penn will be remembered as an affable gentleman, now dead, who traded sixteen dozen jack-knives and some glass beads for what is now the State of Pennsylvania.—*Chicago Tribune*.

It is the girl with plump, ivory arms that has no sleeves on her bathing-dress. And it is the lady who lies on the sand in the gaudiest tights that won't show her ankle in a hammock. Dearly beloved, why is it thusly?—*Puck*.

At every station on the Russian railroads is a grievance book, in which the traveler may inscribe his wrongs in any language he likes, and which is periodically read by the authorities.

"Does moonlight soothe?" asks the New York *Herald*. If she doesn't, paregoric will, and ten cents buys a heap of it this year.

AYER'S AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF OF

Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chills, Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, etc., and Indeed all the affections which arise from malarious, marsh, or miasmatic poisons.

Has been widely used during the last twenty-five years, in the treatment of these distressing diseases, and with such unvarying success that it has gained the reputation of being infallible. The shakes, or chills, once broken by it, do not return, until the disease is contracted again. This has made it an accepted remedy, and the Chills and Fever of the South.

Ayer's Ague Cure eradicates the noxious poison from the system, and leaves the patient as well as before the attack. It thoroughly expels the disease, so that no Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dysentery, or Debility follow the cure. Indeed, where Disorders of the Liver and Bowels have occurred from Miasmatic Poison, it removes the cause of them, and they disappear. Not only is it an effectual cure, but, if taken occasionally by patients exposed to malaria, it will expel the poison and protect them from attack. Travelers and temporary residents in Fever and Ague localities are thus enabled to defy the disease. The General Debility which is so apt to ensue from continued exposure to Malaria and Miasm, has no speedier remedy.

For Liver Complaints, it is an excellent remedy.

PREPARED BY

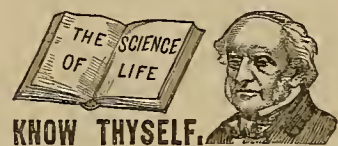
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Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, or Vitality impaired by too close application to business, may be restored, and manhood regained.

Two hundred and fifty-eighth edition, revised and enlarged, just published. It is a standard medical work, the best in the English language, written by a physician of great experience, to whom was awarded a gold and jeweled medal by the National Medical Association. It contains beautiful and very expensive engravings, 300 pages, more than 125 valuable prescriptions for all forms of diseases, acute and chronic, the result of many years of extensive and successful practice, any one of which is worth ten times the price of the book. Bound in beautiful French cloth, embossed, full gilt. Price, only \$1.25, by mail, securely sealed, postpaid, on receipt of price. Illustrated sample, 6 cents. Send now.

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Is beyond all comparison the most extraordinary work on Physiology ever published. There is nothing whatever that the married or single can either require or wish to know but what is fully explained.—*London Lancet*.

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NEW TREATMENT BY INHALATION, FOR Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. Prepared by DR. STARKER & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa. Packages containing the apparatus, and easily sent by express, ready for USE AT HOME. H. E. MATHEWS, Forwarding Agent, 608 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. Send for Free Pamphlet.

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ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 5) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 10th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 17th day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 74) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 37, Nevada Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twentieth day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office—Room 37, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—OF

the Thunder Powder Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Alameda County, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 74) of Forty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room No. 5, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

Office Thunder Powder Company, 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California.

CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the tenth day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 18) of Thirty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 14th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Sept. 2, 1882. At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 45, of Twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, September 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
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Occidental Hotel Block, SAN FRANCISCO

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

CATHARINE TOEDTER, formerly CATHARINE ROBINET, and PETER TOEDTER, her husband, Plaintiff,

vs.

DAVID FOGARTY, Defendant.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 1, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Catharine Toedter, formerly Catharine Robinet, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against David Fogarty, defendant, on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 13th day of August, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book Two of said Court, at page 187, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Larkin Street, distant seventy-three feet southerly from the southerly line of Ellis Street, running thence southerly along said line of Larkin Street forty-seven feet to the northerly line of Willow Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along said line of Willow Avenue eighty-seven feet and six inches; thence at right angles northerly seven feet and six inches, to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Eight, as by the map of said City and County.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 13th day of September, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, August 19, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

LOUGHBOROUGH & NEWHALL, Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

August 19, 26, September 2, 9.

(Department No. 7.)

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT,

City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EMMA J. FAIRBAIRN, Plaintiff,

vs.

NICHOLAS FAIRBAIRN, Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF

California send Greeting to NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this Summons, or to answer this county; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days, or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion, and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessities of life; and awarding the custody of the child of the parties hereto to plaintiff. Also, requiring defendant to pay such sums as the Court may deem proper for the support of plaintiff and her child, and costs of suit, together with general relief. Reference to the complaint is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two.

DAVID WILDER, Clerk.

By J. D. RUGGLES, Deputy Clerk.

(Department No. 7.)

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

A. F. BENJAMIN, Plaintiff,

vs.

JACOB LEVY, Defendant.

EXECUTION.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly issued, on the 2d day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein A. F. Benjamin, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Jacob Levy, defendant, on the 1st day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$2,327 97-100 U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the 1st day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereafter described property, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Jacob Levy, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Tyler Street, distant 165 feet westerly from the west line of Franklin Street, running thence westerly along said north line of Tyler Street 27 6-12 feet; thence at right-angles northerly 120 feet; thence at right-angles easterly 27 6-12 feet; and thence at right-angles southerly 120 feet to the point of commencement. Together with the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 28th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the first day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, August 5, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff

J. B. L. BRANDT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

August 5, 12, 19, 26.

NOTICE—The above sale is postponed till MONDAY,

the 13th day of September, A. D. 1882, at the same hour and place.

JOHN SEDGWICK,

Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, August 26, 1882.

SUMMER RECREATION.

RUSSIAN RIVER HOTEL, DUN-

can's Mills—A favorite resort for tourists. Bathing, fishing, hunting, boating. QUEEN & GOOD, Proprietors.

R. H. McDonald,
President,
San Francisco,
Cal.

PACIFIC BANK
Established
1863.
Capital Stock
\$1,000,000.00
Surplus 460,800.70

San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1882.

We take pleasure in presenting for your consideration the following Thirty-eighth Semi-Annual Statement of the condition of this Bank:

RESOURCES.

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE HAUNTED ENGINEER.

How Bessie's Ghost Warned her Maddened Lover from Shadow Land.

When I was a boy I had a consuming desire to become a railroad engineer. As I trudged along in the furrow behind a plow on hot summer days no political thoughts of fertile glebe, golden harvest, or garnered sheaves filled my brain, for every few hours long trains of cars sped their swift way along a line of railroad that cleft a neighbor's field diagonally, as usual. Almost as far as the eye could reach I could see the great clouds of black coal-smoke trailing in mid-air, as it were, along the sinuous course of the track. I would watch it with eager eye as it approached, gaze with boyish adoration upon the mighty train as it swept by me, and follow the line of smoke until every vestige of it had disappeared beyond the horizon of the broad and fertile Illinois prairies. To me a locomotive was a thing of life, and to be the master-spirit that should control the monster seemed to me then to be the ultimatum of existence.

At last my heart's great desire was about to be realized. Through the influence of a friend I secured a position as fireman on a freight train, on the main trunk of the Chicago and Alton railroad. I repaired to Bloomington with all possible dispatch to accept the position, which I considered, however, only as a stepping-stone to the one desire of my heart. The next morning after my arrival I reported to the master mechanic for duty. Engine Number 128 was hrought out of the round-house, and I was told to mount the foot-board. I ascended the steps on the fireman's side, so that I could be able to get a good view of my engineer as I entered the cab. As I stepped upon the foot-board a smiling face greeted me, and I was saluted with the words: "Hello, are you the new boy that I have got to break in?" The look and tone reassured me, and I stepped holdly into the cab, and soon after entered upon my duties. I soon learned that the name by which my engineer was generally known was "Scotty," but it was not until several days afterward that I found his full name to be John Scott. But he was so genial, pleasant, jolly, and whole-souled, that everybody who knew him delighted to indulge in the liberty of calling him Scotty, as a sort of pet name.

Scotty and I soon became fast friends. I was frank with him, and told him holdly what my ambitions were, and as he had worked up over the same road he was more than willing to lend a helping hand to me. In a very short time, under his careful training, I acquired sufficient knowledge of the workings of the engine to drive it myself. Days and weeks went by rapidly, and, to tell the truth, after the novelty had worn off, and I was brought face to face with the long years of weary work that lay before me, I began to realize that there was about as much monotony in shoveling coal into a red-hot furnace all night, as there had been in following a plow all day. The sameness of our lives was seldom broken except for a moment, sometimes, at a station of considerable importance.

There was, however, one exception to this rule. At a small way-station there was something which always served to break the monotony of the run; for Scotty and I soon became so much interested, through a sort of brotherly feeling for him, that I, too, looked forward to that event as the only one of pleasure during the whole trip. The name of the little station was Plainview—evidently so named from the fact that it was situated on a small, open plateau that lay between belts of timber; one following the sinuous windings of Coop's Creek on the south, and the other the Macoupin Creek on the north. Very near the depot stood the large residence of a rich old farmer, upon whose land the station had been located, in consideration of his granting the company the right of way through his estate.

His only daughter, Bessie, was, when I first saw her, a perfect ideal of beautiful womanhood. Cheeks rosy as an apple, hair black as a raven, and eyes bright and sparkling as diamonds, and a figure symmetrically molded. Truly she was the helle of the country round about, and would have vied with the veriest queen of beauty. I soon discovered that a strong attachment existed between Scotty and Bessie. From him I learned that when he was firing in the days gone by, when both were much younger, an innocent sort of flirtation sprang up between them, which had gradually ripened into honorable and thoroughly reciprocated love. Every day, as we passed up, soon as the engine stopped, Bessie would hound up the steps, and, after planting a warm kiss of love on Scotty's lips, would seat herself by his side, and remain there till all the side-tracking of cars was done, and we were ready to proceed on our way. She always brought us a generous supply of fruit, and not infrequently cakes and other table delicacies, as we had to eat our lunch out on the run. Thus it was that Plainview, although an insignificant place, came to have so much attraction for us both.

And so matters continued to move on in a pretty even tenor until late in the fall. An accident happened one night by which an engineer on one of the passenger trains was killed. This occasioned some changes, and, among others, Scotty was put in charge of Engine Number 153, and ordered to take the run of the Lightning Express, which left St. Louis for Chicago at 8:30 P. M. Scotty took me with him, much to my delight, as the work would be lighter, and

life not quite so dreary as on a freight-engine. The time-schedule brought us to Plainview at 9:45, and, as our train made only five stoppages between St. Louis and Chicago—competition between our line and the Illinois Central being so very close—of course we did not stop at Plainview, and saw no more of Bessie at the station. Every night, however, as we went rushing through the place at the rate of forty miles an hour, we caught sight of a light at an upper window of the old farmer's mansion, and a glimpse of a sweet face pressed against the pane. A sharp shriek of the whistle was Scotty's signal of acknowledgment.

At length, one night we passed up, and there was no light at the window, though we could see that there was a light in the room. Scotty gave his customary salute, but no response came. Again and again we passed up on our regular run, and still nothing was seen of Bessie's face at the window. Scotty began to be sadly worried; for he knew that sickness alone would prevent Bessie from responding to his signals. On the fourth night, as we passed through the station, we noticed many people moving about with lanterns, and far up the track we passed a party of a half-dozen or more. Of course, at our rate of speed we dashed by them like a flash, and could not divine their mission. Soon after we passed them we came to the grade, which was very steep, leading from the plateau on which the town was situated to the bottom lands, as they were called, through which the Macoupin Creek meandered on its way to the "Father of Waters"—the majestic Mississippi. Usually Scotty closed the throttle, threw the reverse lever up to the centre, and allowed the momentum of the train to carry us down the grade. The train, which was a heavy one—consisting of baggage and express cars, three coaches, and two Pullman sleepers—usually made our regular rate of speed over this span of road, impelled by that force alone. But to-night Scotty was seemingly absent-minded; for when we started down the grade, he neglected to shut the steam off. Soon we had attained a fearful rate of speed; but it was not my place to make suggestions, and so I caught hold of the cab-braces, and clung to them for dear life; for the engine seemed to be bounding through the air several rods at a time, instead of running smoothly on the rails. Near the foot of the grade was a sharp curve, and beyond that a straight and level stretch of track for about two miles, when the up-grade on the other side of the stream was encountered. My only fear was that when we came upon the curve, the engine would jump the track, and probably land us in eternity. When we struck the curve, we were certainly running at the rate of sixty miles an hour. I was straining every nerve of eyesight peering into the darkness beyond, and in following the two lines of bright steel rails as fast as they were revealed by the rays of the head-light. I turned to look across the cab at Scotty for a moment. He sat there like a statue, one hand on the throttle and the other on the lever of the Westinghouse air-brake. He was looking ahead along the track; but only in a mechanical sort of way, evidently not giving much thought to the immediate surroundings. I again fixed my eyes upon the track, and just as I looked, about fifty yards ahead of the engine, and from out of the darkness on the inner side of the curve, a woman, clothed in white, stepped upon the track. Quicker than thought Scotty applied the full power of the air-brake, and, without closing the throttle, threw the reverse lever over, and thus held the drivers stationary as they passed over the sanded track. But it was all in vain; for the momentum of that ponderous train drove the engine on at a fearful rate of speed. I grasped the whistle-cord, and sounded the danger-signal, but the woman seemed oblivious to it all. The full glare of the head-light fell upon her just for a moment before the cruel pilot struck her, and she was crushed under the pitiless wheels. But, O God! what did that moment reveal to us in that cab? It was our own dear Bessie! Seeming to realize, when it was too late to prevent it, the fate that awaited her, just as the full light fell upon her, she clasped her hands across her bosom, and turned her face toward heaven, as if imploring God and his good angels to receive her spirit, which would so soon be ruthlessly set free from the body. Scotty fell upon the foot-board as one struck dead, when the full realization of what must be the only result flashed through his brain. He was spared the heart-rending sensation of seeing his idol crushed beneath the grinding wheels; but not so with me. As the pilot struck her, she fell to the left, and thus I saw the mangled form as I passed over it being crushed into an unrecognizable mass. The train came to a stand-still within three lengths of itself, and as it did so I closed the throttle, and turned my attention to Scotty.

He rallied in a moment, and, seeming to comprehend the whole situation, hounded out of the cab, and ran back along the track at his utmost speed. I followed close behind him. He met the conductor, and without a word of explanation, snatched the lantern from his hand and sped on. A short distance from the rear end of the train he came to all that remained of the earthly form of her, to save whose life Scotty would gladly have died. May God in his goodness spare me from witnessing such a scene as that again in all the days of my earthly pilgrimage. I then had some conception of that agony of soul and heart whereof it is written that drops of blood were sweat by the sufferer. In a few minutes the entire body of passengers were standing aghast, viewing the scene with deep compassion. The moans and sobs of

poor, stricken Scotty were truly distressing, and the once sweet face of Bessie, now revealed in the glimmer of the lantern, bore an expression of such unmitigated horror that to see it once was to have it haunt one to the grave.

At last Scotty's first burst of grief subsided, and, rising from where he had been kneeling beside the prone and mangled form of Bessie, he turned to me with a look of mute appeal in his eyes. I stepped to the front and stated in a few words who the dead girl was, and the relation that had existed between her and Scotty. When this was all known, a deep groan went out upon the midnight stillness, which came from hearts full of the deepest sympathy. The remains of the dead Bessie were taken up by gentle hands and placed in a berth of the rear sleeper. Scotty remained by them, while I went forward and took charge of the engine. We backed up to the station, and were there met by a large and anxious throng, for our approach had been seen, and it was known that we must have the missing girl on board, either dead or alive. It was hoped that she was alive, for it was thought that possibly Scotty had seen her and had stopped the train, and taken her on board. At the depot another scene of anguish transpired. The loved one was lost. "Dead!" was the only word uttered, and that was spoken with hated breath and amid sobs. Time was very precious to us now, and we only tarried long enough for the remains to be removed, but while there I learned that Bessie had been very sick with a fever, and, becoming delirious, she had escaped from her watchers, and sped along the railroad track, outstripping her pursuers, and thus had met her death.

Taking a man on board with me as fireman, I took the train through the remainder of the run without further accident, leaving poor sorrow-stricken Scotty with his dead.

At the end of a week he came back again and took his old post, but he was sadly changed, and appeared to be only a wreck of his former self. That night we started out on our run, and in time came to the town of Brighton, where the St. Louis branch of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad crosses the Chicago and Alton main line, where we should have come to a stop, according to railroad regulations. But what was my surprise when Scotty failed to even shut off the throttle. I spoke to him about it, and he said:

"I am not in any condition to run her to-night; you take her and I'll fire for you."

We exchanged places and sped along. When we came to Plainview I saw Scotty take one long look at the house where the signal-light of love used always to be burning brightly in the window for him, and then he hurried his face against the cushion of the window-rail of the cab. We soon came to the grade, and the train went whirling down it without a pound of steam. Presently, as we neared the fatal curve, Scotty looked up and his eyes seemed to be riveted into the darkness ahead. Suddenly I saw him start, and with one bound he was over on my side of the cab, and had closed the throttle and thrown the air-brakes on. The train was soon brought to a standstill, and I asked him what was the occasion of this extraordinary proceeding. As he looked up at me his eyes were starting out of their sockets almost, and they had the glare of a maniac in them.

It all flashed upon me in a moment. Poor Scotty had lost his mind from grief, and now, when passing over the scene of the fearful tragedy, it was again enacted in his distorted imagination. The horror of spending the night alone in the cab with a maniac came upon me in its full realization. In answer to my inquiry, why he had stopped the train, he replied, with bated breath:

"Why, didn't you see her? We've run over Bessie again, sure; for I saw her standing on the track just as I jumped for the lever."

"Come, come, Scotty," I replied; "Bessie is dead, and I hope in heaven. You did not see her there."

"But she was there," he answered.

"But we didn't kill her this time; so go ahead."

I moved on, and, much to my relief, Scotty was perfectly rational during the remainder of the run. Our runs south, or from Bloomington to St. Louis, were made in the early morning; hence, of course, he did not imagine that he saw Bessie as we passed the place of her death. He continued me in charge of the engine, however, and said that he should do so till his mind got clear and his nerves steady again.

On our up trip the next night I expected a repetition of the former proceedings, and was prepared to prevent him from causing his hallucinations to interfere with the running of the train. As we approached the curve I saw him gazing intently ahead, and then I saw him start, then stop, and stare into the darkness, and then fix his eyes seemingly upon some object and watch it with intense earnestness, following it with his eyes till he passed it apparently and lost sight of it. He turned to me, his face all wreathed in smiles and aglow with pleasure, and said:

"Didn't you see Bessie then?"

"No."

"Why, I did. And she looked so sweet, and perfect, and pure, and bappy, that the very thought of her as I saw her makes me happy also. And as I passed her she threw a kiss to me. I wish you could have seen her."

"Poor Scotty!" I mused; "will he ever be free from these vagaries?"

And so matters finally settled down to their old routine, and Scotty again took charge of his engine, and I went back to shoveling coal, after a few weeks of realization.

boyish bopes—having charge of an engine. We never, however, passed over the curve that Scotty did not lean far out of the cab window, and toss a kiss into what seemed to me to be empty darkness, and when he turned his face to me again, it was always radiant with happiness. I became deeply interested, and began to wonder if it were purely imagination, after all, with him. But from the fact that I could see nothing I argued that he could not.

One morning in the following March, as we passed over the large iron bridge which spans the Macoupin Creek, on our southward run, we noticed that the stream was swollen till the water was overleaping its banks, but as this had occurred once or twice previously we gave it no afterthought. But a deep snow lay on the ground when the rain began the day previous, and this was melting very fast, and served materially to augment the volume of water which was being poured into the stream. All day long the rain fell in sheets and torrents, and the great banks of snow were melting like salt. The telegraph brought in news of swollen streams all along the line, and as we pulled out of East St. Louis, for this was before the construction of the bridge across the Mississippi at that place, the last orders we received were to run with caution. All freight trains were taken off the line, and we had the track to ourselves. At first we were very careful, coming almost to a stop upon approaching a bridge or trestle, but as we found them all in good order we soon began to speed up, and ran along about at our usual rate, making the different stations about on schedule time. The night was as dark as it is possible to imagine, and torrents of rain fell in blinding dashes. The whole line of the track seemed almost flooded. When we came to the grade leading down to the Macoupin Creek I asked Scotty if he intended to "slow up" at the bridge.

"No," he replied; "that is an open iron structure, and has great stone buttresses. It won't go down till the water is ten feet over the top of the track."

I mounted my seat preparatory to the run down the grade, during which I was not required to fire any, as no steam was used. I fell to musing, my eyes mechanically following the line of rails stretching far away into the darkness of the dismal and dreary night. Unconscious of the fact, we came upon the curve where Bessie had been killed. Suddenly the day of the month flashed into my mind, and I remembered that it was just three months to a day—yea, to an hour—since she had met her sad fate. All this passed through my brain in a moment. I noticed that we were near the place where Scotty always leaned out of the cab window to throw his kiss, and I looked to see if he would open his window to-night, and lean out into the drenching storm. I saw him reach for the sash, then stop and gaze down the track in front of us. Naturally I, too, looked in the same direction. My complete and utter surprise can be better imagined than described, when I fully comprehended what my eyes rested upon. There in front of us stood Bessie, just as natural as I had ever seen her in earthly life, only she was now more beautiful, if that were possible. The full glare of the headlight fell upon her, and she seemed to be not more than one hundred feet ahead of the engine. Every feature and lineament of her countenance were plainly visible. On her sweet, pure face there was an expression of mute appeal. In her right hand she held a red light, which she moved up and down, thus giving the regulation danger signal. As the train advanced she seemed to recede, moving swiftly up the track with a gliding motion, and always keeping the same distance ahead of the engine. I looked across the cab at Scotty. He was looking at me intently, with an expression such as I had never seen on mortal face before. I was the first to break the silence.

"Do you see Bessie?" said I.

"Do you?" was his reply.

"Yes; and she is waving a danger signal."

"Shall I stop the train?"

"Yes, at the bridge," I replied. "That is where the trouble is."

Scotty let the train run along till within two hundred yards of the bridge, when he applied the brakes, and at the distance of one hundred feet from it we came to a standstill. Bessie and her danger signal had continued in advance of us, and now she seemed to be standing in the portal of the bridge which spanned the swollen stream. The rays of the headlight revealed the bridge standing in seeming security, while on all sides there was a foaming sea of seething waters rushing madly against the embankment of the railroad and under the bridge.

"Shall we try to cross?" said Scotty.

It was now my turn to be superstitious. "No," I replied; "it will be certain death. Do you not still see Bessie standing at the entrance of the bridge with her danger signal in hand?"

"Yes."

Just as he uttered that monosyllable we heard a crash, and looking quickly ahead, saw the massive structure go dashing into the foaming torrent below.

But neither Bessie nor her light were there when we looked again. She had performed her mission. She had come back from the other world to save her lover's life.

* * * * *

Years have passed by since that memorable year of my apprenticeship, but the events of those few short months are indelibly stamped upon the tablets of my memory. I am now at liberty to reveal them to the world, for Scotty has crossed that silver bridge called Death, which spans from mortal life to life immortal, and who shall say that he and his beloved Bessie are not again united in that purer, holier, and far more blessed existence which we all hope to find among the Islands of the Blessed, in the Summer Land of Eternal Love!

NAPA, August, 1882.

Doctor Siemens calculates that the present annual yield of all the coal mines of the earth would suffice to keep up the fire of the sun, at its present intensity of light and heat, for about the forty millionth part of a second.

Upon a house at the corner of the Rue des Jardins, St. Paul, and the Quais des Celestins, Paris, has just been placed a marble tablet, with the inscription: "François Rabelais est mort dans cette maison en 1553."

THE MADDENED QUILL-DRIVER.

A Nocturne in B Flat, by Burdette.

Night brooded over the scene—a habit that night has between the hours of sunset and sunrise. During those hours the sun rarely shines in our latitude, and night has everything its own way, with a clear field to itself.

Godfrey Stiehlpen sat at his table in the sanctum of the *Morning Jamboree*, his idle pencil in his listless fingers, and his aching head resting upon one weary hand. The solitary bell in a distant steeple had just tolled 1:00 A. M. There was a famine of copy on the hook, and the echoes of the clamors of inappreciable composers came nimbly in ghostly cadences down the speaking-tube, and once the sarcastic tones of the foreman's voice penetrated the dismal sanctum, conveying to Mr. Stiehlpen the entirely superfluous information that this "was not an afternoon paper," and furthermore that he "would like to go to press before the men went to dinner." Mr. Stiehlpen sighed heavily, and in an abstracted manner turned over the closely written pages of his note-book.

For twenty-two years he had sat at that table and praised everything that ever came within fifty miles of Shawneetown. Horses, bird-dogs, new bouses, minstrel troupes, new goods, lectures, eminent citizens, big radisbes, tall corn, long jumps, speeches, brass bands, imported cows, fine waltzers, new road-wagons, fancy gates, concerts, fairs, hops, and debating societies. He had noted the uprising of the eminent citizen, and observed his lying down; he watched his coming and going, and to-night he was weary. He had written up two speeches, a social hop, a nine-hundred-dollar horse, an imported pig, a new fence, a big egg, a seventeen-pound tumor, a lecture, and here was a concert to be written up. He knew what a delicate matter this was. He knew that were waited upon his footsteps if he failed to notice each performer at length and in perfect detail. Wrath and denunciations hovered above his head, ready to fall in one destroying deluge if he said anybody sang or played better than anybody else. How could he meet the father of the young lady who wore the most expensive dress on the stage, and yet get a notice four lines shorter than the shoemaker's daughter, who had nothing in the world but her voice to commend her at all to public notice? How could he look Miss Upperceca in the face when in his description of her exquisite rendition of "Monastery Bells" he forgot, or perhaps with malice aforethought intentionally omitted, to mention the cost of her diamonds? He sighed as he remembered how often he had been through all this, and here it was one o'clock in the morning, his hand was tired and his head ached, and the notes of his one hundred and eleventh concert were still echoing in his brain, and were waiting on the pages of his own note-book for his own transcription.

He rose, and dragged from its dusty shelf an old bound volume of the *Jamboree*, looked over some of his old reports, with a view of changing the dates and names, and using them over, to save time and trouble, as he had often done before. But his head was heavy, and the concert of the previous evening differed in so many respects from all its predecessors that he was forced to abandon his labor-saving scheme, so dear to the heart of the ambitious and painstaking reporter.

"I have praised people for twenty-two years," he muttered, again seating himself at his table, "and I am tired of it. I am not in the praising humor to-night, I sigh for something new. My longing soul aspires to originality. I had rather abuse a man a column than puff him ten lines. I will write up these notes in a style that will have, at least, the merit of originality, and will please everybody who doesn't find his name in the paper to-morrow."

His pencil flew over the sheets of paper like a walking match; the sarcastic utterance of the foreman ceased, the distant clamor of the intelligent composers was hushed, and only now and then the muffled groans that came sadly down the speaking-tube told that some printer was endeavoring to decide whether a blot, a long waving line, two dots, and a dash was "commencement," "communion," "incineration," or "emancipation." Mr. Stiehlpen laughed boarsely as he heard the groans.

"How for copy, will you?" he chuckled defiantly. "I'll give you copy that will make your hearts ache."

And he wrote more wildly than ever, and only said, "Ha, ha!" when word came that the distracted proof-reader in the next room had hanged himself.

* * * * *

Next morning, while Godfrey Stiehlpen slept, the *Jamboree* was opened at a thousand happy breakfast tables, and joy was turned into mourning as, amid weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, the first thing the subscribers read was as follows:

A PHANTOM HOSS.—Ben Harrigan came all the way to our office last evening to tell us that he had just received an imported inveterate thoroughbred from England, a magnificent stepper, with a record of 2:25, that cost him nine hundred dollars. Warnock, at whose stables this matchless wonder is housed, informs us that it is a Maxall County horse, seventeen years old, and worth about twenty dollars for lady's driving. It seems to us Harrigan lies worse as he draws nearer the grave.

After this came the annexed paragraph:

CHEAP PIG.—Farmer Thistlepod dragged us seven hocks through the scorching sun yesterday down to a freight depot to see his new two-hundred-dollar imported pig. Marshall Henry afterward told us that it was a pig that had been in pound for three weeks, and Thistlepod only paid two dollars for it. It is of the genuine prairie-schooner breed, with a snout thirty-eight inches long, and can jump a stake-and-rider fence without touching a hoof. Thistlepod has always been notorious for keeping miserable stock.

The usual eulogistic "personal" paragraph was supplanted by the following:

PERSONAL.—Old Archie McIntosh left town last evening to the great delight of all his acquaintances—he has no friends—for a trip to Mud Lake. He left a note for us, stating that he was going for his health. This means a two-weeks' drunk. We wonder who lent him enough money to get out of town?

But the crowning glory of the *Morning Jamboree* was the concert notice. It read as follows:

GRAND CONCERT.—The regular annual exhibition of good clothes and had music, that has grown to be a feature of the musical world in

Shawneetown, came off last evening at the Opera House. Every seat in the hall was taken, for our patient community has become accustomed to this affliction, and submits to it without a murmur four or five times a year, very much as they take quinine in the spring.

Those people who came stamping in late, as usual, after the Shawneetown style, are to be congratulated this time, as they escaped hearing the "Arion Quartette" sing "Here in Cool Grot." It is due to the "Arion Quartette," however, to say this was not the worst singing of the evening. The audience thought it certainly would be the worst; and so, indeed, it was, until later in the evening the same quartette butchered "Come Where my Love Lies Dreaming." It was dreadful beyond description, and the deafening applause which followed it only testified the great joy of the audience, on being assured that the "Arion Quartette" would sing no more that evening.

Miss Abigail McGinnessy rendered a recitative and aria, by Cappola, in the manner that has long ago become so sadly familiar to our suffering people, and is always a source of profound embarrassment to the accompanist, who floundered along last night in the patient but vain hope of getting even with the singer somewhere by scrambling across lots, and heading her off in some unusually prolonged run. But this was impossible, and singer and accompanist were never within six bars of each other during the whole of the alleged performance. Mr. Poundawa, the time-honored accompanist in all these affairs, by the way, did even worse than usual last evening. We are pained to notice that his habit of playing on the edge of the piano, two inches away from the keys, grows upon him, and he should either change his drinks or his vocation.

Mrs. Bangalon played "Monastery Bells," as usual. It was disguised under a French name in the programme; but every one knows what is coming after Mrs. Bangalon finally gets the piano moved into precisely the right place—which is always just where it stood before she had it moved the first time—and, after seating herself for the fiftieth time, finally concludes to remain seated. Mrs. Bangalon's unvarying habit of wearing her gloves to the piano, and occupying seven minutes in removing them, is not an affectation. It is an act of mercy, and gives the people nearest the door an opportunity to slip out before she begins to play. The reporters of the city press used to go out at this time; but since Bangalon has taken to standing at the door to watch the refugees, they have, with excellent taste and better judgment, abandoned the custom, and silently swallowed their full cup of misery. As Mrs. Bangalon left the stage, Joab Grahey, who was asleep in the gallery, fell off his chair, and, mistaking the noise for an encore, Mrs. Bangalon returned, and pounded out the "Maiden's Prayer." Somebody ought to kill that man Grahey.

"Professor" Sownpost played a violin solo—De Beriot's "Seventh Air." Everybody was grateful that he didn't try the eighth. The professor dresses like a waiter, and handles a fiddle like a graduate from a side-show. He is in great demand at all the dances down at Wyseker's Branch and the Sassafras Bottoms, and it is believed, in fact, that all his musical education was acquired at Dan Bosceman's store, at the old ford, on Clymer's Creek. He is trying to get up a class in this city, and if this man attempts to teach our boys to play the fiddle as he does, he ought to be lynched. And he will be, if the *Jamboree* has any influence in musical circles.

It was as good as a circus to hear Madame Parapluie sing "Robert, toi que j'aime." If the old lady's lungs were as big as her feet she might sing more and wheeze less. As it is, candor compels us to say that a case of asthma weighing two hundred and seventeen pounds is no artistic addition to a concert.

Miss Upperceca played the same old "Improvisation" she began playing in these concerts eighteen years ago. It lasts about as well as her diamonds, and changes about as little. It is time she had it published, and improvised something new.

Jim Thurlow came out and sang his unchanging "Ah, so fair." The agony of the audience during this time of trial was fairly insupportable. His high notes are greatly admired, because his voice always breaks into a thin falsetto squeak on them, and he can't make so much noise as he can on his chest tones. If Jim had been born dumb, or his audience deaf, the world would be that much happier. Some time he will go away from home and sing, and the judge will give him sixty days for it. Still this would not be at all extravagant. His singing is worth it; every day of it.

The only excuse for putting Miss Maltby on the programme every time there is a concert in Shawneetown is that her father is worth eighty thousand dollars and owns the biggest brewery in Lowell County. With a voice, musical education, and general ability about up to the grade of "Baby Mine," she sang her old stand-by last night, the "Spinning-wheel Song" from "Faust." If Marguerite could have sung it as Miss Maltby sang it, it would have saved the poor child a world of trouble. It would have scared Faust, Mephistopheles, and the whole gang of them out of the country. There is more music in Mr. Maltby's bung-starters than there is in his daughter. Much has heretofore been said in these columns about Miss Maltby's beauty. While the spirit of truth is upon us we are free to admit that she is pretty—in the dark.

Mr. Bellows sang "Oh, ye Tears." Mr. Bellows has a rich haritone voice—a wheelbarrow tone, that is. Unfortunately for his effort last evening, nobody knew he was singing until he finished the butchery of Art and bowed himself off the stage. Everybody thought he was just trying his voice. If ever his voice is tried, it will be convicted on its own evidence.

James H. Blowson and Elbert Hafut sang "Larboard Watch." It is a great pity these young men are not aware that their mouths were made to catch flies with rather than for singing. Hafut's voice is so like a fog-horn that he may be pardoned for a tendency to sing marine songs; but aside from a plea of natural depravity and fiendish misanthropy there is no excuse whatever for Blowson's attempting to sing in public. These misguided young men were down on the programme for a second atrocity, but it was omitted at the urgent request of the audience.

The piano used at this massacre was the same jingling old harpichord from the music store of Jingle, Jangle & Co. that has appeared for a free puff at all local outrages of a musical nature for the past twenty years. Last winter this enterprising house traded off the old dulcimer for a silver watch; but the man who got the alleged piano brought it back, paid seven dollars forfeit, and got his watch, and we suppose all future concerts in Shawneetown will be haunted by this venerable nightmare until the police interfere.

Our readers will be delighted to learn that this is the last concert of the season, and a man can go to the Opera House in safety for the next six months.

The receipts of the pandemonium were four hundred and thirty dollars, and old Hardwich, proprietor of the hall, with his accustomed rapacity, gobbled nearly one-fourth of that sum for the use of an old barn that looks shabby in comparison with a second-rate market-house. Six of the thickest-headed young men in Shawneetown, in borrowed dress-coats, acted as ushers, and acted most wretchedly at that. Taken altogether, it was the dreariest occasion that has hored a long-suffering community since the concert that preceded it.

* * * * *

At the office of the *Jamboree* people waited for Mr. Stiehlpen, but he did not come. As the day wore away men sought him at his lodgings, but he was not there. All that the ticket-agent at the railway station could tell was that when he bought his ticket for San Antonio, Texas, Mr. Stiehlpen stated that he had been appointed United States Minister to that port, and had been ordered to proceed thither and enter upon his duties at once, and that in all likelihood he would not return to this country until the Peruvian troubles were all settled.

They never saw him again. But long, long after he disappeared, mocking but anonymous postal-cards used to come to the members of the "Mendelssohn Chorus Society of Shawneetown," asking them to sing him something easy. And off as they read them, the vocalists checked a rising sigh, and as they thought of the absent reporter wished that, wherever he was, the earth might open and swallow him up.

—Hawkeye.

THE PRINCE AT THE SEASIDE.

Our English Correspondent Describes a Royal Merry-making.

Among the various places which, after the London season is over, claim the presence of fashionable society, Cowes is perhaps entitled to the post of honor. Its season of gaiety is, however, but short-lived. It begins with the first days of August and lasts just two weeks. Thus can those who wish to be potting the grouse on the twelfth manage to snatch ten days of sea breeze aboard their own or their friends' yachts, before planting their feet among the Scotch heather. Of course, lots of people stay here longer, but the swing and dash of August's first fortnight fly away with the yachts that take wing for Trouville, Deauville, Cberbourg, and other French ports. The Prince and Princess of Wales always "do" Cowes, as a regular thing, every year, and not infrequently remain longer than many others of lesser rank, notwithstanding that Birkhall, his own shooting quarters in Scotland, as well as those of Abergeldie and Balmoral, await the prince's coming with many an impatient gun of his own set. I may as well say just here, for every body may not know it, that Cowes is the chief town of the Isle of Wight, situated (about three hours and a half from London by rail and boat) on the banks of Southampton Water, at the mouth of the Medina River, and eleven miles from Southampton. It is noted, industrially, for its yacht building, and, fashionably, as the marine residence of the Queen, and the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which the Prince of Wales is commodore. Osborne House, the royal abode, is at East Cowes, and the club-house of the Yacht Squadron at West Cowes, the river dividing the two parts. The sheltered water between the East and West points, dotted as it is when the season is on by dozens of yachts, from a ten-tonner yawl up to a two-hundred-ton steam yacht, is a sight to behold.

This year the Prince of Wales, with the princess, and his two sons, who have just got home from their two-years' cruise round the world, has been staying on board his yacht, the *Alix*, and the attendance of yachts during his stay has been very large. The *Cornelia*, belonging to the Marquis of Londonderry, who is the vice-commodore of the squadron; the *Ellida*, Sir George Stanley; the *Northumbria*, which was built for the scapegrace Earl of Lonsdale, but now belongs to the Duke of Bedford; the *Heralda*, owned by the Marquis of Stafford (the Duke of Sutherland's eldest son); and the *Petrel*, Lord Richard Grosvenor, are the most noticeable among the swell element, while the snobs have been represented by the *Shiela* of Mr. Taylor-Blump, and the *Norman* of Sir Thomas Brassy. However, the snobs are usually in the minority at Cowes, to its credit be it spoken. The honor of keeping them within bounds naturally devolves upon the members of the yacht club, who of late have been doing such an unmerciful amount of black-balling that the Brown-Joneses and the Jones-Browns are beginning to realize in a small way—that they seem of late to have forgotten—that money isn't everything, and that because a man happens to own a yacht, which in nine cases out of ten he doesn't in the least know how to sail, it is no reason that he is a fit associate for gentlemen.

But the snobs are not always rebuffed; for, if they can not get into society themselves, they endeavor to work their sons in, by sending them to either Eton or Harrow. Of those two great public schools, it is difficult to decide which may take the higher rank. I do not mean in a scholastic sense, for both have sent great men into the world of literature, politics, and arms—Eton boasting of the Duke of Wellington, Gladstone, and Swinburne, while Harrow claims Byron and Lord Palmerston—but in a fashionable aspect. Harrow is unquestionably the most "gentleman-like" school, and Eton the "swellest." The boys at Harrow are more generally the sons of dignified non-political noblemen and quiet country squires of large estates, old family, and exclusive ways; while to Eton, with a goodly admixture of young dukes, marquises, and earls, either *in presenti* or *futuro*, go the offspring of the wealthy snobs and parvenus, whose fathers think more of the titled acquaintance their sons will make than anything else, and keep them handsomely supplied with the requisite cash to make a show, and buy the good-will of their blue-blooded school-fellows. Baron Reuter, the great telegraph cable potentate, whose baronial rights of castle and demesne in England are about as aerial as those constructed by the most persistent day-dreamer, allows his son at Eton a thousand pounds a year for pocket-money. It is a dreadful pity that things should be so, and the purity and freshness of youth be thus sullied by the sordid influences of gold; but old Etonians, whose time goes back to the days of "Montem," though loth to admit the fact, will tell you that the snobs and *nouveaux riches* have spoiled the old school with their vulgarity and money. That the snobs get on, there is no doubt; as an illustration of which, it may be remarked that the last "eleven," which included the young Lords Throsby and Curzon and the sons of the Earl of Harewood and Lord Brabourne, had for its captain the son of a wealthy Bond Street pastrycook named Smith, who, however, for obvious reasons adopted during his scholastic course the more high-sounding cognomen of De Paravicini.

People are supposed to come to Cowes to recuperate after the wear and tear of the season in town, but those who are in the swim don't get much chance to rest, save and except by a sail over to Netley Hospital, or past Calshot Castle, and out to the Needles and back, now and then. What with dinner parties, boat races, regattas, and balls, one is just as much on the go, mentally and physically, from morning till night and night till morning, as if in town at the top of the season, and all one can claim in a hygienic sense is the saline tonic of the atmosphere. So, whoever wants yachting pure and simple, let him keep away from Cowes until after the middle of August. Among the foreign nationalities represented here this season, the palm seems to have been carried off by America—Miss Chamberlain and Mrs. George Ben-tinck (whose sister is, I believe, married to Mr. Mills, of San Francisco) being among those who have attracted the most attention, the two ladies during their stay having, in the opinion of on-lookers, been running neck and neck as regards dress.

One of the chief events of the Cowes season is the hall given by the Royal Yacht Squadron. The club-house not

being large enough for an entertainment of the sort, the ball was given this year at Northwood House, the residence of Mr. Ward, one of the members of the club. Of course the Hungarian Band played, and the decorations of flowers, flags, and colored lights mingled gayly with the toilettes of the ladies, and the blue coats, white waistcoats, and R. Y. S. monogrammed brass buttons of the yacht club members, the latter being the style of dress introduced by the Prince of Wales. A large marquee, above which floated the royal standard, covered the eastern terrace, and was the favorite resort of heated dancers in quest of ices and champagne cup, the night being more than usually warm. The Prince and Princess of Wales came early (about eleven) and stayed late—that is to say, the Prince did, letting his wife go home alone (not an unusual thing with His Royal Highness). It is curious how fond he still is of dancing. He never, by any possible chance, misses a *valse*, that being his favorite dance; for which reason does it always predominate on London ball programmes in the ratio of at least three to one of all the other dances combined. With all the practice he has had—for he has been out since he was seventeen—it is strange that he should be a had dancer. Yet he is. A little, short, hoppy-skippy step he has, that sends him spinning round like a badly balanced teetotum, with a velocity that would make one's head swim to merely look at. He likewise gets very hot and out of breath, and his collars grow limp early in the evening. As to his "steering" powers, it is quite impossible to judge, for when he dances everybody gets carefully out of his way, and lets him have the floor to himself. One mustn't jostle royalty, you know, even in a dance. He danced with Miss Chamberlain, and seemed to like it so much that he asked her two or three times more. The last time, it is said, she unconsciously committed a breach of court etiquette in telling him her programme was full, for no engagement ever holds good against the Prince. He was greatly amused at it, I hear. Aside from the honor, I dare say she didn't fancy him overmuch as a partner, for, besides his other deficiencies, he never reverses, and I can imagine what that must be to an American girl. Miss Chamberlain was dressed in white, and many were the inquiries as to her *dot*—that, I am afraid, being a greater recommendation than beauty, accomplishments, dress, or vivacious manners, in the eyes of the "tides," among whom, it is more than evident, her mamma and her friend and *chaperon*, Mrs. Minnie Stevens Paget, are desirous of finding her a busband.

Miss Worke, of New York, is another reputed American beiress at Cowes. She was in England the year before last, where her beauty was much raved over as second only to that of Mrs. Langtry, and where rumor had her engaged to Lord Foley's brother. She seems, however, to be still "in maiden meditation, fancy free." The fortnight's gaiety has not been unruffled by the usual matrimonial scandal so often incident to the gatherings of the *haut ton*. A certain young gentleman, the happy possessor of large estates, productive mines, and some of the best shooting in Wales, and upon whose person and possessions more than one daughter-hampered mamma had cast hopeful glances, has gone and eloped with a lady of title, whose beauty and position are, however, rather unfortunately handicapped by the fact that she is another man's wife. COCKAIGNE.

COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, August 21, 1882.

There are now, says a writer in the *Century*, twelve first-class lines of steam-packets plying between New York and Europe, beside a number of lines running to Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and not including a number of inferior lines whose name is legion, nor the other American coasting steamers extending as far as the Gulf of Mexico. Although the majority of these vessels are foreign in construction and ownership, the American who has seen no other part of the seas but the North Atlantic may be led to the conclusion that the steamship traffic of the world centres on the great circle between Queenstown and New York, and that no other fine steamers exist elsewhere. He could not make a greater mistake. Starting either from London or Liverpool and proceeding southward toward Gibraltar, one is astonished at the number of steamers he encounters. Across the Bay of Biscay they reach to the West Indies and Brazil, down the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope or around the Horn, among the islands of the South Sea; or plowing through the Straits of Gibraltar and Suez, they reach to Mauritius and Bombay, Calcutta and Hongkong. Never has there been any such ownership of shipping in the United States like that of these English, French, and Italian lines. The Peninsular and Oriental Company, (the first line to adopt the screw,) Lamport and Holt's line to South America, the Wilson line from Hull, the Cunard and Anchor lines, (whose North Atlantic service is but a tithe of the vast trade they carry on with the Mediterranean and the East Indies), the Moss Steamship Company, the Rubattino line, the Messageries Maritimes—these are but a few of the host of lines which own ships by the score and the hundred. The imagination is further bewildered in considering the vast lines plying in distant seas, and never heard of in this country. There is the British India Steam Navigation Company, owning over fifty steamers, which ply between Singapore, Persia, and Zanzibar, and are manned by tawny lascars; and the Netherlands Steam Navigation Company, which maintains thirty steamers in the Indian Archipelago. Then there is a Chinese line, succeeding one established by an American company, and a Japanese company, whose steamships ply exclusively among the Japanese islands. Running from San Francisco are the Pacific Mail, the Occidental and Oriental, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, the Goodall, Nelson & Perkins coast line, and the new Sandwich Islands line.

Doctor Gaetano Pini, of Milan, has been recently engaged in cremating the body of a Frenchman, Monsieur St. Cyr Julien, whose brother is a Consul in England. The cremating process in the Milan furnace took two hours, and four hours more were necessary for cooling the ashes; among them could he still discern some fragments of bone and the teeth. The whole of these remains were placed in an urn of large dimensions, which was immediately packed and sent, per rail, to the widow in Paris. The cost of the cremating process came to fifty dollars. The expense for the conveyance of the body from Paris to Milan amounted to twelve hundred dollars.

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN'S DEATH.

By Alphonse Daudet.

The little dauphin is sick, the little dauphin is about to die. In all the churches of the kingdom the holy sacrament is exposed night and day, and great wax candles are being burned for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old residence are silent and sad; the bells do not ring; passing carriages move slowly—the coachmen keep their horses at a walk; outside the palace curious citizens watch from behind the railings the great Swiss guards with gold-laced paunches in the court-yards, talking together with a most serious mien.

The château is all emotion. Chamberlains and majordomos ascend and descend the marble stairways at a run. The galleries are thronged with pages and courtiers in silken attire, who go by turns from one whispering group to another, asking for news in an undertone. Upon the broad steps the forlorn ladies of honor make low courtesies, wiping their eyes with prettily embroidered handkerchiefs.

In the orangerie there is a large meeting of robed physicians. Through the windows they can be seen extending and moving their long, black sleeves, and doctorally nodding their periwigs. Before the door the little dauphin's tutor and riding-master walk slowly to and fro, waiting for the decision of the faculty. Scullions pass by without saluting them. Monsieur the ring-master swears like a pagan; monsieur the tutor quotes verses from Horace; and from the direction of the stables, far off, comes a long, melancholy neigh. It is the dauphin's chestnut pony, forgotten by the grooms, calling plaintively from before his empty manger.

And the king? Where is the king? The king has shut himself up alone in his rooms, at the other end of the château. Their majesties do not like to be seen weeping. As for the queen, it is quite another matter. Seated beside the pillow of the little dauphin, she weeps so that her beautiful face is bathed in tears; and she sobs aloud before everybody, like a common draper's wife.

On his couch of lace the little dauphin, whiter than the cushions upon which he lies, reposes with closed eyes. They think he slumbers; but no, the little dauphin does not slumber. He turns toward his mother, and, seeing that she weeps, he says to her: "Madame the Queen, why do you cry? Do you really believe, like the rest, that I am going to die?" The queen would answer, but her sobs prevent her from speaking.

"Now, do not weep, Madame the Queen; you forget that I am a dauphin, and that a dauphin does not die thus." But the queen sobs more passionately than ever; and the little dauphin becomes really afraid for the first time. "Ho! there!" he cries; "I will not permit Death to take me away; and I know well how to prevent his coming hither. Order forty very strong lansquenets to come here at once, to mount guard about my bed. Let a hundred heavy cannon be rolled into the court under our windows; and let the gunners stand by them, night and day, with matches lighted! And woe to Death if he dare to come near us!"

Then, in order to please the royal child, the queen makes a sign. And in a moment is heard the rumbling of the heavy cannon rolling into the vast court, and forty tall lansquenets, armed with partisans, range themselves all about the room. They are all veteran troopers, with gray moustaches. The little dauphin clasps his hands when he sees them. He recognizes one, and calls him, "Lorain! Lorain!" The veteran makes one stride toward the bed. "I love you very much, my dear old Lorain. Show me your great big sword. If Death tries to take me he must be killed, must he not?" Lorain answers, "Yes, Monseigneur." But two large tears trickle down his bronzed cheeks.

Suddenly the chaplain approaches the little dauphin's bedside, and commences to talk to him in a very, very low voice, and shows him a crucifix. The little dauphin listens to him a while with a very astonished look; then, suddenly interrupting him, exclaims: "I understand very well all that you tell me, Monsieur l'Ahhé; but pray inform me could not my little friend Beppo be induced to die in my place, supposing they give him plenty of money?" The chaplain continues to speak in a very low voice, and the little dauphin looks more astonished than before.

When the chaplain has finished, the little dauphin responds with a deep sigh: "All this that you have told me is very sad, indeed, Monsieur l'Ahhé; but one thing consoles me. I know that on high, in the paradise of the stars, I shall still be the dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and that He can not fail to treat me according to my rank." Then, turning to his mother, he says: "Order them to bring me my finest clothes—my doublet of ermine, and my velvet shoes; I wish to appear bravely dressed before the angels, and enter Paradise in the costume of the dauphin." Yet a third time the chaplain bends forward, and, leaning over the little dauphin, whispers to him for a long time. In the midst of his discourse the royal child interrupts him with a cry of anger: "Why, then, to be dauphin is nothing at all!" And, refusing to listen any more, the little dauphin turns his face to the wall.

But he does not turn away from the wall. For the little dauphin is dead.—Translated from the French by Lafcadio Hearn.

"The weather in Paris," says the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "has been very warm for the past few days, culminating in a thunderstorm of unwonted magnitude. A lofty tree in the garden of the Palace of the Ellysée was struck and completely stripped of its bark. I am told that the guardian of the Column Vendôme recently discovered half-a-dozen penknives and pairs of scissors stuck about the railings around the summit, and artfully disseminated behind the bars. The intent of the unknown perpetrator of this very odd deed is supposed to have been to attract the lightning to that monument to the fame of Napoleon."

"Is your master in?" asks a visitor of the servant of a man about town, a treasure of honesty and truthfulness fresh from the country. "He is, but he can not see any one, 'Ah! Is he sick? Nothing serious, I hope.'" "No, he's drunk!"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We remember the Reverend H. Cummings in the early days of the Republican party. "Father Cummings of Butte," we called him in those olden times. He was of the old guard, contemporary with Tracey, Tingley, E. B. Crocker, Frank Folger, Leland Stanford, and Rod Matherson; before Colonel Baker came into the party, before Starr King came to the State, before Estee was heard of, or the machine had been invented. We hear of him again in consultation with the reverend clergy of San Francisco, in consultation over the Sunday law. He is still a Republican. At the assembling were the Reverends H. L. Chamberlain, Edward Kimball, J. H. Warren, Aaron Williams, M. Ballard, Doctor Beckwith, Professor Burton, Colonel Babcock, Doctor McDonald, J. W. Mason, and Mr. Van Larcum. The Reverend Mr. Cummings, with the approval of these clergymen and laymen, said:

All important questions should be decided by the dictates of one's conscience. I consider that if Christian people should vote the Republican ticket they would cast their ballots in favor of making the Sabbath a day of recreation, which means a day of amusement, of dancing, of base-ball playing, and not of worship to God. The Republican Convention evidently meant that Sunday should be spent in that way, and we should encourage the desecration of God's day if we voted for candidates who have pledged themselves to make the Sabbath a day of recreation. We can be true to our country and to God at all times, but we can not at all times be true to God and political parties. I have been a Republican for forty years, and I do not wish to abandon the party, but I have been forced from its ranks and crowded from the party because the party has truckled to corrupt men and made room for recreants and recreation. How can we hereafter appeal to the masses to keep holy the Sabbath day if we deliberately endorse this platform which bids them go to the billiard and dance-hall on the Sabbath and seek enjoyment. Will they not respond that we have sanctioned the course they pursue; that by our votes we declared Sunday to be no better day than any other in the week? Like Samson, we will be shorn of our strength, we shall be powerless and dumb. We must cease to do evil and learn to do well. As we can not vote the Democratic ticket without voting to sweep from our statute books all Sunday laws to protect ourselves, our homes, and our churches, at the behest of the League of Freedom, alias the liquor-dealers, alias the foreign whisky-bloats and beer-guzzlers; as we can not vote the Republican ticket giving unbridled license to Sunday desecration, we have but one course to pursue—to unite with the Home Protectionists and temperance organizations, call a State convention, make a platform, stand upon it, unfurl our banner, and rally around it until the needed reform is accomplished.

Colonel Babcock expressed great disappointment at the action of the convention in totally ignoring the temperance question. He considered that the Sunday-law plank, in making the Sabbath-day one of recreation, and favoring the suspension of all but necessary business, virtually threw open the doors of saloons and dance-houses, as the courts would undoubtedly declare that these places were necessary to provide amusement. Reverend Doctor Beckwith said that the convention was asked for bread and gave a stone. He thought it might be a good thing to defeat the Republican party at the coming election, as there was no real moral question now at issue between the two parties, as they had refused to accept the Sunday and temperance questions as momentous. The only issue seems to be, How can they obtain votes?

Doctor May exhibits colossal cheek when, in his Sixth Ward Club, he protests against the machine in the County Committee. If the machine has, or ever had, a subservient, pliant, willing, and unscrupulous tool, it is this same Doctor May. For him to call the majority of the County Committee the machine, and stigmatize it because it refuses to subject honest Republicans to a dishonest primary, will deceive nobody. The County Committee has taken an honest and manly course in appointing a municipal convention in such a manner and so large in numbers that all the presumptions will favor honest work. It will be sustained by every citizen who desires good government.

Some time since the *Argonaut* endeavored to give the true standard by which the gentleman could be measured. It is not birth, for there are well-horn vagabonds. It is not brains, for there are talented rascals. It is not education, for there are bad specimens who come from learned universities. It is not money, for there are very many vulgar rich men. It is not in vocation, for neither pulpit nor bar are exempt from the morally ragged. Our definition of a gentleman was one who owned one or more Jersey cows. To own and breed Jerseys of pure blood presumes taste, ownership of land, independence, a good liver, good birth, education, and breeding. We quote from *Harper's Weekly* in support of our position:

To be unappreciative of the beauty of a pure Jersey cow is to be entirely wanting in bovine æsthetics. What peculiar characteristics are engendered by an over-familiarity with horses no one is exactly prepared to state, but a thorough acquaintance with a herd of Jerseys—to borrow from a well-known saying—is to have quite the equivalent to a liberal education. In what animal—the doe not excepted—can you find such deep, quiet, placid eyes as in a Jersey cow? There is not an angular line about her. Her clean, trim head shows her blood, and altogether she is to another cow what the sculptured steed on the Parthenon is to the common horse. Then nature has given to this breed soft, subdued tints of fawn, which fade away into a creamy white. The general appreciation of the cow, to which is approvingly added in our horn-books the term of "useful," generally conveys the idea of a certain ungainliness and awkwardness, but in the Jerseys there is suppleness of movement with elegance of gait. When Erotas, Bomba, Lille Bonne, or Phyllis walks, you see at once the aristocracy of race. But beyond grace, elegance, gentleness, docility, and rapid growth, there are other important attributes. Jersey cows are the most marvelous of those animal converters which, taking in the succulent materials in the grasses and grains, the sugars and the starches, change these into fats. There may be wonderful cows which will give a larger fluid measure of milk, but it is the lactical secretion of the Jersey that literally "runs butter."

The Camerons—father and son—have cursed the politics of Pennsylvania for twenty years. Like the Old Man of the Mountain, they had fastened themselves upon the neck of the Republican party. There was no office, no honor, no contract within the party gift, that the Camerons did not make merchandise of. We have had a similar, but smaller and dirtier, machine in San Francisco for the last twenty years. The *Bulletin* compares the Cameron ring in Pennsylvania to that class in San Francisco which is endeavoring to break up our machine. The *Bulletin* is like Mrs. Gamp with an imaginary Mrs. Harris, and continually writes of "hosses" who are in opposition to the only bosses we have;

writes of "cliques" in opposition to the machine; writes of primaries as expressing the will of Republicans in opposition to fraud; writes of the seventy-three delegates to the State Convention, who went for Estee, as representing decency and civilization. The length, breadth, depth, thickness, and circumference of all this journalistic rot is the fact that Higgins and his machine are at outs with Spring Valley. The *Bulletin* is at outs with Sbaron and Hayward, and the *Bulletin* and the machine have become as thick as thieves. They are sleeping in the same bed. They are working together for another primary, for more pledges against free water, and for another opportunity to "cinch" the water company. Both machine and journal are engaged in a knavish business; but the machine is the more respectable bandit of the two, because it does not claim to be respectable. The *Bulletin* is embarrassed by its traditions.

Kearney gets in upon the silver-tongued Thomas of Arizona a very palpable hit. The Honorable Tom "accepted a retainer" to stump the State for Estee. He opened at Platt's Hall against Stanford, Crocker, and Huntington as the "moss-covered triumvirate of latter-day tyrants," and roundly abused them for extravagant freights in transporting early strawberries and other fruits from Arizona to Los Angeles, and for refusing him a free pass, and because the road did not employ him as its attorney. Dennis reminds the Honorable Tom of the time when, at Tucson, he gave Crocker a banquet, and sat in smiling sycophancy at his feet, while over his silver tongue in gushing melody of adulation fulsome compliments rippled. Kearney quotes where the eloquent Thomas declared "that of all men he most envied Charles Crocker, not for his wealth of millions, but for the consciousness which he must ever carry with him that he has been one of the most efficient, useful, and important benefactors of humanity in the time in which he has lived. I envy him the consciousness that to-day over thousands of miles of area tens of thousands of bappy and contented bones exist because of the great industrial enterprises he has directed and controlled. . . . I envy him the thoughts that crowd upon him at this hour, when he pauses for one brief retrospective glance across the deserts and mountains he has conquered before ordering his iron horses—the black cavalry of commerce—to rush forward with steam-flecked flanks until they pause panting by the side of the Mexican gulf. . . . Our backs are still sore from contact with the buck-board and bucking mustangs. Our pockets are still depleted from the freight rate of mule teamsters and steam navigation companies, and we hail with delight the new freight tariffs and the opportunity to ride to San Francisco in two days instead of consuming ten days by stage and steamer." The Hon. Thomas Fitch of the silver tongue had better hitch one of his black horses of the cavalry of commerce to a buck-board wagon and start for Arizona, carrying his own grip-sack hack with him. A good, long, dusty ride across the Colorado Desert, and across the desert of the trans-Colorado, will again put him in a frame of mind to envy the men who brought him here in a palace car, and make him contrast the fares, freights, and comforts of buck-board wagons, lugging horses, steamboats, and stages with the accommodations of railroads, without which Arizona would forever remain an uninviting and uninhabited desert.

If, through a primary election, there could be obtained an honest expression of Republican voters, nothing would justify a departure from that mode of choosing conventions. If the primary is to be controlled by force and violence, in the interest of dishonest politicians, and for the purpose of dishonest government, then nothing justifies a resort to it. The County Committee is the tribunal to which the discussion of such matters is properly entrusted. It has called one primary, which has proved disastrous; another would be equally unsatisfactory. The committee has acted wisely and well in the mode proposed by it. It will be sustained by all good Republicans. The *Bulletin* is wrong in this business, and we are sorry that Mr. Higgins has acquired such influence over Mr. Fitch as enables him to direct the politics of that journal in this wrong direction. Ever since the *Bulletin* opposed Blake for Mayor, favored the machine, and advocated primaries, it has been in the woods. We account for it because we think it has water on the brain. The County Committee is doing brave work, and we applaud its manly independence.

The *Evening Bulletin* of Wednesday contained the announcement of the death of Miss Clara Fitch as follows:

A private dispatch conveys the sad intelligence of the death of Miss Clara Fitch, the eldest daughter of George K. Fitch, one of the proprietors of the *Bulletin*, at half-past eight o'clock this morning, at Hotel del Monte, Monterey. Her death was the result of the accidental overturning of a carriage in which she and some friends were riding along the Light House road at Monterey, eight weeks ago. During this long period she has borne the intensest suffering with Christian fortitude. There were times when it seemed reasonable to hope for her ultimate recovery, but within the last forty-eight hours a great change for the worse took place, giving unmistakable evidence of approaching dissolution. She died on the threshold of a promising womanhood, being about twenty-three years of age. She was one of the most amiable, sprightly, and intelligent young women in the city, of a remarkably sweet disposition and bright mind, and one whom none knew except to respect. For a great many years she had been an active worker in the interest of charity, and was prominently identified with several worthy institutions engaged in the relief of the poor and the alleviation of the sufferings of the sick and distressed. A wide circle of friends and acquaintances grieve over her early death, and sympathize with the bereaved parents in their deep affliction.

To-day there will be music in Golden Gate Park. Not merely the twitter of the birds, the sighing of the pines, the merry laughter of visiting children, but the music of a "real, regular band." Gustave Fuchs will conduct twelve pieces through a programme of three parts and sixteen selections. This band has been secured by the exertions of certain music-loving people, who believe they can secure enough money by subscription to have the concerts a regular feature of park pleasure-giving. The Commissioners, while thoroughly in sympathy with the movement, are, unhappily, unable to render substantial pecuniary assistance, save in the purchase of stands for holding music, and in the arrangement and regulation of the building and grounds. It remains to be proved whether the concerts will be "good," both in the artistic and in the popular sense.

SOCIETY.

The Olovsky Reception.

On Wednesday evening Baron Olovsky, the Consul-General for Russia, gave a large party at his beautiful Menlo Park house. The guests arrived at the depot about quarter-past eight o'clock, and as they descended from the train, found carriages waiting to bear them to the host's house. When they arrived at their destination they found the large grounds one blaze of brilliancy. Over the portals were the Russian and United States coats-of-arms, above which were draped in union the respective flags of the two countries. Thousands of gay Japanese lanterns decked the spacious grounds. The large carriage-drive which circles the park for three-quarters of a mile, resembled a huge serpent of light, and all the little by-paths and walks in the vicinity of the house were similarly decorated. From the front door down to the carriage drive was erected a tented awning, through which the guests passed into the house. The interior was canvased throughout, above and below, the rooms were tastefully hung with luxurious festoons of smilax, ivy, and other creepers. Ballenberg's band discoursed inviting waltzes from an alcove in the large centre hall, so that the music was easy to be heard throughout the parlors, sitting-room, billiard-room and the other apartments in which the guests danced. Notwithstanding the large number of guests, there was ample space for dancing, owing to the extensive capacity of the rooms. Among those present were: Mrs. and Miss Flood, Miss Felton, Mrs. and Miss Low, Mrs. and Miss Eyre, the Misses Thornton, Madame Niebaum, Miss Spreckels, Miss Couch, Miss Greene, Miss Hughey, Miss Kohler, Miss Thorne, and Messrs. Flood, Hermann, Ackerman, Spreckels, Miner, Hughey, Platt, and Captain Niebaum, Baron Schroeder, and Prince Menschennoff. At half-past eleven o'clock the large banquet hall was thrown open and the guests ushered in. They immediately proceeded to partake of the delicious viands served by the Maison Dorée. After that, dancing was resumed and prolonged to a very late hour—four o'clock witnessing the closing waltz. Those of the guests whom the host was unable to accommodate were received by two or three of his immediate neighbors.

The Vice-Regal Party.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise were received on Wednesday morning at the Sixteenth Street (Oakland) depot by General McDowell, Consul W. L. Booker, Commander Gast, of H. M. S. *Comus*, Colonel Graniss, General Kelton, and Messrs. Goodman, Pratt, and Wilder, of the C. P. R. R. On their arrival in this city they were borne to the Palace Hotel, where breakfast was served. They remained in retirement for the remainder of the day. On Thursday morning a delegation of British residents presented an address of welcome, which was answered by the Marquis of Lorne in a short speech. In the afternoon General McDowell conveyed the party around the harbor in the *McPherson*; the princess being indisposed, remained in the hotel. A governor-general's salute was fired from the different military posts in the harbor as the party passed. At Black Point, upon the arrival of the party, the usual salute was fired, and the troops paraded. The distinguished guests were afterward handsomely entertained by General McDowell with a lunch at his quarters. The following persons were present: His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, Captain Gast of H. M. S. *Comus*, Consul Booker and Mrs. Booker, Captain and Mrs. Bagot, Colonel Tourtelotte, General Kelton, U. S. A., and Major Darling, the post commander. The princess and her husband were entertained at dinner by General McDowell yesterday evening. The affair was informal. The party was received at the post with the honors due a member of the royal family. Yesterday was spent in retirement, and this morning the party leave on the *Comus* for British Columbia. On their return the party will accept several invitations from our prominent citizens. Governor Stanford is, it is said, already making preparations for a grand reception. On their visit to Yosemite, they will occupy the dwelling of Albert Bierstadt, the artist, who tendered it to them in the East.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Stanwood leave to-day for the East, extending their trip as far as New Hampshire, and returning in about six weeks. Miss Nina Platt has been spending a few days at Monterey. General and Mrs. Stoneman have returned to San Gabriel. Colonel Hedges, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Thursday, the fourteenth instant. Miss Daisy Parrott, accompanied by her mother, leaves on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Judge Hayne, who has been in Colorado for some time, early in October; from that State they will go to New York, and later to Europe. General Williams and his daughter, of Oakland, who have been staying a short time at Monterey, have returned. Mrs. Tewksbury has returned to the city and taken up her residence at the Palace. Justice and Mrs. Field did not leave for Washington last week as was announced. Mrs. George Hearst leaves to-day for Boston with her son, who is about to enter Harvard. Mrs. J. Lugsdin and her daughter, Miss F. E. Lugsdin, and Miss Nellie Wood, are at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Barron are also spending a few days at Monterey. Miss Amy Crocker has returned to Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wilshire and Mrs. Walter Turnbull have been to Monterey during the week. A. P. Hotelling has gone East with his family. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Curry are in Sacramento. Mrs. William Norris will accompany her son, Fritz King, on his return to Harvard College next Monday. Squire P. Dewey and wife are in New York. Judge Messick has returned from his southern trip. Mr. Neville Castle returned to Yale College last week; his cousin, Albert Castle, is visiting Wiesbaden, Germany, for the benefit of the waters. Commodore Shufeldt is still in the city; his health is much improved. Mrs. F. B. Reynolds and her daughter, Miss Jeannette, have returned from Litton Springs, and resumed their Thursday receptions.

Governor Perkins has appointed ex-Governor Leland Stanford Regent of the State University, and Senator W. W. Traylor Fish-Commissioner, both vice B. B. Redding, ceased.

THE MUNICIPAL CONVENTION.

The conflict now going on in the Republican party is big with important results. It is a contest between the very worst element of society and its best. Upon the issue depends good government in San Francisco for the next two years. The question at issue is, whether the criminal element of society and the mercenary element in politics are to climb to the top?—are to rule in office, and hold sway in our municipal affairs? The fight lies between the County Committee and the machine. The machine is something more than Higgins, Gannon, and Chute; it is a wide-spread and compact organization, that embraces in its numbers able, shrewd intellects, and subtle-minded, scheming, ambitious, and altogether unscrupulous men. The treasury of State and city is a great grab-bag, with four million dollars in it; and this machine is an organized conspiracy to steal as much of it as can be spared from the actual and indispensable demands of government. The County Committee is an honest body of respectable Republicans, in which, after years of contest, the machine has but six unworthy members. The County Committee has proposed a mode of calling together a convention that shall represent Republicans of intelligence, property, and integrity. The machine demands another primary, with all its disgraceful scenes to be reenacted, its shameful results to be accomplished. Every Republican in this city who owns property, who is engaged in a legitimate business, who is intelligent, who is honest, who wants no office for self or friend, no job, nor contract, nor opportunity to steal, and who has taken the pains to investigate the contest between the machine and the County Committee, upholds the sixteen majority. Every daily and weekly, journal, except the *Call*, (which knows nothing about it, and is a Democratic paper,) and the *Bulletin*, (which is, for some mysterious and to us inexplicable reason, in alliance with the machine, and in continual secret consultation with its leaders,) opposes the machine programme, and favors the more popular and honorable plan of the County Committee. The ward clubs which are now playing the game of bluff in this business are the utensils of the machine. The State Central Committee, with Cornwall, Chute, Hardenbergh, Byington, Dargie, and others, are secretly intriguing in the same direction, and thereby impudently meddling with what does not concern them. These men are all machinists, having served their full terms of apprenticeship under the bosses. These men and their prompters would rather destroy the party in San Francisco than not control it. They are mercenaries who follow the Republican army for plunder. We quote from the *Post* an editorial well expressing the real condition of affairs, and giving the relation of certain men to the machine and to the city government that it is well to know.

"The action of the County Committee in determining to select a convention of Republicans, all of whom shall be taxpayers, none of whom shall be seekers for office, or pledged in the interests of any candidate, or themselves occupying official positions, or interested in any corporation which might influence their action, is universally commended by the respectable element of the Republican party. The bosses are unalterably opposed to it. The Republican administration during the past year has been free from the control of Higgins, Gannon, and Chute. We all know how oppressive it was during the previous two years, during which time Stuart's extravagant expenditures, the street-sweeping swindle, the Lake Merced fraud, and other outrageous schemes were perpetrated. It is well to consider whence this opposition comes, and to trace it directly to the action of Higgins, Gannon, and Chute, and their small army of official retainers, ward-strikers, and bummers. The plan was carried by a vote of sixteen to five in the County Committee. The five who opposed it were Lewis, Dyer, Perry, Deveny, and Weed. These men are all known to be under the control of the machine. They come, for the most part, from the lower wards of the Tenth district, which has been controlled for years by Higgins, Gannon, and Chute, through the votes of the wards lying near the water front, and composed of a very low element in the community. It is this district which has sent to the Legislature a band of plunderers, who have been associated with every stealing scheme that has appeared in the Legislature. A search of the record of the last Legislature will show that the Débris Bill, and every other scheme in which the lobby was interested was supported by the district named. Mr. Weed is the contractor, under the old Board of Supervisors, for the street-sweeping of San Francisco. He was merely a dummy, and represented Higgins, Gannon, and Chute. The contract-price for sweeping the streets was sixty-three dollars a mile. This has been reduced by the present board to twenty-one dollars a mile, resulting in a saving of between fifty and sixty thousand dollars annually. The street-sweeping is equally well done, if not better. Higgins, Gannon, and Chute are aiming again toward the control of the office of Superintendent of Streets, and Mr. Weed's object is apparent. Certain clubs took action in opposition to the primary last night, which might indicate to the uninitiated that a portion of the Republican party was opposed to the plan adopted by the County Committee; but even here the tracks of the machine are evident. We can plainly see that whenever any opposition has been displayed, whether in the clubs or the County Committee, it originated from the bosses who have so long oppressed and misruled San Francisco, and who were driven out of the Republican party at the last election, and who endeavored to revenge themselves by throwing their entire weight with the Democratic party. They are an incubus to any party, retarding its progress and imperiling its success. Where one vote will be lost to the party through their influence a hundred will be secured from the better element of the opposing party, when it is announced that the policy of the Republican party is against bossism in politics."

It is a pity that the writer of the article could not have been bold enough to have named Dr. May, David McClure, Colonel J. H. Dickinson, Ira C. Hoyt, and their connection with the machine in the last Legislature. The resolutions in the Fifth Ward Club were introduced by David McClure, author of the McClure charter, gotten up in the interest of the machine. The resolution offered by Dr. May provided: "We approve the action of W. H. Weed, the vigilant representative of the Sixth Ward, in opposing the machine

movement." Oh, deep and subtle, cute and cunning Dr. May! This good man is opposed to the machine. He is the hopper into which is poured half the unclean grists that are ground out in it. He is the smut-mill, while the Honorable David McClure is the turbine under-shot wheel that drives the machinery. The action of the State Central Committee is also significant. Now we quote from a communication sent us for publication:

"Mr. P. B. Cornwall is the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Dick Chute is the Chairman of the Campaign Committee. These two worthies have been for years identified with the machine—P. B. Cornwall being the pliant tool, and Dick Chute the active manager. They called together a meeting of certain ward presidents, who were entirely in their own interests, together with a small portion of the County Committee, to pass a resolution condemning the system adopted by the County Committee. We thus see that wherever any opposition has been displayed, whether in the clubs, or in the County Committee, it originated from the bosses, who have so long oppressed and misruled San Francisco, and who were driven out of the Republican party at the last election, and who endeavored to revenge themselves by throwing their entire weight with the Democratic party. They are an incubus to any party, retarding its progress and imperiling its success. Where one vote will be lost to the party through their influence, a hundred will be secured from the better element of the opposing parties, when it is announced that the policy of the Republican party is against bossism in politics."

The machine is on its last legs in San Francisco. It has not even power to harm the party. Let the County Committee go resolutely forward, give us representative, property-owning delegates to a municipal convention. At the convention give us a good ticket, and it will command the support of all reputable and honorable citizens of both parties, and it will drive the *Bulletin* to its support, or to the alternative of supporting a straight-out Democratic ticket.

One Day.

I sunned myself in happiness all day;
The very earth seemed glad, and smiled to me;
The world, rejoicing, taught my heart to say,
Love, life, and light are all in harmony.

And oh, my love, the glory of that day
Made me forget the setting of the sun,
And, even when the twilight passed away,
I still looked back to when the day begun.

And oh, my sweet, in shadows of the night
I feel a radiance that I can not see;
I still translate the darkness into light,
And in my dreams my day is still with thee.

September, 1882.

SARA JEWETT.

The "click" which some writers have noted as a curiosity in the speech of Cetewayo and his suite, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is not peculiar to the Zulu tongue. It is a characteristic of many barbarous languages, though the clicking of the Hottentots seems to be the most elaborate, or at all events the best known. Mr. Cust, in a paper published by the Society of Arts, says: "The great feature of the [Hottentot] language is the existence of four clicks, formed by different positions of the tongue: the dental click is almost identical with the sound of indignation not unfrequently uttered by Europeans; the lateral click is the sound with which horses are stimulated to action; the guttural click is not unlike the popping of a champagne cork; and the palatal click is compared to the cracking of a whip." He adds that the Bushman, in addition to the four clicks of the Hottentot language, has a fifth, sixth, and sometimes a seventh and an eighth click. It is interesting to note that philological authorities declare that the Hottentot is entirely distinct from other languages spoken by black races, and is of kin to the Hamitic languages of white races of North Africa. For instance, the Kabyles, or Berbers, of Algeria click. Mr. Barclay (in his "Mountain Life in Algeria") was, we believe, the first to remark this elocutionary habit among them. He understood their "click" to express assent, and when several Kabyles "assented" together, he says it was "like so many pistols being cocked."

A letter from Rome to the New York *Sun* says: "One of the most difficult features of the examination of young graduates is the translation from Greek. Every year the professors bave to be on the watch for new tricks devised by the students. They used to bribe the janitor, and give him the Greek text, which was conveyed by a messenger to a good scholar, then translated and copied on to a piece of paper, which was wrapped around a steak for the young candidate's breakfast. Very soon, however, these and similar tricks were detected, and this year such rigor was displayed in every college and academy that it was almost impossible to cheat. The boys of Genoa found a very queer way to get out of trouble. During the examination, while the boys were struggling with their grammars and dictionaries, a lady's voice was heard in the street, singing very loudly and beautifully the popular song, "La Stella Confidente." As soon as the song began, the boys were noticed writing very quickly. Why? Instead of the well known words, "Stella del mio pensiero," and so forth, the lady of the street sang the literal translation of a very hard passage of Plato's dialogue, "Timæus," and the boys thus got the translation in good Italian. The scholastic authorities got wind of it, and have refused to accept the Greek examination of the Lyceum Cristoforo Colombo, at Genoa."

We understand that Colonel Andrews has most generously tendered to the veterans of the Mexican war and the Grand Army of the Republic, for their Home in Napa, a benefit. This is to be a grand hall, such as only Colonel Andrews can give, at the Mechanics' Pavilion after the election—perhaps on Thanksgiving Eve. This information comes too late for us to more than say that we hope he will have every encouragement for his effort, as we are sure it will be a grand success, and put money in the treasury of a most noble charity.

THE FAMOUS DIAMOND WEDDING.

The telegraph has briefly spoken of the second marriage of Madame Frances Amelia Bartlett-Oviedo, whose diamond wedding with Don Esteban Santa Cruz Oviedo in 1859 caused a social sensation. She was married again September 6th in Trinity Church, New York, to Colonel Bodo von Glümer, of the Mexican Army. The ceremony was very quiet. The bride is a handsome blonde of fine presence. Colonel von Glümer is a fine-looking German, thirty-nine years old, compactly built, of florid complexion, with a fierce black moustache. He was dressed in the Mexican uniform.

The bride has lived in Havana for nearly twenty years. Mrs. von Glümer, who is forty-three years of age, has still a large landed property in Cuba, left her by her first husband. Her parents are dead, and she has no children. Colonel von Glümer left Germany in his youth and came to America.

There are many persons in New York to whom the memory of the former nuptials of Madame Bartlett-Oviedo, twenty-three years ago, with its lavish splendor, will be recalled to mind by the modest wedding yesterday. The incidents of that social episode, and the hostile correspondence that passed between the father of the bride and E. C. Stedman, because of the publication in the *Tribune* of Mr. Stedman's poem, "The Diamond Wedding," were published far and wide. Francis Amelia Bartlett was the daughter of Lieutenant W. A. Bartlett, of the United States Navy, who was also the first American alcalde of San Francisco. Miss Bartlett was very beautiful, and reigned, at eighteen years, the undisputed belle of New York. Tall and dignified, with a fair complexion and light blue eyes, her friends and relatives proudly pointed out her resemblance to the Empress Eugénie, of France. In January, 1859, Miss Bartlett met a Cuban gentleman, Don Esteban Santa Cruz de Oviedo. He was fifty-five years old, swarthy as a mulatto, with black eyes that set off a countenance of resolute earnestness. Wherever he went the story of his vast possessions, his plantations of sugar and tobacco, and his countless slaves, preceded him.

Don Esteban's visits were most frequent at the house of Lieutenant Bartlett. The beautiful American had captured the heart of the wealthy Cuban. The course of their love was smooth and serene until the Cuban Don was stricken down with fever and ague at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Through a wearying illness she faithfully nursed him back to health. After his convalescence the minds of the affianced pair were absorbed in the preparations for their wedding. The daily papers teemed with minute details of the fabulous amounts expended. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were disbursed by the Cuban with lavish prodigality. The trousseau at A. T. Stewart's was said to have cost fifty thousand dollars. As much was expended at Genin's, and at Ball & Black's. The wedding dress cost six thousand dollars, and was brought from Paris. Tiffany's coffers were swelled to the extent of fifty thousand dollars also. The climax was reached when, on October 13, 1859, Don Esteban was married to Miss Bartlett. The bride had previously adopted the Roman Catholic faith of her husband, and the ceremony was performed by Archbishop Hughes, in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Crowds gathered in the cathedral hours before the ceremony, until finally five thousand persons were present, and double that number filled the streets outside. Ladies fainted in the crush and had to be carried away. The hishop's voice could not be heard in the confusion. The bride's dress was of white satin, and an elegant veil of point lace extended from her head to her feet, and beyond. Her fan was of polonaise, adorned with pearls and diamonds, and four rows of orient pearls encircled her throat, and were held in front by a clasp of diamonds. Her earrings were two immense pearls, and her brooch of diamonds and pearls matched the same. The police had to guard the house. The gifts of the groom to the bride were of extraordinary value, among them being eighty different dresses.

Elaborate accounts of the young bride's jewels were published all over the country, but the most marked attention was directed to them by the poem of Mr. Stedman, which appeared in the *Tribune* of October 18, 1859. A stanza of the poem runs thus:

"In they swept, all riches and grace,
Silks and satins and Honiton lace;
In they swept from the dazzled sun,
And soon in the church the deed was done.
Three prelates stood on the chancel high—
A knot, that gold and silver can buy,
Gold and silver may yet untie,
Unless it is tightly fastened;
What's worth doing at all's worth doing well,
And the sale of a young Manhattan belle
Is not to be pushed or hastened.
So two Very-Reverends graced the scene,
And the tall Archbishop stood between,
By prayer and fasting chastened;
The Pope himself would have come from Rome,
But urgent matters kept him at home.
Haply these robed prelates thought
Their words were the power that tied the knot;
But another power that love-knot tied,
And I saw the chain round the neck of the bride—
A glistening, priceless, and marvelous chain,
Coiled with diamonds again and again,
As befits a diamond-wedding;
Yet still 'twas a chain—I thought she knew it,
And half way longed for the will to undo it,
By the secret tears she was shedding."

Lieutenant Bartlett sent a challenge to the author. But for the intervention of friends a duel would probably have been the immediate result of the poem. As it was, considerable bitterness was felt by the family of the bride toward the poet for many years. Eventually good feeling was established, and it was at the intercession of Mr. Stedman that Secretary Stanton had Lieutenant Bartlett afterward transferred to a comfortable post at Fortress Monroe. Madame Oviedo did not so soon forgive the poet. With her husband she traveled in Europe for a year after her marriage and then they lived on his plantations in Cuba. Twelve years ago Don Esteban died, leaving his immense estate to his wife. They had no children. Two years ago she requested E. C. Benedict, the Broad Street hanker, to bring about an introduction to Mr. Stedman. This was done by Mr. Benedict, and all asperities of the past were forgotten. The author and the heroine of "The Diamond Wedding" have remained, ever since, constant friends.

VANITY FAIR.

The Austrian empress, while on a little country excursion with her usual retinue, stopped at an inn for refreshments. Being heated, she took off her bonnet and hung it on the back of a chair, where a playful puppy made such mischief with it before anybody's attention was attracted as to render it unfit for further wear. Of course, every lady in the party offered her own hat in the place of the one that was damaged, but the empress took the whim to finish the excursion without any other head-covering than that supplied by nature. Being observed in this fashion by some ladies of the stylish world, who are eager to imitate anything that royalty does, the practice of appearing in public without hat or bonnet came into general vogue. The morning promenades became marked by the presence of numerous elegantly arranged heads of hair devoid of any covering, and on Sunday the same fashion was followed in church. To such extent was this becoming the rage, says the *Vienna Tageblatt*, that milliners grew alarmed, and clamored at court about it, whereupon an explanation of the cause of the empress's hatless excursion was issued from official sources, and published to the social world. This put an end to the new fashion, hat-makers were happy once more, and fashionable circles were again at peace.

An American lady, who was invited to a country house in England for three days, and who took one large trunk with her, felt very much ashamed of its size, considering the shortness of her visit. While she was taking her tea she apologized for this to her hostess, who later said to her, quite anxiously, "My dear, all your things can't have come. Betts tells me there was only *one* trunk." After that Mrs. never thought it necessary to explain her reasons for her portmanteaus and boxes when she went visiting.

A little incident recently happened at a prominent fashionable summer resort near the Hub, which has caused quite a breeze (which is still blowing.) It seems that a very handsome and accomplished young lady has, since her arrival a few weeks ago, been captivating the hearts of several society gentlemen, an engagement being reported to have already taken place, the fortunate gentleman being well known in New York society. A few days after the engagement, so the story goes, the young lady had the pleasure of receiving from her lover a present of a beautiful pair of garters, which she accepted as all right and proper under the circumstances. This present is what has caused the breeze. The young lady indiscreetly, but naturally, displayed to several of her most intimate lady friends the garters which had been presented to her, and which she was wearing. They were much admired, particularly the clasps, which were brilliantly set with jewels. A jealous rival of the young lady soon made the particulars of this little incident known among the principal gossips (or Mrs. Grundys) at the hotels, who soon were discussing the matter of the impropriety of any gentleman giving, or any lady accepting, garters as a present. The young couple have been very freely criticised.

Etiquette in Germany forbids the carrying of parcels, no matter how small, by a gentleman. Under immense pressure of necessity, a lady may take home in her own hands a small purchase, or carry a book or roll of music to the house of a friend. When a dressmaker comes to try on a little walking jacket, a small boy must needs walk behind, bearing the garment on his arm. An officer can not under any circumstances carry anything when in uniform.

The styles of dress for ceremonial occasions have undergone several marked changes within a few years. The aristocracy and people of family in England—for no other reason, that we can see, than because Mrs. Mushroom Shoddy, and Mrs. Greengrocer, and Mrs. Tallow Chandler had as much money to spend as they, and could imitate them in costly attire and ornament—introduced a marked innovation upon the style of dress for weddings and parties. Gloves were omitted, the fair white hand of the "real lady and gentleman" thereby making a noticeable contrast to the stubby red member of the plebeian parties who imitated them. The plainest morning suits were chosen, instead of full dress, that the difference in manner and carriage might be the more strongly marked. This fashion was soon adopted here. In the most elegant circles, gentlemen appeared without gloves, carried opera-hats to parties and balls, wore frock-coats, red cravats, and lavender-colored trousers to full-dress parties and receptions, and many stylish weddings were celebrated where the lady, in full bridal attire, had bare hands, and the groom was dressed as if he were just going to the races. At balls the same fashion was introduced, and we have seen the light imprint of many a bare, sweaty hand on the back of a light silk of exquisite hue, where the lady had received this mark from the gentleman who had been her partner in the waltz. The first to rebel against this custom was society at Washington. The wives and daughters of the senators and judges put their heads together, and voted the fashion vulgar and unbecoming. Since then there has been a decided reaction against it everywhere; and, although it is adhered to by some, the more dignified and sensible of those who give tone to society throughout the country have gone back to nearly the full dress of the previous order. At the same time, the stiff rule having once been broken, there is more independence than formerly in attire on ceremonial occasions, and people of standing are allowed, without severe criticism, to consult their own tastes and preferences as to style and detail.

"I have just returned," says a Paris correspondent, "from a visit to half a dozen of the Norman watering-places—Dieppe, Trouville, Havre, Etretat, Cabourg, Paramé. He who has seen one of them has seen them all. The only difference is that at Trouville the beach is of sand, while at Havre it is of pebbles; at Trouville the ladies must display at least five toilettes a day, whereas at Etretat three suffice. Otherwise there is little difference to note. Everywhere you find big hotels, big tables d'hôte, Anglo-Saxon colonies, Bass's pale ale, a contingent of the demi-monde, half a dozen

elegant card-sharpers, a mixed odor of seaweed, patchouli, corylopsis, ylang-ylang, and mutton-cutlets, and everywhere a casino. At a French watering-place the casino is the centre around which all the life gravitates. On the terrace of the casino the visitors promenade and show off their fixings, triumphs of the Parisian milliner's art; in the ball-room of the casino the ladies display their shoulders; in the card-room écarté, baccarat, and chouette rage as fiercely as in any Paris club; in the reading-room are all the Paris papers; in the café may be found all the deleterious drinks with which civilization is cursed; in the restaurant you may have dinners as dear as at Paris; in the little theatre are held interminable concerts and dramatic performances by Parisian stars. You even have Parisian *bric-à-brac* dealers, with curiosities imported direct from Paris. In short, life at a French watering-place is simply a combination of Parisian life with its excitement, its late hours, its frivolity, its wearing tyranny, and with the addition of the fatigue of sea-bathing, and the elaborate toilet connected therewith."

The New York *Sun's* correspondent, describing a party at Marlborough House, which closed the Prince of Wales's share in the hospitalities of the London season, says: "His Royal Highness did not care to hide his growing partiality for the Hebraic race, as represented by a lovely Belgian, Madame Lambert. The tribute of admiration he so lavishly poured at her feet was, perhaps, not unmixed with gratitude, the favorite of the day being a Rothschild; and it is well known that the prince is indebted to that house for the loan of not inconsiderable sums. Their coffers are the inexhaustible mint which is ever coining fresh supplies for the extravagance or impecuniousness of crowned heads."

The desire to adorn themselves with something approaching jewelry without unlocking the jewel-cases, which are supposed to be securely closed for the summer months, has induced ladies to adopt all kinds of odd ornaments in the shape of platina and silver brooches. Caterpillars, with eyes of red and green enamel, and bristles of colored silk protruding from their sides—the latest and most ingenious device of the Parisian jeweler—parrots in every color of the rainbow; portly pigs and clumsy elephants, are used to fasten knots of ribbon and lace, to attach the bouquet of flowers which not infrequently adorns the parasol, and to confirm the position of a drooping plume on a Gainsborough hat. Chatelaines are also more than admissible. Summer life makes the wearing of a watch almost an imperative necessity, and in no form can a lady carry a watch with grace but when attached to a chatelaine. A small watch of dull Pompeian red, encircled with tiny diamonds, was worn with great effect from the waist of a white cashmere dress, accompanied with a flacon of silver wrought in a Moorish design, and surmounted with an owl's head carved in *lapis lazuli*. A small mirror set in tortoise-shell and gilt was another ornament on this original chatelaine.

At a recent London garden party short costumes were universally adopted, and the Embassadress of Austria scored a triumph by the exquisite smallness and delicacy of her feet. As she was seen ascending the steps leading to the terrace, those fairy shoes twinkled in seeming derision of the very different ones belonging to the two royal princesses of England, between whom the noble foreigner was walking. Their skirts might advantageously and becomingly have been lengthened. Two bystanders were irresistibly reminded of the remark uttered by a burly Flemish burgher, on seeing in Brussels a little dame stepping into her carriage: "Thunder and lightning! there is the Countess A. going out with my feet."

The present craving for the beautiful, says the Boston *Gazette*, is shown in the painted fans which have been brought out for the fall and winter season. White satin fans, in all the tints of ivory, cream, and pearl, display the most exquisite floral decorations. Bunches and trailing sprays of roses, passion-flowers, nasturtiums, lilies of every description are painted on the satin mounts, and so natural are they you are tempted to pluck them. The designs are often carried down on the sticks, which are generally of ivory or pearl, either carved or inlaid. For instance, a large white satin fan mounted on ivory has a gorgeous trail of nasturtiums crossing its shining surface and drooping over the sticks, inlaid with metals corresponding in color to the flower represented. The flower painting seen on "a frivolous fan" of this year of grace is an effort of real art and deserving of a name. One wonders who the unknown artist can be, and if in the future some great painter may not father these love children of his brush, and remember the days when he was glad to make the pot boil by painting milady's fan. Whoever the artist, his work is thoroughly charming and worthy of all praise.

Egyptian designs are now all the rage for novelties. A happy young married countess in Paris heads her writing-paper with the symbol of the Egyptian priesthood for happy marriage—two partridges on a tuft of greensward—and the celebrated Madame Edouard Adam has hers inscribed with an ibis beneath a crescent.

This is called a season of "nobby shoes," says an Eastern journal. No man wears boots nowadays, except when he goes a-fishing. Patent-leather shoes with silk tops are the finest in the market, and cost from twelve to eighteen dollars. A great many of the cloth-top shoes are in demand, and the custom shoemakers have abundance of work. More than ever is there a demand for neatly fitting shoes, not only for the full-pursed buyers, but every person who gives any thought to personal appearance will have a neat and trim shoe, and such a shoe may be obtained for considerably less than the prices given, else some would go barefoot. It is said that unmarried men wear shoes a size too small on all important occasions, and a shoe one or two sizes too large later in life. Shoemaking has become as delicate and difficult as watchmaking. In the large cities shoemakers are gathered from other countries—from Paris, London, and Berlin.

THE REGULAR ARMY.

By an Army Officer.

Owing to a prolonged peace the army of the United States has been almost forgotten. Many worthy people, especially at the Eastern States, scarcely realize that there is one, or the necessity for any, while its condition and efficiency seem to be of little interest, even to the better informed. In the course of events, however, the time must return when the military arm will again become prominent. History teaches that wars are inevitable; that they are periodical and unavoidable in the experience of all governments of whatever form; and not more than other nations can it be hoped that we may escape.

European powers continue their armies on a war footing; our Indian difficulties continue; the Mormon question is still a problem, and our domestic affairs in other directions are certainly not satisfactory—the latter owing to the elements of social discord so rapidly increasing among the unemployed classes of nearly all the large cities, recruited from an unprecedented foreign immigration. As the *Argonaut* has already so forcibly expressed it: "We are becoming the penal settlement for the world's criminals, the asylum for the destitute, the house of refuge for the devilish." Vicious outgrowths of an overcrowded European civilization are strong, aggressive, and defiant, and must finally necessitate the presence of force to preserve the national integrity. These are important facts.

A superficial writer (John Roach, in the *North American Review*, last year) made the following statement: "The policy of the government has always been opposed to the maintenance of a large standing army and navy, to eat up the substance and place a heavy tax on the prosperity of the people, but has been to maintain the nucleus of an army, and to rely for defense upon the militia. Soldiers can be called out, volunteers enlisted, and march away in a day." The fallacy and absurdity of the latter portion of this is too apparent to an intelligent mind to merit discussion, and it is surprising that the lesson taught by the rebellion should be so soon forgotten. None are better qualified to judge the comparative value of raw and undisciplined troops in the presence of the enemy than those who will read this—who, as officers of volunteers, were hurried to the front without preparation in the early days of the rebellion. Nor will the citizens of Pittsburg, Chicago, or St. Louis soon forget what it was to rely upon the local militia for protection from their own rioters, and the feeling of security which followed the advent of the small detachments of United States troops called in from the frontier to their assistance. The logic of events seems to indicate that society and the people will eventually demand from the general government that protection and absolute security of life and property which an adequate and available armed body can only afford.

It is, however, useless to suggest the necessity for a larger army, either by an array of significant facts or strength of argument. Public sentiment can not yet be reconciled to the idea of a *standing army*. The sound of the words is distasteful from historical association, and prejudice can not be answered with reason. At present, then, it is only necessary to consider the small army, or "nucleus," which is authorized. This consists of twenty-five thousand enlisted men, (or would, if fully recruited, which it is not,) including Indian scouts, and excepting the signal service, (though numerous details from the army proper are regularly performing signal duty, both as officers and soldiers,) and two thousand one hundred and fifty-five commissioned officers, including all branches of the service. To which is to be added the retired list, limited to four hundred, excepting as provided by the last session of Congress, for officers who are sixty-four years old, or have served forty years. Of this number twenty-three thousand two hundred and twenty enlisted men and fourteen hundred and eighty-nine commissioned officers compose the line, or fighting strength—this being divided into ten regiments of cavalry, five of artillery, and twenty-five of infantry. (Included in these figures are the four remaining colored regiments—two of cavalry and two of infantry.) From the officers of these forty regiments, in the event of another war, must be largely drawn the organizers of new troops, as well as many who would hold high rank, and command volunteer soldiers in the field.

It will be admitted, in this connection, that the officer is the most important element for consideration—his degree of efficiency, and promise for the future; for without competent officers there can not be good soldiers or a good army. The questions then naturally arise: Are our officers competent? And will they fill the requirements? To which it may be replied, that prominent American generals who have visited Europe since the close of the war, with a special view to the observation of its armies, have reported that the officers of the United States army compare favorably with any who came under their notice; that none are superior. This seems quite satisfactory; and it is only necessary that the standard of efficiency continue, in order that American officers may meet the expectation of the nation when future occasion renders the army conspicuous.

To preserve the ambition of any class or profession, a stimulus is necessary. That stimulus to an army officer is the hope of promotion. In the nature of a military life there can be, and there is, no other. Remove this prospect, particularly among younger officers, and what remains to encourage that zeal for the profession which is indispensable, and without which the choicest material will rapidly deteriorate? Since the organization of our army, promotion has never been so slow as at present, with a prospect, unless a vigorous remedy is speedily applied, of even a more gloomy condition of affairs in this respect in the immediate future. The military service offers but little encouragement to officers of the lower grades who have already served from ten to twenty years, while for the younger men now graduating from the military academy and joining their regiments it seems almost hopeless. The number of years passed in each subordinate grade is simply discouraging. In the "old army" (previous to the rebellion) promotion in the artillery was, even then, comparatively slow; but in the cavalry and infantry regiments, officers who entered between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-five usually served from three to four years only as second lieutenants, reaching the first step several years before the age of thirty, and a captaincy within ten years from the original entry into the service. A very remarkable difference in the rate of advancement is now the case, as will appear.

The official army register for January, 1882, affords the following information: In the artillery—always the slowest—the five second lieutenants next for promotion in their regiments have an average length of service in that grade of more than seven years. The five first lieutenants of artillery next for promotion, an average of more than seven years service. In the infantry, the twenty-five second lieutenants next for promotion have an average service of about eight years; and the twenty-five first lieutenants, an average of over fifteen years. In the cavalry some improvement may be observed. The ten second lieutenants next for promotion have an average service of about six years; and the ten first lieutenants, an average of more than eleven. It must not be forgotten that these years have been served in each of the grades mentioned, and do not include the total length of service of these officers. The latter, however, may be easily seen by combining the averages of the separate grades in each arm of the service.

The causes which have produced this unfortunate condition are well known and easily understood by those who may feel a sufficient interest to examine the subject. They may be briefly stated as having partially grown out of the promotion which occurred early in the war, which left many comparatively young men high in rank; but more especially to the reorganization of the regular army at the close of the war, and its establishment on a "peace footing"—twenty-nine regiments being added, the officers of which, to a large extent, having been appointed from those who had served as volunteers; and a very large reduction and consolidation of regiments which was made by Congress in 1870, by which the natural and uniform plan of promoting through the subordinate grades was, and still continues to be, prevented.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Baronets seem to be often at a low ebb nowadays. Sir Somebody Wragall has worked in a store at Brighton, and Sir Richard Emanue Moore, who died lately, was at one time a third-class turnkey at Spike Island, Cork harbor. A final effort to open a coal store in his son's name, failed for want of capital.

SYBIL SARTORYS'S PERIL.

The Pits that Line the Pathway of Life in London Town.

One evening (I think that it was the first night of the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum) Jack Sartorys and his wife occupied a box there, which, after much difficulty, as he averred, Colonel Dunkirk, of the "Heavies," had been fortunate enough to secure. As a general rule, Colonel Dunkirk was not in the habit of presenting first-night boxes to his friends unless he had some object to gain. People suggested that it was a ruse on his part to win Jack's good graces—especially the smiles of Jack's wife; but then people might have lied—they frequently do in such matters—and yet for once they were right.

Dunkirk was a notorious Lovelace, as handsome a man as you would see anywhere—a man whose appearance was hailed with inward tribulation and groaning by poor devils who had not the pluck to kick him out of their houses when his attentions grew too pronounced. It was rumored, too, that his doings lately had been very shady—so shady that his friends (he had many friends) all predicted that he would speedily have to holt from the impending clutches of those ministering fiends, Messrs. Shylock & Co.

Sibyl Sartorys was a very handsome woman—dangerously handsome. She had masses of golden hair, which did not owe its sunny tints to some vile wash, arched red lips, sweet blue eyes, a soft white neck, and a complexion of dazzling fairness. In addition to these charms, she possessed a knack of pleasing people when she chose to take the trouble, and was also very popular in her own immediate circle. Jack had fallen in love with her in his usual impulsive, headlong manner; but, for my own part, I always thought her a trifle hard and unsympathetic. There was sometimes a look in her sweet eyes not entirely acquiescent when Jack had intimated something of which she disapproved. Having said what he wanted, Jack generally let her have her own way, and so the impending storm always blew over—for a time. She demanded absolute slavery from him, and accepted his devotion as a matter of course. Cluh friends, amusements, all had to give way to this little autocrat's imperious mandates; and poor Jack was spoiled for us.

Yet he was very happy. In her softer moments, prejudiced as I was, I could but admit the charm of her sweet, low voice, and the winning eyes which could have lured a haire from its mother's arms. But I often imagined that her thoughtlessness would one day bring her to grief. She had such a superb contempt for the conventionalities. You and I, gentle reader, know better. We bow down to and worship Mrs. Grundy as if we liked her; but do we? I think not.

Dunkirk did despise the conventionalities and decencies of life—nay, he outraged them persistently. He had always some confidante to whom he unhesitatedly poured out his troubles with those free-lances, the money-lenders. Dipped as he was, he contrived to get through as much money as of old. His horses and dinners were the best in town—men eagerly sought to ride the one and to eat the other. I think Sibyl Sartorys alone knew how soon there would be neither—how quickly the bubble must burst, and Dunkirk hide his diminished head for the rest of his days in some little, fifth-rate continental town. And yet she fancied that she loved him. Had he been prosperous, happy, gay, she would not have done so; but as he was going to the dogs, it seemed to her as if she had no alternative but to accompany him.

Who is it says that women always wreck themselves with their best impulses?

In person Dunkirk was tall and well built, but there was an indefinable something in his face which betrayed that he had not long to live. All the Dunkirks had died of consumption before their fortieth year, and the colonel was thirty-five. With this sword hanging over him, it was impossible not to feel sorry—at least the women thought so—for his misspent life. Men were inclined to believe that he made the most of the situation, and posed for that effect. But then men are such unfeeling beings; they have none of the finer sympathies of their wives—their mission is to pay bills and he generally useful.

That evening things seemed to be approaching a climax—a deuced unpleasant one, too, for poor Jack. When Capulet said to the maskers,

"I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please."

Mrs. Sartorys's eyes met Dunkirk's, and drooped in a half-shamefaced but still tender way. It was not a look I should have liked to see on the face of my wife when talking with another man; though, having provided Jack with his first pony, and piloted him across country at the early age of seven, I am looked upon as an old fogey who is not entitled to express any direct opinion. Perhaps my ideas are rather old-fashioned—wholesomely so.

Jack did not notice what was going on. He loved his wife too dearly even to dream of such infamy. It was a delightful experience to him to listen to the balcony scene, and to follow the hapless fortunes of the star-crossed lovers, although he could not help wishing that the Romeo would be a little less intellectual and a trifle more impressive with the lovely Juliet. Practically, his wife and Dunkirk were alone—Jack told me all this long afterward without attaching any importance to it, and I linked the fragments together.

Half an hour later I stepped in. Jack whispered to me not to speak, and I was greeted by Mrs. Sartorys with the usual polite indifference a wife reserves for her husband's friends. In short, it was not ten minutes before I had seen enough of the situation, and concluded to step outside for a lounge in the corridor. The glamour of the scene had failed to touch my jaded senses. I could not help seeing a grimy stage-carpet up in the flies, and this naturally did away with all illusion. What an awful bore if the man had dropped his old wide-awake upon the passionate lovers.

The door opened (I was leaning against the next box); out came Mrs. Sartorys and Dunkirk, she shivering—in the hot atmosphere—and a trifle pale. Her eyes were a frightened look; and—yes, she certainly did seem inclined to cry.

"We shall be just in time for the last train," she nervously whispered. "I told Jack that you should see me to my carriage, and he—he—is going to his club."

"So much the better," said Dunkirk, hurriedly. "We shall not be missed until we are across the Channel."

I hate scenes; but it was necessary to do something. A little fellow whom I had dandled on my knee, and loved like a son, must not be duped in this shameful way.

Dunkirk hurried past me; but I reached the staircase before Mrs. Sartorys reappeared, hooded and cloaked. God knows I never acted so promptly before in my life, and yet I have been in one or two tight places. There was—but never mind. Let the "old man garrulous" continue his story.

When Colonel Dunkirk's carriage was called the coachman drove up with his fur tippet nearly over his ears. The night was cold, and Mrs. Sartorys trembled, half-turned for a moment, then stepped in. She had crossed the Rubicon—and was lost!

I wonder if she thought at that moment of the little hands that were folded before her night and morn, and the little sleepy eyes were raised to hers, and Jack's children lisped out their usual prayer: "God bless papa and mamma, and make us all dood. Amen!" I do not believe that she could have thought of them, or else she never would have been there.

"Viaduct Station!" called out the colonel, flinging the fellow one of his few remaining half-crowns—it was the last desperate flight of the butterfly in the sunshine. Afterward he would have time to repent or to die in a gutter unshriven. In the madness of the moment he did not care which.

The horses dashed forward into the darkness, pulling well up to their collars, but—they did not go the Viaduct Station!

Half an hour later, when they drew up, the colonel jumped out to assist Mrs. Sartorys to alight. She was trembling still, and half inclined to return. Already the dark shadows of the weary years to come were lengthened out before her. And the man whose love she was about to betray! Well, it was now too late to recede. God knows she was sorry—most women are—when they are found out.

"Sold!" hissed the colonel, in his rage kicking a poor crossing-sweeper who had rushed up to open the carriage door.

"I was only a-openin' the door," whined the old mendicant.

"D—n you!" foamed the colonel, "you're always opening doors when you're not wanted. What the devil's the meaning of this? But it is not too late."

"Not so fast, Dunkirk," I said, swinging down from the box, the fur tippet still upon my shoulders. "Wait a moment. Mrs. Sartorys—for the benefit of the servants—" I have won my wager. The colonel betted I would never drive him anywhere without his knowing it. Let me take you into the house."

Mrs. Sartorys took my arm, and I led her up the steps. She did not speak, but smiled strangely and touched my hand.

Then I returned to Dunkirk. "You are an infernal scoundrel!" I said, taking him on one side. "If you choose to make a scene I'll knock you down, old as I am. No; I shall not give you satisfaction. Before you are off, let me warn you to beware of Scotland Yard. That bill of Lavington's has been placed in their hands, and the forgery traced to you."

This time he really went to the Viaduct Station, caught the last train, and was seen no more.

Then I returned to the house.

"You have acted like a—hero," sobbed Mrs. Sartorys.

"I can never repay you."

There stood Jack smiling in the doorway. She did not see him. He must never know.

"It was only a trifling service, and one which I was only too happy to render," I said, howling low. "You overrate it. A drunken servant is always dangerous."

"You have saved—my—honor," she was beginning.

"Hush!" I said. "Jack must never know." Then aloud:

"You are hysterical; let me ring for your maid."

Between us we got her out of the room.

"What is it all about, old fellow?" asked the irreverent Jack, when Mrs. Sartorys had been safely disposed of in her room.

"Jarvis—drunk—again—as usual," I murmured, laconically (the lie cost me five hundred pounds, and a free passage to the colonies for the irreproachable Jarvis and his family; but it was not a dear price to pay for the happiness of one's dearest friend). "I've discharged the brute for you."

"All right," said easy-going Jack; "I'll get another."

And poor Jarvis was discharged.

I do not think that Mrs. Sartorys slept much that night. Jack told me that she cried a good deal. "She seems to think that she has had a narrow escape, old fellow," Jack said, unsuspiciously.

"Yes, I answered, 'very.'"

But he never knew how narrow.

Those who remember the lark which a certain British baronet, aided by some prominent young San Franciscans, conducted in a Sutter Street beer-garden, about three years ago, will be forcibly struck with the following description of how a fellow-nobleman did the thing at home. It is taken from an English society journal: An incident in the reckless career of the Marquis of Hastings is related by a traveler who chanced to be staying in the chief hotel in Sheffield, one evening, when he and a few companions resolved on what they termed a "lark." Their frolic took the turn of demolishing all the mirrors, chandeliers, pictures, and furniture of two large drawing-rooms. "If ever I saw a madman," says the narrator, "it was the marquis that night, as, with the butt-end of a heavy riding-whip, he frantically dashed out windows, ruined statuettes and vases, and defaced bookcases and sideboards, shrieking the while like an incarnate demon. Then, when he had done, he drew forth his check-book, signed a bank-draft, and, with an oath, ordered the manager to pay himself for the damage done, which I have no doubt the manager did, without omitting a single item."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Chicago Tribune Novelettes.

"Shall you miss me, sweetheart?"

Pizarro McGinness was going away, far away to the trackless solitudes of St. Louis, and when he had told Daphne McCarthy of his intended journey the girl had spoken not a word, but laid her head gently on his shoulder, and wept as if her heart was breaking.

But when he asked her the question with which this chapter opens, the little head, with its coronal of fluffy brown hair, had risen slowly, and the pansy-brown eyes of the girl had looked into his and gleamed with the holy light of a love that could never die.

"Shall I miss you?" she cried, despairingly. "Ah, yes, sorely enough. But you can not understand this. No man can feel the loss of kisses and love-words as a woman can. No man can feel the deadly hunger in time of famine that a woman feels when love, that always heckons and allures her, is out of reach of her longing hands and loving lips."

"But I shall not be gone so very long, darling," whispered Pizarro, "and I have told the candy man to let you have whatever you want on my account."

"You have done this?" asks the girl.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," said Daphne, the wistful look gone from her face, "you can not start too soon."—From "Sackcloth and Ashes," by Joseph Medill.

"Why are you sad, Beryl?"

The girl turned her head slightly as these words were spoken, and as her lissome figure with its rounded curves and beautiful flesh-tints stood sharply outlined, clear and perfect as a cameo, in the moonbeams that were falling in a silver spray through the branches of the linden trees, the sight was indeed a pretty one. George W. Simpson looked at her earnestly a moment, and saw that tears were welling up in the dusky brown eyes, and sohs that could not be restrained convulsing the girlish form.

"Why should I not be sad?" she said. "The sweet summer is dying. There are hollows in her fair cheeks; a pathetic droop about the ripe red lips, dark shadows beneath the lovely eyes. And already across the hazy hills autumn peers, herry-stains on her brown, slim fingers, purple vines trailing about her, scarlet buds and golden-rod for the coronal. Already the hollows are brimmed with amber haze and the hilltops crowned with blue smoke. The sun looks languidly through dream-clouds; a yellow leaf falls here and there, and some prudent birds fly southward ere yet the first frost makes the fruit ruddy and ripens the hazelnuts in the hedges, ere yet the sumac catches some blood-droops from the heart-wound of fainting summer, and the aster looks with blue and wistful eyes from the woodland path."

"It is indeed a time fraught with suggestions that are mournful," said George, "but surely there is one gleam of hope, one little ray of golden sunshine, amid all the mists and clouds." And, bending over the girl in a loving fashion, he whispered a word in her ear.

A smile chased away the despondent look, and the tears that dimmed the starry eyes were quickly dashed away. Putting her arms around George's neck, Beryl murmured:

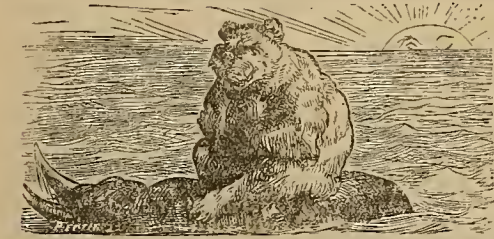
"You are right, sweetheart; I had forgotten the oysters."—From "Nip and Tuck," by Joseph Medill.

A War Incident.

"Mr. Hoffenstein," said Herman, as he folded up a pair of pants, and placed them on a pile, "if you don't haf any objections I would like to get from de store away von efening, und go mit de soldiers to de Spanish Fort?" "Vell, Herman, I dinks you had better keep away from de soldiers," replied Hoffenstein, "und stay mit de store, because, you know, you don't can put any dependance mit de soldiers. I vill tell you why. Von day vile I vas in Vicksburg, during de var, a cock-eyed soldier came in my store mit an old bugle in his hand, und he looks around. I asks him vat he vants, und he buys a couple of undershirts, den he tells me to keep his bundle und de bugle behind de counter until he comes back. After de cock-eyed soldier vent de store out, some more soldiers come in und walk around, vile dey look at de goods. 'Shentlemen,' I says, 'do you vant anyding?' 'Ve are shust looking to see vot you haf,' said one uf dem, und after avile anodder says: 'Bill, shust look dere at de bugle; de very ding de captain told us to get. You know ve don't haf any bugle in de company for dree months. How much you ask for dot hagle?' I dells dem dot I can't sell de bugle because it belongs to a man vot shust vent out. 'I vill gif you fifty dollars for it,' says the soldier, pulling his money out. I dells him I don't can sell it, because it vasn't mine. 'I vill gif you a hundred dollars,' he said. Den he offers me von hundred und twenty-five dollars. My g-r-racious, Herman, I vants to sell de hagle so had dat I vistles. De soldier dells me vile dey vos leaving de store dot if I huy de bugle from de man vot owns it dey vill gif me one hundred und twenty-five dollars for it. I dell dem I vill do it. I sees a chance, you know, Herman, to make some money by de operation. Ven de cock-eyed soldier comes in he says, 'Git me my bundle und bugle; I got to go to de camp.' I says, 'My frent, don't you vant to sell your bugle?' He dells me no, und I says 'My little boy Leopold, vot plays in de store, sees de hagle und he goes all around crying shust as loud as he can, because he don't can get it. Six times I dakes him in de yard und vips him, und he comes right back und cries for de bugle. It shows, you know, how much drouble a man vill haf mit a family. I vill gif you den dollars for it shust to please little Leopold.' De soldier vont dake it, und at last I offers him fifty dollars und he says, 'Vell, I vill dake fifty because I can't vaste any more time, I haf to go to de camp.' After he goes away I goes to de door und vatches for de soldiers vat vanted de bugle. I sees dem passing along de street, und I says, 'My frents, I have got de bugle,' and dey say, 'Vell, dam it, vy don't you blow it?' My g-r-racious, Herman, vat you dink? All dem soldiers belong to de same crowd, und dey make de trick to svindle me. Levi Cohen, across de street, he finds it out, und efery day he gets boys to blow horns in front of my store, so as to make me dink how I vas svindled. Herman, I dink you had better stay mit de store."—Joe C. Ahy in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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We have been considering this thing of loyalty to party. Loyalty is a grand and significant word. Loyalty to the good, the pure, and the right is a noble sentiment. Loyalty to crime, to the ignoble, the vulgar, and the criminal is abhorrent to every proud and honest mind. To be loyal to one's political party and to party leaders, is commendable—*is*, in truth, endurable—only when that party is organized and maintained for big and noble purposes, and its leaders are controlled by patriotic and honorable motives. Allegiance to an unworthy cause, and fidelity to the unconscionable knaves who by intrigue have made themselves representatives and leaders, are evidences of criminal complicity with the bad, and of cowardice in not daring to oppose it. There was a time when to be true and loyal to the Republican party demanded the exercise of highest courage and the possession of highest virtue. Loyalty to the party meant loyalty to the country, and its expression on the battle-field or at the ballot-box evidenced the highest patriotism. It was then a party of principle. Its leaders were men of high resolve. Its aims were patriotic. Its object was to preserve inviolable the union of States, to lift a race from slavery to freedom, to give free lands as a home for the heritage of a free people, to relieve speech and the press from the thralldom of fear, and to lift the conscience of the American people up from out the shadow of oppression. A national party, composed of such men, formed for such a purpose, whose history has been so grand in its accomplishments, may well have commanded the love and loyalty of all who love their country and love their fellow-men. This party has not yet fulfilled its mission, has not yet finished its task, and has not yet ended its career. The country that owes to it the preservation of its national life is but upon the threshold of its national existence. Its future bears with it the hopes or disappointments of the world's highest ideal of government. The race emancipated from slavery looks to it for protection and elevation to a higher place in the human family. The school-house has not yet escaped beyond the danger of sectarian assault. Conscience has not yet attained the impregnable position from which it may not be assailed. The Republican party has yet a noble mission that demands time for its fulfillment. It yet demands the loyal devotion of its best minds. It yet claims the service of its best men. The time has not yet come when those who love it can afford to become indifferent to it, or turn it over to the mere place-hunter and office-seeker, who would make merchandise of its traditions and trade upon its achievements. Men did not lay down their lives on the battle-field that party jackals

might feed upon the slain, or political plunderers loot the dead. Early party victories, hardly won, are not yet forgotten, nor ought the services of those who won them to be ignored, or the cowardice and treachery of the skulkers and traitors to be rewarded with all the fruits of those costly triumphs. Conspicuous for their early labors were the Republicans of California. Those early contests on this coast demanded great personal sacrifice, demanded physical and moral courage, demanded the best years of the best men who lived within our borders. Some of them have gone to their graves, and nearly every one of them unhonored by the party they served. Some linger still, to become the targets of insult if they would continue in the field of active politics. The kindest treatment the old Republicans may hope to receive at the hands of the new men who have taken their places is indifference and neglect. This applies not alone to ambitious leaders, but to the brave rank and file that came into the party in early days from principle. The patronage of office, that by all rules of honorable party conduct rightly belongs to the old Republican guard, is given to the party adventurer for services he may render the machine. The Republican party in California has fallen from its high estate. It has degenerated. It has no longer a high and honorable purpose to achieve. Its most influential and active leaders are men who make of politics a profession, who seek offices for the money that is in them, or because of the opportunity for plunder. Within the Republican party there has been organized a ring of professional politicians, who make of politics a money-getting industry. This we call the machine. It has its bosses and its gang of workers. It organizes office-seeking. Its headquarters are in San Francisco. It looks out for contracts. It has its look-outs for the game at Mare Island Navy Yard. It contracts for supplies of hospitals, asylums, and the House of Refuge. It is at the State prisons and all other public institutions. It is a street-sweeper in San Francisco. It steals offices and divides salaries. It has its friends among the police, and it runs the fire department, and demands percentages from appointees. It is the lobby in the Board of Supervisors. In that board, when opportunity offers, it forms a ring, every act of which it sells. It is the lobby at Sacramento. It blackmails corporations. Its headquarters are in a whisky saloon or hunko room. Its chiefs are men of brains. Its dupes are the men of small ambitions. Its deputies are always in subordinate positions. Its working forces are the thieves and criminal element. It bribes, coaxes, begs, and bullies. It is an organized political conspiracy to steal. One of its tricks is to put up a prominent, popular, and respectable man to lead the ticket, that it may make merchandise of the balance. It endeavors to choose for such leading candidate a man whom it can use, who will promise official appointments and patronage to the machine; or else some man of easy morals and further ambition, whom it can surround, and use, and influence. Such a thing is the San Francisco machine. Its instrument is Morris M. Estee. He was nominated by fraud, violence, and pollution of the primary hallot-box. He was nominated by men who were acting with the Democrats at the last municipal election in San Francisco. He is the nominee by count of fraudulent votes cast by Democrats. All this he knows. He met in Peter Hopkins's bar-room for weeks in advance of election day, and, in consultation with the machine, prearranged the plan to secure his nomination in defiance of the wishes of a majority of honest Republican voters. He went to Sacramento with a fraudulent delegation, through his friends Hayward, hydraulic miner; Hamilton Smith, a Democrat; John W. Shaeffer, a whisky agent, and the machine. By double-dealing, false promises, misrepresentations, and lies, he stole the nomination. And now come the questions: Is loyalty due to this man under the circumstances as we have faithfully narrated them? Is loyalty due to the machine and its hordes? Is it loyalty to the Republican party and to its principles to aid in thus prostituting a patriotic organization, and subordinating it to party thieves? Is it brave, manly, or honest to submit to such a disgraceful condition of things without an attempt to reform them? Is it not the best thing, under the circumstances, to let the machine, the whisky-ring, the gravel-sluciers, the court-house cliques, the office-holders, the office-seekers, the pimps, lovers, and bunko sharps, the shoulder-hitters, bullies, and blacklegs, and the candidates and their hired orators, make this campaign their own way, and see what comes of it? Republicans who have been true to the party in the past are happily relieved from the reproach of being called bolters. The *Chronicle*, which is the organ of the machine, will not regard "bolting" as a serious crime in memory of its own bucking career. Messrs. Higgins, Gannon, and Chute will recall their opposition to the election of John Sedgwick for Sheriff, and be silent. Governor Booth and Mr. Swift will review their political histories, and, in modesty, swing small. Mr. Estee will assuredly remember that loyalty to the Republican party has not been his most distinguishing virtue.

"Betsy and I are out." That is a very touching story told by Will Carleton, where the old couple, grown gray and prosperous together, after many years of wedded love, agreed

to a divorce over an unimportant misunderstanding. Injudicious friends made trouble between them; little faults grew to be considered great wrongs; but when the point of separation came, and the kindly old man would surrender everything, and go forth from their home, there came a throng of memories that made separation impossible. The Republican party and the railroad are "out." To one who has been a member of every Republican State Convention in California the resolutions of the last convention seem strange. To one who recalls the political history of the party, and the connection of Leland Stanford, E. B. and Charles Crocker, C. P. Huntington, and Mark Hopkins with it, its early struggles, and its history, it seems as though these gentlemen must have done something rarely wicked to deserve the strictures embodied in the resolutions and the personal denunciation they received from Mr. Estee, the candidate for Governor. We recall those early times when, to all of us upon this distant shore, the hope of a transcontinental railroad was only a dream of the over-sanguine; when our mails, our merchandise, and ourselves dared the perils of two oceans and a tropical isthmus, and when three weeks was a short voyage. We recall the sensation of an incoming steamer, as we saw the skeleton arms throw out their signal from Telegraph Hill. We remember when first the fleet-footed ponies brought us letters in eight days from the Eastern frontier. We remember when, in State Convention, we resolved to ask the Government to give us a wagon-road across the plains, and when we sent a monster petition with three hundred thousand signatures asking this boon from the Government. When the war broke out and Sumter was fired upon, we recall the intense anxiety for news, as it came by pony express. Then the Republican party in conventions asked a railroad as a reward for its loyalty, and that our State might be held within the union of States. During all those early conventions of the Republican party, next to the emancipation of the slaves and the preservation of the Union, a transcontinental railroad was the dominant idea. It was the local question that overshadowed all others. It remained the one leading idea in business, political, and social circles, till the little band of Republicans at Sacramento seized upon it for a practical realization. We recall the time when the corporation was formed. It seemed a desperate venture. It was ridiculed as impracticable, and the motives of its originators were questioned. Its stock went begging for subscribers. Banks and moneyed men gave it no encouragement. War existed, and the Government recognized it as a political expedient, to bind together its broad domain. It was aided as a war measure. It was demanded as a war necessity, for the transportation of troops. Its government aid came from a Republican Congress. Its State aid came from a Republican Legislature. It county aid, from San Francisco, Sacramento, and Placer—three Republican counties. It was a great national measure. It was one of those grand achievements of which the Republican party is, and has a right to be, justly proud. It has served a splendid purpose. It has given us transcontinental intercourse important to the United States Government, and it has worked with us a miracle of progress. It has proved for us a social revolution. Under the magic influence of this system of railroads, we have seen our city and our State spring into new life. Our port has become the receiving harbor of a splendid and growing commerce. Our city, then of one hundred thousand inhabitants, has now grown to three hundred thousand. Our municipal wealth is increased by hundreds of millions. Great wastes of rich valley lands, that lay untouched for two decades, that no one would purchase at one dollar and a quarter per acre, that no one would preempt or take as homestead gifts, have, under the magic influence of the railway, become the home of busy and prosperous populations. Farms, houses, villages, cities, and splendid colonies of industrious people have sprung into life. The great, rich, fruitful valleys of Los Angeles and San Bernardino, in all their semi-tropical wealth of fruit, that were nearly tenantless and languishing, are now leaping forward like young giants, strengthened with rich wines of their own full vintages. To Nevada, whither we toiled over mountain and *scoria* with the patient mule, we now ride in coaches of luxurious ease. Without the railroads there would have been no State of Nevada. Arizona was a *terra incognita*, a land of deserts, tarantulas, and Apaches. Desolation ruled its broad *mesa* lands. Death lurked in its mountain recesses. Its wealth was hidden and unapproachable. Access to it was across measureless deserts, and danger lurked behind every hush and rock. It is now an accessible and prosperous Territory, and will shortly put on the robes of sovereignty. We are in quick and not expensive communication with our Eastern homes. We are part of the great, splendid family of Republican States. We are prosperous. There is no other land on all God's broad footstool so prosperous, or where so many of His gifts are showered. We recall our isolation at the time when Governor Stanford turned with the silver spade the first shovelful of earth at Sacramento, the time when the representative men of America met to celebrate the marriage of the Atlantic and the Pacific, by the driving of the last golden spike, with ceremonies more imposing than those with which the Doge of

Venice wedded the Adriatic. Since the day when at Sacramento the first upturned sod kissed the sunlight, this work of railroad building has been pushed with unrelenting energy. A road now reaches almost to Oregon's border line. Far across the deserts of Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas the work has been pushed, and in a few days cards will issue inviting us to the wedding ceremony that unites our way to the Gulf of Mexico—a second transcontinental railroad, opening up to us the intercourse of Mexico and our own South, a direct line for grain and emigrants to Liverpool, Havre, Hamburg, and Genoa. Our northern road is now under contract, connecting our valleys with the rich valley of the Willamette, Sacramento with the Columbia, our State with the rich and splendid north. Another road is being pushed eastward from Mojave, to open up a third continental highway; another is to be built in the Salinas, another along our coast. It is in the midst of these projected works, while on all sides the railroad builders are opening up to us the interior of the continent, when money is coming from Europe to give employment to labor, and while California is on the very highway of prosperity, that there comes up from all sides the hoarse cry of the demagogue, and the clamor of the politician, against the men who are doing these things. It comes from the Republican party, and from Republicans who are attempting to out-howl the Democracy in their denunciation of their own party friends and of a railroad system that is republican in its first suggestion and in its ultimate achievement.

It must not be considered strange that the recollections of an occasional Republican of the olden period restrain him from joining in this clamorous denunciation of old and honored Republicans, because they have achieved a Republican measure, and one that has done more good for California than anything that has ever been attempted in her behalf. We should be less willing to attempt to silence this noisy emptiness, or to resist this current of prejudices, if we believed that the railroad corporations had seriously abused the power attained by them. We do not believe that there are five men in California who would have administered their trust more generously, or exercised their power less tyrannically. That there have been perpetrated wrongs and exactions, that mistakes and oppressions have resulted from railroad management, no one doubts. That these wrongs have been remedied and unjust discriminations removed, when attention has been called to them, we have the authority of a hundred merchants to assert. That there is any system of business that is to disastrously affect the general prosperity of California, we do not believe; because it is for the interest of this corporation that California and San Francisco merchants and people should prosper. Their prosperity is our prosperity; their wealth our wealth; their progress is impossible, except as general progress keeps fully abreast with them. That the contract system is illegal and oppressive, and is enforced upon the mercantile community against its will and in injury to its business, we can not admit without attributing to our merchants a cowardice and subservience that is, in our opinion, no part of their character. These merchants are here at the very gate of the world's great ocean-highway. Their aggregate wealth out-values ten-fold all the railroad millions. Their brains, their courage, their conscience, and their self-interest would revolt against any commercial slavery that should be imposed upon them. We hear no complaints from their Board of Trade, their Chamber of Commerce, their Corn or Stock Exchange. We read no complaint in the leading commercial journals. We hear a querulous outcry from a hurt iron dealer, and a plaintive wail from a whisky trafficker, at unjust charges. We hear no complaints from the Panama steamship line; none from Governor Perkins, and the coast lines; none from the great grain-buyers and warehouse men, or from men engaged in large transportation interests; none from the great grain-growers and landed proprietors; none from those parts of the State which have become prosperous through railroad facilities; none from those other parts of the State now destitute of railroad accommodations, and petitioning therefor; none from the general traveling public; and none from the real estate and property circles of San Francisco. There has not been a prominent business man who has made open issue with the railroad people upon whose sore spot we can not put our finger. The Sacramento Union quarreled over the railroad job-printing. The unfriendly feeling between the railroad and Booth & Co. occurred, as we have been informed, over business misunderstandings; Cohen's was over coal; Gorham and Carr, not till after they were dismissed from corporation employ; Haggis, not till he was denied discriminations in his Kern County business; John Doyle, not till he had revised a friendly report at the dictation of party interests, and was turned out of office therefor; Judge North, not till the company refused to sell him lands cheaper than to his neighbors; Harrison, over an excessive charge for bringing Milwaukee beer; Gihbs, over iron freights; Tom Fitch, for aid withheld to build a road from Benson to Tomhstone; and so on to the end of a long chapter. Take from the railroad's enemies those with whom its business

has brought them into unpleasant personal collision; those to whom it has denied favors solicited; those whom it has had no opportunity to reward for favors rendered; those lawyers whom it has not hired; those politicians whom it has not employed; those journals whom it has refused to subsidize; those blackmailers for whom it has found no use around legislatures, supervisors, courts, and hallot-hoxes, and the railroad companies would be as fairly popular as anybody could be when doing their business, wielding their powers, and holding their patronage of employment. When we consider these things, and contemplate the personal character and the motives of the prominent anti-railroad men, who figure in conventions and air their grievances in the press and on the stump, we are amazed that so few men, and such small men, can raise so great a din. We are amazed that such men as sat in the recent Sacramento Convention allowed demagoguery and empty declaration to so overawe and subdue them that they assented to a platform of resolutions that is altogether indefensible. With the small politicians and impecunious demagogues, who are blowing their fish-horns around the walls of the railroad Jericho, we have but scant sympathy. With the oratorical denunciation of those old Republicans by this new generation of office-seeking and place-hunting adventurers, we have but little in common. When the business men of the State shall give utterance to their complaints; when hoards of trade, chambers of commerce, mechanics' institutes, agricultural associations, and men of wealth and property, shall give voice to their accusations of unfair treatment, or whenever it shall appear that injustice is being done to any class for which there is not an adequate remedy at law, the *Argonaut* will become the volunteer organ and the unbought champion of their rights. Our readers will, we pray, excuse us from thinking that the San Francisco ward politicians, the duplex political machine, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, Mr. Estee, W. W. Foote, Tom Fitch, "Charley" Sumner, and the loud-mouthed and hlatant stump orators, can convince us that it was wise or politic for the Republican party to pass the railroad resolutions embraced in its platform, or that this class of propertyless politicians express public opinion in reference to the railroad system and its management in California.

What possible hope of success can there be for the Republican party under the present conditions? Let us pass the long plottings before the primaries in San Francisco. Let us pass that disgraceful day when Republicans were dragged from the polls and beaten, that Democrats might take their places with false certificates of registry, and come down to the convention. It was composed, taken as a whole, of as intelligent and honorable a body of gentlemen as was ever gathered in State Convention. They were honest men, who came together for an honest purpose. They were Americans—temperance men and farmers. They favored the Sunday law, and on the Sabbath would have the saloons closed. They favor the law, and would not be willing that the gravel miner should sluice his débris over home, orchard, and farm. They were not enemies of the railroads, and would not willingly see injustice done them. And yet by arts and intrigues known only to the politician, these delegates from the country brought away from that convention no single declaration of principle, and gained no point—had, in fact, no say. They were played; played by Hamilton Smith, a Democrat; played by Alvinza Hayward, a stock sharp; played by the League of Freedom, by the machine, by Dick Chute, and Drury Melone. And now—well, what now? Nobody is satisfied. Nobody ever is satisfied at the result of intrigue and duplicity. Success is not success that comes from lies and misrepresentations. Neither Estee, nor Estee's friends, nor any single candidate, nor any candidate's friend is content with the present condition of affairs. The eight anti-slickens counties are discontented, and will take action. The rum people are not satisfied, and will organize against the Republican ticket. The railroad company is driven out of the Republican party; the convention, by its resolutions, and Estee by his speech, have made it impossible that it should give either money aid or voting support to the Republican party. The temperance people are outraged, and will call another convention. The Christian community believes that Estee has agreed to veto any practical legislation that will interfere with the Sunday traffic in alcohol. There is apathy, discontent, discouragement, and demoralization throughout the whole Republican party. The Republican press is cold and apathetic. Republican orators, except hirelings and candidates, are refusing to campaign, and it is said that the liquor interests and League of Freedom are refusing to advance funds. It looks very much as though the Republican party of California had met a Waterloo. Neither night nor Blucher can save it if the present feeling continues.

The Chinese question is not, as yet, definitely settled. It is, as yet, an experiment. For the first time within the history of modern civilization a nation has undertaken to exclude by legislation the immigration to its country of the people of another nationality. It is a new departure, and for the United States of America it is a departure in contra-

vention of a principle that underlies our traditions. We have undertaken in the interest of our own labor class to declare that laborers from China shall not be permitted to come among us as laborers. At the same time we have reserved to the scholars, the travelers, the merchants, and indeed to all classes of Chinese except the common laborers, the same right of immigration and the same freedom of intercourse that we accord to the citizens of all other countries. Our Pacific Coast was the first to feel the evils of unlimited invasion of Chinese laborers. The law of Congress prohibiting this invasion was a concession to our demands. It was on the part of the Eastern law-makers a graceful and generous concession. It has been acquiesced in by an intelligent Eastern public opinion. Statesmen, legislators, and thinkers are everywhere watching the operations of this law with intelligent interest. These reflections are preliminary to the suggestion that the success of this experiment, and the continuation of this law will depend largely upon its interpretation by the courts, the conduct of its advocates, and the commercial, transportation, and business interests affected by it. If it shall be so narrowly interpreted and so harshly enforced as to work injury to trade and hardship to individuals other than the working class, it will deserve to be modified or repealed. The effort of injudicious friends or over-zealous demagogues to harass and annoy merchants or travelers will result in its abrogation. To prevent the Chinese sailor shipping at an American port from being returned to and discharged in the port of his shipment; to deny to a European traveler the passage through the country of his servant; to refuse laborers from Cuba a passage across our continent to their homes in China; to refuse a Chinese railroad passenger from San Francisco to New York the right to pass through Canada; to be over-zealous in investigating the occupation of individual Chinese travelers from Australia or elsewhere when they come to our shores, and to annoy and harass Chinese by small and vexatious hindrances, is not wise, nor generous, nor politic. It has so far been fortunate for us that the adjudication of these questions has fallen to Judges Field, Sawyer, and Hoffman, and not to the politically elected members of our State judiciary. It is unfortunate that there exists an official class that has in it some under-headed idiots, who think to emphasize their personal importance by placing absurd restrictions upon the landing of Chinese. It is unfortunate that the Irish will not dishand their leagues of deliverance, and mind their own business. It is unfortunate that certain newspapers will pander to this narrow and bigoted prejudice. It is unfortunate that any one should not allow this law to have a legal and generous interpretation, in order that our coast may continue to enjoy practical immunity from the invasion of Chinese laborers.

There may be among our readers those who would have preferred another Congressional nominee than the Hon. Paul Neumann. Mr. Neumann is, however, the nominee. He is an able lawyer. He is an accomplished scholar. He is a respectable citizen. He was fairly nominated. He will, if elected, be no man's man. He will not discredit his position in the House of Representatives, and he will prove more than the equal of average members in learning, industry, and legislative experience. He has been most shamefully, and we believe falsely, assaulted. He prints in another column his defense. He substantiates it by proof. If there is any Republican who has been influenced by the whispered malice of his accusers, it is their duty to read this defense. It is our opinion that such attacks always help a man with those who in their actions allow generous emotions to have influence over them. We hope Paul Neumann may be elected.

When so good a man as Mr. Pickering gets wrong, and allows the *Call* to get on the unpopular side of a question, we know that he has been imposed upon by artful and designing persons. If the good Mr. Pickering will impose upon himself the burden of reading his own most excellent journal, and will give careful persual to the detailed account of the last primary election, he will deeply reproach himself for advising the County Committee to allow the same scenes to be enacted. In the most friendly spirit we take the liberty of informing Mr. Pickering that the sixteen members of the County Committee who compose the majority are anti-machine, and the six minority belong to Mr. Higgins and his associates, and that we who are posted designate Mr. Higgins and his "pals" as the "machine."

A paragraph in last week's *Argonaut* was so carelessly phrased that it may be interpreted to imply the charge of intemperance against Mr. S. D. Waterman, the Republican candidate for Superintendent of Schools. Nothing was farther from our intention. Nothing would be more unjust, if we had intended it. Mr. Waterman is not only entirely free from the intemperate habit, but is qualified in all respects for the office. In point of learning, experience, mental and moral training, deportment, and industry, he will adorn the position, if elected—as we hope he may be—to discharge its duties.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Cardinal Newman was a skillful violin-player in his earlier years, and even now, when he is more than eighty years old, he sometimes draws the bow.

A rumor comes from across the water that Robert Browning, the distinguished poet, is about to marry an American lady of wealth and position.

Mount Stuart, the new palace of the Marquis of Bute, which will cost at least one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is to be ready for habitation next summer.

Baron Wilhelm Rothschild, of Frankfurt, returned his last year's income at \$1,192,000, while his brother, Baron Meyer Carl, confessed to \$1,140,000. The amount of their income tax exceeded \$70,000.

Cardinal Howard when he comes to London makes it a point to visit his old regiment, the Second Life Guards. There is not, however, a single officer now in the corps who was a comrade of his eminence.

The King of Holland sometimes walks all night in the populous parts of the Hague. When he reaches home, he personally supervises the frying of his potatoes, which he takes with several glasses of beer.

A brother of President Garfield has lived for many years in Northern Michigan on a small and sterile farm. The Grand Haven papers say that he is now building a fine house and barn with money given him by Mrs. Garfield.

Somebody who lately saw Charles Reade describes him as tall, slender, and wearing glasses. His hair is gray, and sparse on top of his head. He has a short, full beard, which is also gray; a face that is pleasant in conversation, but stern in repose, and a general air of determination and strong will.

Lovers of tobacco have found an apostle in Prince Charles, the brother of the Emperor William of Germany, who consumes from a dozen and a half to two dozen strong Havanas daily, and is eighty-one years old. Smoking has been his inveterate habit from early manhood. He reads without glasses, and often joins in the hunt, besides doing his professional work of military supervision.

Gilbert, of "Pinafore" fame, wanted to become a sure-enough yachtsman, like Lester Wallack. His Royal Highness, Duke of Edinburgh, Knight of the Garter, who is also rear-admiral of the Royal Yacht Club at Cowes, not to mention that he plays the fiddle wittingly, proposed the composer. The Marquis of Londonderry seconded the nomination. Notwithstanding a royal duke and a marquis, the club buried Mr. Gilbert in blackbills.

When Sir Reginald Graham took possession of his ancestral estate at Norton Conyers, near Ripon, England, re-acquired after an alienation of twenty-eight years, he was received with almost royal honors. Triumphal arches were erected at the entrance to the park, and the village bells of Wath rang merry peals. The oldest tenant on the estate presented an address of congratulation, and a number of the tenants drew the carriage containing Sir Reginald and Lady Graham from the park gates to the house.

Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, cares nothing for splendor. He rides in an ordinary black coach, usually drawn by six mules, and followed by twelve cavalrines, mostly negroes, whose discipline is not too strict to permit them to smoke cigarettes while escorting his majesty. The coachman and footmen are shabby in worn suits and silver lace. The emperor wears the plainest of black clothes, and is very courteous to all who approach him. He has aged rapidly since his visit to the United States six years ago.

Prince Louis of Battenburg, who is with the Duke of Connaught, in Egypt, was some years ago in Canada, and on one occasion, a holiday intervening, it became impossible to get the cards of invitation for a ball on board the flagship printed. Prince Louis found the proprietor of one of the printing offices, went to the case, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and set up the card, afterward printing it. In accordance with a good German custom, he had been regularly instructed in the art, trade, and mystery of a printer.

Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, evidently does not care to spend money merely for the sake of spending, and he gave the rapacious Bonifaces of Bayreuth a good lesson when he went there to attend the performance of "Parsifal." The hotel-keepers had laid themselves out to bleed every visitor mercilessly, in a Niagara-Falls-hackman sort of a way, and they especially expected to fatten on the plethoric purse of Rothschild. But lo! he came in his own private railway car, attended by servants and a cook. The car was shunted on to a siding, provisions "in the rough" were brought by express, and prepared, and cooked, and eaten in the car. And there the millionaire baron dined and lodged during his stay in Bayreuth, and smiled with pitying disdain upon the baffled pirates of the inns.

A sharp disciplinarian is General Gallifet. While directing the manoeuvres of the French army on review at Chalons recently he noticed some error in the movements of a dragoon parade under the command of General Clermont-Tonnerre, one of the oldest officers in the service. Quickly he directed the latter to repeat the movement. The veteran complied, after consulting with members of his staff, and all through the evolution constantly received suggestions from them. At last, "Retire, gentlemen," cried Gallifet, "you annoy the general." "No," said the other, "they assist me. I do not understand these manoeuvres, and have asked these gentlemen to refresh my memory, so that I may not seem ignorant before the troops." "You don't understand the drill?" cried Gallifet, pale with emotion. "How can you expect it?" was the response; "I am in garrison with two small squadrons, and a miserably insufficient drill-ground. But I can learn the drill in eight days." "In eight days," said Gallifet; "it will be too late. I am obliged to ask you to resign. Place your command in the hands of the oldest of your colonels."

Marshal MacMahon's eldest son, Lieutenant Patrick, emulates the heroes of Lever's novels. He is at Falaise with his regiment, and the soul of all the garrison sports. Some weeks since he was victor in a steeple-chase, at which, as a handicap, three breakneck leaps were imposed on him only. Lieutenant MacMahon is no gambler, but is fond of winning eccentric bets. A few weeks ago a military chum laid a small wager that Mac would not smash, in the broad daylight, a convent window with a bad egg. The sacrilegious nature of the prank staggered him, nevertheless he resolved to win the bet. He was to fling the egg as he was riding by the convent with some brother officers. When the foul missile went through the pane, Lieutenant Patrick dismounted, rang the convent bell, asked to see the reverend mother, told her what he had done, and begged her to inflict a penance. She refusing, he took his watch and chain, and a ring that was on his finger, and asked her if she would allow him to dedicate them to the poor, whom she habitually relieved. As she could not reject a gift offered to her in trust for them, she accepted the atonement. The ring was of considerable value.

Verdi possesses a handsome and extensive estate in the vicinity of Parma, that he has named the Villa Agata, after his first wife. He there passes the summer months. In winter he occupies a wing of the magnificent palace of the Dorias at Genoa. The present representative of this ancient house is one of Verdi's most fervent admirers, and is rendered happy by the composer's acceptance of his hospitality. The palace is surrounded by a lofty gilded paling. This passed, a splendid garden is entered that extends to the shore of the blue sea. From a lofty terrace an enchanting view of the surrounding country is obtained. A gravel path leads through shrubbery to a high door of glass, that opens into the composer's palatial suite. The veneration with which he is treated is shown by the numerous floral designs that are here to be seen bearing the letters that form his name. Every day these are made fresh. A choice picture gallery, a well-selected library, musical instruments, and costly gifts from Egyptian nobles, presented at the first performance of "Aida," adorn these rooms. There is a rare Cairo larva, a present from the Khedive, and rugs and costly tapestries cover floor and wall. The composer possesses one of the choicest luxuries that any private citizen can call his own.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Confessional.

[SPAIN.]

It is a lie—their Priests, their Pope,
Their Saints, their . . . all they fear or
hope
Are lies, and lies—there! thro' my door
And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,
There, lies they lie, shall still be hurled
Till spite of them I reach the world!
You think Priests just and holy men!
Before they put me in this den
I was a human creature, too,
With flesh and blood like one of you—
A girl that laughed in beauty's pride
Like lilies in the world outside.
I had a lover—ah, my love!
This poor wretched body, grim and
gaunt,
Was kissed all over till it burned,
By lips the truest love e'er turned
His heart's own tint: one night they
kissed
My soul out in a burning mist.
So, next day, when the accustomed
train
Of things grew round my sense again,
That is a sin," I said; and I go,
With downcast eyes to church I go,
And pass to the confessional,
And tell the old maid father there.
But when I falter Father's name,
"Ha!" quoth the father; "much I
blame
The sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?
Despair not—strenuously retrieve!
Nay, I will turn this love of thine
To lawful love, almost divine."
"For he is young, and led astray,
This Beltran, and his schemes, men say,
To change the laws of church and state.
So, thine shall be an angel's fate,
Who, ere the thunder breaks, should
roll
Its cloud away and save his soul."
"For, when he lies upon thy breast,
Thou mayst demand and be possessed
Of all his plans, and next day steal
To me, and all those plans reveal."

The Immolation of Constance de Beverly.

A den which, chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was called the Vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light
But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle
Some vague tradition go,
Few e'er, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay; and still more few
Were those who had from him the clue
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low, dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls
sprung;
The grave-stones rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half worn,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinkling splash, upon the stone;
A cry, sent in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear do-
main,
With damp and darkness seemed to
strive
As if it scarce might keep alive.
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful convulsed bed below.
There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three;
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay:
In long black robes, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown
By the pale crescent's ray;
Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a pale'st cheek belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not
hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
The Lord Marmon's secret crest.
But at the Priores' command,
A monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread
Two ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverly they knew,
Sister professed of Fontevraud,
Whom the church numbered with the
dead,
For broken vows and convent fled.
When thus her face was laid to view,
Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistening fair.
Her look composed and steady eye
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight to eye and head
And of her bosom warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there,
So still she was, so pale, so fair.
Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed,
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, seared and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;
One whose brute feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his daily bread, bite desires.
Such tools the tempter ever needs
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no visioned terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied specters haunt;
One fear with them, of all most base—
The fear of death—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in rock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to mourn and
howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the
lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.
Yet well the luckless wretch might
shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there was seen, in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall.
Who enters at several doors
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid
Of roots, of water, and of bread;
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless,
Who, holding high and black torch,
Sho'—ne'er grim entrance of the porch;
Rejecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam;

That I and every priest, to purge
His soul, may fast and use the scourge."
That father's beard was long and white,
With love and truth his brow seemed
bright
I went back, all on fire with joy,
And, that same evening, bade the boy
Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,
Something to prove his love of me.
He told me what he would not tell
For hope of Heaven or fear of Hell;
And I lay listening in such pride,
And, soon as he had left my side,
Tripped to the church by morning light
To save his soul in his despite.
I told the father all his schemes,
Who were his comrades, what their
dreams;
"And now make haste," I said, "to
The one spot from his soul away.
To-night he comes, but not the same
Will look!" At night he never came.
Nor next night. On the after-morn
I went forth with a strength new-born.
The church was empty. Something
drew
My steps into the street. I knew
It led me to the market-place—
Where, lo!—on high—the father's face!
That horrible black scaffold dress—
The stepped black . . . God sink the
vest
That head strapped back, that blinding
vest,
Those knotted hands and naked breast,
Till near one busy hangman pressed—
And—on the neck these arms caressed—
No part in aught they hope or fear!
No Heaven with them, no Hell—and
bere
No Earth, not so much space as pens
My body in their worst of dens
But shall bear God and Man my cry—
Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie!
—Robert Browning.

Hewn stones and cement were dis-
played
And building tools in order laid.
And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter's doom
On those the wall was to inclose
A live within the tomb;
But stopped, because that woeful maid,
Gathering her powers to speak: "I
speak not to improve your grace;
Well know I for one minute's space
Successful might I sue.
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain
To cleanse my sins be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.
I listened to a traitor's tale,
I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bowed my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to his slave,
All here and all beyond the grave.
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.
"Is any tale so true as penance vain?"
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betrayed for gold.
That loved, or was avenged like me,
And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmon.
Had fortune my last hope betrayed,
This packet, to the king conveyed,
Had given him to the headsman's
stroke.
Although my heart that instant broke—
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but death who comes at last.
Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye bloody slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmon's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the eraser bends,
The ire of a despotic king,
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and
deep,
Burst open to the sea-wind's sweep.
Some traveler then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be."
Fixed was her look, and stern her air,
Back from her shoulders streamed her
hair;
The least that woe her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seemed to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy;
Appalled the astonished convalescent
sate;
With stupid eyes the men of fate
Gazed on the light, inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm.
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:
"Sister, let thy sorrow cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!
An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But ere they breathe the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan;
With speed that part in peace they take
(Such speed as age and fear can make),
And crossed themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on;
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone
They seemed to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Workworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told;
The Bamfborough peasant raised his
head
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind.
Then coughed himself beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.
—Sir Walter Scott.

LITERARY NOTES.

"A Manual of Elocution and Reading" is a volume of collected extracts from well-known authors, together with a treatise on the principles and practices of elocution. It is prepared by Edward Brooks, of Pennsylvania, and seems intended to serve as a sort of advance reader for school use. Published by Eldridge & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

Mr. William Mallock is at least interesting and readable, if he is not infrequently untrustworthy and inartistic. His latest hobby is a defense of conservatism. Although it is more fitted for England and the other effete European monarchies, yet it treats of a question which is becoming more and more important every day in this country. Under the title of "Social Equality, a Short Study in a Missing Science," the author endeavors to show that the great builder-up of human society has ever been a desire in the individual to attain social distinction. Without this factor of civilization, society would have no security. The hope of progress which this condition of affairs gives to the poor man is one of its main benefits; the security which it warrants to the man who has attained wealth is a secondary, although important, consideration. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

"Hints and Remedies for the Treatment of Common Accidents and Diseases" is a little book which stands at the head of all similar productions. Since Dr. Turner first compiled its contents it has undergone numerous changes, and passed through many editions. Not long ago twenty eminent London physicians, representatives of the different hospitals, undertook its revision and enlargement. The result is that this work has now become the standard work for home and ship use, or in cases where a physician can not be procured at once. The volume is accompanied by a chapter on the rules of "Simple Hygiene," which it would be well for every one to read. The portion of the volume which treats of the care and preservation of the teeth, also a method of curing toothache, will prove highly interesting to the average household. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, in paper, 25 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.

The public's desire for cheap literature in the form of the "Seaside" and "Franklin Square" publications has induced an Eastern publisher to try the experiment of issuing the best foreign works in a cheap, but more convenient form. He has chosen a volume duodecimo in size, and printed in large type, with thick paper covers. They are convenient, and possess in no degree the attributes or appearance of the old yellow-covered novels. They are issued weekly. "The Tricks of the Greeks Unveiled" is by Robert Houdin, the great French conjurer, who was unequalled by any of his contemporaries. It describes in an entertaining manner the methods by which gamblers and sharpers win at cards, their various tricks at shuffling, and their methods in marking cards. "L'Abbé Constantin," by Ludovic Halévy, is another translation of this clever novel. "Freckles" is a new story, by Rebecca F. Redcliff. "They were Married," by Besant and Rice, has already appeared in Harper's series. Published by J. W. Lovell & Co., 14 and 16 Vesey Street, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price of the first three, 20 cents each; of the fourth, 10 cents.

Announcements: Henri Dupin, the oldest of French authors and dramatists living, has just published a book under the title, "La Vieillesse de Mazarin." It is filled with interesting anecdotes, and is written with a vigor scarcely to be looked for in a man of his age—he is ninety-five. Mr. Frank R. Stockton has gone to Europe. He will spend a few weeks in London, and go thence to Paris, where he expects to remain until cold weather sets in. It is his intention to spend the winter in Italy, or the south of France. The result of this journey—which will give Mr. Stockton his first view of the Old World—will be seen in a new series of "Rudder Grange" papers in the *Century*. On the first of September, Estes & Lauriat will issue "The Young Folks' History of London," by W. H. Rideing. "Soliloquies in Song" is the title of a volume of poems, by Mr. Alfred Austin, which Macmillan & Co. will publish in the fall. Mr. George Saintsbury's "Short History of French Literature" will be published this September. The *Academy* says that the author aims at presenting a "complete but succinct history, with full biographical and historical details of the whole course of French literature, compiled from an examination of that literature itself."—Louis IX., "the Pious," appears as one of the youthful characters in a novel for young people, which Mr. Frank R. Stockton has left behind for publication in *St. Nicholas*. The serial will probably be begun in the November number. Alexander H. Stephens has compiled his history of the United States. The final proof-sheets are revised and returned to the printer. It is a complete history of this country down to the time of Senator Hill's death. A new serial by Mr. W. D. Howells will be begun in the February *Century*. It is called "A Sea Change," and is an international tale, the scene being laid in this country. Among other subjects treated is the problem of self-help among women, with certain tragic phases of New England life. "It might be noticed in this connection," says the *Critic*, "that the most of Mr. Howells's titles are taken from Shakespeare." Give us some examples. "Hands of Justice" is the striking title of a new serial story by F. W. Robinson, which is shortly to appear in *Harper's Weekly*. The latest "birthday-book" is one compiled from the speeches and letters of John Bright.

Miscellany: Mr. Browning is taking a holiday in the south of France. The manuscript works of the physician Galen, which were supposed to be lost, have been discovered in Salonica by a Monsieur Pageorgies. They date from the fifteenth century, and appear to have originally formed two hundred and forty-eight sheets—one hundred and forty-four are in good condition, twenty-four are mutilated or worm-eaten, and eighty are missing. The October *Harper* will contain "Passages from the Journal of a Total Wreck," written by a young lady well known in New York society, and founded on the *World's* employment bureau circular, which is advertised as furnishing dancing young men for parties and receptions. The sale of Miss Woolson's "Anne" has been extraordinary. Nine editions have been exhausted, and the presses are now at work upon another. Peter the Great, of Russia, is made out a wilder barbarian than he is generally supposed to have been by some documents which Professor Kovalevsky has recently discovered among the Spanish State papers. These are reports of the Spanish ambassador concerning Peter's reception at the English court. At the Escurial the professor also found some reports from Spaniards who were in England with Philip during Bloody Mary's reign, describing the bitter feeling of the English against the Spanish alliance, and declaring how short a time Philip's influence would last. The *Wide-Awake Magazine* for September contains, among other articles, an illustrated story, "The Castle of the Winds," by Mrs. Champney; the seventh number of Arthur Gilman's "Stories from the Dictionary," and another of Ezekiel Butterworth's delightful "Music Biographies."—*Babyland* for September is also out, and contains several charming little stories and poems for the smaller children. Published by D. Lothrop, Boston; for sale by J. H. Dorey, 527 Commercial Street. Miss Virginia Johnson's "English Daisy Miller" is said to have been founded on fact, that lady having met during her travels abroad a young English girl whose manners she exactly reproduced. The dénouement was an actual occurrence. A perfect copy of the third edition of Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim" (date 1612) has lately been discovered in England. "A Reverend Idol" has captured the market as well as the critics. It has gone into its seventh edition. It has lately been suggested that the author of "An Earnest Trifler" is also the author of "Democracy." A memorial tablet in recognition of the late Colonel Chester's services as editor and annotator of the "Westminster Abbey Register" is to be placed in the Abbey immediately. Professor Max Müller is about to publish a volume containing the lectures which he lately delivered at Cambridge. Monsieur Arsène Houssaye's recollections, furnishing a complete history of literary and artistic activity in France during the last thirty years, will shortly be published in Paris.

THE INNER MAN.

Warsaw society is still excited over an exhibition of fantastic extravagance with which a number of Russian officers have recently entertained themselves. Adjutant-General Count Pillar and Prince Mijan-owicz, of the Hussars, conceived the idea of a Roman banquet in the style of Lucullus, and twenty-six other officers united in the novel diversion. The banquet hall was filled with roses and perfumed with all the odors of Arabia, and the feasters arrayed themselves in Roman togas, and wore garlands of roses on their heads. Swallows' nests from India, wild African pigeons, and a ragout of nightingales were among the costly viands with which they were served. The banquet lasted eight hours, and cost twenty-one thousand dollars, or seven hundred and fifty dollars apiece. This gastronomical extravagance has provoked bitter criticism in Warsaw, where it is denounced as a wicked imitation of the wanton luxury which preceded the fall of the Roman Empire, and where it has, at least, done nothing to make more agreeable the relations existing between the Polish population and the Russian garrison.

The New York *Hotel Mail* says: "I see that at one of the up-town hotels they serve cheese with the lettuce, which is the English, and by many people regarded as the proper style. But when I see men eat a huge bit of our American cheese in connection with a slice of pie, I expect to hear some one cry out: 'Time's up! All aboard!' Cheese with pie is more than proper—it is necessary. Cheese with lettuce, English or not, is acceptable—that is all. As for American cheese, the *Mail* of course knows that large quantities of it are eaten in England. I have had it in some of the best clubs. There is nothing exclusively English any more. I was promised one day, when about to dine *en famille* with an English gentleman, a real old-fashioned English plum-pudding. When it came to the table it was a little round affair, hardly bigger than and about the size of a croquette. It had come from America in a tin box. They thought it a joke. I knew it for a compliment. It was very appetizing with its fiery sauce, but I marvelled if there was a single English dish upon which we Americans were not giving them points.

Hippocrates (450 B. C.) states that the mode of preparing cheese from milk was discovered by the Scythians at a very early date, and was used by them, and also among the pastoral natives of Canaan and Asia Minor, as a common article of food. Virgil describes cheese as the common feed of the Roman shepherds. Jesse sent ten cheeses by the hand of David to the captain of the thousand in which the brethren of the latter served, (1 Samuel xvii, 18.) And "cheese of kine" were brought to David at Mahanaim, (2 Samuel xvii, 29.) Job complains in his anguish of his distemper: "Hast thou not poured me out like milk and curdled me like cheese?" Among the Romans it was a practice to flavor cheese with thyme and other sweet herbs, and the custom was continued during the Middle Ages. In Cheshire, Massachusetts, was made the famous mammoth cheese which was presented to President Jefferson, January 1, 1802. On a given day the dairy women sent their curds to one place. The quantity was too great to be pressed even in a cider mill, so that in addition to the intended present three additional cheeses were made, weighing seventy pounds each. The mammoth cheese weighed one thousand four hundred and fifty pounds. Mr. Jefferson sent back a piece of this to the inhabitants, to satisfy them of its excellence; and he also sent pieces of it, so it is said, to the Governors of the several States.

Briffault, the French gourmet, invented the most honorable Companionship of the Bell. The candidates for admission were taught how to swallow down champagne. One of the glass bells which are generally placed over cheese was filled to the brim with champagne, and the candidate had to drink it off at a draught, under pain of all kinds of fines. Briffault was a rare specimen of a gastronomist. He told a colleague, who said that two could sit down comfortably to a fowl, that he agreed with him, but that he thought he and the fowl were quite company enough to form the *duo*. Bequet was one of the shining lights of the Companions of the Bell. He drank deeply, and on the evening of the death of a very near relative, a friend found him discussing a partridge and some champagne. His visitor expressed surprise at seeing him in a public place on the evening of his uncle's death. "Ah, you know, my dear fellow," said Bequet, "what more can I do? You know that champagne is mourning." His last illness, described by his friends, was tortured by incessant thirst. He was craving for drink the whole time, and it is said that in one of his paroxysms of thirst he drank down the contents of the glass in which his night-light had been burning. Barthe, the friend of Brillat-Savarin, was punished for his love of good cheer with an affection of the stomach which made his life one of martyrdom. This malady did not cure his gourmandism, but rather increased it. One day he was invited to be present at a grand dinner at the Hotel de Lauraguais. The hour mentioned was four o'clock, but he was there at three o'clock, and before going up to pay his respects to his host, he went down into the kitchen to interview the *chef*, to whom he said: "You know I have been dieted by my doctors, and I must warn you to put no salt in your soup." Without waiting for a reply, he turned on his heel and walked off. At four o'clock precisely dinner was served. Barthe took his seat, and began his soup, but, horrible to relate, it had been more than usually salted. Pale with rage, he rose from his seat, withdrew discreetly, and taking his hat in his hand, went down to the kitchen, where he slapped the *chef* on either side of his face, and went off to dine with the Duc de Choiseul.

CCXLVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, September 17.
Ox-tail Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Broiled Chicken.
Potato Croquettes. Summer Squash.
Escalloped Onions.
Roast Beef.
Tomatoes, Spanish Dressing.
Frozen Peaches and Cream. Sponge Cake.
Pears, Nectarines, Plums, Gages, Figs, Peaches, Apples, and Grapes.

ESCALLOPED ONIONS.—Boil till tender six large onions. Take them up, drain, and separate them; put a layer of bread or cracker-crumbs in a pudding-dish, then a layer of onions alternately, until the dish is full. Season with pepper and salt, add a little butter, moisten with milk, and brown half an hour in the oven.

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References—**Dr. L. C. Lane, San Francisco,**
Dr. G. A. Shurtler, Stockton,
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The undersigned having sold his lease to the **CHAMBERLAIN TRACT**, in the Suisun Marshes, together with his ark, boats, etc., to a private club of gentlemen, who will hereafter strictly preserve all the premises for their own shooting only, hereby notifies his former patrons, and all persons who have been in the habit of visiting **TEAL STATION**, that it will be **IMPOSSIBLE** to accommodate them, or in any way afford them shooting facilities there, and they are therefore respectfully requested not to stop at that station.

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DRAMA.

"One touch of nater makes the whole world kin," quotes old Jarvis in the play, and the house rises to the the quotation, *malgre* that it doesn't fit so very appositely when one comes to think of it—for, after all, what is the touch of "nater" in the situation? An escaping convict, presumably with his red hand raised against his fellows, is perishing on the road for want of food. Reading of it in the newspaper, sitting calmly by the breakfast fire, one would not be apt to recognize the high moral duty of extending help to such a one, and would cry, "Give him up to the authorities; restore him to the jail, where he belongs." But old Jarvis having made his little quotation, points it by bringing out the brandy-flask. Perhaps the touch of nature is in the flask, for the every appearance of that portable article is hailed with the wildest manifestations of delight when it first appears between the curtains of the showman's van, again when the tender-hearted policeman extends its aid to Harold's starving wife, and later when the officer of the law fortifies himself against the chill night air with a vivifying pocket-pistol. It is these touches of nature which the skillful playwright seeks, and the literary playwright looks on with amazement, and wonders at the curious fancy of the public which is caught with a little every-day trick like this, but is ennuied with polished, rounded text, keeping company with situations with never a thrill in them. The real basis of every melodrama is the persecution of the weak, and it is human nature to give sympathy to the under dog in the fight—unless one be the upper dog. As a matter of fact, there has never been but one great melodrama written. In all others there is something of the impossible and the absurd. But in the "Two Orphans" there is warm human interest, and a chapter of incidents which might happen to any two helpless country girls who had fallen among the fangs of cruel Paris. The story is laid in a picturesque time, partly for the stage setting, and partly for the licensed darning of the men of pleasure of those times; but it might as easily be a story of to-day as yesterday. One may still find a Frohard den in the slums of Paris, or a later Bel Air in the environs. There is but a glimpse of the *grande dame* in the "Two Orphans," which is as it should be, for the *grande dame* does not belong in melodrama. If she does come in, she should be a sort of patent triple-white-plated article, not real metal. The skilled melodramatist recognizes this, hence the hero always marries with a maid of lowly degree. This is a favorite dodge with heroes in books and melodramas. The terrible afterglow of real life has nothing to do with them. There is no dreary track of time down which the stage Jinks lurches and regrets:

"For had he wanted, he might have wed
Some maiden fair and thoroughbred.
"For there be women fair as she
Whose verbs and nouns do judge agree.
"Alas for maiden! Alas for judge!
And the sentimental that's one-half fudge."

No! The lowly maiden in the play never grows broad, and red, and stout, and she speaks with a very fine article of grammar, as witness Hazel Kirke, who is not out-done in well-rounded sentences by the tragic Lady Carrington herself, or Bess Marks, whose English is really quite choice. In "The Lights o' London" one is reminded forcibly of the sympathy of the masses for the weak by the fact that every time Harold and Bess reappear after a particularly strong bout with their difficulties, they are hailed with the wildest acclamations. After all, they have done nothing but suffer, for the author has treated his main personages very shabbily, and has given them nothing to do but one long monotonous whine. Yet the sympathies go with them, even when they do nothing more striking than sit around limply on rickety steps in the open street, or damp banks in the open park. I asked a poet once, whose graceful verse has considerable reputation, why he had never written a novel, and he told me, in a confidence which I here unhesitatingly betray, that he had once acquitted himself of one. "I had a main idea," he said, "in approaching my work, and I resolved that, while I would permit other ideas to cluster about it like a garbure, it should stand out like a bold promontory of thought, to challenge the observation and discussion of a reading world. But fearing that I might slight my cluster of ideas, I worked upon them ceaselessly, and to my amazement, when my work was done, I found my promontory imbedded in them."

I fancy that Mr. George Sims, in writing "The Lights o' London," stranded himself upon the same reef. The play hinges upon the wrongs and trials of Harold and Bess Marks, but his success lies in what he has clustered about them. "And what sort of people did your book turn out?" I asked my poet. "Alas," said he, "they were worse than my ideas. They were all absolutely alike—even sexless, so far as my readers could have told—except where they were qualified by their proper pronouns, for I even named them unhappily. And, while they were all like each other, they were like nothing else that I know of, except those ghastly, unreal-looking things called spirit-pictures. I have never written any more novels," concluded my poet, with a sigh, and who will gainsay his judgment? In so much at least his book was not like "The Lights o' London," for it is the characters standing out with vivid force from among clap-trap situations that make the strength of it. Sims is evidently an ardent worshiper in the wake of Dickens, as greater writers than he have been. There is a flavor of him in every story of these London streets, in every one of these family stories, those of the Markses, the Jarvisses, and the Preenes. If Mr. Stoddart's Seth Preen has a fault, it is that he is too—what shall one say?—too gymnastic, perhaps, in his interview with his erring but unrepentant daughter, but so little a thing as the ceaseless knotting and unknotting of his dirty neckerchief in his moments of intense feeling, is a stroke of genius, and shows how well he has studied the points and ways of the boorish countryman moved to deeper feeling than should sweep across his simple horizon of life. There is something absolutely horrible in this episode of the shame of father and daughter, but it is not an

unfamiliar story, and Miss Cary plays extremely the part of this flippant, soulless creature, to whom the gleam of diamonds are the light of life, and the envy of her once companions its divinest essence. Somehow one recognizes that such things be, as one knows the portrait of an unknown to be like its model. She is the darling theme of Ouida, this beautiful young animal from the country, lured by the luxuries of the town, and as unfeeling as the silks she rustles and the stones she wears upon her neck; but she is unfamiliar upon the stage, fortunately. The sinner is well known upon the boards, but she has feeling, emotions, a distorted something which passes for a soul, and we all like her better.

The visit of the Union Square Company has been a singularly pleasant episode in the dull history of the theatrical year. Hitherto we have had the company in detachments. This time it may be said to have been here almost in its entirety, and they may hug to themselves the warm satisfaction of knowing that they have been appreciated to the uttermost, and that, as they were hailed with warm welcome, farewell is given with keen regret. The repertoire has not been all that could have been wished for—an intellectual feast, such as they are capable of furnishing forth—but the memory of "Daniel Rochat" will not easily die out, nor the "Banker's Daughter," for the matter of that; while the soothing touch of time will gloss over the delinquencies of "A False Friend." Perhaps, after all, people would not look forward so hopefully to their coming again if they had given us everything the first time. Mr. Palmer's benefit on Thursday gave us the only peep at their legitimate talent.

After all, the legitimate is a crucial test, even though it require not half the originality of the talent of the modern drama. Yet it is very much easier for a young, beautiful, and talented woman to play Juliet than Lea traditions. There are a hundred traditions to cling to, a score of standards to judge by. Miss Jewett's Juliet is the sentimental maiden with strong feelings, not the tropical child of impulse. The balcony scene is the most hackneyed of all, but she gives to its reading the charm of a thorough comprehension and a new twist or two to the familiar lines—things that one grows to watch for in a long succession of Juliet. Mr. Ramsay is not happy as Romeo, nor yet as Claude Melnotte—a hodge of lovers too widely known to permit of a departure from the accepted pattern. Indeed, he will be wise to forsake the legitimate, for he is far a-field in it. Oddly enough, Mr. Owen Fawcett, who always seems to be the most modernized of comedians, quite outshone himself as Cousin Modus, in "The Hunchback." It is a part that is often badly played. They permit Modus usually to continue to be a muf to the end, and one is disgusted at his capturing the saucy Helen so easily. But Mr. Fawcett makes a bold enough wooer when he comes to his senses, or his courage, at last, and both he and Miss Harrison played this taking little scene with all the sparkle and comedy there is in it. The scene from the "Lady of Lyons" was irredeemably bad.

Mrs. Phillips's Lady Macheth was traditional and impressive, but no one will wish to remember her longest as Lady Macheth. Of a truth they are all exponents of the vastly more difficult art of modern acting, and are as truly the headlight of its advancement in America, as the Bancrofts in England or the sociétaires of the Française in France. They have given us a season of enjoyment of what had almost come to be a lost art in San Francisco. They have restored the decaying taste, and hung the galleries of memory with new pictures. In short, we owe them a pleasant little debt of gratitude which makes every one glad to temper a regretful good-bye with a hopeful *au revoir*.

BETSY B.

"Hazel Kirke" has passed through another week at the Baldwin Theatre with undiminished success. There have been two changes in the caste—the substitution of Mr. C. B. Wells as Lord Travers, and Mrs. Charles as Lady Carrington. Everything proceeds with the same evenness of merit. Next Monday evening will be a souvenir night, (seventeen hundred and fiftieth performance,) at which charming little Russia leather and gold albums, containing portraits of the troupe, will be presented to each lady in the audience.

Strong, the artist, has just completed a portrait of John W. Taylor, which is now on exhibition at his studio. It is a half-length life-size, and one of the artist's best efforts in the portrait line.

THE MODISTE.

THE LEADER OF NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STYLES. In to-day's *Argonaut* will be found, on page 13, a good likeness of Mrs. R. G. Lewis, a lady who stands at the head of her profession in the art of dress-making. The parlors, which are in Thurlow Block, Kearny Street, are always thronged with a fashionable number of customers, who find their orders promptly executed. Mrs. Lewis receives direct from Paris and London each week the latest styles, with a full and perfect description of what is being worn, or what promises to be worn in Europe. A specialty in this lady's line are bridal trousseaus, which, when completed, leave nothing to be wished for. Mourning goods are made up in her establishment at the very shortest notice, and a perfect fit guaranteed. There is a certain grace and elegance about the toilettes manufactured in Mrs. Lewis's work-rooms that distinguish them in any assembly where they are worn. At the same time the terms asked are as reasonable as one can possibly expect.

—HON. GEORGE BARSTOW WILL LECTURE BEFORE THE CHAUTAQUA LITERARY SOCIETY, at the hall of the Y. M. C. A., 232 Sutter Street, on Thursday evening, September 21. Subject, "Mexico." Seats free.

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—AN ELEGANT REVOLVER.—IN OUR ADVERTISING columns will be found the advertisement of E. G. Rideout & Co., New York, of a beautiful 32-calibre revolver for \$3.50. This is said to be one of the greatest bargains ever offered in firearms, and the firm enjoy a first-class reputation for honesty and fair dealing.

THE TRUTH.

Comprehensive and Explicit Statement from Hon. Paul Neumann Regarding a False and Malicious Charge Against Him.

To Strangers:—I address this public communication to "strangers," because those who know me do not need it.

I abhor "cards." They are generally meaningless. You are falsely maligned, and you alone know that it is false. One vaulting lie, however, has "o'erleaped itself," and finds me with witnesses and facts, not only to establish its falseness, but its meanness. An obscure hackmailing sheet published the following:

"Yesterday there came to the.....office the following card, with the offer of an affidavit in support of it, if deemed necessary:

"To the Editor of the.....I, the undersigned, take this method of notifying the people of my treatment by Paul Neumann, attorney and ex-Senator.

"On the 31st of October, 1875, my husband's grocery store, corner of Pacific and Powell, was destroyed by fire. He was insured to the amount of \$3,000 in Svea Fire Insurance Company. Eight days after the fire the company offered to pay him \$2,700. As the stock burned amounted to over \$4,000, he did not feel like taking any less than the policy called for. As Germans, we consulted Paul Neumann, and he advised us not to take it, but said he would make them pay all. Subsequently suit had to be brought. Anxious to know what that would cost, he said he would not in any case charge us more than \$200, and believed he could make the company pay that. This was said in the presence of a witness. He, after much delay, obtained a judgment for \$4,092.75, being principal, interest, and costs, and was paid that sum. As we owed money to creditors, we had to give them a lien. These Neumann has paid; but he charged us \$779, costs and interest thereon, and the balance, amounting to over \$1,200, he has stuck to. Urgent and oft-repeated inquiries have only elicited the answer that if we kept quiet he would pay us in time. If we did not, he would make his fee \$1,200. I have received that answer from him again within the last few days. All this when we could at once have obtained within \$300 of the sum due us; but we were over-persuaded through him. In consequence of all this, I and my five children are left destitute.

"(Signed) ANNA RASCHEKE.

"Some days before coming to the *News Letter* office Mrs. Rascheke was advised to go, with her five children, and camp on the Honorable (?) Paul Neumann's doorstep, and refuse to move until she was paid. This she proposed to do, but was assured, as she informs us, by Neumann, that 'she would be paid shortly if she kept quiet.' By her persistency, she has collected \$150 of the sum she claims to be due. Inquiries made of Neumann himself brought out the answer that 'he considered the costs and a \$1,200 fee not reasonable, but he meant to retain the whole.' When asked why, in that case, he had paid \$150, he said: 'Oh, I made her present of that.' Mrs. Rascheke produces a witness to the agreement that the collection should not in any event cost her more than \$200. Then the fact remains that he, for his own benefit, advised poor, confiding fellow-country people of his own to bring suit, and made his advice cost them nearly \$2,000, when only \$300 were at stake."

In October, 1875, Gustav Rascheke and one Reischuck had a grocery on Powell Street—the latter furnishing the money, the former the "experience," as will appear.

The store was insured in the Svea Company. It was destroyed by fire. The firm owed everybody, from the bread and milk men to Helbing & Straus. The policy was assigned to Helbing & Straus, and with it went an agreement that the last-named firm should collect the amount, settle with the creditors, and pay the balance, share and share alike, to Rascheke and Reischuck, upon their joint order.

These papers were all drawn by H. Lowenberg, Esq., attorney and notary public. Messrs. Helbing & Straus employed me to bring action, the Svea Company having not only declined to pay, but having said they would send the men to prison for arson. No compromise was ever offered. My fee was to be contingent upon my recovering judgment, Helbing & Straus agreeing to advance the costs. The amount fixed upon was one-third of what I recovered; in case of failure, nothing. The action was tried before the Hon. Samuel H. Dwinelle and a jury of twelve men, and lasted over two weeks. The Insurance Company fought the case at every step, and with a vehemence that showed they, at least, believed the building to have been criminally fired. The company's counsel, no less a man than the Hon. Joseph W. Winans, threw into the defense all the genius at his command. Mr. D. Friederich, one of the most prominent attorneys in the city, was associated with me. We then believed in the justice of our clients' cause, and mindful of the threat of the company to have Rascheke and Reischuck indicted and punished for arson, strained every nerve to win the case, and did win it.

A new trial was asked for by the company, which devolved upon Mr. Friederich and myself an amount of labor that only a lawyer can appreciate. The new trial was denied, and then the company, through Mr. Winans, appealed to the Supreme Court, where in the course of time and crowded calendars, the case was heard, argued, and decided. It was a long and bitter contest, and not until its very end was one cent paid for counsel fees.

The money was collected and paid over to Helbing & Straus, after the fee of \$1,200 had been deducted, which was less than one-third of the amount recovered. There was no complaint at that time by any one as to the amount of the fee. None of them objected at that time; they were only too well satisfied with the "brand plucked from the burning."

I first heard of Rascheke denying the justice of my charge when I learned from Reischuck's counsel that Rascheke was trying to cheat him out of his share of the rest of the money remaining in Helbing & Straus' hands after satisfying the creditors. Rascheke, it seems, had been deceiving Helbing & Straus, and drawing money in the firm-name instead upon "joint order," as agreed. Reischuck then employed his first counsel, Mr. Lowenberg, and Mr. John L. Love to protect him. A notice and demand for an accounting were served on Messrs. Helbing & Straus by the counsel for Reischuck, and Messrs. Helbing & Straus properly refused to pay any more money until the matter was settled by the courts, which, by the way, was strictly in accord with the agreement between the former partners. Messrs. Lowenberg and Love sued Messrs. Helbing & Straus, as trustees, and

Rascheke and Anna, his wife, to determine their right in the trust fund. The action was tried before the Hon. J. M. Allen, presiding Justice of the Superior Court. I appeared for Helbing & Straus, Love and Lowenberg appeared for Reischuck, and Mr. Murphy appeared for the man Rascheke and Anna, his wife. Rascheke then claimed, for the first time, that I agreed to take \$200 for a fee, and introduced, as his witness, a man who has since been arrested for stealing spoons.

Suffice it to say, that the court found in favor of Mr. Lowenberg's client, ignoring Rascheke's story about the \$200 agreement, and virtually decided that Rascheke, by his machinations, had received all that he was entitled to within twenty odd dollars, and the whole fund remaining was awarded to Reischuck, there being just enough left to save Helbing & Straus from loss. Every act of Rascheke in all these transactions showed the deep-laid plan of a rascal to cheat a simpleton who relied on him. This can be substantiated by Messrs. Love and Lowenberg, who are fully conversant with the facts.

When I took up this man Rascheke's cause, at the instance of Messrs. Helbing & Straus, in 1875, I believed him, as he represented himself, a wronged man, without friends or money, and that a rich corporation persecuted him because he was poor, and tried to browbeat him out of his rights. I espoused his cause and gained it. Since then I have had occasion to change my mind, and I do now believe that the Svea Insurance Company was justified in asserting that the fire on Powell Street was not accidental. My reasons for arriving at this conclusion are:

1st. Reischuck came very near not being a surviving partner. I learned this from a witness who saved him from cremation when the grocery burned.

2d. Rascheke is one of the witnesses who swore that six shots were fired, in the Kallioch trial, and is now under indictment for perjury, with Tony Weller's defense—"an alibi"—reversed; that is, he has to prove that he was there.

3d. Since the Svea Insurance case, Rascheke has been arrested for arson in burning an insured house occupied by him.

In the last case he escaped by the skin of his teeth; in the former—the perjury case—a jury of his countrymen have yet to determine his guilt or innocence. For the corroboration of the facts here stated, I refer to the several gentlemen above named, and the representatives of the Svea Insurance Company.

The animus of this attack is misdirected toward the State Convention, an emissary of the obscure publication above mentioned waited on Mr. Speckles, and exhibited to him an article against me, which, he said, was not an "editorial," (God save the mark,) but a communication, to publish which they were offered \$150, but that they were *friendly* disposed, and would suppress it and write me up if he would give them one hundred dollars. Mr. Speckles promptly declined. That sheet evidently supposed that Mr. Speckles had a pecuniary interest in my election, and hoped to bleed him. I am a candidate for Representative, and not Senator. If Mr. Speckles has any interest in national affairs, it may be—for I do not know of my own knowledge—in the Hawaiian Reciprocity Treaty. The lower House has nothing whatever to do or say with treaties. The power rests in the President and Senate alone. The Hawaiian Treaty is not an issue in this campaign. Senators Miller and Farley control that matter, so far as this State is concerned, and if I or any other Congressman should presume to interfere with this high prerogative of a Senator, I or he would probably receive a merited rebuke, and one not to be forgotten. The ignorance of these newspaper aliens of our form of government doubtless leads them to believe that there is money in this Congressional fight, and finding their mistake, they vent their spite on me, and, playing upon the cupidity of a vicious man and ignorant woman, prevail upon them to parade before my door, in order to force their own futile designs to a fruition.

A man who lets in a blackmailer lets in a perenial guest, from whose visitations he is never free. I do not propose to do it, and hope I shall be sustained in my purpose.

The "More Letter" drew ink from the pen of Garfield; but with it he announced his position as to lies and liars. I quote only the idea:

"At the opening of this campaign I resolved not to answer any personal attacks, knowing that my enemies could invent falsehoods faster than I could answer them, and that my time would be better spent in bending my energies to matters of more concern to the party than to myself." Following out this idea, I assure my fellow-citizens that no other calumny will get me into print again. PAUL NEUMANN.

FREUD'S CORSET HOUSE.

The section on the north side of the gallery, just at the head of the front stairs, which is occupied by M. Freud & Sons, of 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Dupont Street, in the display of corsets, still continues to draw a crowd, and for ladies there is no greater attraction in the Pavilion. There are corsets in every style and quality, and in endless variety, and one can find the "Golden Gate" corset, the "Magnificent," "Can't Be Beat," "Sunbeam," "Venus," "Dora," "Pride of California," "Tahoe," "Ideal," "El Dorado," "Pacific," "Pride of America," "Yosemite," "Sierra," "Queen of the West," "Queen Victoria," "Victory," "Rosa," "Elsa," "Solid," "Eclipse," "Becky," "Sarah Bernhardt," the "C. P." of various grades, and many other styles, including those made especially for riding; also, the nursing corset, the "Patent Roman," where the hips are provided with side-laces, which can readily be adapted to any size or shape; and also every description of corset for misses and children. The leading factories of Europe are represented at the establishment of M. Freud & Sons, who have at all former exhibitions on this coast been awarded the first medal for superiority over all other corset-makers. Their establishment is the largest one of the kind in the United States, and from here they ship their goods to all parts of this coast.

—THE MECHANICS' FAIR IS STILL THE CENTRE of attraction, and the present season will probably be one of the most successful, in a pecuniary sense, ever held. So large is the attendance, that the managers have decided to continue it open for a week longer. On Wednesday night the Olympic Club gave a splendid athletic exhibition, which filled the building to repletion with spectators.

—REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE HAS GENUINE merit, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c. Try it.

— HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC BELTS, AND appliances for the cure of nervous, painful, and debilitating diseases. Pamphlets, with full particulars, free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC COMPANY, 513 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

— Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

— MUSICAL BOXES, PAILLARD & Co., 23 Dupont Street. Repairing done. Prices low.

— LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

— MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN THE world, 826 Market Street, (Phelan Block).

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

BALDWIN THEATRE.

GUSTAVE FROHMAN.....Lessee.
E. M. ROBERTS.....Acting Manager.

THE HAZEL KIRKE BOOM!!

This (Saturday) afternoon and evening, the Madison Square Theatre Company in the peerless play,



HAZEL KIRKE

Special attention is called to the SOUVENIR EVENT, Monday evening, Sept. 18, in commemoration of the 1750th consecutive performance of HAZEL KIRKE, and as a fitting memento of Hazel Kirke's farewell the management will present all ladies attending with a magnificent Russia Leather SOUVENIR ALBUM, which will exceed in beauty and value anything of the kind ever presented heretofore. The intrinsic value of the Souvenir will exceed the price of admission. It is earnestly requested of those desiring to attend that they purchase seats early, as the attendance promises to be the largest of the season.

No advance in prices.



THE "Dress Reform" CORSET.

Specially for Stout Figures, (worn with or without Straps,) by mail, \$3.00. Send waist, hip, and bust measure. Also, Shoulder Braces, Union Under Flannels, Ladies' and Children's Comfort Waists, Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc. Send for Circular. The only Depot for these goods.

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An Elegant Corset to Order for \$4.

A NOVELTY IN SAUCE! MONTSERRAT LIME FRUIT JUICE SAUCE.

FINEST TABLE SAUCE IN THE MARKET FOR ROAST MEATS, STEAKS, FISH, CURRIES, GAME, ETC., ETC.

We take great pleasure in recommending the above Sauce to the public for not only its wholesomeness, being made from pure MONTSERRAT (W. I. Island) Lime Fruit Juice, but for its delicacy of flavor, which makes it superior to any Sauce ever offered in this market.

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FOR SALE BY ALL JOBBERS AND RETAILERS.

A Course of Lectures on PHYSIOGNOMY, by M. O. STANTON, will be given at the St. Cloud, No. 418 Sutter Street, commencing Monday, Sept. 18, at 8 o'clock P. M.

A Class for Teachers will meet at Miss Marwedel's Kindergarten, No. 1810 Sacramento Street, Sept. 22, at 4 o'clock P. M.

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PUREST AND BEST.

MOTTET'S PRIZE MEDAL.

Insist on getting this genuine and warranted pure article.

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Corner Pine and Front Streets.....San Francisco.

GASOLINE

87° GRAVITY,

FOR GAS MACHINES.

EASTERN--TO ARRIVE.

In cans and cases.....26 cents per gallon.
In bulk.....22 cents per gallon.

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OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.

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Patterns--- Fall and Winter Styles.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.
AGENCY, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

JNO. LEVY & CO.

We have just received the finest line of French Mantel and Traveling Clocks in Bronze, Gilt Bronze and Enamel, ever exhibited in the city; also a choice selection of Fans and Opera-glasses, together with our already new and elegant stock of Diamonds and other Precious Gems, Fine Jewelry, Watches, and Silverware. We invite an inspection of our goods, it being no trouble to show them. Our prices are reasonable, and everything is marked in plain figures.

Visitors are welcome.

118 SUTTER STREET.

C. HERRMANN & CO.

HAVE INTRODUCED THE LARGEST STOCK OF

FALL-STYLE HATS

EVER SHOWN ON THIS COAST.

Call and examine them at

336 KEARNY STREET, NEAR PINE.

HOUSEKEEPERS!

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR GOODS AT AUCTION, but STORE THEM with H. WINDEL & CO., NO. 330 STOCKTON STREET. Furniture, Pianos, Household Goods, Paintings, Trunks, etc., well taken care of. We have three large, airy, brick buildings, and no rent to pay, and can store goods very moderate. Money advanced on goods at one per cent. per month. We guarantee against damage and moths, and can give references dating back 20 years.



The above cnt is a good portrait of MRS. R. G. LEWIS, the Modiste, whose Dress-making Parlors are in Thnrlow Block, Kearny Street. See page 12.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE
FOR CONGRESS,
From the First District,
HON. PAUL NEUMANN.

ALLEN, MCGARY & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE
Liquor Dealers. 322-324 FRONT STREET
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DANICHEFF KID GLOVE FACTORY REMOVED TO 119 DUPONT ST. Between Post and Geary.

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Offer better inducements to purchasers of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, CLOCKS, etc., than any other house in San Francisco. They have the Largest Stock, the Finest Assortment, and sell at Closer Prices. DIAMOND WORK and any other kind of Jewelry made to order at very low rates. All Goods marked in plain figures, and no deviation in price.

110 MONTGOMERY STREET

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Earl of Buchan was, to the end of his life, although eccentric, a great social favorite and "a terrible old flirt." On leaving a room he would take leave of the prettiest young lady in it with old-fashioned courtesy, and say: "Good-bye, my dear; and pray remember Margaret, Countess of Buchan, is not immortal."

Continental customs—The father of an elderly damsel to marriageable young man: "On the day that I give you my daughter Adele, I will deposit one hundred thousand francs with Monsieur Lafitte." Francois: "Thanks, dear sir, but suppose you give me the one hundred thousand francs, and deposit Mademoiselle Adele with Monsieur Lafitte."

A paper published in Congressman Parker's district tells a story that is a good deal at his expense. When a young man was proprietor of a livery-stable, and had a big sign painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. "Is that a good likeness of me?" he asked an admiring friend. "Yes; it is a perfect picture of you. But who is the fellow holding you by the bridle?"

He lisped, and his name was Mr. Carr, and one of his family being ill late in the night he ran to the drug store and rang the night-bell. A head appeared at the third-story window, and a voice demanded: "Who's there?" "Miss—ta—Car," was the reply. "I can't help that; take the next car!" and bang went the window. Repeated rings had no effect, and Miss—ta—Car can not be convinced of the sanity of that druggist.

Colonel Blank, while minister to Russia, spoke abominable French, with a worse Kentucky accent. Believing French to be his forte, he would answer in that language, with all the air of a diplomat, every question asked him in English. One day at a grand levee at the Winter Palace, one of the empress's ladies-in-waiting asked him in English how long he had been in Europe. He replied in French: "I was an ass in Paris, part of an ass in London, almost an ass in Germany, and I am two asses here." "And you will be an ass wherever you go," said the maid of honor, in French.

There is a difference in pronunciation between "an" and "ane."

They were sitting on a log near the rock spring. "And you love me?" he said. "Can you ask it?" she answered. "I like to hear you say the sweet words over and over again," he gurgled. "Then I do love you and love you," she twittered. "And I must leave you to-morrow." "Don't say it, dear heart, don't say it." "And what will my darling do when I am far away? What will she do in these lonely evening hours without me?" "Ahem!" said an old hacheler, getting up from the dark end of the log, and starting off to the hotel; "I'll tell you what she'll do in these lonely hours without you; she'll be sitting right out here on this same log with another mash, making as big a fool of it as you are." Then he went out into the darkness.

It is related of John Stuart Blackie, who has just retired from the University of Edinburgh, that once, on the first day of the college year, he posted on his class-room door a notice that "Professor Blackie will meet his classes on the 4th instant, at the usual hours." A joker among the students erased the "c" in "classes," thus announcing that the professor would "meet his lasses," etc. As class-time drew near the young men gathered about to "see what Blackie would do." The professor came, glanced at the card, touched it with a pencil, and passed on to his desk, with a grim smile overspreading his features. And the students followed him into the room with mingled emotions of jollity and dismay, as they saw that his deft pencil-stroke had obliterated the "l," leaving the announcement that Professor Blackie would "meet his asses" at the usual hour.

Once Charles Matthews, crossing the stage between the acts, met a diminutive youth carrying a pewter pot—the myrmidon, in fact, of an adjoining tavern. "Where are you going, my boy?" "Please, it's for Mr. Frank Matthews," was the inconsequential reply. "Very good; I'll take it up to his dressing-room, and save you the trouble." Arriving at Frank's room, the deputy potboy, counterfeiting a childish treble, announced the refreshment. "All right, my boy," replied a cheery voice; "leave it at the door." "But, if you please," continued the impostor, "my master says I mustn't go away without the money." At this answer the wily Frank began to scent a practical joke, and also—by a kind of inspiration—scented the author of it. "If that's the case, my boy," was his meek reply to the insult, "you had better take it away. It's evidently intended for Mr. Charles Matthews."

"Are we most there, conductor?" asked a nervous man for the hundredth time; "remember, my wife is sick, and I am anxious." "We'll get there on time," replied the conductor, stolidly. Half an hour later the nervous man approached him again. "I guess she's dead now," said he, mournfully, "but I'd give you a little something extra if you could manage to catch up with the funeral. Maybe she won't be so decomposed but what I could recognize her." The conductor growled at him, and the man subsided. "Conductor," said he, after an hour's silence; "conductor, if the wind isn't dead ahead, I wish you would put on some steam. I'd like to see where my wife is buried before the tombstone crumbles to pieces. Put yourself in my place for a moment." The conductor shook him off, and the man relapsed into profound melancholy. "I say, conductor," said he, after a long pause, "I've got a note coming due in three months. Can't you fix it so as to rattle along a little?" "If you come near me again I'll knock you down!" snorted the conductor, savagely. The nervous man regarded him sadly, and went to his seat. Two hours later the conductor saw him chatting gayly, and laughing heartily with a brother victim, and approached him. "Don't feel so badly about your wife's death?" "Time heals all wounds," sighed the nervous man. "And you are not so particular about the note," sneered the conductor. "Not now. That's all right. Don't worry. I've been figuring up, and I find that the note has been outlawed since I spoke to you last."

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For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.



The few compositions which have won the confidence of mankind and become household words, among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, or maintained it so long, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvelous cures, that have won for it a confidence in its virtues, never equalled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cures of Coughs, Colds, and Consumption that can be made by medical skill. Indeed, the CHERRY PECTORAL has really robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors to a great extent, and given a feeling of immunity from their painful effects, that is well founded, if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely defense. The prudent should not neglect it, and the wise will not keep it by you for the protection it affords by its early use in sudden attacks.

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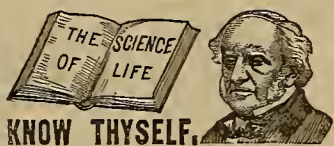
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Everybody Wants It!
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KNOW THYSELF.

The untold miseries that result from indiscretions in early life may be alleviated and cured. Those who doubt this assertion should purchase the new medical work published by the Peabody Medical Institute, Boston, Mass.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION.

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, or Vitality impaired by too close application to business, may be restored, and manhood regained.

Two hundred and fifty-eighth edition, revised and enlarged, just published. It is a standard medical work, the best in the English language, written by a physician of great experience, to whom was awarded a gold and jeweled medal by the National Medical Association. It contains beautiful and very expensive engravings, 300 pages, more than 125 valuable prescriptions for all forms of diseases, acute and chronic, the result of many years of extensive and successful practice. Any one of which is worth ten times the price of the book. Bound in beautiful French cloth, embossed, full gilt. Price, only \$1.25, by mail, securely sealed, postpaid, on receipt of price. Illustrated sample, 6 cents. Send now.

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PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
Or W. H. PARKER, M. D.,
4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

SUMMER RECREATION.

RUSSIAN RIVER HOTEL, DUN-
can's Mills—A favorite resort for tourists. Bathing,
fishing, hunting, boating. OUREN & GOODE, Prop.

ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 5th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 5) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of October, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 10th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary,
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 17th day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 74) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, 202 Montgomery Street, Room 57, Nevada Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twentieth day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary,
Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—OF

the of the Thunder Powder Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Alameda County, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 1) of Forty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 605 Montgomery Street, Room No. 5, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

Office Thunder Powder Company, 605 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California.

CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 10th day of August, 1882, an assessment (No. 18) of Thirty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 14th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary,
Office—Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, Sept. 5, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 33) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was declared, payable on Friday, September 15, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close Sept. 9, 1882, at 3 P. M.

JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Sept. 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company, held this day, a dividend No. 45, of Twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, September 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. W. M. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

LEGAL NOTICES.

[Department No. 7.]

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EMMA J. FAIRFAX, Plaintiff,
vs.
NICHOLAS H. FAIRFAX, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF

California send Greeting to NICHOLAS H. FAIRFAX, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the plaintiff named plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days—or default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion, and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessities of life; and awarding the custody of the child of the parties hereto to plaintiff. Also, requiring defendant to pay such sums as the Court may deem proper for the support of plaintiff and her child, and costs of suit, together with general relief. Reference to the Complaint is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two.

DAVID WILDER, Clerk.
By J. D. RUGGLES, Deputy Clerk.

[Department No. 7.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—EXECUTION.

A. F. BENJAMIN, Plaintiff,
vs.
JACOB LEVY, Defendant.

Superior Court.
(Late 4th District Court.)
No. 22,467.
EXECUTION.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested, on the 2d day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein A. F. Benjamin, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Jacob Levy, defendant, on the 1st day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$2,327.97-100 U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the 1st day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Jacob Levy, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Tyler Street, distant 125 feet westerly from the west line of Franklin Street, running thence westerly along said north line of Tyler Street 27 6-12 feet; thence at right-angles northerly 120 feet; thence at right-angles easterly 27 6-12 feet; and thence at right-angles southerly 120 feet to the point of commencement. Together with the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 28th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the first day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, August 5, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff
J. B. L. BRANDT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

August 5, 12, 19, 26.

NOTICE—The above sale is postponed till MONDAY, the 11th day of September, A. D. 1882, at the same hour and place.

Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated San Francisco, August 28, 1882.

NOTICE—The above sale is postponed till MONDAY, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1882, at the same hour and place.

Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated San Francisco, September 11, 1882.

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THE HOUSEHOLD GUEST MAGAZINE contains 32 quarto pages, with handsome Illustrated Engraved Sketches, Illustrated Fashion Department; useful instruction; Statistics; Answers to Correspondents; Household Notes; The Kitchen; Ladies' Items; The Toilet Table; The Garden; Wit, Humor, etc. It is now in its fourth year, has a large circulation, and the regular price for a year's subscription has always been \$1.50.

FREE TO YOU. If you will cut this advertisement out, show it to your friends, and get a CLUB of postage, we will send you the Revolver and Magazine free for your trouble. **PLEASE BEAR IN MIND** that each one in the club will also get the Revolver and Magazine free for their trouble. **PLEASE BEAR IN MIND** that we will put in a box of cartridges for each Revolver. Any one can sell these Revolvers at from \$8.00 to \$10.00, and they give perfect satisfaction. As to reliability, we refer to any New York Publishers or Merchants, Commercial Agency or Express Company. Send Money by Registered Letter or Post Office Order at our risk.

The Revolver illustrated here was made with the Blue Jacket at all yards. Every shot being put in a bull's-eye one inch in diameter. Cut this out, it won't appear again.

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President,
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Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due from Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 13.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

AN ABYSMAL EPISODE.

By Philip Shirley.

He had fallen from a star, but he had fallen on his feet. He sometimes looked up at the star from which he fell, as it pulsed serene in the large heaven, and lifted his hat to it ironically, and thought of the distance, and smiled.

He had an intellectual face, and eyes of powerful expression. An observer thought his countenance one of those palimpsest faces that Heine speaks of, where the tranquil air and inscrutable smile were written over the lines of strong passions and keen experiences undergone in his stellar days. Yet, withal, his look was kind, the weak and oppressed appealed to him instinctively, and he was the sworn ally of all the children. One of his friends—not a child—said to him one day:

"You're an odd fellow, Porphyrogene; you give one strange glimpses of things when he comes to know you better. You're a regular abyss. When I've been with you a while, I feel as if I'd been looking down the shaft of a mine—possibly precious things below, and that, you know."

"But none visible at the surface. Thanks," said the fallen one, with his peculiar smile. From that time his friend spoke of him as the Abyss, and the nickname clung to him.

When one falls from a star, the particular misstep that precipitates one does not usually give time to provide one's self with a budget of letters to the patricians of the particular planet where one may happen to strike. It was so with the Abyss. He did not know that the Earth would be his sojourning place; so, when he recovered from the shock of his arrival, he took his friends where he found them, and thought them all pretty much alike. Since they did not in any wise resemble the inhabitants of his starry home, he did not trouble himself with their differences from each other. They never could be Astrals, but in their own humble sphere they were well enough. So he took his friends where he found them, I repeat; and one of these was a clerk in a wholesale shoe-house. This youth, who had literary leanings, wildly worshiped the Abyss, fancying him like the heroes of his beloved novels in story-papers, and when his idol had printed one of his poems—which set forth the influence of prayers said at a mother's knee upon a man's later career—his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the poor Abyss found his forbearance severely taxed by the incessant pursuit of his humble courtier. He had been able to put the young man's composition into type because he occupied the proud position of editor of a religious paper—which piece of good luck had fallen to him on the strength of his serious, somewhat sad face, low voice, and self-contained and gentle manner. In the star from which he fell these characteristics had not been regarded as indicative of sanctity; but the Earth-born thought differently, and his leaders in the *Trumpet of Zion* were said to be replete with Pauline ardor.

The young clerk, whose name was James Stirling, sang the praises of the abysmal editor in all the houses where he was "the life and soul of the party." He also sang the praises of his social circle to the Abyss, offering to introduce him; but the other put him off with vague thanks. One evening he said, rather sheepishly, to the Abyss:

"I wish you would come with me up to Blodgett's."

"Where's that?" asked the Abyss.

"My boss's house," said the ingenuous youth, with mild protestation; for he had frequently told the Abyss about his employer.

"Yes, yes, I remember," said the Abyss, hastily; "but the fact is I have so much work on hand that I've put off for so long that positively—"

"Miss Lacie—she—that is, I—she said," stammered Stirling, as his friend seemed on the verge of refusal. At this speech the Abyss wheeled round with a sudden smile and eager look.

"Are you sweet on your master's daughter? O Jimmy Stirling, Jimmy Stirling, O! Is she pretty?" he asked. The poor youth blushed scarlet, and looked as foolish as it is given to budding manhood to look, and something in the cool appreciation of the situation which radiated from the Abyss served to prolong his embarrassment. True to the vocabulary of his class, he said, at last:

"Miss Lacie Blodgett is a very fine young lady."

"Is she?" said the Abyss.

"She is so," responded the swain. "She said she didn't believe you were alive," he proceeded, "the last time I mentioned you up to her house; so I'd like her to see you, that's all. Any other evening will do, I suppose."

When Stirling had gone, the Abyss shrouded himself in a long outer coat, pulled his hat over his eyes, and walked rapidly to a resort known to the initiated as "Liberty Hall," where doubtless he transacted the business which had kept him from accompanying James to visit the object of his dearest wishes.

The proprietor of the *Zion Trumpet* was out of town.

One Sunday Stirling said to the Abyss:

"Where do you go to church?" His friend looked at him intently a minute, and then said, sighing:

"I am so tired—doing nothing (mental aside)—by the time Sunday comes that I'm afraid I make it altogether a day of rest."

"Will you go with me to-day?" asked Stirling.

"Certainly; I should be glad to," said the Abyss, groaning in spirit, and the two sat through the services together. When they were over, James said:

"Let's stand at the door, and see the people as they come out."

"Would that quite do?" said the Abyss, languidly.

"Of course; I always do it," said the ardent James.

"Oh, then, by all means let us conform to your usual custom," murmured the Abyss, and took up his station by the side of his young friend, who, with his broad, foolish face lifted, stared out of countenance every one who descended the church steps. The Abyss with his eyes dropped saw only the big or little, well or ill-shod, feet of the unconscious congregation as they stepped from the last stair, and wondered when Stirling would have had enough of it. Suddenly he beheld two little arched feet incased in such bewildering *bottines* that his eyes involuntarily sprang to the face of their owner. Oh, the little head "sunning over with curls;" the dazzling smile; the blue, starry eyes that he saw—and she was bowing to James! At least that gave him the chance to raise his hat, and he hoped the sapphire eyes would rest on him a moment. They did with the briefest glance in the world, and then James walked him off.

"That's her," Stirling vouchsafed. He was red, and smiling, and important.

"The deuce it is!" panted the Abyss. He was a shade paler than usual, if possible, and his heart knocked against his side.

"Ain't she pretty?" asked James, in a disappointed tone.

"Very pretty," said the Abyss, who had regained his tranquillity. The refrain to all his thoughts for several days was, "What a face!" and once, as he got up from his table and went to the window to see the dawn of publication day yellow the East, he emphasized the remark in a healthy fashion, saying:

"Gods and goddesses, what a face!"

Shortly after this he went to call at the house of Mr. Blodgett with James, and saw the fair damsel who had touched Mr. Stirling's susceptible heart perched jauntily on the arm of a chair, in which reclined a fat young man whose forehead she was tickling with a feather plucked from the marabout of her fan. The fat young man made an unexpected spring and caught the maiden's lily finger in his teeth, whereupon she called him a horrid thing.

"She makes it lively with the fellers," said James in the exuberance of his delight.

"When, when," thought the Abyss, "shall I be intimate enough to have my forehead tickled with a feather?"

Mrs. Blodgett had joined the choir invisible about four years before these events, and the honors of the *salon* were in the hands of the eldest daughter, whom James called Miss Elsie. She was two or three years older than the beauty of the church steps. The family was completed by a twelve-year-old girl named Tillie, to whom no one present ever gave the title "miss." The three sisters resumed in themselves the three kinds of blonde beauty, the elder two Doctor Holmes's type; Elsie, blonde through deficiency of coloring matter; Lacie, the leonine blonde, shot through with golden light; Tillie, with red hair, tawny freckles, and gray eyes, what the humorous press defines as a strawberry blonde.

When Miss Blodgett had been duly saluted, James walked his friend up to the arm-chair where was perched the fair Lacie.

"Are you going to believe in him now?" he asked; and—

"Mr. Stirling tells me that you think I am a myth of his invention," said the Abyss, at the same moment.

"I did think you were, but I don't think so now," said the young lady.

"Because I am not spiritual enough?" asked the Abyss.

"Because he couldn't invent anything so nice," said the young lady.

There was a great laugh, amid which the Abyss escaped into another room, from which, however, he rapidly retreated, for upon a sofa sat a stupid-looking young man solemnly boldering the hand of an ugly young woman, both Daphnis and Chloe preserving absolute silence.

"Aha!" thought the Abyss, "this is the way they do it, is it? Will the time ever come when I shall be allowed to sit a whole evening holding the pretty one's hand—what's her name?—Lacie, in unimproved and uninterrupted beatitude?"

Then he made friends with the little sister, and by the time James was ready to go, Tillie was sitting on a hassock at the editor's feet, listening with wide eyes and flushed cheeks to marvelous tales.

Stirling came in, accompanied by Lacie.

"Well, Tillie," he said, cheerfully, "you are beginning early. I should say you had a beau."

The expression grated on the nerves of the Abyss, especially as he observed the quick blush of the child, but he was not prepared for the irritable outburst from the beautiful Lacie.

"Don't dare to talk so to her, James Stirling!" she flashed angrily. "Tillie, you are very forward and provoking."

"I—what—" faltered Stirling, gazing at his queen; "you're mighty squeamish all of a sudden," he added, resentfully, rallying a little. The Abyss presided with a thoughtful smile; smiling, bowed good-night, and, smiling, went his way.

"He's just splendid," said Tillie, ecstatically, rebounding easily from her sister's reproval.

Their guests were all gone, and the three girls rustled tumultuously together.

"Yes, he is," said Elsie; "he's real elegant."

To which Lacie responded with the all-comprising, even ready shibboleth of her class,

"Is that so?"

The Abyss had made a favorable impression.

It has become customary briefly to resume the bold advance of the wooer, the coy retreat of the maiden, the subsequent triumph, and possible betrothal, all of a love affair up to marriage, as "the old, old story." Marriage itself seems not to be included in the old, old story, perhaps to leave a choice in the matter of ending. So, conforming to custom, let us say the old, old story ran through the usual number of chapters with the Abyss and his lady love. She was known to an envying world as "his young lady."

When he first heard this nomenclature he asked her, in some agitation, whether he ought not to resent it, but was informed that it was the regular thing, and respect itself. He lived to have his forehead tickled with a feather, and to hold the little flower-fingers in his teeth; he even caught the young lady with his hat on, and was taught what penalty it was in his power to exact; he asked papa, he commiserated James Stirling, and apologized, as it were, for supplanting him.

Now that he heard the vocabulary or dialect of his earthly friends on delicate lips that were dear to him, the Abyss took the greatest pains to variegate his once pure diction with strange rhetorical hues. When he had achieved the triumph of substituting the word "elegant" for "enjoyable," he rushed to his betrothed to tell her that on the preceding evening he had had "an elegant time," firmly expecting sympathy and approbation for the nervous idiom, but instead the young lady's brow clouded, and, rising in her wrath, she harangued thus:

"If I know myself, Porphyro, and I think I do, you will not have many more opportunities to make fun of me, for I won't stand it. I know perfectly well that you ridicule all we say and do; I haven't been deceived a minute, not when you pretended to be most wild about me. In your soul you regard me as your inferior. The fact that I am a girl helps me a little, but the boys who come here, my equals—yes, they are—you despise. You know you do. No, you needn't say that I look pretty when I'm angry; nobody does. I'm thoroughly in earnest, I'd have you know. You look on the ways we talk, and act, and think as vulgar and common, and you pick up our every-day phrases and make fun of them. I heard you talking to that artist the other night; you didn't laugh, but you both talked in a tone utterly different from your own, and you used all the words that we use. When you like me best you are sorry that I did not live in your star; you think nothing can be choice and refined but what came from that star; and all I say is, if you're not pleased with us, and are pleased with your star, why, for goodness' sake, don't you go back to it, and live and be happy there? Why have you pretended to like me, if you have only a kind of good-natured contempt for all my surroundings and my associations? Of course, some time you'll get tired of me—they all say you will—and after that you'll only notice that every other word I say, that all my ways of looking at things, jar on your ideas of what people should be."

The poor Abyss, during the first part of this tirade, had laughingly protested his innocence of the abominable sins against hospitality of which she accused him; but when she spoke of herself and his starry home, he fell into a moody reverie, through which his voice rang earnestly in gloomy prophecy about their future. He did not know how to tell her that her charm remained unimpaired by her strange speech; that to him it was a fascinating novelty to find a tender and tactful nature joined to the slang and manners of a schoolboy; that the homely phrases he ridiculed in others became piquantly transfigured in her mouth, and her very brusquerie was dear to him, as

"The Imperfect hath a charm the Perfect can not own."

Far from wishing her an Astral, or anything that she was not, his heart cried to her often, "Almost thou persuadest me to forget my star." He did not even try to say any of this to the indignant Lacie, but made a tragic exit R. U. E., and, seeing his beautiful betrothed at the play that evening with a suburban cad whom he loathed, was bitterly miserable.

Elsie explained her sister's unmeasured caprice and waywardness that evening by murmuring to members of the party that Lacie had had a "spat" with Porphyro. This meant a quarrel. The next day Lacie received a letter from her lover, so full of delicate tenderness that a reader of wider horizon than his correspondent would have known therefrom, not only the writer, but many generations of his ancestors. Something, indeed, in the letter, woke a new consciousness in the girl of an intangible grace and goodness which all her bright intuitions and gentle heart could never gain for her—the instinctive assimilation of what is gracious, and rejection of what is common and trivial, that she saw exemplified for the first time in this exiled Adonai. Elsie found her in a tempest of tears over the sheets of the letter shed round her, and demanded the cause of so much grief.

"I never can change now," sobbed Lacie, forlornly; "I tried to do as he likes that would spoil him too much."

ob, Elsie, I wish, how I do wish, I had been born in his star!"

Elsie passed this all lightly by, as mere aberrations of mind incident to a heavy flirtation, but said, seriously: "He's all right, though, isn't he? He's behaving well, I mean."

Even in the midst of her grief, Lacie's reply was couched in the current slang phrase which signifies the acme of affirmation.

"It's his fault," she added, sadly; "he seems to have a character for me, in his mind, that's very gay, and frivolous, and silly; and when I am with him, before I know it I am trying to be like what he thinks I am, instead of like myself, and I intensify every bad trait and bad habit I have. I mean to try some day to make him understand that I am not such a little dunce and vulgarian, and that I can care for the things he cares for."

"He likes you just as you are," said Elsie, sagely; "everybody does. Eddie Chubb said he never saw anybody like you. If you go changing your style, you'll get melancholy and dowdy, and Porphyro would be the first one to scold, too. You mind what I say."

Bliss and rapture were introduced and overthrown half a dozen times after this episode, but in a moment of harmony the wedding-day was set, and arrangements were made toward that end. One day, as the Abyss was gathering together the next issue of the *Zion Trumpet*, he found the verse he had in hand of an unusually bad quality, and he had neither time nor inclination to furnish a little hymn of his own, though he wrote graceful verses sometimes. The proprietor liked the poet's corner in the *Trumpet* to be filled, and the Abyss suddenly remembered a little scrap that had been crowded out of more prosperous numbers, but which he had intended to use in time. He found it, named it "The Beyond," rewrote it in another metre, to the peril of its meaning, when it ran like this:

After life's joy and pain,
Made pure from every stain,
Receive us, fair Lord Christ, within thy heaven.
The road is perilous,
But Thou hast died for us,
And we have striven.

Thrilling with ecstasy,
Glowing with charity—
We nothing know of that thy golden bliss
In the world after death,
But trust to find, through faith,
What here we miss.

But lest high joy's excess
Our pale, starved souls oppress,
Rest in the grave-bed grant us of thy grace;
Surcease of hopes and fears,
Of laughter and of tears,
An interspace.

Men full of happy days,
Sunned through with Fortune's rays,
The thought of endless sleep can not appal;
But what great sage even dare
Dream wretched men's despair,
If this is all!

The manuscript was in a cramped back-hand, and not signed, but it was religious, and the Abyss was glad to escape the agony of having to grind out a rhyme himself. The paper came out, but woeful were the consequences of the little poem.

The first intimation which the Abyss received that anything was wrong was the violent irruption of the proprietor into the office, squealing in his wiry voice,

"What's all this Porphyrogene? I say, what in heaven's name have you allowed to appear in my paper? I'm ruined, that's all; it's your fault; everybody says the *Trumpet* can't hold together another month; it's something about the intermediate state—a poem. What have you permitted?"

"What are you talking about?" said the Abyss, angrily, getting up to possess himself of a copy of the paper. "There's the poem; see for yourself if there's anything in it to disturb the most bigoted old nightcap on the planet."

The proprietor, who couldn't construct a grammatical sentence under any pressure, found the poem solid Greek to his excited sense, and threw the paper across the room in a paroxysm of wrath and disquietude. He had heard that the poem was creating a breeze of comment and censure, and long-faced croakers had told him to prepare for the worst.

While other papers, religious and secular, were reprinting the lines as those that had "caused the downfall of the *Zion Trumpet*," the desk of the Abyss was creaking under an avalanche of snow-white paper, demanding explanations, withdrawing subscriptions, advertisements, and patronage. The editor wearied of the words, "the third verse of the poem in your issue of the twelfth," and blessed the wag who wrote of the obnoxious stanzas, "The Beyond! I should think so. They're away beyond me," just for varying the formula. At last, one day, the little proprietor dropped inertly into a chair, and said sorrowfully:

"I'm busted!" which was too true to be ludicrous, and the Abyss, drawing the Pons Asinorum on the blotting-paper, said gloomily:

"Day after to-morrow was to have been my wedding-day."

"By George!" said the impulsive proprietor, bouncing out of his chair, "it's a shame. I didn't know that when I was so mad with you. Now, that is too bad. Why, you relied on your position on the *Trumpet*, didn't you? There, there, something will turn up." This last, as the Abyss slowly raised his eyes, and the proprietor saw that they were dim. It made him feel dismal.

"I wish," said the Abyss, as he lay in bed the next morning, "that I could by some means discover the rogue that wrote those verses, who is probably laughing in his sleeve at the commotion he has made. I would cause him to spend one of the worst quarters of an hour he ever passed through."

Just then he heard a noise of voices outside his door—one hoarse and jovial voice saying: "I tell you I don't care whether he is in bed or not. I'm going to see him now. He'll be glad enough to see me, don't you fret."

The door unceremoniously opened, and there walked in a large, florid individual with thick, black hair, big black eyes, a black moustache, and several double chins, beneath the last of which peeped the ends of a red silk handkerchief. He knew the charms of morning cocktails apparently; but

was, after all, a bluff and laughter-loving stranger. He sat down comfortably on the foot of the bed, stared at the Abyss, who stared at him, and they both laughed.

"I've seen you at Liberty Hall. You're a nice healthy specimen to run a religious paper, ain't you?" said the stranger, beginning to choke. "Oh, you're such a good young man! There's my card. Nat. M. Bingham; that's my name, and colonel, that's my title. I'm the boss of *The Turf, the Target, and the Tiller* sporting paper. You've run your religious craft aground. Old Trumpeter told me himself; besides the papers are full of it, and do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to enlarge the *Target*; I'm going to make it the size, and type, and heft of the *Trumpet* deceased. I've bought the presses and the whole outfit of your old man, and it's my private opinion that for the editor of a sporting paper, that's spicy while it's never low, that collects all news that interests its patrons while it never caters to a degraded taste, you are right on deck. Now, is it a whiz? No poetry, mind, except lines to Maud S, if you're wrought up extra," said Colonel Bingham, facetiously.

"Roll eastward, happy earth," said the Abyss, as he dressed after the worthy man's departure, "I'm tided along for the honeymoon any way."

* * * * *

"Are you just as well pleased as if I had remained on the *Trumpet*?" he said to Lacie that evening, when he told her his arrangement with Colonel Bingham.

"Oh, just as well," she said, quietly. "It's a bright little paper, every one says, and is to be much better; but, oh, Porphyro, when I think of to-morrow and what a wicked girl I am, I don't know what to do." Lacie spoke with wide, tragic eyes, and a low voice of horror. The heart of the Abyss stood still, his face grew paler.

"Tell me what you mean," he said, imperatively.

"Oh, I am so bad," she murmured, distractedly. "I don't know whether I can tell you or not; I don't know whether you ought to ask it, or whether you won't be happier not to know it." Her voice and expression were enough to throw the Abyss into an agony. He begged, he sued, he raved; she must tell him; such a mystery might spoil their whole lives; he never could endure it; her silence would drive him to suicide's grave. There was nothing too frightful to be dismissed from his imagination in the interval that succeeded his wild appeal. At last, after due summoning of her courage, Lacie confessed her crime in a low, trembling voice.

"Porphyro, it was I who wrote the poem that hurt the *Trumpet of Zion*. I didn't know it was so wicked when I wrote it, but it must be, or every one wouldn't be so horrified. If you ever printed it I meant to tell you long afterward that it was mine, just to show you that I do think sometimes, because I know you believe I can't."

The relief was immense. The Abyss laughed like a maniac. "Please consider me a radical convert to belief in your thinking powers, and don't let your future thinking be so unorthodox, I implore. Do you know the invariable rule of *The Turf, the Target, and the Tiller*? 'No communication printed which does not bear the full name of the author.'"

"Some of the American papers, alluding to the relations between the Sultan and the American Minister," says the Constantinople correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, "have been circulating an item to the effect that his majesty has presented his friend with a beautiful Circassian girl. For their benefit I should like to testify that my own eyes have seen this Circassian girl. She came from the Sultan's palace, and is truly of exquisite beauty. Two or three weeks ago, being in General Wallace's library, I was invited to take the general's own arm-chair that I might view her from a better standpoint, for she hangs from the wall over the general's writing table, and is one of those choice works of art which bind the eye as under a spell. The picture must have been painted some twenty-five or thirty years ago; for whom, none seems to know. In a wide arm-chair lolls a girl of eight or ten years, clad in oriental jacket and trousers—the one heavy with gold embroidery, the other flashing back the light from rich satin folds. Over her head, on the dark crimson background, is figured the imperial cipher of the present Turkish dynasty. The girl lolls, I said; she half reclines in the graceful but restless attitude which any Oriental instinctively assumes when cast among the cushions of the divan. She is perfectly, carelessly at rest in her bome, and the flash of her jewels shows her to be no mean member of the household. But her face at once enchains you. The great languid eyes, the soft curve of the cheek, the full red of the lip, instantly storm the most rugged heart with a perfect childish beauty. Yet there is something in the swell of the nostrils, something in the curl of the mouth, that makes you feel your sudden sympathetic smile to be unappreciated. The girl looks you squarely in the face, without for a moment condescending to forget that she is a child of the house of Osman, and that four hundred years of conquest have fortified her baby throne of luxury against all disturbance. The child sits there upon a tiger skin among the velvet cushions, every inch a princess. And as at last your eyes leave the proud, bewitching face, and follow the pliant curve of the right arm, upon which she rests, you are thrilled to see for the first time that under the delicate hand the crumpled tiger skin bears the head of the tiger. Glaring eyes, snarling mouth, and cruel fangs, dispute your intrusion upon the repose of the little lady. It is the life-size portrait of a princess, but a princess of barbaric splendors. It is a picture of beauty and the beast, which once seen will never be forgotten. Such is General Wallace's slave girl. Upon this child of the harem the general's estimable wife is compelled to look. This picture was hanging in one of the disused palaces, and was admired by the general. His admiration produced the effect of the offer of the picture as a token of the Sultan's regard. The offer was politely refused, but the Sultan, learning that the general would enjoy seeing the picture again, sent it to the legation, with the request that it might remain there as a loan, for such time as might be agreeable."

It is stated that the state coffers of Italy now contain five hundred and fifty millions of coin laid up toward the abolition of the forced paper currency.

LOUISE AND LORNE.

The Trotting-Horse Reporter Discourses on their Precedence.

"I understand," said a rather subdued-looking man, who entered the editorial rooms yesterday afternoon, "that there is a gentleman here who answers all questions sent to the office. Is that the case?"

"He's out just now," replied a young reporter, whose principal occupation seemed to consist in placing his feet on a desk and telling stories of a not-at-all-doubtful nature to the other powerful minds who had quarters in the room. "He's gone out to find how many miles per day a vessel will be delayed by head-winds on a voyage from Liverpool to New York if Talmage is lecturing in Brooklyn and facing east. But if your question isn't too aerial in its nature, too high for us, perhaps we can find an answer for you without waiting for the idiotic-inquirer man to return."

"What I wished to ascertain," said the gentleman, "was in relation to the Queen."

"Oh, I know all about the queen," interrupted the trotting-horse reporter. "Was it in pedro or seven-up that they nipped you for a bet?"

"I never play cards," was the reply. "My question is in regard to the Queen of England, and the precedence which members of the royal family take over each other on state occasions. You remember when the Princess Louise married the Marquis of Lorne?"

"Yes," promptly responded the young man; "it was the year Goldsmith Maid trotted in two sixteen and a half. You bet I remember it."

"At that time," continued the visitor, "the statement was made that, in consequence of his not being of royal blood, the marquis would not be allowed, by the laws of court etiquette, to sit beside his wife at a state dinner. Is that so?"

"I should just twitter that it was," replied the young man whose recollections of Goldsmith Maid were so vivid. "There's no place in the world where a pedigree with five thoroughbred crosses in it is of more account than in England. Now, what you want to know, I suppose, is where Lorne would sit at, say, the queen's thanksgiving dinner?"

"That is exactly what I wish to ascertain," was the reply. "Well," said the young man, "in the first place, the queen would be up at the head of the table, near the turkey—kind of have the pole on the rest of the field. Do you drop?"

"Yes," was the answer; "I think I catch your meaning."

"Next to the queen is the Prince of Wales—he's her eldest son, you know. Then comes his wife and five children. After they have been provided with seats the Duke of Edinburgh and his collection must be looked after. Then there is the Duke of Connaught and his wife, then Prince Leopold, the Princess Louise, the Princess Beatrice, the—"

"But, my dear sir," interrupted the seeker of information, "you have already mentioned more than enough people to fill an ordinary table."

"Oh, I haven't fairly begun yet. There are several of the folks not yet referred to, and then there are numerous installments of the queen's cousins who make it a point to come around Thanksgiving Day—at least twenty of 'em. On the whole, I should say that, if the head of the table were in the dining-room, and dinner began promptly at two o'clock, the Marquis of Lorne would be enjoying a piece of the turkey's neck and some celery tops out in the back yard about 8:30 P. M."

"I am very much obliged, indeed, for this information," said the gentleman. "Good day, sir."

"Bon jour," was the cordial reply. "Excuse my speaking French; but we are not allowed to use any other language around here after three o'clock. The literary editor comes in at that time."

When I was a little fellow, in Stuttgart, with yellow hair and wooden shoes, there came one day to the school which I attended an American boy named Jim Saunders, whose father was a New York broker. He was a quiet, simple-looking child, with great, soulful brown eyes, and an innocent look in his face that made all of us think he couldn't know much. We used to make fun of his peaked face and thin legs, because in Germany, you know, the children are all round-faced and fat. After little Jim had been in the school about six months, and could speak German pretty well, a circus came to town. One day we were discussing the matter, when Saunders, who had been sitting quietly in a corner of the room, said he should think a little boy might crowd in under the circus-tent and see the show that way. We all laughed heartily at this exhibition of ignorance, because we knew how closely the tent was watched, and more than one of us had been made temporarily delirious by having the boss canvasman's boot lean suddenly against the seat of our pants. So, when little Jimmy said this we laughed heartily, and Jacob Laudeneimer, who was the biggest boy in the school, said that nobody but a Yankee would talk so foolish. But Jimmy seemed to think he was right, and finally Jacob offered to bet him two marks that he couldn't get into the circus under the tent. Jimmy always had plenty of money, and he at once took the bet. Then several more of the boys began betting the little fellow until I felt sorry for him, and finally I concluded to go him six groschen myself, so that I could give the money back to him, when all the others had won theirs, and do a noble act. Little James took my bet, and after all the money had been put up with Mr. Niersteiner, one of the teachers, the whole crowd went over to the circus-ground to see James lose. He went right up to the ticket-wagon and bought a ticket. Then he said to the man: "I reckon there is no objection to my going under the canvas, as long as I have paid my way?" The man said certainly not; if anybody wanted to take that much trouble he had no objection. So Jimmy crawled under the tent and came out of the main entrance in a minute, looking just as solemn and innocent as ever. Of course Mr. Niersteiner had to give him the money, because he had won it fairly, and after he had put it in his pockets he winked at us, and said: "If you little tow-headed Dutchmen think I knocked around New York for eight years for nothing, you will get left." This sad incident came near blighting my otherwise happy boyhood.—From "The Piffalls of Youth," by Carl Schurz in the *Chicago Tribune*.

FROM "CHEF" TO CHESTER.

Our Correspondent tells how the President Climbed the Social Hill.

The first society man of America is President Arthur. It is the wonder of the day and the topic everywhere. I returned to-day from Newport, where he has been fêted like a prince. It is not that he is handsome and agreeable—for he was both long ago—but it is his ease, polish, and perfect manner that make him the greatest society lion we have had in many years. He does not "slop over," but has just enough of the *blase* air of an old society man to render his presence a compliment, and he is never familiar with any one. Besides, he not only knows how to drive, but is an excellent judge of wine, and talks to women with the ease of a man of the world. Above all, he knows how to refuse invitations. We never before had a President with half the social accomplishments of President Arthur. Most of his predecessors have been remarkable for their failures in society matters. General Grant had the best manner; but he couldn't eat, and was anything but attractive in person. I remember at one of the Chamber of Commerce dinners, some years ago, his finger-nails were so atrociously ill-kept and dingy that it excited comment from people who usually let such things pass unnoticed; and, while writing of it now, I remember that when I saw him at Long Branch last year his nails were still in mourning. Whether it had anything to do with his disappointed hopes for '80 or not, I am unable to say; but certain it was that his hands needed attention—and perhaps soap and water. President Arthur's hands are as carefully kept as a woman's. They are white and dimpled, and the nails are perfect. What would the vigorous and sturdy pioneer in the early days of the republic have said of a president whose nails were under the hands of a manicure—a woman whose profession it is to improve and beautify the hands. Every nail on the President's bands is trimmed to a point, and carefully polished. The skin at the base of the nails is pulled back just far enough to show the little white half-moon on each finger. I am in the habit of observing such little things as the condition of a man's hands. It tells more of character than many more prominent features. Again, the President can open a door, restore a handkerchief, or hand a chair to a lady without exhibiting a colossal amount of clumsy dignity, as did the eminent Rutherford B. Hayes, nor, on the other hand, does he effervesce with the effusive gallantry of men of distinction from the South.

It is always difficult to write about the manners of a man of refinement, because there are so many little things that can scarcely be noticed—how easily he bows before taking the hand of any one in an introduction; how well he gets out of a room without turning his back on it or going backward like a crab; how well he moves the spoon from, instead of toward, him in eating soup; and a thousand and one little things that are ridiculous on paper, but immensely effective when a man is the lion of a fashionable dinner party. Another amazing thing is the ease with which the President has captured the respect of the young society men. Of all critics they are the most severe, because the idol of their lives is "form." If a man is "proper," they are in with him for all they are worth; but if he is not, their contempt is as insultingly shown to a president as to a pauper. Believing only one thing, they ridicule everything else. They are enthusiastic admirers of the President. It was an odd sight to see them in the Casino a few days ago, surrounding and talking to him with the utmost respect. They were in all the agony of morning toilet, with the new wasp-waist English Prince Albert coats, and trousers strapped under their varnished boots. They sucked the ends of their sticks, and listened with respect to the fashionably dressed President, standing erect among them with an expression of reticent good-fellowship on his handsome face, and an air of easy familiarity in his bearing. Among the young society men about him were August Belmont Jr., Centre Hitchcock, James Kernochan, Freddie Gebhard, Count Fitz James, Jack Rutherford, and John D. Cheever. I find it impossible to imagine these men talking to any other president than Chester A. Arthur.

I was at Newport during the whole of the President's stay and saw him a great many times. Somehow one constantly forgot that he was President of the United States, and wondered who he was. It was very touching, however, to notice the villagers and bumbler residents of Newport when the President was visible. If they heard that he was to visit any one of the cottages, the Ocean House or the Casino, they would swarm in crowds to get a look at him, and carry their little children along so that they might say when they grew up that they had seen President Arthur. He was always careful to notice this homage to his office, and raised his hat when passing the crowds. His manner is, as I have said, irreproachable. You may say, what of it? Has he not always been a man of position and influence in New York, and was not his position in society in New York assured long before his election to the vice-presidency? That is just the point. I knew him for years before he became widely known, and it is that acquaintance with his former life—that causes me to wonder at his sudden and complete development. Less than four years ago it was a common sight to see Chester A. Arthur in company with Mike Cregan, Barney Biglin, and Johnny O'Brien, day after day and night after night, in the various political bar-rooms of the city. I presume you have the exact prototypes of Cregan, Biglin, and O'Brien in San Francisco—men who are of extremely low parentage, of vulgar habits, and common connections, who wield considerable power among the lower voting classes. With these three, and kindred men, was Chester A. Arthur a bosom friend, not only prior to but actually during the first months of his vice-presidency. When Garfield died, he dropped them like hot shot, and blossomed out into a refined and elegant society man.

The reception given him by Governor Morgan, Wednesday, is ranked as the most magnificent entertainment not only of this season, but of any other. Governor Morgan is not a petty entertainer. He does not give receptions often, but when he does they are the social sensation of the day. He is a man of good family, great wealth, and intense pride. He is tall and *distingue*-looking, with white hair and keen eyes. It would be silly to attempt a description of his mag-

nificent house the day of the reception. It was banked with flowers, and the President moved among millions of dollars' worth of diamonds. The ladies wore short dresses, and bonnets, and all their jewels that could be carried. The most beautiful woman at the reception was "Mamie" Astor, the wife of William Waldorf Astor. He goes to Italy as minister, and we lose, in the departure of his charming wife, one of the most beautiful of the younger society women of New York. On Wednesday she was dressed in deep red, trimmed with ruffles of shaded material that merged into a delicate blue. Everybody was not at this reception. Those who were there were branded with the stamp of the very highest standing, and all below were left unasked. The President seemed amused and entertained, but not flattered. The next day he was entertained at the villa of Mr. Gardner Brewer, in great style. This was followed by Commodore Baldwin's ball. His villa is very large and superbly furnished, and it was decorated with a lavish hand. The entertainment is known as the "rosebud ball" because so many beautiful girls were present. Most of them dressed in red and wore their dresses very low. The display of diamonds was extraordinary, Mrs. Paran Stevens wearing nearly all of hers. Her detective took them from her hands when she emerged from the ladies dressing-rooms, and hurried home with them. It is an old thing now, Mrs. Stevens employing a detective to look after her jewels when she wears them all, but it created a great sensation the first time she appeared in public with him. She can no longer boast of having more expensive diamonds than any other woman in the world except royalty. The diamonds of the Miss Rothschild who was married a few months ago in Paris are more beautiful than those of Mrs. Stevens. But then the Parisienne hasn't any detectives. Mrs. Baldwin's morning-room was extensively commented on. It is on the ground floor, and very delicately furnished. The floor, walls, and ceiling are of brilliantly polished and artistically carved satinwood, the furniture, mirrors, and picture-frames being upholstered in delicate light blue plush. General Hancock was at the ball—which, by the way, was a ball only in name, as the crush was so great that dancing was impossible. The magnificent-looking soldier was a great favorite with the ladies. His good-nature is unbounded. There were many eminent army and navy people at the ball, and their costumes added to the brilliancy of the scene. It would be tiresome to go through the list of entertainments given to the President. They kept him busy night and day.

His sons were with him, but they added nothing to his lustre. Some things are better left unsaid. I don't mind saying something about young Chester A. Arthur Jr.'s engagement, however, in a strictly confidential way, as I know it will go no farther. The attempt to have his *fiancée* accepted in New York society has proved a failure. I am sorry, for Miss Maude Crowley is in every sense a beautiful girl. But the family is not "up" enough to satisfy the craving for "blood," which the society leaders of to-day suffer from, and the Crowleys must stay out, at least for a while. Their history is not well known, but there is no reason why it should be shrouded in mystery. I have known all about them for years. The father of Miss Maude Crowley is Richard Crowley, who hopes that the engagement of his daughter to the president's son, and his own intimacy with the chief executive, will lead to a certain big thing. This thing is his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury in the event of Folger being elected Governor of the State of New York. He hungers for the secretaryship, and would give his ears to get it, as it would give him what he most desires—position. But to the history of the Crowleys. In Lockport, New York, lived a number of laborers in whitewashed shanties near the canal some years ago. They worked by the day at canal and cellar-digging. One of these laborers had a number of sons, among them Richard Crowley, who showed considerable shrewdness, and had enough push in him to leave digging for ninety cents a day, and strike for something higher. Another laborer had an extremely pretty daughter, whose beauty so attracted her uncle, an Irish priest, that he took her out of her father's hovel and put her in a convent. She emerged a graceful, beautiful, and brilliant woman, and disappointed all her friends by marrying Richard Crowley. He has succeeded in politics largely through his wife's tact and diplomacy. They are living at the Arlington in Washington now with their ten children, but in Lockport is a magnificent residence which they built a short time ago. Within eye-shot are the two hovels where Mr. and Mrs. Crowley were born. Richard Crowley has done heavy service for his leaders, and he has earned a reward. His wife is to-day one of the most influential politicians of the gentler sex in Washington, but the daughter, Maude, is not accepted in New York. As a peculiarly striking proof of what I said about the President's associates a year or so ago, I may say that the youngest two of Mrs. Crowley's children are named Thomas Murphy Crowley, and Chester Arthur Crowley. At the time of the christening Tom Murphy was one of the bosom friends of Mike Cregan, Chester A. Arthur, Barney Biglin, and Johnny O'Brien. But is he a bosom friend of the President? Perish the thought! cries the first society man of America.

FLANEUR.

September 15, 1882.

French woman, often stigmatized as the most frivolous of their kind, are, in reality, the most thrifty—a virtue that frequently degenerates into absolute parsimony. A Paris correspondent says that he saw a striking instance of making the best of unregarded trifles the other day, when dining with one who certainly has the reputation for prudence. A cherry-pie had been on the table, and the mistress gave strict injunctions that all the stones were to be scraped from the plates and placed in her store-room. He ventured to ask the reason, and was told that not only the cherry, but plum, peach, and all manner of stones, whether cooked or raw, were invariably saved, gently dried in the oven, and kept in a great jar. "Then," said madame, "in the winter, when the fire burns clear and bright in the evening, I fetch a handful and throw them among the glowing coals. They crack and splutter for a moment, send up a brilliant flame, and the whole room is filled with a delicious odor."

A very popular young Baltimore revivalist recently had to marry the girl.

SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

At present there is as much attention paid to the infant department by our merchants as to any other portion of their establishments. I spent several hours last week in looking over the pretty things now in fashion in that line. I found that the regulation length for infants' robes is forty inches. These robes have been gradually increasing in length for the last twenty years. I saw a couple of the garments just received from Paris, one marked at fifty dollars and the other at sixty. The first was made of fine French muslin. It had a tablier front, composed, from the neck down, of rows of valenciennes, fine French embroidery bands, and clusters of tucks, twelve in a group and as fine as it was possible to make them. At the bottom of all this work were three ruffles about one and a half inches in length and a half-inch in width of the muslin, edged with valenciennes lace put on sparingly—that is, not much ruffled. This tablier was joined to the bottom of the robe on each side by a jabot of the same ruffling as that at the base. Another jabot of the same work ran straight down the centre of the front, and all three of them were ornamented with jaunty little bows of narrow white satin ribbon. The back part of these robes are generally quite plain, a broad hem and a cluster of tucks being considered quite sufficient. The material was shirred into a yoke, not very deep. Long ends of the muslin, about four inches wide and hemmed, were made to tie in the back. Another one of these robes was made of Paris mull. Straight down the front was a strip of fine embroidery, on each side of which was a strip of valenciennes lace an inch wide. On each side of the lace was a puffing of the mull. The remainder of the front was finished by a mass of tucks and valenciennes insertion, and finished at the bottom with one wide flounce of French embroidery. It was edged up the sides with a piece of embroidery to match, only narrower. The back of this dress was made similar to the other just described, except that it was trimmed at the left side with long loops and ends of white satin ribbon two and a half inches wide. The arms and neck are not shown now as formerly, long sleeves and high-neck waists covering them. A pretty Mother Hubbard cloak for an infant can be made of white camel's hair exceedingly soft and fine, and lined throughout with white surah silk, shirred in at the neck, and tied together with white satin ribbon. Another can be made of a delicate shade of soft gray camel's hair, with three box-plaits, both front and back attached to a yoke, covered by a wide shirred collar, lined with white surah silk, and a bow of white surah silk ribbon. A cloak of this description can be made up for twenty or twenty-five dollars. Infants' white skirts are made thirty-six inches long, about one yard and a half wide, and finished off with a wide hem and tucks in clusters, or else with lace or a flounce of rich embroidery. They range from six to eight dollars, when made of nainsook or French cambric. Babies' flannel skirts are generally made of Gilbert flannel or Ballard veil. They come one yard in length, and a yard and a half in width, and are in most cases heavily embroidered, showing large designs in flowers, with long, waving stems and leaves. One which I saw had the waist also cut in the skirt; and where the seams were taken in appeared a herring-bone stitch in white embroidery silk. The square-cut neck and short sleeves were worked in small scallops; the bottom was finished with tucks, also herring-boned, and torchon lace insertion. Beneath this was a hem, the edge of the hem embroidered in small point, underneath which was a ruffle of torchon lace one inch wide. In fact, it is becoming quite the style to put any description of heavy lace on flannels for children, though valenciennes is universal for dresses and white or cotton skirts. Quite novel are the little bats now coming into vogue for children of a year or two old. One, which was shown me, was intended for a boy baby, and was sailor-shape, made of a pretty tint of light blue plush, which shaded down to pearl white; the inside of the rim was filled in with a full ruching of white lace, which formed a sort of cap in appearance. Another was of white plush, with the rolling rim lined with a shirring of cream-tinted satin, with a bow outside of narrow white satin ribbon of the same tint. The Tam O'Shanter are still worn by both little boys and girls from two to four years of age. They are crocheted and done in worsted, coming in all colors. There are also crocheted coats to match the caps, and these have large firemen's capes falling nearly to the waist. With these suits also come leggings to match. A pretty novelty in little bonnets is the "Kate Greenaway." One, I remember, was of the palest shade of blue plush, with a light shade of pink surah satin used as lining. There were others, of cream color, cardinal, and navy blue, all exceedingly pretty. One, for a girl from five years up to eight, was of dark blue plush, with a shirred rim of white satin. Another was of light blue lined with pink. Price of each, seven dollars. There is as much thought spent upon the aprons which these little folks wear as on any other part of their wardrobe. A favorite style of making the aprons is to have them of a rich shade of *écru* nainsook, the waist formed with seven box-plaits that join on to a yoke. The waist is barred across by a band of the same material embroidered in a dark shade of brown, to which is joined on the lower edge of the band the skirt; part of this is also embroidered to correspond. The apron is open in the back, and tied together with wide strings of the same, ornamented on the ends with the same kind of embroidery. They are low in the neck, and sleeveless. The latest novelty in baby-carriage robes are those made of Angora wool. They come in different designs. For instance, one side is of a medium shade of blue, with a terra-cotta border of Grecian design, while the other side is of terra-cotta, with the border in blue. Another was of soft gray with a pink border; another of white with a border of scarlet; and still another of pink with a blue border. These robes are sold at three dollars each. The crib-blankets now shown are very pretty little affairs; especially a white one I saw with a wreath in the centre of wild roses, buds, and leaves, worked with shaded silk. A pale pink worked in pure white, and a blue worked in lemon color, were also shown. These blankets range in price from four to five dollars. It is not an unusual thing now to see baby's shoes and pillow-cases richly ornamented with fine lace and embroidery.

September 21, 1882.

SOCIETY.

The Castillo-Hastings Engagement.

We are informed upon the best of authority that the engagement contracted, some months ago, between Doctor J. D. Castillo, U. S. N., and Miss Lillie Hastings, of this city, has been broken off. Doctor Castillo, it will be remembered, was connected with the *Rodgers* expedition for the relief of the *Jeannette*.

The Grace Church Entertainment.

On Friday evening next Saratoga Hall will no doubt be crowded by society people, who have been on the *qui vive* regarding the entertainment that is to be presented upon that occasion by the Choral Society of Grace Church and its friends, under the auspices and general management of Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. Hutchinson, and Mrs. Gwin. This entertainment is to consist of tableaux, under the supervision of the Russian Consul-General, Colonel Olarovsky, and will include such pictures as "Blind Man's Buff," "School of Vestals," "Charlotte Corday," "Study of Scripture," "Love and Riches," "Judgment of Paris," "Marguerite Tempted," "Indiscreet Soubrette," "Flirtation," "Serenade," and the "Fountain of the Tuileries," and vocal and instrumental music under the direction of Messrs. Schultz and Ludovici. The young ladies and gentlemen who are to take part are the Misses Bessie Sedgwick, Carrie Gwin, Kate Hutchinson, Maggie Hutchinson, Belle Wallace, Lucille Thornton, Belle Brooks, Maggie Brooks, Nioa Platt, Miss Maynard, Miss Chevers, and Miss Benjamin, and the Messrs. Platt, Greenway, Pinkard, Hutchinson, and Reuling.

Notes and Gossip.

We have ample authority for the statement that Major-General John M. Schofield will soon arrive here as commanding officer of the military division of the Pacific, *vice* Major-General Irwin McDowell, who is soon to be placed on the retired list. General McDowell is having a handsome residence built on Van Ness Avenue, which he and his family will soon occupy, and which is the most abundant proof that they propose to make California their future home. General Schofield and family, who will be accompanied by Colonel William M. Wherry and family, will take up their permanent residence at the Grand, where they formerly resided some ten or eleven years ago. At the same time, so we are informed, General August V. Kautz, Colonel of the Eighth Infantry, will be made a department commander, and will take up his residence at the Presidio, which, in a social sense, will be very satisfactory, as Mrs. Kautz is recognized as a very accomplished and agreeable society woman. Major F. A. Whitney and his charming bride, (*née* Miss Hattie Myrick,) whose brilliant wedding at Trinity Church a few weeks ago will be remembered, returned from their bridal tour, which took in Lake Tahoe and Virginia City, on Saturday last, and were given receptions on the 19th and 21st instant by Mr. and Mrs. Elliott. Mrs. Whitney is to be made the recipient of a reception by Mrs. General Kautz at Angel Island this afternoon. On Tuesday evening next Mrs. Whitney will be given a reception by Mrs. Godley, and shortly afterward will depart with her husband for San Diego, *via* Los Angeles. On Sunday morning last Mrs. Frank M. Clarke, wife of Paymaster Clarke of the navy, and Miss Gracie Taylor, left for the East. Mr. and Mrs. William Collier are contemplating an Eastern trip which shall take in New York and Washington and extend into the winter. Miss Carrie Pierce, of Santa Clara, is at Mare Island as the guest of Mrs. Brice. Miss Nellie Trowbridge, who has been visiting Miss Kate Felton, at Menlo, has returned to the Palace. Miss Elam has returned from Napa Soda Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Neff, who have been enjoying a short honeymoon at Monterey, returned on Thursday last and held a reception in the evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 728 Sutter Street. Miss Jeannette Reynolds and her mother have returned from Sonoma County. Major and Mrs. W. F. Furry, of Los Angeles, have been visiting their friends in this city during the week. The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise departed by the *Comus* on Saturday last, and have arrived at Victoria. It is their intention to remain in British Columbia about a month, and to tarry a week or two here upon their return. General and Mrs. John F. Miller and Miss Dora Miller returned to this city from Washington on Thursday last, and are at the Palace. General Rosecrans also returned on Thursday last. Gordon Blanding, Miss Blanding, and Miss E. Blanding went to Monterey on Friday last. A large number of San Franciscans went to Monterey on Saturday last; among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jewell, Mrs. G. H. Sisson, Miss N. O'Sullivan, Miss A. O'Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Cutting, J. T. Haviland, R. P. Hammond Jr., A. S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Goad, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meinecke and Miss Meinecke. C. N. Plum Jr. and the Misses Plum returned from their extended tour on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Collier, and Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs, have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. Atherton, who is still having improvements made upon her California Street residence, will return from Menlo Park, accompanied by her daughter, in a few days, and Mrs. Rathbone will return in a short time afterward. Mrs. Colonel J. H. Withington, Mrs. Lugsdin, Miss F. E. Lugsdin, Miss Nellie Wood, Mrs. James G. Fair, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wellshire have returned from Monterey. General J. F. Houghton, who has been spending several months in the East, returned home on Saturday last. General Carr has again assumed command at Camp Lowell, near Tucson, Arizona. Mrs. Commander J. B. Coghlan, of the Navy Yard, has gone East. Mrs. J. F. Cowdery is visiting in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Pomeroy, of Tucson, who have been spending the summer in Oakland and San Francisco, have returned to Arizona. Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid leave for New York to-day. The next social and literary at the Navy Yard will be given at the residence of Doctor Wood on Thursday evening next. Mr. and Mrs. Fred. G. Sanborn are enjoying their honeymoon at Lake Tahoe. On Tuesday evening next Mr. William F. Smith and Miss Mamie A. Smith, of this city, will be married, only the relatives of the parties being invited to be present at the ceremony.

CENTURY BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Dead of Night.

In dull, dead heaviness of sleep,
The earth lies weak and worn.
The haggard night forgets to keep
Her weary watch for morn.
A numbness slowly seems to creep
On river, field, and bill.
The gloom falls momentarily more deep,
The stillness grows more still.

And over all there steals, intense,
A strangeness chill and gray,
A stolid, dull indifference,
The night's despair of day.

—Robertson Trowbridge.

Cophetua.

(IN THE NEW STYLE.)

Her arms were swathed in dainty kid,
She was less shy than I shall say,
With jaunty graces not all hid,
Before the king Cophetua.
In blushing maze the king did gaze
(A hashful monarch by the way),
She smiled so pertly up at him
From 'neath her plumed hat so gay.

She smiled, then laughed; she bent her head
With sidelong glance and bit her ring;
Advanced a step, then mimicked dread,
With airs as coy, as hold as spring.
The royal arms stretched royal palms;
She rushed between them with a fling.
And on his breast, with kisses, cried,
"You dear old Cophy, be my king!"

—Xenos Clarke.

The Statue.

There was a statue, only common clay,
Which in the sunshine stood one summer day,
And just through one brief magic hour—I'm told,
Because the sun shone so—seemed finest gold.

There was a hero—hero hut to one—
Who had his gilded hour beneath Love's sun,
And then, ab me! the sunshine died away,
And left the hero—bare, dull, common clay.

L'ENVOI.

Are you the hero, or are you the sun?
A word, *mon ami*, and my fable's done:
If you must blame, be just, and blame the sun.
—Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Deaf.

As to a bird's song she were listening,
Her beautiful head is ever sidewise bent;
Her questioning eyes lift up their depths intent—
She, who will never bear the wild-herd's sing.
My words within her ears' cold chambers ring
Faint, with the city's numerous sub-tones blent,
Though with such sounds as supplants may have sent
To high-throned goddesses my speech takes wing.

Not for the side-poised head's appealing grace
I gaze, nor hair where fire in shadow lies—
For her this world's unhallowed noises have
Melt into silence; not our groans, our cries,
Our curses reach that high-removed place
Where dwells her spirit, innocently wise.—H. C. Bunner.

A Child's Wisdom.

"Give us—ab! give us—but Yesterday!"—Austin Dobson.

Between the half-drawn curtains faintly gleamed
The early dawn's first pale and glimmering ray;
But through my heart rang ever, as I dreamed,
The poet's plaint: "Give me hut Yesterday!"

Through swiftly-opening doors, with flying feet,
My little daughter with her curls of gold
Came eagerly the morning sun to greet:
The little maid whom yesterday we told

To-morrow, if the skies were not unkind,
Out into country meadows she should go,
With beating heart and shining eyes to find
The sweet, shy haunts of wild flowers, hiding low.

Flushed in the morning light, she danced and sang;
While I forgot the poet's murmuring lay,
As through the room her sweeter wisdom rang:
"Mamma! mamma! To-morrow is To-day!"
—Alice Wellington Rollins.

Her Fan.

So I am to keep you, little fan,
While she goes to waltz with the eighteenth man.

Well!—now that I have you, the question, sweet,
Is, whether to kiss you, or hatter and beat?

That you've been her accomplice, in moments gone by,
In tricks to torment me, you can not deny.

How oft, from her side, I've been ordered to go,
To hunt for your fanship, high and low.

And been, for not finding you, frowned at and chid,
While, 'neath her own furrowed brows, basely you hid!

If you weren't just warm from her clasp, I fear
You'd have fluttered your last at *soirées*, my dear!

This, too, is the cord she cruelly twists,
In my envious sight, round her milk-white wrists;

And this, the edge she'd do nothing hut hite,
When I prayed for one word in the soft starlight.

She's a flirt, wretched fan! from her head to her foot,
In its daintiness, supremely absurd little hoot!

(Though one such wickedness wouldn't surmise,
From those tender lips, and shy, sweet eyes,

And she looks, to-night, in that white robe's flow,
Fair and pure as a lily in snow;)

But her heart, under all, may be deep and true—
The ocean has frivolous froth on its blue!

That she likes me a little, I can't help believing—
If I only were sure of that fact, all-retrieving!

* * * Here she comes back, at last, grown a rose, in the
waltz!
Fanling! take her this kiss, and I'll pardon your faults!
—C. E. S.

From the Century for October.

VANITY FAIR.

It has been decreed that bonnets and hats are to be worn of portentous size, profusely trimmed with ostrich plumes, tropical birds, and variegated ribbons. The brims will be of the widest, and the crowns of the highest, while velvet and felt will be the favorite materials. Long-napped felt and plush will still be employed, but more rarely. Double-faced ribbons, either in velvet or silk and satin, will be almost exclusively used for bonnet-strings.

White has been more worn than usual, perhaps in imitation of the Princess of Wales, who has shown this year a decided predilection for white enlivened with a *parure* of diamonds. American ladies who possess any number of jewels, and have the faintest justification for their display, have combined them to great advantage with jackets of white satin, worn over skirts of puffed tulle caught up with innumerable bows of ribbon, or of plain surah also trimmed with Mechlin lace and ribbon.

Any more remarks anent the gaudy parasol of '82 are now off. It has lived a mad life for two months, and has shown itself with unblushing effrontery at all times and places where a parasol dared to be. But there is an end to all things, and its butterfly days are numbered. It has been decked with garlands of flowers, shrouded with laces, and even studded with precious stones. The wildest extravagance, the most intolerable vulgarity, have marked its career; yet it will probably be laid away with many regrets by fashionable women, who must then turn their thoughts to less conspicuous sources of personal expense.

"The thing that impresses me most in a walk on Broadway," says "Brunswick" in the Boston *Courier*, "is the fit of the women's clothes. I have never seen anything like it. Those who don't wear jerseys wear other material skin-tight. Not only do their arms look as though they had been melted and poured into the sleeves, but the entire waist fits in the same way; and I have seen skirts that seemed almost as tight-fitting. This is a becoming dress to some figures, but there are others whose peculiarities it only exaggerates. In the effort to get the compact look, ornament is dispensed with, and wraps are scorned. A high collar, fastened with a jeweled stud, is the only break in the monotony of this costume. The hat is a turban, made of the same material as the dress, and worn back on the head to show the thick bang. It is a picturesque costume, particularly with the long gloves drawn nearly to the elbow outside the sleeve. The great drawback to these tight sleeves is the fact that they are worn without cuffs, which gives an unfinished look to the costume in the house. But now I see that the old-fashioned turn-over cuff is coming in again. The cuffless sleeve does not look so bad when the wearer has a pretty hand and wrist, but when the hand is large and ugly, and the wrist flat and bony, cuffs are a great improvement."

This, from Clara Belle, the fashion writer of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, will interest the ladies: "Some of the new autumn walking costumes are of tweed, showing a white vest, cutaway coat, fastened just below the chest with one button, a standing collar, with round gold collar-buttons, and linen cuffs held together by large links, or huge cuff-buttons, and, crowning all, a jaunty, low-crowned Derby hat, devoid of trimming of any sort. This style is from London, and a few who follow it go to the whole English extent of carrying canes. These are quite slender bits of ebony, not long enough to be used in walking, and are sometimes expensively mounted with gold. It is fashionable, too, to wear cropped hair with these costumes. Cutting off the hair is not considered a very serious matter by women who are bold enough to adopt such distinctive and conspicuous toilettes, for they almost invariably belong to the classes who commonly wear wigs, and, therefore, can put on long hair again at will. There are numerous women in New York, who, being scantily provided by nature with hair, hardly ever show it at all, but wear wigs on all occasions. This saves trouble, because they can be sent to a shop to be combed and arranged to order, and brought back ready to be pinned on. Moreover, a variety of colors can be gained; for no hesitation seems to be felt in appearing in the morning with raven tresses, in the afternoon with yellow frizzes, and in the evening with a hirsute revelation in red. Of course, it is an extremely artificial woman, not to say a brazen one, who resorts to wigs for choice. It is only a youthful and pretty face, however, that can stand cropped hair."

The latest English fashion is the painting of blue veins on ladies' temples, wrists, and arms.—It is to be a feather season, say the milliners, and winter bonnets are to be more elaborately ostrich than the bird itself.—It is not good taste to wear a slipper or very low-cut shoe on the street; but when it is done, the slipper should always be worn over black stockings. In this case the height of the shoe will hardly be observed.—The latest agony is to wear a diamond solitaire in one ear, and a ruby or sapphire, matching in size and setting, in the other.—Autumn traveling bonnets are extremely small, and ornamented by a pretty fancy bird, because it is less perishable than lace or ribbons.—Bridesmaids at autumn weddings are to wear short costumes, but the bills will be long.—The quaintest pokes have the back of the crown turned upward, with many loops of velvet ribbon and small feather tips stuck in the summit of the crown and falling downward, with perhaps some erect heron's feather directly on the top.—An Alexandrite ring is the latest freak. It is a beautiful gem, rich mossy green by day and ruby red by candle-light. This rare combination pleases the aesthetic taste that seeks color as well as brilliancy.—Newport young ladies wear gold bangles, from which every imaginable marine monster dangles and rattles in a way to make Neptune shiver. They ought to add poor Reynard's brush and a couple of pads to their wampum to be in character with the rest of the surroundings.—The Parisian shopkeeper shows his sympathy with Egypt by turning all his goods into Egyptian forms. Every sort of thing is designed in the peculiar art of that ancient land; and it is expected that even *élégantes* will adopt a style of dress which is said to be a Frenchman's idea of what Cleopatra's best gown ought to have been.

A REVIEW

or

The Republican Municipal Administration.

Party success in our municipal elections has always been more or less governed by the standing of the administration in power.

We are about to have a very important local election for officers who are to manage city affairs for the next two years. The Republican party has now the control of the city government, and its record is a fair subject of honest review before the people who are to be asked to continue it in power.

We assert that under the present municipal officers the affairs of San Francisco have been better and more economically administered than they have been for many years. There has been a direct departure from the sand-lot demoralization, from the boss rule and robbery, from the ring system of shameless defiance and corruption. The Republican incumbents went into office pledged to reform and to economy, and they may with pride challenge criticism as to the fulfillment of their promises.

In the County Clerk's office, under Wilder, the expenses have been reduced sixty thousand dollars per annum below the expenses under Stuart.

The Sheriff's office under Sedgwick has been conducted not only more economically than it was under Desmond, but in respect of intelligent and decent management the latter is so far beyond the former that comparison would be impossible.

The Board of School Directors has conducted its department with more ability and administrative capacity than any preceding board.

The Board of Supervisors, on which devolves the most weighty, responsible, and varied duties, has not taken a single step nor passed an ordinance against which suspicion or distrust could be raised, while the benefits it has conferred upon the public generally, by economic measures, entitle its members, and the Republican party, which elected them, to the approval of all good citizens, irrespective of party. It has been the best legislative body, taken as a whole, that this city has had since the days of the People's party, and has not been equalled by any other predecessor in its real service of the people. We say this emphatically, because just now there is an attempt, in one or two selfish directions, to malign that body, and to split the party into factions to gain personal and malignant ends.

It has made a material reduction in the rate of taxation, by reducing the expenses whenever practicable. In the street-sweeping contract, in which formerly Higgins, Gannon, and Chute were interested, it has cut down the annual outlay nearly fifty thousand dollars. Under the old contract, the cost of street sweeping went right on during the rainy season as during the summer; under the new, the Board of Supervisors has the right to dispend with the sweeping, and with the cost of it, when the weather makes it for the interest of tax-payers so to do. It has made a contract for street lighting which saves seventy thousand dollars annually to the city, and has secured a reduction of one-third in the price of gas to domestic consumers. It has materially reduced the cost of water to consumers, over one-half the rates having been cut down seventeen per cent., and the remainder between seven and seventeen per cent. All the outside interests in which, under former administrations, there has been money to be made, or in which the boss triplet of the primaries has been accustomed to dip its fingers, there has been a clean-cut determination to reduce expenses, to prevent plunder, and to scrutinize carefully all claims submitted. There has been no ring to fix up and force through legislation in defiance of a minority vote; but, on the contrary, nearly every important measure adopted has been by a vote nearly unanimous.

The Mayor has maintained the confidence of the community by a pure and dignified course of action, and by an independent, but not arrogant, course whenever he found his judgment at variance with that of the legislative department.

For these benefits to the public the Republican party has a right to claim just recognition as a party of the people and true to its pledges of reform. It is the more to be congratulated, because, in selecting the men whom the people endorsed by their votes, it repudiated the primary system, which had been only a machine of the three bosses by which they had run the government and bled its treasury, and in lieu of that rotten system substituted a nominating convention of tax-payers which selected the men whose good administration we have particularized.

Following out that method of selecting candidates, the party of the people has again ignored the plundering faction, and spiked the guns of the triumvirate by selecting a nominating convention of the best available men, men who are representative of all the industries, and whose standing and character give the biggest assurance of a ticket which, if elected, will continue the good work of its predecessors.

As might be expected, the plunderers and those who have enmities to gratify have endeavored to create dissension in the party, so as to aid in its defeat, and to place in power a fresh set of men, who will be subservient to selfish interests, and treacherous to the people.

The *Bulletin* is the mouthpiece of these public enemies, and is the more strenuous in their service because it has its own personal animosities to gratify. It failed to bind or drive the Board of Supervisors to its dictation, or to consent to permit it to deplete the treasury of the city by the payment of its unjust and illegal demands against it for printing. Having an old grudge against certain members of the water company, and being desirous of damaging its financial standing, it sought to array the public against it, and to use the Board of Supervisors as a means to that end, and in defiance of the law and the constitution. The Republican board having refused to yield to its dictation, that paper now denounces it as the worst board that has ever cursed this city, and endeavors to make a pretext of argument by citing the Mayor's vetoes of some of its measures, vetoes which have been but an honest difference of opinion which each of the two branches of government might rightfully or properly exercise. In fact, the Mayor has taken pains in his veto messages to express this very idea. In one, relating to water bills, he said: "I never have in any case questioned the integrity of

your motives; I am quite as likely to be mistaken as you are."

So, with regard to the contract with the gas company, by which seventy thousand dollars per annum was saved to the city. This was vetoed on the ground that, in the mayor's opinion, the reduction was not sufficient, considering the offer made by the Central Gaslight Company. But as this latter company has mains laid only in a limited district, and has no street-lamps anywhere erected, and only proposed to light a portion of the thickly settled part of the city, the board exercised a reasonable discretion and gave the contract on reduced terms to the old company, and required that charges to private consumers should be reduced from three dollars to two dollars, even where there is no competition.

In all their proceedings there has been such unanimity as to furnish the best evidence of intelligent action. The ordinances passed over the veto were almost unanimously passed. That on the water question was by a vote of ten to two. On the gas ordinance the vote was unanimous, and after its veto it was sustained by a vote of eleven to one.

Because of these honest differences of judgment, the *Bulletin* has the audacity and malice to parade them as proofs of dishonesty in the Board. What other board has done as much for economy as has this one? Heretofore we have been confronted with a fixed-up ring of the boss power, a seven-to-five *imperium in imperio*. Abuse and blackguardism have disgraced the council hall, and fraud and corruption have been openly charged by supervisors against each other.

We might have been at a loss to know what occasioned the hostility of the *Bulletin* and its malignant and ambitious attacks, did we not know that the *Bulletin* has pending before the Board bills for printing done without authority, and which it is and has been persistently pressing. Previous boards have always sought to placate and subsidize the *Bulletin* by passing any bills that were presented. This board, even at the risk of newspaper hostility, has stood upon the right, and has thus aroused its denunciation.

It will be a sad commentary upon the appreciation by the public of ability, and integrity, and efficiency of public men, if any importance is given to the slanders of the *Bulletin*.

It is unfortunate that any difference should have arisen between the Mayor and the Board of Supervisors early in the administration, to prevent them from acting conjointly in matters of public interest. Had they done so and exchanged views, there would have been little or no necessity for the vetoes which have been interposed. While we believe in the integrity and the ability of Mayor Blake, and think San Francisco is peculiarly fortunate in having him at the head of affairs, we are not disposed to think that everything that he is opposed to is wrong. The fact is, that Mayor Blake has been modest enough to discountenance any such impression himself, for upon every occasion he takes pains, while asserting his opinions, to say that he intends to cast no discredit upon the Board.

We claim for the Republican party, and for most of its official incumbents, the approval of the good citizens and tax-payers; and we do not hesitate to say that if the people shall be successful in getting as good and honest men to succeed them for the next two years, San Francisco will have taken a broad stride away from the corrupting influence of boss rule, and from the dictation of a selfish and malignant newspaper.

They have so little idea of luxury here in Germany, even in the best households, writes Margery Deane. In six months of living in private houses in Europe—and handsome houses, too, some of them belonging to the wealthiest of the nobility—I never saw a bath-room, and never made an evening toilet except by candle-light, two wax candles being considered sufficient. Imagine a Boston belle making a ball toilet by the light of two wax candles! It is with incredulous faces these people listen to my accounts of our daily use of the telephone. Only yesterday a somewhat pompous German said to us: "We invent these things, but you Americans apply them to your daily use." Under her breath, I heard one of the quartet say, "I should smile." She told me later that only politeness forbade her hurling steamboats and telegraph-poles at his head, and that she was surprised into a slang expression she had never been guilty of in her life before.

The October *Harper* contains an article entitled "Southern California," the illustrations to which are by J. D. Strong, the San Francisco artist, the text by W. H. Bishop. Among the sketches are views of Ralston's place at Belmont, Governor Stanford's farm at Palo Alto, the old fort at Monterey, the Hotel del Monte, the Chinese fishing quarters and the whaling beach at Monterey, General Naglee's brandy cellar at San José, and a number of others. The sketches are all from nature, done on large canvases in black and white, and reduced by photography for the block. While the engravers have in some instances failed to get the artist's idea, most of the cuts are well done. The sketches are spirited and artistic.

There is always a fashionable word; always some poor little scrap out of the wide desert of philology that is bounced about like a ball, and is used in season and out of season. To-day it is "smart;" not in the Yankee significance, but of the pure early English style of definition. Nowadays, everybody is smart, everything is smart, be it preacher, president, dress, or picture. To bear its many and various applications, one would fancy smart meant a condensed vocabulary, a sort of labor-saving word to express whatever anybody wanted particularly to admire or approve.

The subscriptions for the coming orchestral concerts of the Philharmonic Society have been very large. The attendance promises to be numerous and fashionable. Rehearsals have already begun, and the selections are said to be the best ever given in the city. Madame Zeiss-Dennis, who has just returned from the East and Europe, will make her first appearance since her arrival. She will sing, among other things, a recitative and aria from Mozart's "Titus," which has never been given in this city.

James L. Flood, son of James C. Flood, has been appointed cashier of the Nevada Bank.

THE DRAMA.

When "Davy Crockett" was first introduced to us it was simply an American play. Later it became an idyl of the backwoods, and now it is a "symphony in leaves and mosses." These poetical accumulations are becoming quite startling, and are apparently only to end with the utmost tension of our elastic language. But Davy himself and the play in which he is framed remain quite unchanged. Year after year he imports these companies, which are curiously alike in their dead monotony of inexcellence, and the only variation is a new Elinor Vaughan. The dramatic requirements are that she should be small, light, and supple. Think, then, of the millions of young women floating about these United States who are capable of playing Elinor Vaughan. But there is but one Davy Crockett, and he it is we go to see.

The frontier line is lessening day by day, the backwoodsmen growing fewer and fewer. Flannel-shirt chivalry is passing away, but grows picturesque with its passing. The farther it recedes into American history the more surely will "Davy Crockett" become an undying play—one of those which it will be our duty at regular intervals to see.

Who would have thought it would have had so long life, made as much of it is of somewhat stale material? For who has not read in the *faciæ* column, or in "Harper's Drawer"—a drawer, by-the-way, which has become almost as dreary as London *Fun*—under its various forms, the story of the young man who borrows a fleet-limbed steed from the father with which to carry away the daughter. The union with which this bit of play is nightly received is testimony to the boundless digestion of the human animal for stale jokes. Perhaps, after all, we are growing like the English people, and are beginning to like the things to which we are accustomed. These enormous runs of plays bespeak such a growth of taste.

There are those who question the fidelity of the "symphony" as a true picture of American life of that type, and look upon the descent of such a one as Miss Elinor Vaughan upon the wilderness as a most unlikely episode. I can easily fancy that the descent of any one of Mr. Frank Mayo's series of Elinor Vaughans would have excited at least round-eyed amazement among these children of the wildwood, for they have one and all been afflicted with an artificial accent, and a curious elegance which would have a weird effect upon any community.

I could not help thinking what a funny world this would be on top of all the funny things in it already, if two people in a supreme moment should carry on a stiff-backed, copper-fastened conversation, such as passed between Elinor Vaughan and her helpless lover in Davy's crib. And yet Miss Clancey is, perhaps, the best of them, despite a too vivid make-up and the fact that she never employs a natural tone of voice under any accumulation of circumstances. But she has a lithe, pretty figure, a little dash of feeling now and then, and quite a grace in passing. Perhaps this is enough to account for Davy's sudden passion. After all, it is the situation itself and not the girl that makes the play, and the situation is not an uncommon one.

A rich and powerful man told me his love-story once, and it was not altogether unlike this: When he was a lad, delving at his trade in a remote part of the far West, and yearning often, as Davy did, for a glimpse of the big outside world, a little girl, the daughter of the big man of the settlement, whom he used to take upon his knee and tell stories to, whom he used to take herring and nutting with him, who went coasting and sleighing with him, was sent East to be educated in a fashionable boarding-school, and came back a finished young lady. She awoke him with her grandeur, but he fell in love with her as promptly as if she had been a calico-clad, red-checked Phyllis, and let her see it, too, but determined to go away and seek his fortune before he tried to win her. By some subtle telegraphy she understood, and let him know that she would wait for him—for, like all women, she adored manly strength, and contemned the namby-pamby. As with Davy Crockett, a wink was as good as a nod to him, and he was determined, since she was willing, that none other should ever have her. "And so they were married," as runs the title of Besant and Rice's last story, and when I see them (as I often do) in the gilded halls of pleasure, the wife all a-glitter with diamonds, and one of the proudest ladies in the land, and the husband, with a glimmering idea still, perhaps, that the fashionable boarding-school keeps her yet a pace ahead of him, but showing still the strength of the man who conquered iron fortune for her, I think often of the humble, unpromising beginning of his love story.

So Elinor Vaughan's choice has never seemed an odd one, though I catch myself often wishing, as many others do, that at least he could read. It takes the romance out of a man for him not to know his *a-b* abs, and there is nothing exhilarating in a woman teaching her own husband his letters. By the way, what is the feeling in the gallery which prompts that invariable round of applause when Davy says—quite pathetically, I will admit—"I'm a backwoodsman, and can't read?" Even the author seems to have forecast the applause; for an odd little pause follows the announcement, disturbed by nothing but a little click of sympathy from Elinor.

There must be a certain amount of humbug in a play to make it go, and it is certainly humbug to cheer a man because he never learned his alphabet. But there are many pretty little touches of homely sentiment in "Davy Crockett;" far more sentiment than nature, in fact. Sentiment is appealing, and it is that which makes "Davy Crockett" as pretty a play as it is. Who is to gainsay it, when they tell us that the Crockett home, with its air of neatness and rude comfort, is a picture of frontier life as it is? A dear old dame Mrs. Judah makes of the old mother with the faithful light in the window for her son, and a brood of very Western looking youngsters running about her heels. There is a spice of the woods in the trampled pine tassels and fallen leaves, and Davy's crib does seem indeed a lodge in some vast wilderness. A pretty conceit that of reading young Lochinvar to this knight of the woods to while the time away while working up to the wolves. How its rhythm catches his ear and its spirit fires his heart! I read in a book the other day that the morbid fancies of modern poets were responsible for all the desecrated heartstones of high life. If these droning, blasé, white-handed fellows, who make up "the world," are so affected by the reading of a poem as to make them lazily willing to run away with other fellow's wives—passion nowadays does not seem to run much higher up the gamut than a lazy willingness to be as wicked as is comfortable—what would not the swinging melody of a ballad like Scott's work upon the heart of a simple, brave backwoodsman, with an unwed girl to win? Miss Vaughan looks very comfortable in her furs, and Davy very picturesque in his buckskin, and the unhappy man in the corner very superfluous in his weakness, and the first-light plays upon them very lovingly. It is a pretty picture very aptly made, terrible all in a moment by the howling of the wolves—a howling which would set the hearts a-belling more wildly were there not too many shrill soprano notes in the howl. But the ground looks very snowy, the wolf tongues very wolfy, and by the time the backwoodsman bolts the door with his strong right arm every one is wrought up to a very lively state of feeling.

The strong right arm of a man has come in for a great deal of poetical taffy of one sort and another. It has been the theme of woman's song from time immemorial, and man himself has placed it upon a pretty tall shrine; but it has never been so holdly dramatized before. It is a very effective bit of work, now; for inside a play or out of it there is nothing a woman so much applauds as physical sacrifice.

I know a man who is suave of manner and glib of tongue, who is a ready talker, as the times go, and has a very fair fund of information, the large physique which women like, and a face which would not disfigure a photograph. In a minor way he is a lady's man, yet ladies hate him with what sometimes becomes absolute intensity. "Isn't it strange?" they will say to one another, sometimes, "isn't it strange that every one detests him so?" And I know he echoes the wonder in his heart when he sometimes rouses out of himself to find that the secret of it all is that he has never in his life been known to sacrifice an atom of physical ease to any one around him. It is exactly unlike him that heroes are made, and a touch of real never appeals in vain. One's sympathies are warm with Davy's moment that he draws his reeking arm from the lock. BETS.

THE FIRE OF FIFTY-ONE.

How the Inmates Escaped from Wells & Co.'s Burning Building.

[EDITORS ARGONAUT: In an address which I had the honor to deliver before the Society of California Pioneers, on the 9th instant, I found myself compelled, in order to avoid trespassing upon the kind indulgence of my audience, to omit the narration of several incidents of the early days; among which was the annex sketch of the great fire of May, 1851, which may not be without interest to those of your readers who know only by hearsay of pioneer experiences. Yours, etc., SAN FRANCISCO, September 15, 1882. ALFRED WHEELER.]

It originated in a paint-shop on Clay Street, opposite Portsmouth Square, at about half-past nine P. M., and in less than fifteen minutes had engulfed that block, had leaped across Kearny Street, and, fanned by the northwest trade-wind of the season, had become a fiery hurricane, whose tongues of flame, a hundred yards in length, were licking up like chaff everything toward the east and south that was combustible.

Wells & Co.'s hank building, a large four-story brick structure, stood right in the line of destruction, at the south-west corner of Clay and Montgomery streets. The lower floor was the hanking-room, with its entrance on Montgomery Street, and the upper stories were occupied as lawyers' offices, the access to which was by a doorway on Clay Street at the rear of the hanking room. In the hallway, into which this Clay Street door opened, were gathered together, at the moment when the fire had almost reached that point, a dozen or more of the occupants, with Mr. Skinner, one of the hanking firm, in their midst. All were undecided as to where to remove their hooks, furniture, and other property. Drays and wagons by the score, loading with goods from stores and dwellings that were now almost in the embrace of the flames, and hundreds of people staggering under similar burdens, came pouring down to Montgomery Street and deposited their loads upon the street to the leeward of the hank, raising a pile that reached to the second story. Mr. Skinner urged that the building was completely fire-proof; that to remove anything from it would be unnecessary labor, and that the lives and effects of the occupants would be as secure within as without.

"Let us all remain," said he, "and, after securely fastening all the iron doors and shutters, await the burning of Doctor Rabe's building"—a three-story wooden one adjoining on the west. "When that shall take fire, as it will within a few minutes, some sparks or cinders may fall down the chimney flues or blow through the chinks of the shutters. By remaining and watching, we may quench any spark which enters, and so preserve the building and its contents. Rabe's building will be quickly consumed; after which the flames will have got across Montgomery Street and leave us safe and sound in their rear."

Can anybody believe that we were sensible men and contented? We did. It was an impulse of the pioneer's pride mingled with courage, that was ready to fight even the elements. The purpose was not rash; it was heroic. We thought that we could save that building, and we felt that we ought to do it. We harried and halted the entrance doors of hank and hall, and all the shutters, and, lighting our candles, took our positions at the windows, each in his respective room. Scarcely had we done so when a roar, as of Niagara, told us that the devouring flames had reached our neighbor. The deep thunder sound of that roar seemed, to my startled ears, like the voice of hell, howling at our resistance.

I placed my hand upon the brick wall that separated my office by only twelve inches from the dread fire that surrounded us, and felt the stove-like heat. Meeting with the impediment of that solid wall, the flames were carried by the wind along it, upward, and over the roof, pouring down each chimney flue, and through the fire-places into the rooms, burning cinders and inky streams of stifling smoke, like the black fumes coming through a steamboat smoke-stack from a bituminous coal furnace. Snatching the pillows from my bed, in an adjoining room, I stuffed them into the grate-flue of my office chimney, and stopped that channel. Through the open office door I saw that the hallways were filled with smoke, and prudent thoughts began to suggest themselves. I had but a moment of indecision, for as I turned my eyes toward the closed iron shutters I saw that they were red with the heat of the flames that shot past them.

Slowly they bent, curving outward, opening a space of half a foot, through which, in an instant, like the sea through a shattered hull, there rushed a stream of mingled flame and smoke. The glass of the windows crumbled into dust before the heat, and sash and casement formed a blazing framework around the smoky deluge that poured through and overwhelmed us with suffocation. The candles went out, smothered with carbon. There was a blackness like that of death, through which fantastic fiery forms darted like dancing demons. Through the windows of every room, from roof to sidewalk, and facing upon Clay Street, the merciless enemy poured in.

Unable to breathe, and almost asphyxiated, I thought instinctively of flight from the building. Under such circumstances thought is rapid. I knew that the planked sidewalks and roadways must be all ablaze; that in every direction the city must be in flames, through which was the only path of flight; that, once there, if I could be screened from the intense heat—being swift of foot—I might possibly reach the boundary of the burning district. With these thoughts I seized a pair of blankets, and, with them under my arm, leaped rather than ran down the two flights of stairs to the street floor, intending to rush through the hank and into Montgomery Street.

I was appalled, on entering the hanking-room, to find its outer doors unapproachable owing to the heat, and the huge bar, which had kept it closed, bent and warped, and immovable. I thought of the huge pile of goods which had been placed upon the sidewalk in front of this door, and of the wooden buildings opposite extending down to the bay. Escape seemed impossible. I was choking for want of oxygen. Every inch of space was filled with the acrid smoke, which would have strangled me had I opened my mouth. I must breathe. I thought the smoke might not have penetrated to the cellar, and, throwing my blankets into the nearest corner of the dark and tomb-like hank, I darted below.

From the moment when the candles had gone out in my office until I reached the cellar, it had not been over sixty seconds. The air down there was still cool, and almost free from smoke. I filled my lungs with the precious oxygen, and my brain seemed electric with vivid flashes of thought. Death within the next five minutes seemed to be inevitable. The faces of a mother and of sisters, who hopefully and lovingly awaited my return to them, and the scenes and pleasant places of childhood, swept before me like a dream. My thoughts were all of this life—none of another. I espied a candle burning in a remote corner, and, upon going thither, found Mr. Strong, the hookkeeper of the hank, and the negro porter standing dazed with alarm. At sight of me, the colored man exclaimed: "My God, my God, we've got to be hurned alive!" I asked Strong if there was no exit from the cellar. He replied: "None."

"Then," said I, "if we remain here a minute we are lost. The building is on fire from top to bottom. The stairs are yet unburned. If we inflate our lungs and fly up through the smoke, we may reach the roof, and from there we can leap to the street."

"Go on!" said Strong; "I'll follow you." With two strides I leaped to the street floor. As I reached it I glanced into the hank, and saw that the outer iron door had burst from its fastenings, and stood half open, while out in the street the red glare looked like a fiery furnace.

Snatching my blankets from the corner where I had dropped them, I threw them around me and rushed out into the flame. Fate sent my flying feet northward toward Telegraph Hill. As I reached Washington Street, a thousand voices beyond cheered me, until I stood safe with the ocean of fire behind me. I had got through unharmed, though my hoots were hurned to a crisp, and my white blankets were scorched to the color of mahogany. In half an hour nothing remained of the building from which I had fled but its ghastly smoking walls.

All escaped from it, though none but myself unharmed; some running toward the bay, some southward, toward California Street. Two died from the effects of the terrible hurns received in their flight, and all the others who lived bore permanent scars.

TENNYSON'S LATEST POEM.

Written at the Request of the Mantuans for the Nineteenth Centenary of Virgil's Death.

Roman Virgil, thou that singest Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;
Landscape-lover, lord of language more than he that sang the Works
and Days,

All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase;
Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and
horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely world;

Poet of the happy Tityrus piping underneath his beechen howers;
Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laughing shepherd hound with
flowers;

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow, unalloyed earth, and oarless sea;

Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind;
Light among the vanished ages; star that gildeth yet this phantom
shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to
rise no more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Caesar's dome—
Though thine ocean-roll of rhythm sound forever of Imperial Rome—

Now the Rome of slaves hath perished, and the Rome of freemen
holds her place,
I, from out the Northern Island sundered once from all the human
race,

I salute thee, Mantovano; I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stately measure ever molded by the lips of mar.
—Alfred Tennyson in *Nineteenth Century* for September.

For some time past the quaint old pagan fashion that bracelets should be worn by men as well as by women has been gaining ground upon the Continent, chiefly, it would seem, in countries where the prevalent creed is Roman Catholicism. The porte-honneur is an old-fashioned institution in the Austrian and Italian cavalry, and, indeed, the majority of Austrian noblemen, being addicted to field sports, are accustomed to wear St. George's medals, set in silver bracelets, upon one or other arm, the subduer of the dragon being generally recognized by equestrians as their patron saint. Archduke Rudolph, the Austrian Crown Prince, wears upon his left wrist a bracelet of chain-mail, visible in a photograph taken immediately after his marriage, and representing him arm-in-arm with the Archduchess Stephanie. The late King Victor Emanuel, a mighty hunter in his day, always wore a massive bracelet containing a medallion of St. Hubert, the same that is now worn in memory of him by his son, Italy's actual sovereign. Austrian naval officers are addicted to the wearing of porte-honneurs, in which are medals bearing the effigy of St. Peter, while the bracelets of imperial and royal artillery officers are invariably commemorative of St. Barbara's piety and personal attractions. Rossi and Salvini, the two great Italian tragedians, being also excellent horsemen, have caused broad bands of silver, framing medals of St. George, to be riveted upon their upper right arms. It is believed that this bracelet-wearing fashion has spread to England, and has been adopted by more than one distinguished personage.

Lady Waterford is about to let Ford Castle for the autumn, with the shooting and fishing over six thousand acres, says *London Society*. This would be a splendid opportunity for some *parvenu* American to gain distinction by leasing it. There are few historic castles in England in as good preservation, and its secret chambers and hidden stairways in the walls are musty with romance. It is in Northumberland, on the last of the Cheviot Hills. Near it is old Alnwick Castle, the famous seat of the Duke of Northumberland. Flodden Field lies just beneath the castle, where lived the fair Lady Heron, with whom James IV.'s dalliance proved so disastrous to him.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Opening a Car Window.

Maybe a man feels happy, and proud, and flattered, and envied, and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window of a railway car, and he jumps up and gets ahead of the other boys, and says: "Allow me?" Oh, so courteously, and she says: "Oh, if you please; I would be so glad," and the other male passengers turn green with envy, and he leans over the back of the seat and tackles the window in a knowing way with one hand, if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist, but it kind of holds on, and he takes hold with both hands, but it sort of doesn't go to any alarming extent, and he pounds it with his fist, but it only seems to settle a little closer into place, and then he comes around, and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance, and he grapples that window, and bows up his back, and tugs, and pulls, and sweats, and grunts, and strains, and his hat falls off, and his suspender buttons fetch loose, and his vest-huckle parts, and his face gets red, and his feet slip, and people laugh, and irrelevant young men in remote seats grunt and groan every time he lifts, and cry out, "Now, then, all together," as if in mockery, and he hursts his collar at the forward button, and the pretty young lady, vexed at being made so conspicuous, says, in her iciest manner, "Oh, never mind—thank you, it doesn't make any difference," and calmly goes away and sits down in another seat, and that wearied man gathers himself together and reads a paper upside down—oh, doesn't he feel good, just? Maybe he isn't happy, but if you think he isn't, don't be fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't want it.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Western Previousness.

One of the old ordinances of the town of Laramie City, "for the prevention of immoderate driving" in the limits of the town, reads at the close: "Any one who shall immoderately ride or drive within the limits of said town shall be fined in any sum not less than one dollar for each and every offense." This is a good law. The immediate young man driving the immediate horse is a dangerous feature of our western civilization. It is all right to keep on with the procession, as Isaiah has it, but we should avoid abruptness so far as possible. Abruptness is one of the peculiarities of our beautiful climate. People get rich rapidly, hush simultaneously, get acquainted previously, and shoot immediately. They do not give that close and wearisome study to important questions that Eastern people do. They jam ahead and do what they have to do early, and repent afterward. It's a cold day when a man has to repent of a thing before he does it, and then afterward, too. We are like the Irishman who decided to go over into a pasture, catch a hull by the nose, and yank his head off. The idea was so fraught with mirth that he lay down in the sand and rolled over—it made him laugh so. After he had grabbed the hull by his aquiline nose, and the hull had, in a frolicsome mood, in return thrown the Irishman over the fence into the road, and driven his head into the ground, Pat said it was a d—d fine thing he did his laughing before he monkeyed with the bull. We have told that story a good many times, but we don't care if we have. When a man hasn't hut one story, and can't tell that but once in his life, he can't have very much fun.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

Table Manners of Children.

Young children, who have to wait till older people have eaten all there is in the house, should not open the dining-room door during the meal and ask the host if he is going to eat all day. It makes the company feel ill at ease, and lays up wrath in the parent's heart. Children should not appear displeased with the regular courses at dinner, and then fill up on pie. Eat the less expensive food first, and then organize a panic in the preserves afterward. Do not close out the last of your soup by taking the plate in your mouth and pouring the liquid down your childish neck. You might spill it on your hosom, and it enlarges and distorts the mouth unnecessarily. When asked what part of the fowl you prefer, do not say you will take the part that goes over the fence last. This remark is very humorous, but the rising generation ought to originate some new table jokes that will be worthy of the age in which we live. Children should early learn the use of the fork and how to handle it. This knowledge can be acquired by allowing them to pry up the carpet tacks with this instrument, and other little exercises such as the parent mind may suggest. The child should be taught at once not to wave his bread around the table while in conversation, or to fill his mouth full of potatoes, and then converse in a rich tone of voice with some one out in the yard. He might get his dinner down his trachea, and cause his parents great anxiety. In picking up a plate or saucer filled with soup or with moist food, the child should be taught not to parol his thumb in the contents of the dish, and to avoid swallowing soup-hones or other indigestible debris. Toothpicks are generally the last course, and children should not be permitted to pick their teeth and kick the table through the other exercises. While grace is being said at table, children should know that it is a breach of good breeding to smudge fruit cake, just because their parents' heads are howed down, and their attention for the moment turned in another direction. Children ought not to be permitted to find fault with the dinner or fool with the cat while eating. Boys should, before going to the table, empty all the frogs and grasshoppers out of their pockets, or those insects might crawl out during the festivities and jump into the gravy. If a fly wades into your jelly up to his gambrels, do not mash him with your spoon before all the guests, as death is at all times depressing to those who are at dinner, and retards digestion. Take the fly out carefully with what naturally adheres to his person, and wipe him on the table-cloth. It will demonstrate your perfect command of yourself, and afford much amusement for the company. Do not stand up in your chair and try to spear a roll with your fork. It is not good manners to do so, and you might slip and bust your crust by so doing. Say "thank you," and "much obliged," and "beg pardon," whenever you can work in these remarks, as it throws people off their guard, and gives you an opportunity to get in your work on the pastry and other bric à-brac at the time.—*Bill Nye*.

THE DEVIL'S REVENGE.

A Tragedy in which Satan Played the Leading Role.

It was toward the end of November; the Imperial Garden of Vienna was deserted; a sharp breeze was whirling the saffron-colored leaves, shrunk up by the early cold; the rose-bushes, tormented and broken by the wind, let their branches drag in the mud. Still, the grand alley, thanks to its covering of sand, was dry and passable. Although devastated by the approach of winter, the Imperial Garden was not without a certain melancholy charm. The long alley prolonged far away its reddening arcades; beyond, the view stretched over the Prater and Danube; it was such a promenade as a poet would have desired.

A young man was striding up and down this alley with visible signs of impatience; his costume, somewhat theatrical in its elegance, consisted of a frock-coat of black velvet, with gold facings and bordered with fur, gray woolen pantalons, top-boots, with tassels, coming half way up his legs. He might have been twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age; his pale and regular features were full of finesse, and irony lurked in the creases around his eyes and the corners of his mouth. At the university, which he appeared to have quitted recently—for he still wore the student's cap with oak leaves—he must have plagued the *Philistines*, and shone in the front ranks of the *burschen* and the *foxes*.

The narrow limits within which he circumscribed his walk showed that he was waiting for some one—probably a lady; for the Imperial Garden of Vienna in the month of November is hardly propitious to business rendezvous. Soon a young girl appeared at the end of the avenue. A turban of black silk covered her rich blonde hair, whose ringlets had been slightly uncurled by the dampness of the evening; her complexion, ordinarily of waxen whiteness, had taken a rosy tint from the bite of the cold. Grouped and wrapped she was in a mantle trimmed with marten skin; a little terrier accompanied her—a convenient chaperon, on whose indulgence and discretion you could count.

"Imagine, Heinrich," said the pretty Viennese, taking the young man's arm, "I have been dressed and ready to go out for more than an hour, and my aunt kept on with her sermons on the dangers of waltzing, on recipes for Christmas cakes and carp with blue sauce. I went out on the pretext of buying some gray boots, of which I have no need whatever. It is for you, Heinrich, that I tell all these little lies which I am constantly regretting and constantly beginning over again. What an idea it was of yours to take to the stage! What was the good of studying theology so long at Heidelberg? My parents liked you, and we might have been married to-day but for that. Instead of meeting on the sly under the bare trees of the Imperial Garden, we should be seated side by side before a fine porcelain stove in a nice, warm room, talking of the future of our children. Would not that be a happy lot, Heinrich?"

"Yes, Katy, very happy," replied the young man, as he pressed, under the satin and fur, the dimpled arm of the pretty Viennese; "but I can not help it. The theatre attracts me invincibly; I dream of it by day, I think of it by night; I feel the desire to live in the creation of the poets; I seem to have twenty existences. Every rôle that I play makes me a new life; all those passions that I express I feel. I am Hamlet, Othello, Charles Moor. When one is all that, he can with difficulty resign himself to the humble condition of a village pastor."

"That is very noble. But you know that my parents never will have an actor for a son-in-law."

"No, certainly, not an obscure actor; a poor, ambulant artist, the puppet of managers and the public. But a great actor, covered with glory and applause, who earns more money than a minister, they will not refuse, however scrupulous they may be. When I shall come to ask your hand in a handsome yellow coach, the varnish of which will be able to serve as a looking-glass for the astonished neighbors, and a tall lackey covered with gold lace will let down the steps for me, do you think they will refuse me?"

"I do not think they will. But who says, Heinrich, that you will ever come to that? You have talent; but talent is not sufficient; you must have much good luck besides. By the time that you shall have become the grand actor of whom you speak, the best time of your youth will have passed, and then will you be ready to marry Katy, grown old, when you have at your disposal the loves of all those princesses of the theatre, who are so joyous and so gayly decked?"

"That future," replied Heinrich, "is nearer than you think. I have an advantageous engagement at the theatre of the Corinthian Gate, and the manager is so satisfied with the manner in which I played my last rôle that he has made me a present of two thousand thalers."

"Yes," replied the young girl, with a serious air, "that rôle of a demon in the new piece. I confess to you, Heinrich, that I do not like to see a Christian assume the mask of the enemy of the human race, and pronounce words of blasphemy. The other day I went to see you at the Corinthian Theatre, and at every moment I was afraid that a veritable hell-fire would issue from one of the traps where you were swallowed up in flames of spirits of wine. I returned home all confused, and I dreamed horrible dreams."

"My good Katy, that is all imagination; to-morrow, too, will take place the last performance, and I shall no longer put on the black and red costume which so much displeases you."

"So much the better; for my mind is a prey to a vague feeling of alarm, and I fear that the rôle which has been so profitable to your glory will not be profitable to your salvation. I am afraid, too, that you will contract bad habits in the company of those horrible comedians. I am sure that you no longer say your prayers; and I dare wager that you have lost the little cross I gave you."

Heinrich justified himself by showing the little cross, which was still shining on his breast.

While they were talking thus the two lovers had arrived at the Thabor Strasse, in the Leopoldstadt, in front of the shoemaker who was famous for the perfection of his gray boots. After chatting some time at the door, Katy entered, followed by her terrier, but not without having abandoned her pretty, slender fingers to the pressure of Heinrich's hand.

Heinrich tried once more to get a glimpse of his mistress between the dainty boots and shoes that were symmetrically arranged on the brass rods in the window; but the fog had silvered the glass with its moist breath, and he could only distinguish a confused silhouette; then, taking a heroic resolution, he turned on his heel and went, with deliberate step, to the inn of the Two-headed Eagle.

* * * * *

That night there was a numerous company at the Two-headed Eagle; the guests were of the most mixed description. The Two-headed Eagle was one of those blessed cellars celebrated by Hoffmann, with steps so worn, so greasy, so slippery, that you can not put your foot upon the first one without at once finding yourself at the bottom, with your elbows on the table, a pipe in your mouth, between a pot of beer and a measure of new wine.

Through the thick cloud of smoke that almost choked and blinded you at first, all sorts of strange figures appeared after a few minutes. There were Wallachians with their cafetan and Astrakhan cap, Servians, Hungarians with long black moustaches, caparisoned with dolmans and embroidery; Bohemians with coppery complexions, narrow foreheads, and arched noses; honest Germans with laced coats; Tartars with eyes turned up like those of Chinese; all imaginable populations. The East was represented by a fat Turk coiled up in a corner and peacefully smoking a pipe of Moldavian cherry-wood, with a bowl of red clay and a mouth-piece of yellow amber.

Everybody was eating and drinking; the drink consisted of strong beer and a mixture of new red wine with old white wine; the food, of slices of cold veal, ham, or pastry.

Round the tables turned unceasingly one of those long German waltzes which produce upon northern imaginations the same effect as hashish and opium on the Orientals; the couples passed and repassed rapidly; the women, almost fainting with pleasure on the arms of their cavaliers, to the sounds of a waltz, swept away with their skirts the clouds of smoke and refreshed the faces of the drinkers. At the counter some Morlaccan improvisators, accompanied by a player upon the guzla, were reciting a sort of dramatic complaint which seemed greatly to divert a dozen strange figures, clothed in sheepskin and coiled with tarboukhs.

Heinrich went to the end of the cellar, and sat at a table where were already seated three or four personages of joyous mien and merry humor.

"Ah, Heinrich!" cried the eldest of the band; "mind yourself, my friends; *fenum habet in cornu*. You know you had a truly diabolical look the other night; you almost frightened me. Who would think that Heinrich, who drinks beer as we do, and who does not draw back before a slice of cold ham, could put on such venomous, wicked, and sardonic airs, and that with a single gesture he can make a whole theatre shudder?"

"Eh! why that is the reason Heinrich is a great artist, a sublime comedian. There is no glory in playing a rôle that is in your character; the triumph, for a coquette, is to excel in playing *ingénues*."

Heinrich sat down modestly, called for a large glass of mixed wine, and the conversation continued on the same subject. On all sides it was admiration and compliments.

"Ah! if the great Wolfgang Goethe had seen you!" said one.

"Show us your feet," said another; "I am sure you have a forked hoof."

The other drinkers, attracted by these exclamations, looked at Heinrich seriously, all happy to have the opportunity of examining closely so remarkable a man. The young men who had formerly known Heinrich at the university, and whose names he hardly knew, came up to him and shook him cordially by the hand, as if they had been his intimate friends. The prettiest *valseses* as they passed shot at him the tenderest glances of their blue and velvety eyes.

One man only seated at a neighboring table seemed to take no part in the general enthusiasm; his head thrown backward, he was thrumming distractedly with his fingers on the crown of his hat a military march, and from time to time he uttered a sort of *humph*, singularly dubious.

The aspect of this man was of the strangest, although he was dressed like an honest burgher of Vienna, enjoying a modest fortune; his gray eyes were shaded with green tints, and shot out phosphoric lights like the eyes of a cat. When his pale, flat lips parted, they showed two rows of teeth very white, very sharp, and very wide apart, of the most cannibal and ferocious aspect; his long nails, shining and curved, took a vague appearance of claws; but that physiognomy appeared only by rapid flashes; to the eye that watched him fixedly, his face rapidly resumed the *bourgeois* and debonaire appearance of a retired Viennese merchant, and you felt astonished that you could have suspected of villainy and devilry a face so vulgar and trivial.

Internally Heinrich was shocked at the indifference of the man. That disdainful silence took away their value from the panegyrics which his noisy companions lavished upon him. It was the silence of an old and experienced connoisseur, who does not allow himself to be deceived by appearances.

Atmayer, the youngest of the company, the warmest admirer of Heinrich, could not endure this coldness, and addressing the strange man, as if taking him to bear witness to an assertion that he advanced, he said:

"Is it not so, sir, no actor has ever played the rôle of Mephistopheles better than my comrade here?"

"Humph!" said the stranger, flashing his green eyes and cracking his sharp teeth. "Mr. Heinrich is a young man of talent, whom I esteem very highly; but he is wanting in many things necessary to play the rôle of the devil."

And suddenly drawing himself up: "Have you ever seen the devil, Mr. Heinrich?"

He put this question in such a strange and mocking tone that all the company felt a shudder run down their backs.

"That, however, would be necessary for the truthfulness of your play. The other evening I was at the theatre of the Corinthian Gate, and I was not satisfied with your laugh; it was, at the utmost, a sly laugh. My dear Mr. Heinrich, this is the way you ought to laugh."

And thereupon, as if to give him the example, he burst into a laugh so sharp, so strident, so sardonic, that the orchestra and the dancers stopped at that very instant, and the glass in the windows trembled. The stranger continued

this pitiless and convulsive laugh for several minutes, and Heinrich and his companions, in spite of their terror, could not help imitating it.

When Heinrich had recovered himself, the vaults of the tavern were repeating, like a feeble echo, the last notes of that broken and terrible laugh, and the stranger was no longer there.

* * * * *

Some days after this strange incident, which he had almost forgotten, or which he remembered only as a joke of an ironical burgher, Heinrich was playing his part of the demon in the new piece. On the first row of seats in the orchestra was seated the stranger of the tavern, and at every word pronounced he shook his head, winked his eyes, smacked his tongue against his palate, and showed signs of the liveliest impatience.

"Bad, bad!" he murmured to himself.

His neighbors, astonished and shocked at his manners, applauded, and thought to themselves that the gentleman was very hard to please.

At the end of the first act the stranger rose, as if he had taken a sudden resolution, strode over the big drum, the cymbals, and trombone, and disappeared through the little door that leads from the orchestra to the stage. Heinrich, waiting until the curtain rose, was walking up and down in the wings, and when he came to the end of his short promenade, what was his terror to see, as he turned, standing in the middle of the narrow corridor, a mysterious personage clothed exactly as he was, and who looked at him with eyes whose greenish transparency had a strange profundity in the darkness; the white, sharp, wide-set teeth gave something ferocious to the sardonic smile.

Heinrich could not fail to recognize the stranger whom he had seen at the Two-headed Eagle, or rather the devil in person, for it was he.

"Ah, ah, my young friend! you wish to play the devil? You were very middling in the first act, and you would decidedly give a very poor idea of me to the good citizens of Vienna. You will allow me to replace you this evening; and, as you might interfere with me, I will send you to the cellar below the stage."

Heinrich recognized the Prince of Darkness, and felt himself lost. Putting his hand mechanically to the little cross that Katy had given him, he tried to call for help, and to murmur his formula of exorcism; but terror choked him; he could only utter a feeble rattle. The devil seized Heinrich with his hooked hands by the shoulders and pushed him by main force through the floor; then he entered upon the scene, when his cue came, like a perfect actor.

His incisive, biting, venomous, and truly diabolic acting at first surprised the spectators. What especially produced a great effect was that sharp titter like the grating of a saw, that laugh of the damned blaspheming the joys of Paradise. Never had an actor attained such power of sarcasm, such a depth of villainy; the audience laughed, but they trembled. All the audience was panting with emotion; phosphoric sparks glinted from the fingers of the terrible actor; trains of sparkling flame ran from his feet; the light of the lustres grew pale, the footlights shot out reddish and greenish flashes; a sort of sulphurous smell reigned in the theatre; the spectators were, as it were, delirious, and thunders of frantic applause greeted each phrase of the marvelous Mephistopheles, who often substituted verses of his own invention for the verses of the poet, and the substitution was always happy and accepted with transports.

Katy, who was in the theatre, was in a state of extraordinary alarm; she did not recognize her dear Heinrich; she presaged some misfortune with that spirit of divination which love gives.

The performance ended amidst indescribable enthusiasm. When the curtain fell the public called for Mephistopheles with loud cries. He was sought for in vain; but at last a scene-shifter came and told the manager that Heinrich had been found in the cellar, where he had probably fallen through a trap.

The hapless actor was taken up. His clothing was burned in places, and on his shoulders were deep scratches. They spoke to him, but he did not answer.

Heinrich Falkenstein was dead.—From the French of Théophile Gautier.—Boston Courier.

"Not content," says the Milwaukee *Sun*, "with offering repeated insults to our shipping on the high seas, the Spaniards are bound to get the best of the United States in some way, and break this country all up in business. Their latest ruse is sending several ship-loads of Spanish mules over to this country. It is said that those mules that kick in a foreign tongue are terribly fatal, and stutter so hard with their hind feet in attempting to master the dialect of this country that they are worse than the explosion of a powder-mill to turn loose among people. Uncle Sam should put his foot down on Spain, and stop such underhanded work that will undermine the liberties of our people, and kick folks all over the western hemisphere. They are treacherous fellows, those Spaniards."

A curious case has just been tried before a law court in one of the French provinces. The Dourday Town Council, after solemnly awarding a pecuniary reward of virtue to a charming *blanchisseuse* in the locality, reconsidered its decision, and on the interesting *rosière* applying for the money refused to give it to her, on the ground that since she had been declared the prize winner she had ceased, technically speaking, to deserve her reputation for virtue. The candid young thing replied that her virtue after she was crowned *rosière* concerned nobody but herself, and brought an action against the town council. Judgment, however, has just been given against her.

"More English is now spoken than French in the chief resorts of the French capital," says the New York *World's* correspondent, "and the comical laments in the Parisian papers over the Americanizing of the city and the driving of the native population out into remote suburbs do not seem so very much exaggerated."

Hans Makart, the Vienna painter, has selected a wu a corps of ballet-girls.

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With very great emphasis the Republican party has declared against the policy of certain contracts made between the merchants and the railroad corporations. In the debate which occurred in the convention they were treated as against public policy, and therefore illegal and void. Mr. John F. Swift, an anti-railroad man and a good lawyer, took this position. James McM. Shafter, another good lawyer and an anti-railroad man, declared they were legal and of binding force. The Republican Convention declares the contract system "an attempt to enslave the commerce and trade of the coast;" "against public policy, because it destroys competition;" "unjust and oppressive, because it favors the rich and not the poor, and pledges itself to declare these contracts a "public offense." The Democratic Convention having overlooked these nefarious instruments of oppression and commercial enslavement, the *Examiner* calls upon its party in County Convention to pledge candidates for the Legislature to hostile legislation against them. Mr. Estee has already sounded his campaign hughle, and these dreadful contracts have become the key-note of his alarm. He says: "The railroad first fixes a schedule of freights that will bankrupt any man who ships by rail and pays those rates, and then turns upon the shipper, with its band on his throat, and says: 'Sign this contract, agreeing to ship all your goods by our road, and agree not to ship any by sea, and agree, further, not to deal with any man who does ship his goods by sea, or we will compel you to pay such rates' of freight as will destroy your business, and drive you to ruin." A very serious charge, if true; but it is not true in any essential particular. "These contracts," Mr. Estee says, "are a new thing;" and this is not true, for they have been in existence for nearly three years. That the railroad has not fixed a schedule of fares and freights that leads to bankruptcy is indicated by the fact that our merchants are not on the road to bankruptcy. They were never more prosperous than now. There is no city in America in which there are less insolvents than in San Francisco. Our merchants will not thank the candidate for thus stigmatizing their condition, and thus aiming a blow at their credit. These contracts are for the purpose of securing the Eastern

and Canada freights for the rail-car as against the ship. It is a legitimate effort on the part of certain lines of transportation to secure the carrying trade. This is the purpose for which railroads are built; and when Mr. Estee asserts "that such contracts have no parallel in modern times," he indulges in a hyperbolic expression characteristic rather of the demagogue than of the statesman. Such contracts have existed from the earliest dawn of the commercial period. They have been made by all commercial people in all countries and all ages. Such contracts are not only legal and usual, but are the very essence of commercial life. They are the soul and inspiration of the rivalry of trade that has built up great cities, and opened up new routes of travel. The transcontinental railroad was built to steal away the carrying trade of the ocean. It was intended to become the rival of God's highway. There is only one possible mode by which railroads can secure for themselves the monopoly of carrying goods across the continent, and that is by transporting with greater dispatch, greater safety, and at less cost than by sea. When Mr. Estee talks about the railroad company "taking the merchants by the throat," he uses a simile not complimentary to our merchants. The united wealth, strength, and power of combination is with the commercial community. The railroad is their servant, and not their master. The railroad company carries for them, and in a united effort the merchants would command the position. So far as the argument is made by Mr. Estee that the transportation of merchandise from eastern American ports to San Francisco will affect the coming of ships to our ports from foreign harbors, or in any way influence the rates of freight by sea, or increase the cost of carrying wheat to Liverpool, he is either ignorant or insincere. These contracts only concern transportation from Atlantic ports. They do not, in any sense, interfere with foreign commerce or with the wheat crop; nor is there any possible way for the Central Pacific or Southern Pacific railroads to drive the wheat fleet from our harbor except by carrying wheat cheaper by rail than ships can.

We had, at the time of the State Convention, never seen one of these contracts; nor did we have any accurate knowledge of their scope and effect, nor do we believe to-day that one politician in a hundred knows what they are, or by whom they are made. On Friday last the writer obtained from the mercantile firm of O. F. Willey & Co., carriage dealers, their original contract with the companies for the transportation of their carriages, harness, robes, leather, carriage equipments, material, etc., that enters into their large trade. Mr. Willey, as he gave the contract for examination, said it was of benefit to him, in giving him a fixed schedule of freights at a lower price than he could import by sea; that he entered into it willingly, and believed he expressed the opinion of a great majority of merchants in saying that the contracts are reasonable, just, and mutually beneficial. Our first surprise was in the fact that the parties to the contract were the Union Pacific Railway Company, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company, the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, the St. Louis, Iron Mountain, and Southern Railway Company, the International and Great Northern Railroad Company, and the Texas and Pacific Railway Company, parties of the first part, and O. F. Willey & Co., parties of the second part. THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY AND STANFORD & CO. DO NOT APPEAR AS PARTIES TO THE AGREEMENT AT ALL. The first provision fixes a schedule of rates from all parts of the eastern country, of which New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans, are shipping points, embracing New England and eastern Canada, and all parts of which Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Chicago are centres, providing for transportation on nearly all the railroad and steamship lines east of the meridian of Omaha. The parties of the first part agree that in case lower rates of tariff are fixed during the term of the contract, the parties of the second part shall have the benefit of it. If, by reason of competition, there shall be "cut" rates between any points by other roads, the parties of the second part are guaranteed the lowest charged rates between competing points. In event of active competition with the Pacific Mail Steamship line for the traffic between New York and San Francisco, the parties of the second part shall have the benefit of the lowest current rates. The first parties agree that the freight of the second party shall be transported without unfavorable discrimination in the matters of time and attention, as compared with goods of the same class consigned to other parties. This is an important provision, and prevents discrimination and favoritism, a means often resorted to to advance the interest of one shipper to the prejudice of another. The second party agrees to ship all his goods from east of the meridian of Omaha by rail during the term of the contract; in good faith to direct all the transportation that he may be able to control, and to be subject to penalty in default of his violation of the spirit of the agreement. It is also provided that he shall not allow the use of his name or his shipping-marks by other parties, and that he shall not supply goods to those who ship by sea. In other words, the merchant agrees to deal honestly and in good faith with the companies, to the end that they

shall secure the transportation of all goods by rail from the meridian east of Omaha. It is provided that the books of the merchant may be examined when there is an accusation of violation of the agreement. This provision was inserted at the request and for the benefit of honest merchants, to protect themselves against the fraudulent practices of dishonest and tricky ones, who sought advantage by violating the spirit of the contract. Then follow certain details to prevent fraud in shipments, in order that the proper rates of tariff may be enforced; such as, that goods shipped are subject to certain rules in force by common carriers, are way-billed at special rates, and under certain modes of collecting, freight charges, etc. The contract expires by limitation December 31, 1882.

We see nothing in this kind of contract that is unusual, or a departure from legitimate rules of honorable business. The railroad managers say to the merchants, and all of them: If you will bring all of your merchandise by rail and none by ship, we will contract to bring it for less price, in quicker time, and in better condition than you can get it by sea; you will save interest and insurance; you can thereby carry a higher and better selected stock of goods; your groceries will be fresh, and your styles of later fashion; we will charge you such a tariff of freights on all your goods as will be to your advantage if you will contract to ship them all by us; in view of a larger business, we carry at less prices. This contract is an open one, made at a great port of commerce, between railroad companies and wealthy merchants. The Eastern shippers and the steamship lines offer their lowest freights. The railroads under-bid them for transportation, and thus the merchant secures the benefit of competition. It is all nonsense, demagoguery, drivel, and politicians' bosh, this talk of Messrs. Estee, John Doyle, Cohen, W. W. Foote, Tom Fitch, the *Examiner*, and the part demagogues, about merchants, through cowardice and fear, being compelled to consent to their own robbery, and that it enslaves commerce and subjugates merchants. The truth is, as we are informed by a leading importer, that, by reason of the railroads across the continent, California has saved two hundred millions of dollars in the difference between the cost of passenger fares and merchandise freights in the last twelve years. It is folly to declare that the commerce of this port is in any sense controlled by the railroads, except so far as they can secure the carrying of merchandise by doing it at less price than by sea. It is an insult to such men and merchants as Williams, Dimond & Co., Wm. T. Coleman & Co., John Rosenfeldt, Parrott & Babcock, Maccondray & Co., C. Adolphe Low & Co., Murphy, Grant & Co., L. & M. Sachs, and scores of other solvent, wealthy, brave, and honorable merchants, to say that they are so poor in credit or so cowardly of purpose that they are compelled to make contracts in defiance of their wishes and in peril of their interests. It is the empty talk of party demagogues altogether unworthy the candidates of two great honored parties like the Republican and Democratic. The management of the railroads, the making of contracts, the transportation of merchandise by common carriers are all matters within the law, to be governed by the law, and to be disposed of in courts; and when such men as Governor Booth, Mr. Swift, or Mr. Estee undertake to place these instruments in the category of immoral contracts and contracts in violation of sound public policy, they offend the intelligent sense of every honest man.

It is to this narrow issue that the Republican party has come. The Democracy, having blazed the track and beaten the road, the Republican party, under the lead of Booth, Estee, Swift, and others, whose political records have been made in an endeavor to destroy the Republican party, ignoring all the issues that gave character to it, now follows the Democratic party on this new issue of anti-railroad and anti-monopoly. All the other questions of national character and national importance are ignored. All questions of general interest are subordinated to that of fares, and freights, and commercial contracts. We are weary of this shopkeepers' howl over two cents a pound on sugar, over fifty dollars a car-load on Milwaukee beer, and over fifty cents a ton on pig-iron. We are weary of the clamor over fares by men who never travel; over freights, by men who never transport a pound of merchandise; by the San Francisco machine, over the transportation of the grain crop of California; of the strikers, ward politicians, and court-house cliques. We are weary of hearing men who pay no taxes and do no work howl over the material interests of the coast, and lament through the tongue of hired orators lest California shall be imperiled in her great agricultural and commercial interests by the building of railroads and the establishment of ocean steam lines. There was a time when better men were at the front of the Republican party, and higher principles underlaid its organization. It is the party of historic remembrances; the party that emancipated slaves; that rescued an imperiled nationality; that preserved the Union; that reconstructed dismembered States, and that restored the broken links of the golden chain which held commonwealths in alliance. It is the party that redeemed the national credit and pays the national

debt, and that at home and abroad upholds the national credit. Mr. Estee's party is the embodiment of a clamor that grows out of rival business interests, and is caught up by demagogues and politicians to secure office. It is this, and nothing more, and it is not even honest in this. It is not the Board of Trade and the Chamber of Commerce that complain of the contracts we have analyzed. No disinterested merchant has complained of those contracts. No man has sought relief in the courts from their oppression. It is left for the politician to discover the evil, in order that he may suggest a remedy in elevating himself to place.

Morris M. Estee is the "Jacob Smooth" of the Republican party. He is unctuous from every political pore. It is a pity that so good a man should have been unwillingly dragged so near to the filthy pool that the wicked ones floundering therein should sometimes hesperatter him. Some men are so innocent! Mr. Estee is so innocent! and yet, when we reflect upon his large experience in politics, and recall how often he has held office; how often he has sought office; how often he has been special counsel in political cases, and how near he came to being special counsel when John Lord Love was Attorney-General; his connection with the opening of Dupont Street; his speakership of the Assembly; the increase of the fees of associate counsel; his connection with the immigrant commissionership; his very intimate connection with the primary politics of San Francisco; his former connection with the State Central Committee; his agreements with and pledges to the gravel miners; his agreements with and pledges to the valley farmers; his intimate connection with the whisky interests and the League of Freedom; his deep veneration for the Sunday law, and his love for and devotion to the granger class; his sympathy with the labor element, when a member of the Constitutional Convention, and while he was at the same time employing Chinese upon his vineyard; his attitude toward Gorham, when he holted a nomination that was "regular"—as regular as and not dissimilar to his own; when he joined the Dolly Varden movement, whose avowed object, as declared by its leaders, was to destroy the Republican party, because it had outlived its usefulness (to them?); when he holted the nomination of General Grant, and gave his time and eloquence upon the stump to defeat him; when we reflect that in all these long years of his California life Mr. Estee's leading pursuit and leading occupation have been office-seeking and office-holding, we are surprised—genuinely surprised—that he is so innocent, so good, so ingenuous, so unconsciously, sweetly, and purely innocent. When we reflect upon his daily political associates, the men with whom he consorts, and the places where he consorts, our surprise mounts, and mounts, and soars away up to the very empyrean of political admiration; and when we hear him declare that he has "not sought the nomination by any other than honorable means," we wonder why it is that all the dirty rascals in San Francisco politics are so wedded to this good, virtuous, and altogether lovely man that they should toil for him, fight for him, spend their money for him, take Republicans—old and honored residents—by the throat and drag them away from primary polls for him, and hire red wagons, and fill them with Democrats with forged and stolen certificates to vote for him. Vice so seldom pays these compliments to virtue, and criminals so seldom engage in the service of honest men, that we wonder. We simply wonder, that is all; and we have a right to wonder. We only regret that in our founts of type there is no mechanical device that we can use to express our open-mouthed wonder at this anomaly in politics.

The water controversy is of so long continuance, and the *Bulletin* has given it such prominence, that all intelligent persons well understand it. We will not in this writing undertake to express any opinion upon the merits of the questions at issue. We will only say the contest on the part of the *Bulletin* has been persistent, acrimonious, and bitter. It has seemed as though the animus that gave it force was a personal hostility toward Mr. Sharon or some other of the stockholders, or toward Mr. Howard, its president and manager. The community, as consumers of water, at last bear all the expense growing out of this wrangle. If the company is compelled to expend money in the lobby of the Legislature, in the lobby of the Supervisors, to the machine, to blackmailing politicians, and for expenses in courts, it comes out of those who are compelled to use the water. The community is thus interested in such reasonable and fair adjustment of this business as will bring the matters in dispute to a determination. Water rates, fairly distributed to property and consumers, would not be felt as burdensome. The Board of Supervisors are required to "fix" rates annually. Thus we have an annual contest over the fixing of rates, and a bi-annual contest over the election of supervisors. With a view to the final settlement and adjustment of all the matters in dispute, Mr. Howard, president of the water company, has proposed a mode of settlement that seems at once fair and just. He recognizes in this proposition the editors of the *Bulletin* and *Call* as factors in the opposition. He asserts that the *Bulletin* is stirring up against the com-

pany an unfriendly public opinion by false statements; that it falsely declares that rates have not been reduced, when it knows to the contrary by reading its own monthly water-bills. The company offers to allow the *Bulletin* to print the water-bills for June and July in proof of a reduction along its entire line of water revenue. Mr. Howard asserts that the *Bulletin* falsely charges that the company is seeking a subsidy; that it is misrepresenting the company as to its legal proceedings; and, moreover, in answer to the charge of high rates and charges disproportioned to those of Eastern cities, he declares as the reason that nearly the entire burden is thrown upon the domestic rate-payers. The company then offers to SUBMIT THE FRAMING OF AN ORDINANCE for the regulation of water-rates for domestic and municipal purposes to either one of the following four bodies: First, a commission of three to be selected by the Board of Trade; second, a commission of three to be selected by the Chamber of Commerce; third, a commission of three to be selected by the Board of Underwriters; fourth, to a commission consisting of Mayor Blake and Auditor Brickwedel—they, in case of disagreement, to choose a third member of the commission. The proprietors of the *Bulletin* and *Call* may have the choice of either one of the four above-named commissions, provided that Messrs. George K. Fitch and Loring Pickering, and the proprietors of the other daily journals, will unite with the Spring Valley Water Company in good faith to maintain these rates so fixed by ordinance, the water company agreeing during that time not to accept increased rates, even if fixed by the Board of Supervisors. The company offer this in settlement of the whole business, to the end that it may have repose from the *Bulletin's* assaults, and the consumers of water be relieved from the added burdens of a continuous war of defense against newspaper, political, and personal blackmailing aggression. This proposition the *Bulletin*, with characteristic unfairness, first misrepresents, then flippantly "declines with thanks." In a half-column of irrelevant comment it then again goes over the ground of misstatement, and reproduces in part what has been again and again, and a hundred times over, refuted by the company to the satisfaction of tax-payers and water consumers. With this record of an opportunity lost to settle what on the part of the *Bulletin* has become a vendetta, we shall hope to see less of that kind of writing in the *Bulletin* that denounces supervisors by name as dishonest and dishonorable, and denounces by suggestion and most cowardly innuendo every journal, official, and individual that does not agree with it in judgment, over what is at least but a public question, and one upon which honest men may entertain honest differences of opinion. The *Bulletin* has warred with the Constitutional Convention, and found fault with it for its action on the water question; has found fault with the people for adopting the Constitution; with the Supreme Court of the State for giving it full force and effect; with the people who, at the last election, declared by a large majority in favor of property paying its just proportion of the water burden; with the Board of Supervisors for carrying into effect the popular will. It has alone been satisfied with Mayor Blake and Auditor Brickwedel, who have vetoed every action of the board upon the water question, opposed them last fall in their candidacy, and now declares that they alone represent the spirit of the old "People's party." The Spring Valley Water Works offer, if the *Bulletin* assents, to submit to Messrs. Blake and Brickwedel the entire water controversy, both as to domestic and municipal rates, and to submit to their decision. This is so eminently fair and reasonable on the part of the company, that its rejection by the *Bulletin* and *Call* proprietors is conclusive evidence of a desire on their part that this water war shall never be brought to a termination.

The County Committee deserves well of all honest Republicans. That it has in one sense usurped an authority which was not conferred upon it, is true. It is also true that the exigencies of the political situation demanded that it should do this thing. Less courageous and less honest men would have shrunk from the responsibility of fighting the machines of Higgins & Co., especially as the concern was hacked up by the *Bulletin* and *Call*. These twin conspirators for the public good and twin guardians of the public welfare have affected to see water in the political distance. In our judgment it is only a mirage. We do not believe that Reuben Lloyd and Fred Elliott have become so suddenly transferred into Tweeds and Kellys that they can turn the Republican party in the interest of Spring Valley. We do not believe that Messrs. Carmany, Fisher, Torrens, Shirley, and the other supervisors are so altogether unmindful of their reputations as to have become totally depraved upon the question of water and gas. We are afraid that the *Bulletin* has water on the brain, and is getting dropsical; and when it denounces the County Committee, Board of Supervisors, and its associates of the press, it has become a monomaniac on the Spring Valley Water Company, with a suicidal tendency. We shall not be at all surprised to see in the *Call*, any morning, that Fitch, Upton, Bartlett, Hugh Burke, and the whole *Bulletin* litter have been found drowned in a Spring Valley reservoir, and in the *Evening Bulletin* to read

that the *Call* editorial force were found in the same place with stones tied to their necks, cold, dead, and "demnition moist." The County Committee, in saving our city from the disgraceful scenes of a second Republican primary, have done a wise thing. We said once, and we again repeat, that it is the character of the convention that will determine whether it is entitled to support rather than the authority or regularity of its organization. The convention, as named by the County Committee, is composed of most excellent material. It has many of our very best citizens in it, and we have reason to expect a good ticket as the result of its deliberations, and one which all good citizens can unite to support.

In our advertising columns appears a call to the temperance people for a State Convention, to be held at the Young Men's Christian Association building in San Francisco on the twenty-eighth day of this month. We do not know what the temperance people propose doing, but if we were a member of that convention, believed in temperance, desired to make the question a political one and establish a national party, and thought there was a principle in the movement that was destined to live, we would advocate the declaration of an honest platform. We would nominate an entire straight-out ticket of temperance men. We would go to the people. We would remember that Christ left only twelve apostles to go out into the world and preach his gospel. We would remember Mohammed and his early struggles, Jo Smith and his beginnings, and the Republican party and its organization. We would raise the standard, trust in it, fight under it, and whether the ticket received one, ten, or fifty thousand votes, it would be the beginning of the end. It would enlist the respect of its enemies, the admiration of its friends, and in a brief time would command the attention of both the other political parties.

Governor Perkins, in a special message, took strong ground in favor of the valley farmers against the hydraulic miners. He favors Estee, and Estee favors the gravel sluicers against the farmers. The League of Freedom's ex-president, John W. Shaeffer, is in favor of selling whisky in saloons on Sunday. He is one of Mr. Estee's most active and earnest political managers. Mr. Estee is making Sunday-law speeches. The next time Mr. Estee speaks, let some reader of the *Argonaut* ask the question, and demand a categorical answer, "yes" or "no": "Are you in favor of a law closing all liquor, beer, and wine saloons on Sunday?" He dare not answer it without equivocation or explanation.

The *Examiner* is right when it declares that reforms are needed in the registration office. In our judgment, Mr. Tharp ought to be removed, and in his place there should be appointed a more competent and less partisan man. If there is any position where impartial and honest work is demanded, it is in the registration of voters. The kind of carelessness that allows certificates of registration to be stolen on the eve of a primary election is as reprehensible as any other crime. The official who will permit frauds in the interest of his own party will, if the temptation offer, sell out to the enemy. No more Tharp.

On Thursday of last week the *Bulletin* looked upon the presidents of the Republican clubs as honest men, fairly representative of the Republican party, and entitled to organize its nominating convention. On Friday of last week the *Bulletin* said: "The ward club presidents are striving to make the corporations take them into their employ, are no better than they should be, and represent the rump of the party of three thousand, leaving seventeen thousand respectable Republicans unrepresented." Oh, cruel, cruel Mr. Higgins, to make the *Bulletin* turn so short a corner!

Mr. Joseph O'Connor convenes his Irish Democratic graduates from Spring Valley School, and organizes them into a body to tease for him the candidacy of Superintendent of Schools. This is an Irish Roman Catholic ecclesiastical cat in the political meal-tub. Its tail and ears are out. If any Roman Catholic Irishman thinks he can be superintendent of our common schools, let him try it. If such a thing is possible, we may as well know it now as later. The common school management and superintendency of San Francisco is not for Joseph.

The law firm of ESTEE & BOAL is a prosperous concern, doing a large and increasing business. The political firm of Estee & Bolt is a shaky and not very respectable institution. It is fizzling out, and will retire from practice early in November.

In Mr. Estee's panegyric upon railroads he declares that no American lives outside the sound of the railroad whistle. How about the people in Alaska, and at the Farrallones, Alpine County, and the sea-coast of Santa Barbara?

Some illiberal people think the Roman Catholics ought not to vote for two reasons: First, because they are Roman Catholics; and, second, because they are

THE REGULAR ARMY.

By an Army Officer.

II.

Congress was compelled to retain the officers of the twenty-nine regiments which were added to the army at the end of the civil war. There was a general consolidation and reduction to a peace footing in 1870. The measures then adopted served to hamper and impede promotion. As a result, we now have a lot of captains ranging between the ages of, in very few instances less than, forty to over sixty years; first-lieutenants from thirty to over sixty, and second-lieutenants of irregular ages, mostly below thirty-five. It is by officers of these grades that the details of active military duty must be executed, and upon whose efficiency that of the rank and file depends. A captain who has passed the age of forty-five, or a lieutenant that of thirty-five, is not suited to, and is not the best material for, such grade. He is too old. Many officers already realize that they are beyond the period of life at which distinction has usually been gained, and are still subordinates, though all of their mature years have been given to the service of the government. They know, too, that in the event of a war they would probably be obliged to give way to younger men, having been debarred the benefit of that promotion which had been reasonably expected, and failed to attain such a rank as would enable them to satisfactorily retire. The effect of this stagnation upon younger men must soon become manifest if it is allowed to continue. The young officer joins his regiment full of energy and ambition; his youthful visions of military glory and reputation have not yet been dispelled. But in a few years he discovers that his early manhood is rapidly passing, in perhaps hard frontier service, though without its anticipated compensation, and that the age of thirty is probably passed before the first hair has been placed in his shoulder-strap; while from that to a captain, the length of time is too uncertain to estimate.

Under ordinary conditions the authorized retired list would do much to remedy this evil; but that has for a long time continued full—kept so principally by officers whose wounds and disabilities were incurred during the rebellion, or in Indian campaigns at a later period. At the present time there is a very considerable number of candidates for retirement throughout the various regiments, whose physical condition renders them positively unable to perform the duties which pertain to the commissions they hold. Some of these officers have continued on sick-leave with full pay, and are indefinitely absent from their regiments, while others remain at their stations in the performance of such "light duty" as they are capable of. Most of these would gladly retire and make room for others, but there are no vacancies on the retired list; and, in the meantime, their duty must be performed by juniors without the rank or pay which should accompany it. The younger officers, particularly those of the line, were greatly disappointed at the action recently taken by Congress in the defeat of that portion of the appropriation bill which made retirement compulsory for all officers at the age of sixty-two, thus placing the army upon the same footing with the navy as to retirement. A substitute was made for this, and became a law, by which retirement is compulsory at sixty-four, or voluntary after forty years' service—the limit of four hundred not to apply to such cases. The immediate operation of this law is a practical bar to the retirement of nearly all line officers but one having reached that age, and there being very few to reach it for some years to come. Under the construction which has been placed upon it, no officer can be retired for other causes (wounds, disability, etc.), so long as this list remains at or above four hundred. On the 30th of June last, under the provisions of this bill, the following retirements were made of officers over sixty-four: One colonel of artillery, two engineer officers, four officers of the medical department, two paymasters, five ordnance store-keepers with rank of captain, one military store-keeper Quartermaster's Department with rank of captain, one professor at West Point, and last, but not least, five chaplains, whose entire military service averaged but seventeen years each. The retired list is thus increased to considerably beyond the limit which would admit of retirement for other causes than old age, with a probability that the same class of officers will keep it so recruited, their relative ages being greater.

The abolition of the purchase system in the British army had caused a similar stagnation in promotion, and an almost identical condition of affairs in this particular that our army now anticipates. The junior grades were filled by an accumulation of officers of advanced ages; and it became evident that an outlet must be found, or the English officer would fall below the required standard. Parliament appointed a commission, which made a thorough examination of the matter, and returned an exhaustive report upon the subject of promotion and retirement. This resulted in the adoption of new regulations, which went into operation on the first of July, 1881, and were to govern thereafter. By these changes, no lieutenant or captain remains on the active list of his regiment after reaching the age of forty; no major after reaching forty-eight, or other field officer beyond the age of fifty-five.

The leading features of these regulations are substantially as follows: There shall be a limit to the age at which every officer shall retire. The number of field officers of the line is more than doubled; the number of captains reduced, and the rank of second-lieutenant abolished. But lieutenants for the first three years' service will have the former pay of second-lieutenants only. Any officer who is unfit for duty in any rank will be immediately retired. A lieutenant or captain who does not receive half-pay promotion must retire (except in the engineers) at forty. A major, (whose rank corresponds with a lieutenant-colonel in our service,) at forty-eight; a lieutenant-colonel, (colonel in our service,) at fifty-five; a major-general, (the English colonel corresponds with our brigadier-general,) at sixty-two; and a lieutenant-general, at sixty-seven. The only exception to the retirement of all field officers at fifty-five is in the case of an officer employed before the enemy, and while so employed he is eligible for promotion. Provision is also made for the employment of surplus field-officers with the staff, militia, etc., and, in addition to age, continuous non-employment of such officers will involve compulsory retirement after a limited number of years. To secure still further rapidity in promotion, and the command of troops by younger officers, certain pecuniary inducements are offered for voluntary retirements, such inducements being governed by the length of service.

The adoption of these regulations was necessarily the cause of great commotion in the British army. The immediate retirements following were fifty-five generals, sixty-six lieutenant-generals, and thirty-four major-generals, not mentioning those of inferior grades, to make room for younger and more available men. The government had recognized the fact, however, that the efficiency of the service was in danger, and that extreme means could no longer be postponed.

Measures so radical as these would be impracticable in our service; the greater portion of its officers would be retired at once. Various plans have been offered, and it remains to be seen what Congress will do next winter. Compulsory retirement at the age of sixty-two, even, while the limit of four hundred is continued, will not meet the situation. An unlimited retired list, compulsory retirement at sixty-two, with the continuance of other existing laws on this subject, now on the statute books, would give relief, though plans are not wanting. Steps should be taken without further delay to check this increasing evil, which threatens the vitality of our small military establishment, and which, if allowed to continue, will leave it with a body of deserving but superannuated veterans in those grades where active and energetic young men are indispensable. To these will be supplemented the young men of the army, but with a lack of professional interest, and little hope or ambition for the future.

September 10, 1882.

F. K. U.

For some reason the Queen is not fond of the Princess of Wales. It is said the dislike comes from the crisis in the affairs of her German kinsfolk when the British Parliament was on the verge of joining Denmark against the aggressions of Prussia and Austria. The Queen quarreled with Palmerston on the subject. The night after Parliament broke into cheers over a victory of the Danish fleet, the Queen indignantly told the minister that if such an affront were repeated, she would go to Germany, and remain during the war. To which Palmerston promptly responded that if she did resolve to put such a mark of indignity on her people, she would never be permitted to return, and reminding her of the history of her predecessors, the Stuarts, the Queen said she would never about quitting her realm.

OLD FAVORITES.

Atalanta Victorious.

And there two runners did the sign abide
Foot set to foot—a young man, slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore.
And in his hand an olive garland bore.
But on this day with whom shall he contend?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her how to hend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar;
Too fair to let the world live free from war.
Now through the bush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
And swiftly were their running side by side;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.
But when the people saw how close they ran,
When half way to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhopd for o'er his heart 'gan steal.
But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard,
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
And even then he felt her past him bound
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.
There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place;
But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then, with a groan, his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword;
Then high rose up the gleaming, deadly blade,
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturned his sad white face;
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

—William Morris.

Amazon.

I burn to tell my love; to call her mine;
To pour upon her heart the fiery tide
That fills my own; to open my soul's shrine,
And show her her own image defied.
Oh, you should see her! She is, of all queens
That drive their chariots over bleeding hearts,
The loveliest one! Not by her sex's means
She won her throne. She has no need of arts.
Born to enslave, she conquers with a glance;
All blandishments and subtle wiles disdain;
A heretic to the antique romance,
To know she is, is knowing that she reigns.
Like the phosphoric trees in forests dark,
She lights all hearts, and yet herself is cold;
And woe to him who, dazzled by the spark,
Hopes for a heat her heart can never hold.
But she is beautiful! No vocal dream
Warbled in slumber by the nightingale
Can match her voice's music. Sculptors seem,
When most inspired, to copy her—and fail!
To gaze on her is song unto the sight;
A harmony of vision, heaven-sent,
Where all the tones of human charms unite,
And are in one majestic woman hied.
But once I thought she loved me. Bitter bourn,
Whose mingled joy and torment haunt me still!
Her eyes look out from every starry flower;
I hear her mocking laugh in every rill.
'Twas in the autumn woods we rode one morn
To hunt the deer, with wild and willing steeds.
The young wind gayly blew his mellow horn,
And heat the tangled coverts of the reeds.
The golden elms tossed high their lucid leaves,
While on their giant holes, so rough in form,
The rugged bark stood out in corded sheaves,
Like muscles swollen in wrestling with the storm.
A sudden, wayward fancy seized us here
To pause and act a leafy masquerade.
No idle tongues nor curious eyes were near,
And silent splendor filled the sunlit glade.
So, gathering armfuls of the autumn vines,
I wove their red ropes round the passive girl,
Looping the tendrils of the blushing vines
Round arms, and head, and each escaping curl.
Then through her horse's mane that blackly shone
I plaited mosses long and leaden-hued,
Until she seemed like some young Amazon,
Chained by the mighty monarch of the wood.
O mockery of conquest! Hidden sting!
O triumph treacherous as the sleeping seas!
She played the captive—*I*, the victor-king,
Threading triumphal arches through the trees.
Sudden, with one wild hurst of regal might,
She flung her fluttering fetters to the wind;
She and her steed, with bound of fierce delight,
Dashed through the crashing houghs that closed behind—
And so she vanished. From the distance dim
Her scornful laughter floated to my ear;
A jest for her—for me a funeral hymn,
Sung o'er a love that froze upon its hier.
How shall I conquer her? Since that cursed day
Her image stands between me and the world;
Around my cup of life where flowers should lay, (*sic*)
Forbidden me, a poisoned snake is curled.
As heron chased by hawk I soar through space,
The fatal shafts of her disdain to shun,
And seek the clouds; but vain the dizzy race—
I find her still between me and the sun.
O queen! enthroned upon an icy height,
What holocaust does thy proud heart desire?
When will it flame like beacon through the night
With fiery answer to another's fire?
Ah! why so cold—so ever cold to me?
I chafe—I chafe all day from dawn to dark,
As chafes the wave of Adria's glowing sea
Against the pulseless marble of Saint Mark.

—Fitz-James O'Brien.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Thé Slaves of Paris" is one of Gaboriau's most exciting romances. As usual, the plot turns upon crime and its detection. The series in which a translation of this novel has just been made now contains nearly all of Gaboriau's stories, and the remainder will follow at short intervals. They are, as a rule, reasonably well translated. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

"The Fair Philosopher" is another novel by Henry Daugé, who wrote a book ("The Georgians") of ephemeral popularity a year ago. The present volume is not equal to the former in either material or management. It details the loves of two young girls; contains three threadbare "situations," one of which is a runaway incident, and another a fire rescue. The book continually displays the faults of a person struggling with a defective education and "Chautauqua" literary clubs. Published by G. W. Harlan & Co., New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Miss Oakey (since become Mrs. T. W. Dewing) last year wrote a little book entitled "Beauty in Dress," which gained instant popularity. It was a book not alone for one season, but for all times and fashions. She has now devoted herself to the subject of home, and has just issued another little volume. It is called "Beauty in the Household," and displays as much good sense and good taste as did the former book. It is cleverly illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

The latest number of Rolfe's series of Shakespeare's works is "Troilus and Cressida." As this play is unfit, through obvious reasons, for school use or social reading, the editors have refrained from the expurgation which has characterized the other volumes of this series. The comments by great authors, which are published in the introduction, are valuable and interesting. As in former instances, the notes are passable, although defective, and with too great an absence of word derivation. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

Chase and Stuart's classical series have hitherto been popular in schools by reason of their compact form, typographical excellence, and good vocabularies. But the notes which accompany them show great incorrectness and inadequacy. These two editors have now published "A First Latin Book" and "A Latin Reader." Of the two the former is, of course, the more important; the latter is made up of twenty-five fables, as many anecdotes, and a few Homeric legends, all graded with regard to successive progress in increasing difficulties; the notes accompanying it are perhaps a slight improvement on those of the other works. But in "A First Latin Book" we find the same old faults exemplified. The book is a model as regards neatness and convenience; but that is all. It is, like the others, only the result of judicious back work. The neatness of tables and paradigms is gratifying to the eye, but the entire system is old-fashioned and antiquated. The new methods, which philology has shown to be the only true ones, have swept away the cumbersome "declension" and "conjugation" system, so that they flourish only among pedagogues who know not the light of modern days. The division of verbs and substantives into their various vowel classes is a revolution which has done much to secure a more "royal road" to Latin than before existed. The present volume will prove useless in a short time, and will be relegated to the shelves which hold musty "Bullions," "Harknesses," and "Antons." Published by Eldridge & Brother, Philadelphia; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1 each.

Announcements: G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish immediately "Spelling the Egyptians; A Tale of Shame: Told from the British Blue-books," by J. Seymour Keay.—J. B. Lippincott & Co. will soon publish a complete edition of the poetical works of T. Buchanan Read.—O'Donovan's hook on Central Asia is to be published this month by G. P. Putnam's Sons under the title of "Merv; a Journey from the Caspian Sea to Independent Turkistan, and Five Months' Residence in the Tekke Country."—Captain Richard F. Burton's long-promised work on the sword will have for its full title, "The Book of the Sword; being a History of the Sword and its Use from the Earliest Times." It will be published this winter in small quarto, with about four hundred illustrations.—A volume which promises to be a charming holiday gift is W. J. Linton's "Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries."—Two editions—one in paper and one in cloth—of Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein" are to be brought out by J. W. Lovell & Co.—A little volume on "Greek Wit" has lately been brought out in London by F. A. Paley.—The next volume of the "No Name" novels is to bear the suggestive title of "Her Crime."—The new Hawthorne romance is rapidly getting into type, and will, it is supposed, be of about the length of "Septimius Felton."—R. Worthington is preparing a handsome new uniform edition of Hazlitt's works; also a fine standard edition of Lavater's "Physiognomy."—He has ready a revised edition of Chambers' Etymological Dictionary.—Susan Coolidge has translated Théophile Gautier's "Household of Pets," and it will be published soon by Roberts Brothers. This firm also announce "Art and Nature," a series of letters from Italy by Eugene Penon; "Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote" a volume uniform with the "Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot," and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's first juvenile, "Hester Stanley at St. Marks."—Disputed by Mr. R. H. Shepard's announced intention to reprint Tuckerman's earlier uncollected writings, Messrs. Smith & Elder have resolved to forestall him. They will soon publish with such editorial supervision as may seem advisable all of his writings they possess that they have never yet suffered to be reprinted, considering them written, for the most part, in an ephemeral style, or on topics of the moment, to be unsuitable for publication in a permanent form.—Fords, Howard & Hulbert announce that on Saturday, October 14th they will resume the publication *Plymouth Pulpit*, the weekly pamphlet edition Henry Ward Beecher's sermons.

Miscellany: The late Dean Stanley commended Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" as the best hand-book to Rome ever published in the English language.—Doctor P. Popoff has an article in the *Critic* of September 9, showing to what extent American literature is read in Russia. Longfellow heads the list of American poets whose works have been translated into the language. Cooper's Indian tales are better liked than any other foreign novels; and there are few educated Russians who have not read Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Bret Harte and Mark Twain also are popular among the subjects of the Czar.—The Harpers have begun the publication of cheap novels in a new form of the Franklin Square Library. It has a two-column page the size of that of their former "Library of Select Novels," and a neat and ornamental cream-colored cover. Mr. W. E. Morris's "Heaps of Money" is the first volume in this series.—Mr. James Simson, who is known as a writer on the Gypsies, has just published in England a pamphlet in support of the long-debated statement that the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" belonged to the Gypsy race.—Mr. Henry James is engaged in writing a play. As his work is usually as little dramatic as may be, the result of this effort will be looked for with much curiosity.—The Rev. Thomas Mozley recently wrote of Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy as filling "several yards of shelf in most public libraries." The author, apparently shocked by the inaccuracy of the statement, wrote a note declaring that only two feet was the actual space covered by his thirty years of philosophical work.—The sale of the late W. H. Ainsworth's library realized over twenty-three hundred dollars, most of the books bringing small prices. The lot consisting of Cruikshank's pencil drawing illustrative of Ainsworth's novels, with nineteen autograph letters explanatory of the drawings, brought the highest price obtained—one hundred and eighty dollars.—In the second of "The Browning Society Papers"—a magazine of one hundred and forty pages, just published in London at the extraordinary price of 2s. 50—the Rev. J. Kirkman advises the student of Browning to begin not with the longer poems, but with "Rahhi Ben Eyya," thence proceeding to "Prospect," "Childe Roland," "Abt Vogler," and "Caliban." Mr. Kirkman claims for Browning "the distinction of being the greatest Christian poet we ever had."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Send Mr. Bunyan out here," was the indignant demand of a Boston reporter, who was stopped at the door and told that his "professional" card was not equivalent to a complimentary ticket to a panorama of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

While Cockburn was at the bar he defended a prisoner, who, in spite of all his efforts, was sentenced to be hanged on the 17th of the next month. The convict, after his condemnation, reproached his counsel for having failed to get justice done him. "Never mind that," said Cockburn; "have a little patience, and justice will be done you on the 17th."

Oscar Wilde, talking of Southern plantation life, says: "I was once sitting on the portico of a country-house, with a young lady, admiring the beauty of a limpid stream under the rays of the moon, and I said to the young lady: 'How beautiful is the moonlight falling on the water!' 'It is beautiful, indeed,' she replied; 'but ah, Mr. Wilde, you ought to have seen it before the war!'"

It was the not uncommon characteristic of two famous wits who belonged to the *Punch* set that they said the good thing that rose to their lips, without in the least considering who might be wounded thereby. The wit of one, however, was peculiarly waspish. On one occasion, "at the club," he was railing against the Roman Catholic religion, and sneering at its professors. At length his friend lost all patience with him, and protested: "Come, now, don't be unjust. For my part, I feel such a great respect for some of the members of that ancient church I have a good mind to become a Roman myself." "Do," replied the wisp, preparing for a personal sting, in which a portrait will be recognized, "do; and if you take my advice, you will begin with your nose."

The Rev. Mr. Blank was one of the most helpful men in the profession, and was constantly getting into scrapes through his nervous mistakes. At one time he rose in his pulpit to give out the hymn, "This world is all a fleeting show," and, after clearing his throat, he struck a high pitch of voice, and began solemnly: "This world is all a floating shoe." Everybody smiled except the deacons, and the minister was covered with confusion as he began again: "This world is all a shouting flow." This only made matters worse, and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force, and began once again: "This world is all a floating she." Then he slammed the hymn-book down, and wiping his clammy brow, said: "Brethren, for some reason I can not read that hymn as it should be read; we will omit it, and the choir will please sing the grand old lines beginning: 'Just as I am without one flea.'"

An old Scottish dame, rather too fond of "the mountain dew," was one day "unco drouthie," and without funds wherewith to provide "a drappie." She thought there was a chance of getting it on credit from a public house near; so, summoning her little granddaughter, she said: "Lassie, gang round to Donald MacCallum and bring me a gill. Tell him I'll pay him in the morning." Back came the damsel with a refusal. Donald declined to part with his whisky without cash. Eager and irritated, the old woman cast about for some means of "raising the wind," and her eye fell upon the family Bible. "Here, lassie," she said, "gie him this, and tell him to keep it until I bring the siller." Off went the little messenger, who soon returned, however, hearing the Bible. Donald was odourate. "He says he maun hae the hawbees first, granny." With an angry snort, the old grandmother threw up her arms and exclaimed, "Losh! did onybody ever hear the like o' that? The man will neither tak my word nor the word o' God for a gill o' whusky!"

M. Parmentier, in 1783, introduced potatoes into France in a novel manner. Having planted a considerable breadth of potatoes at Montreuil, near Paris, he gained an audience of the unfortunate Louis XVI., in the course of which he inspired his majesty with ideas of the value of the potato. "But how are we to make people eat what they are prejudiced against?" inquired the king. "Sire, if your majesty will graciously afford me a little aid, that prejudice shall be removed," replied Parmentier. "To overcome prejudice is difficult; but how can I aid you, M. Parmentier?" "If your majesty will graciously order that a soldier shall mount guard in my potato-field at Montreuil, potatoes shall be all the fashion in less than six months." The king laughed, and granted Parmentier's request. Thenceforward a military guard might be seen promenading with measured step the naturalist's potato-field. How precious must that blue-flowered plant be, thought the lookers-on. No more fear of leprosy—no more dread of poisoning. The highest people in France were proud to eat potatoes.

A devout Christian was once traveling in the Holy Land, and visited the Sea of Galilee. Approaching the boatman, he addressed him in his choicest Arabic, and, with Bible and commentary in hand, awaited an answer. "Ah! what smatter 'th yer? Why don't you talk United States?" asked the man, contemptuously. He was a real live Yankee, who was picking up a living by ferrying tourists across the sea. "So, this is the Sea of Galilee," devoutly murmured the searcher after knowledge. "Ya-a-s." "And this is where our Saviour walked upon the waters?" "Ya-a-s." "How much will you charge to take me to the exact spot?" "Wa-al, you look like a clergyman, an' I won't charge you nothin'." The devout one hoarded the boat, and at last was pointed out where the miracle is said to have occurred. After gazing at the waters, and dividing his time between glances at his hooks and devout ejaculations of satisfaction, the searcher signified his willingness to return. "Charge you twenty dollars to take you back," said the speculative Yankee. "But you said you would charge nothing." "Naw, didn't. Nothin' to bring you out. Twenty dollars to git back." "And do you charge everybody twenty dollars to take them back?" asked the astonished searcher. "Ya-a-s. That's about the figger." "Well, then," said the devout one, as he went down into his clothes, "no wonder our Saviour got out and walked."

THE LATEST VERSE.

Mithras.

When his eyes upon her he
She trembles—for she is not fair—
And scarce she would that he should see
The absence of all beauty there.

When his lips her fingers press,
Can she sigh with such a care?
Ah, no; for in that dear caress
She knows her blest and feels her fair.

When his arms about her meet,
Then she breathes diviner air;
With his heart her pulses beat,
Blooms her soul and makes her fair.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford in the Bazar.

Fallow.

I like these plants that you call weeds—
Sedge, hardhack, mullein, yarrow—
That knit their roots, and sift their seeds
Where any grassy wheel-track leads
Through country hy-ways narrow.

They fringe the rugged hillside farms,
Grown old with cultivation,
With such wild wealth of rustic charms
As bloom in Nature's matron arms
The first days of creation.

They show how Mother Earth loves best
To deck her tired-out places;
By flowery lips, in hours of rest,
Against hard work she will protest
With homely airs and graces.

You plow the arbutus from her hills;
How down her mountain-laurel;
Their place, as best she can, she fills
With humbler blossoms; so she wills
To close with you her quarrel.

She yielded to your axe, with pain,
Her free, primeval glory;
She brought you crops of golden grain;
You say, "How dull she grows! how plain!"
The old, mean, selfish story.

Her wildwood soil you may subdue,
Tortured by hoe and harrow;
But leave her for a year or two,
And see—she stands and laughs at you
With hardhack, mullein, yarrow.

Dear Earth, the world is hard to please!
Yet heaven's breath gently passes
Into the life of flowers like these;
And I lie down at blessed ease
Among thy weeds and grasses.
—Lucy Larcom in October Atlantic.

On a Picture at Dresden.

True, true, very true; but you see
It's no use to argue with me.
Ascetical scruples! Fiddle-de-dee!
She's there—in the Dresden gallery—
"A Girl with a Candle"—19 C.

And any one worthy to loosen her sandal
Would give, though a helmed earl,
His total possessions to blow out her candle,
I tell you, and kiss that girl!
—Ernest Radford in New York Tribune.

What is Death?

Looking on a page where stood
Graven of old on old-world wood
Death, and by the grave's edge grim,
Pale, the young man facing him,
Asked my well-beloved of me
Once what strange thing this might be,
Gaunt and great of limb.

Death, I told him; and, surprise
Deepening more his wildwood eyes,
(Like some sweet fleet thing whose breath
Speaks all spring, though naught it saith,)
Up he turned his rose-bright face,
Glorious with its seven years' grace,
Asking, What is death?
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Storm on Lake Asquam.

A cloud, like that the old-time Hebrew saw,
On Carmel, prophesying rain, began
To lift itself o'er wooded Cardigan,
Growing and blackening. Suddenly, a flaw
Of chill wind menaced; then a wild blast beat
Down the long valley's murmuring pines, and woke
The noon-dream of the sleeping lake, and broke
Its smooth steel mirror at the mountain's feet.

Thunderous and vast, a fire-veined darkness swept
Over the rough pine-headed Asquam range;
A wrath of tempest, wonderful and strange,
From peak to peak the cloudy giant stepped.

One moment, as if challenging the storm,
Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel
Looked from his watch-tower; then the shadow fell,
And the wild rain-drift blotted out his form.

And over all the still unhidden sun,
Weaving its light through slant-blown veils of rain,
Smiled on the trouble, as hope smiles on pain;
And, when the tumult and the strife were done,

With one foot on the lake and one on land,
Framing within his crescent's tinted streak
A far-off picture of the Melvin peak,
Spent broken clouds the rainbow's angel spanned.
—John Greenleaf Whittier in October Atlantic.

The Damsel of the Plain.

When Rowland found the damsel of the plain,
Her daffodil crown lit all her shining head;
He kissed her mouth, and through the world they
Sped—
The beauteous smiling world in sun and rain.
But, when long joys made love a golden chain,
He slew her by the sea; then, as he fled,
Voices of earth, and air, and ocean said:
"The maid was Truth; God bids you meet again."

Between the devil and the deep dark sea
He met a foe more soul-compelling still;
A feathered snake the monster seemed to be,
And wore a wreath o' the yellow daffodil.
Then spake the devil: "Rowland, fly to me;
When murdered Truth returns she comes to kill."
—Theodore Watts in London Athenaeum.

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References—Dr. L. C. Lane, San Francisco, Dr. G. A. Shurtliff, Stockton, Sup't State Insane Asylum.

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"CHISPA."

What the New York Critics Think of it.

Green & Thompson's new play was produced on September 4th, in Haverly's New York Theatre. A few extracts from the principal criticisms may interest California readers. Miss Elmore was in the title rôle and gained much commendation. The New York Sun observes: "'Chispa' is intended to be the means of displaying the capabilities of Miss Marion Elmore, a vivacious young woman who can talk slang, sing passably, and dance easily. The scenes in the four acts after a dismal prologue are laid in lumber-camps of California, and the scenery is not the least of the elements of the play. There are two villains—one with some signs of repentance and the other unrelenting—besides a crazy woman. The latter might be left out without doing harm. An entirely original character is that of Indian Jack, a Piute, who kills villains in the nick of time and is otherwise useful. Incidents follow one another quickly, but the situations might be strengthened in the last two acts. The play will probably be popular notwithstanding its weak points."

The World regards it as a comparative success, and thinks better of its merits. It says: "'The play is more interesting than the usual run of specialty plays. There is one entirely new character in it—Indian Jack, highly grotesque and comical, with a dash of sentiment in his attachment to Chispa. Doc Jones, the oracle of Bachelor's Gulch, is another amusing type of California life. Anastasia, the Doc's love, is also a funny character. Chispa, too, is very interesting—a wild, wayward girl, yet simple, trusting, and affectionate. Zeke is a brave, true-hearted fellow, but the dramatists might have made more of him. Chispa is a part which suits Miss Elmore exactly. The villains are not particularly interesting, but are necessary to the plot. Old Calamity, however, as the crazy widow of James Downey is known at Bachelor's Gulch, could be dispensed with. She might have died in the prologue unmourned."

The Dramatic Times thinks that the authors have successfully suited the play to Miss Elmore's talents, and commends the humorous effects: "In two respects it is better than most of the recent attempts to deal with the bouncing barbarism of American life. It presents one entirely new character in the person of Indian Jack, and it deals with some fresh material in the shape of the American desert, prairie fever, etc. In writing it, Messrs. Greene and Thompson did not depart very far from the patent rule and the patent plot. The consequence is that Chispa [sic] (by the way, does this name owe its derivation to buffalo chips with which the heroine is surrounded in the first act?) is involved a melodramatic difficulty from the start which rather overloads her. There is a substratum of emotion to the piece that if it had been more artistically handled by the playwrights would have made 'Chispa' a really stirring type of Western life. As it is, the interest reaches its height in the first half of the piece, and dies off in the last half—an almost fatal defect of construction, that is only saved from being fatal in representation by the amusing character of the principal personages, who are more strongly contrasted than is usual in this kind of play."

The Times compliments Miss Elmore, but savagely condemns the play: "This funeral work found favor, it is mentioned, in the climate of California, a fact which is thought to be in its favor. The authors of it, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Greene, are spoken of as persons who understand life in California. If the veracious play-bill of Mr. Haverly's theatre had not enlightened us upon this matter, we might have come to the conclusion that the authors of 'Chispa' concocted their drama in a fit of sulphurous melancholia. The play-bill declares, however, that 'Chispa' is a truthful and probable play, and that its virtues have been cordially recognized. This may be the case, though one is inclined to object to the excessive number of dying and murdered people exhibited, like a chamber of horrors, in its prologue and four acts. The strictness of its probability is also questionable. The lugubrious trash and commonplace which overload it are, moreover, undoubtedly too obvious. A backwoods drama ought to have a touch of the fine freshness and simplicity of nature in it. 'Davy Crockett' and 'The Danites' have something real, charming, primitive about them—though neither is a satisfactory play. But 'Chispa,' and trifles of its sort, reveal nothing but the barrenness of theatrical buncombe. They are peculiarly depressing when their purpose is to carry the meriment and lightness of an actress like Miss Elmore. Out of the character of Chispa—the only tolerable thing in the play—Miss Elmore extracts a good deal of frolic, spirit, and amusement."

The Tribune is more severe than all, and seems to allow not even the slightest grain of favor to its plot or construction: "It is a melodrama in six acts, and it tells a tiresome and highly improbable story, by means of forced incidents capriciously arranged and diffusive talk poured forth in prodigal monotony. It begins with starvation, death, robbery, madness, murder, and a prayer which closely trenches upon infidelity, if not blasphemy. It subsequently introduces two other murders, and several hairbreadth escapes, and, in fact, is peppered to the last degree

with the ginger of crime and gore. Its persons are mostly disagreeable laborers, who work in mines, and whose appearance is suggestive of the need of soap and water. Its language is all of one kind, being a verbose and ugly compound of platitude and slang. Its story, divested of much of the overwhelming triviality and commonness—which apparently are put forward as expressive traits of real life—relates to a simple, true-hearted, rough backwoodsman's love for a girl whom he has adopted and reared, and who is temporarily alienated from him by contact with new companions and social customs, but ultimately reconciled and restored to him. This silver thread of romance shines very dimly in the web of coarser strands with which it has been so needlessly and clumsily twisted. To discover it is a labor, and to follow it requires patience and a charitable disposition; for the piece is full of incidents and language that prompt derision. The drama is dreadful. All civilized persons must hope that California is not the place it has been represented to be in the plays concerning it that are so liberally and so resolutely inflicted upon the East. It is difficult to understand why that noble State should have thus been singled out for caricature, or why the American dramatist must needs suppose that people are interesting according to the ratio of their dirt, ignorance, turbulence, and slang. 'Chispa' has been brought forward with pretty scenery, and it will shortly be taken on the road with the rest of the rubbish that is now being shot through the dramatic sluice of the New York theatres."

The play, despite newspaper condemnation, seems to be drawing good houses.

Obscure Intimations.

"A."—The correspondent who wrote us some months ago concerning a certain French *chanson* is informed that it is called "La Romance de Margot." A correct rendering of the mutilated refrain sent us at the time is appended:

Pauvre fille,
Que je regrette
Le temps heureux qui n' reviendra plus;
O mon village!
O mon jeune âge!
O mes beaux jours, qu'êtes vous devenus!
C'est sur l'herbage,
Dans un village,
Qu' la p'tite Margot s' dépêcha d' grandir;
Du toit champêtre
Qui m'a vu naître
Je garderai toujours le souvenir.

The poem is somewhat long. It will be sent by mail if desired.

"Some Santa Cruz Subscribers."—We are still on the hunt for the poems you desire. Be patient.

"The Woman who Sang."—Accepted. Will appear shortly.

"Carrie's Love Story."—Declined.

"The Secret of a Murder."—Declined.

We have received the following:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Is dearth of matter your reason for publishing such stuff as fills a page of your otherwise interesting paper every other week, or do you really admire such stuff? But, no, I will not insult you by the question. I refer to the contributions of the person who styles himself "Zulano," and whose predominating characteristic seems to be overweening egotism and conceit, and an exaggerated idea of his superiority to the "common herd." Occasionally he succeeds in saying something rather witty, but one must wade through such a quantity of rubbish to discover it, that the result is not worth the effort. FULANO.

Dear Foolano, we have put you in "obscure intimations," lest from your guarded language Zulano should discover that you do not like him. We always told him not to be severe on the "common herd." But as we belong to the uncommon herd, our withers are unwrung. Are yours, Foolano dear?

"B. G."—Your description of a steerage passage to Europe is most graphic. It is more—it is malodorous and insectiferous. But the Argonaut is sometimes read at Sunday breakfast-tables. We would not willingly be instrumental in placing under the nose of a sensitive eater your account of that receptive barrel in the steerage.

By reason of going to press earlier than usual this week, we have been obliged to take "Betsy B's" letter from its usual place. It will be found on the fifth page.

CCLXVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, September 24.

Tomato Soup.
Fried Tomatoes. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Broiled Quail on Toast.
Spinach. Green Peas.
Roast Beefsteak.
Potato Salad.
Rose Soufflé. Strawberries.
Apples, Figs, Grapes, Apricots, Nectarines, Peaches,
Pears, Gages, and Plums.

ROSE SOUFFLE.—Five eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; two tablespoonsful arrowroot, wet in four tablespoonsful of cold water; four tablespoonsful powdered sugar; rosewater flavoring. Beat the sugar into the whipped yolks, and into the whites mix in the arrowroot, very slowly, a little at a time; flavor, and whisk all together. Butter a meat mold, pour in the mixture until it barely to the top, and bake half an hour. If quite firm, and if you have a steady hand, you may turn it out upon a hot dish, as it looks much nicer. It is much safer, however, to leave it in the mold. It must be served at once.

—IT IS ASTONISHING TO BOARD THE ALAMEDA trains on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and see the immense crowds which are all bound for the popular Terrace Swimming Baths. The trade winds never reach Alameda, and consequently the locality of the baths offers the most salubrious temperature for swimming on the Pacific Coast. These beautiful autumn afternoons seem to especially invite a sea-bath, and scores of Oakland and San Francisco ladies take their children for a refreshing dip. Messrs. Haley & Edson have a great advantage over the proprietors of other establishments in the fact that they have for many years borne high reputations in this community as business men of integrity and worth. Their extensive capital has enabled them to fit out their baths in a style which is unequalled in the country. Expert swimming-teachers are employed, the latest styles of bathing-suits are ever on hand, and everything conducive to a thoroughly furnished establishment.

—WE ADVERTED TO THE FACT IN OUR LAST issue that Colonel Andrews would give a grand ball at the Mechanics' Pavilion some time this fall, for the veterans of the late civil and Mexican wars. Colonel Andrews is himself a veteran of the Mexican war, having commanded a company during that conflict. He is now vice-president of the organization of its veterans, and takes a lively interest in securing the home and farm that is being so generously provided for such of these old soldiers as may need a refuge in their advancing years. There is no other man in San Francisco who can do this thing as well as he, or under whose management the affair would have such absolute guaranty of pecuniary success. So confident is the colonel of his ability in this line, that he guarantees the association from loss, and generously gives them the entire profit of the venture, leaving to proper committees the handling of the funds, the keeping of accounts, and all the disbursements of moneys—reserving to himself the direction and control of all details. The Mechanics' Pavilion is generously donated for this purpose, and affords not only a splendid dancing hall, but a magnificent gallery for those who may desire to witness the spectacle without participating in it. Colonel Andrews intends to excel himself in this effort, throwing his Grant reception and his various masquerades entirely into the shade, and producing an entertainment which, for spectacular display, brilliancy of dress and ornament, and in all the particulars that go to make a grand ball, excelling anything that has ever been heretofore attempted upon this coast. As the money to be realized will go to so grand a charity as the purchase and equipment of a home for aged, poor, and invalid soldiers, no one of our wealthy and generous people will withhold from it his encouragement. It will be an occasion that will bring to our city, from all parts of the coast, its best people, and thus, in a business point of view, contribute to our merchants, hotels, theatres, and other places of amusement, large profits in the trade and expenditure incident to such an affair. It would be a good thing for San Francisco if it had in it more men as alive and public-spirited as Colonel Andrews. We need stirring up occasionally, and there is no reason why we can't have an occasional lark that, like this, will combine business with pleasure, and out of the whole bring five or ten thousand dollars for charity. It was a wise policy on the part of Napoleon III. to make Paris the pleasure city of Europe. By making it beautiful and attractive he rendered it the resort of the money-spenders of the world, and Paris found its profit in the pleasure attractions afforded in it. When this scheme shall have been fairly inaugurated and shall have got well under way, we hope the Col-

onel will find every aid and encouragement that so praiseworthy an undertaking is entitled to, for we are quite certain that it will be an occasion which the pleasure-loving and sight-seeing part of our community will have occasion to long remember.

—SKINNY MEN, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. \$1, at druggists.

—GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE WHEN THE blood is impure, or when it is thin and cold. Under such conditions one disease after another is developed. Boils, pimples, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc., are the result of impure blood, and the wisest course is to make the blood pure, rich, and warm by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—TEACHER—WANTED, BY A YOUNG LADY HAVING had several years' experience in public school teaching, a few pupils; children attending public school assisted after school hours. Address EDUCATOR, this office.

—WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT REDDING'S RUSSIA Salve, is the verdict of all who use it. Price 25c.

—DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats," Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs. 15c.

—HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC BELTS, AND appliances for the cure of nervous, painful, and debilitating diseases. Pamphlets, with full particulars, free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC COMPANY, 513 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

—MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN THE world, 826 Market Street. (Phelan Block).

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—MUSICAL BOXES, PAILLARD & Co., 23 Dupont Street. Repairing done. Prices low.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

—GO TO Bradley & Rnlfson's, 429 Montgomery.

USE SIBERIAN BALSAM IT CURES CATARRH AND ASTHMA.

.....ALSO,.....

CROUP, COUGHS, AND COLDS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF
THE BRONCHIAL TUBES AND PULMONARY ORGANS,
As well as the
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND URINARY ORGANS.

The SIBERIAN BALSAM is a purely vegetable compound, and pronounced by all who have tried it to be the most effective for the diseases above enumerated ever used by them. It has never failed when taken according to directions to give immediate relief and effect a permanent cure. It reaches the disease through the blood and removes the cause. Coughs and Colds, Sore Throats, and Hoarseness relieved at once and cured in from one to two days.

CLERGYMEN, PUBLIC SPEAKERS, ACTORS, AND VOCALISTS,

Affected with HOARSENESS, or LOSS OF VOICE, will find almost instantaneous relief from a single dose of SIBERIAN BALSAM.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DEPOT, 415 MONTGOMERY STREET, . . . SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE CALIFORNIA FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Invite the public to visit their

WAREROOMS, 220 TO 226 BUSH STREET,

And inspect their

NEW GOODS

Which constitute

THE FINEST DISPLAY OF FURNITURE

Ever shown on this Coast, and which cannot be excelled for Variety and Beauty upon this Continent.

Bring your Friends along. The Rich can gratify their Tastes; the Poor can supply their Wants.

THE CALA. FURNITURE MFG CO., 220 TO 226 BUSH ST.

A Course of Lectures on PHYSIOGNOMY, by M. O. STANTON, will be given at the St. Cloud, No. 418 Sutter Street, Monday Evenings, at 8 o'clock. Admission, 50 cents.

A Class for Teachers and others will meet at Miss Marwedel's Kindergarten, 1810 Sacramento Street, on Fridays, at 4 o'clock P. M.

PROHIBITION CONVENTION.—A Call for a State Convention.

A meeting of the Committee appointed by the Prohibition Convention, in July last, was held on September 12, 1882, and adopted the following:

"The emergency provided for by the State Prohibition Convention, of July 11, held at Y. M. C. A. Hall in San Francisco, having arisen, the Committee appointed for that purpose hereby reconvenes the said Convention in Y. M. C. A. Hall, San Francisco, September 23, 1882, at 10 A. M."

Attention is called to the terms of the original call, as follows: "A State Convention in the interest of prohibition and reform will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, on Tuesday, July 11, at 10 o'clock A. M. The attendance of delegates from every part of the State is desired. To this end, every lodge of Good Templars, every branch organization of the Home Protective Association, every division of the Sons of Temperance, every Loyal League, every W. C. T. U., every Band of Hope, and, in fact, every temperance organization favoring prohibition, will be entitled to one delegate each."

"It is earnestly hoped that every temperance or political organization in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic will send its duly elected representative to the Convention, as very important matters for the interest of the cause will be discussed. Ministers of the Gospel, Protestant and Catholic, in good and regular standing, are also invited."

"By order of the Executive Committee of the PROHIBITION REFORM PARTY."

"GEORGE MORRIS, Secretary."

Organizations not represented in said Convention which are entitled under terms of the original call are also requested to send delegates.

REV. W. R. GOBER,
W. G. SWAN,
R. H. McDONALD,
R. THOMPSON.

GEORGE MORRIS, Secretary.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES
1235 KEARNY ST.
SOUTHWEST CORNER OF BUSH.

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

C. N. WEST'S
ELECTRO-MEDICAL BELT
WEST'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT.—C. N. West's Electro-Medical Belts always have excelled all other electrical appliances. They have taken the premiums at all State Fairs. This new Belt excels every other that has been invented. Cures all diseases without medicine. Price, from \$5.00 to \$20.00. Warranted ten years. Patronized by the representative men and leading ladies of this and other States. Address or call on C. N. WEST, 652 Market Street, San Francisco.

RUPTURE Cured. Greatest Invention of the Age. PIERCE & SON, 704 Sac. St., San Fran. Cal.

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

J. BOAS, Plaintiff, Justice's Court, No. 1299, CONRAD HEROLD, et al. Execution.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Justice's Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the 7th day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein J. Boas, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against Conrad Herold, defendant, on the 3d day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$299.50, lawful money of the United States, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Conrad Herold, had on the 7th day of September, 1882, the day on which the hereinafter described property was duly levied upon in the above entitled cause, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property situated, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Conrad Herold, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing on the southeasterly line of Welch Street, at a point distant 40 feet southwesterly from the southerly corner of Welch and Zoe streets; thence at right angles southeasterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southwesterly 20 feet; thence at right angles southwesterly 40 feet; thence at right angles northwesterly 80 feet, to the southeasterly line of right angles northwesterly 80 feet; thence at right angles northeasterly along said southeasterly line of Welch Street 40 feet to the place of beginning. Being part of 100-vara lot No. 163.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 16th day of October, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Conrad Herold, had on the 7th day of September, 1882, the day on which the above property was duly levied upon, as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above described property, to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
JOS. ROSENTHAL, Atty for Plff.
SAN FRANCISCO, September 23, 1882.
23-30-7-14

JNO. LEVY & CO.

We have just received the finest line of French Mantel and Traveling Clocks in Bronze, Gilt Bronze and Enamel, ever exhibited in the city; also a choice selection of Fans and Operaglasses, together with our already new and elegant stock of Diamonds and other Precious Gems, Fine Jewelry, Watches, and Silverware. We invite an inspection of our goods, it being no trouble to show them. Our prices are reasonable, and everything is marked in plain figures.

Visitors are welcome.

118 SUTTER STREET.

G. HERRMANN & CO.

HAVE INTRODUCED THE LARGEST STOCK OF

FALL-STYLE HATS

EVER SHOWN ON THIS COAST.

Call and examine them at

336 KEARNY STREET, NEAR PINE.

HOUSEKEEPERS!

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR GOODS AT AUCTION, but STORE THEM with H. WINDEL & CO., NO. 310 STOCKTON STREET. Furniture, Pianos, Household Goods, Paintings, Trunks, etc., well taken care of. We have three large, airy, brick buildings, and no rent to pay, and can store goods very moderate. Money advanced on goods at one per cent. per month. We guarantee against damage and moths, and can give references dating back 20 years.

OLIVE OIL

PUREST AND BEST.

MOTTET'S PRIZE MEDAL.

Insist on getting this genuine and warranted pure article.

For sale in lots to suit.

WHITTIER, FULLER & CO.,

Corner Pine and Front Streets.....San Francisco.

GASOLINE

87° GRAVITY,

FOR GAS MACHINES.

EASTERN--TO ARRIVE.

In cans and cases.....26 cents per gallon.
In bulk.....22 cents per gallon.

WHITTIER, FULLER & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

BUTTERICK'S

Patterns---Fall and Winter Styles.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.
AGENCY, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

VACATION WEEK!

HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THIS IS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL

place on the Coast for parents to take their children during the coming week. Swings, Sand-boxes, beautiful Walks and Drives, lovely Groves and Flowers' warm Salt-water Swimming Baths, etc., etc.

This is the only opportunity that will be offered to give the school-children a change of air and routine for several months. A week at Monterey for the young folks may save many weeks of sickness and scores of doctors' bills. The Fall weather at Monterey is incomparably lovely, and beckons the adult as well as the child during these beautiful September days.

J. R. COWEN. J. W. PORTER.

COWEN & PORTER,

FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

118 Geary Street, San Francisco.

OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 10) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-sixth day of October, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.



THE "Dress Reform" CORSET.

Specialty for Stout Figures, (worn with or without Straps) by mail, \$3.00. Send waist, hip, and bust measure. Also, Shoulder Braces, Union Under Flannels, Ladies' and Children's Comfort Waists, Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc. Send for Circular. The only Depot for these goods.

MRS. M. H. OBER & CO.
Boston Dress Reform,
336 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

An Elegant Corset to Order for \$4.

JENNIE E. MacGOWAN,

Dress and Cloak Maker.

428 Sutter Street.

Original designs, perfect work, and reasonable prices.

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR FURNITURE, PIANOS, and HOUSEHOLD GOODS, at auction sales, while you are boarding or out of the city, but

STORE THEM,

As well as your Trunks and Paintings, with

J. H. MOTT & CO.,

647 Market St.,

Nucleus Block, Second Floor.
Large, airy brick building, with elevator. MONEY LOANED on valuable goods. Terms moderate.

THUNDER POWDER COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Alameda County, California.

Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name.	Cert. No.	No. Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	3	10,000	5,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	73	200	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	74	300	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	4	5	not issued
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	5	995	398 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	6	5	2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	7	995	398 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	8	5	2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	9	2,495	998 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	10	5	2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	11	995	398 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	12	5	2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	13	2,495	998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee.....	14	1,000	400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee.....	15	2,000	800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	16	1,000	400 00
M. Baldrige, Trustee.....	17	1,500	not issued
Fred'k Lux, Trustee.....	18	1,000	400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee.....	19	1,000	400 00
James Hart, Trustee.....	20	1,000	400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee.....	22	500	200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee.....	23	500	200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee.....	24	1,000	400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee.....	25	2,000	800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee.....	26	500	not issued
J. H. Fish, Trustee.....	27	500	200 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	28	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	29	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	30	1,000	400 00
L. Kelly, Trustee.....	31	1,000	400 00
Chas. S. Neal, Trustee.....	32	5	2 00
Wm. F. Flick, Trustee.....	33	5	2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins, Trustee.....	34	5	2 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	35	5	2 00
Benj. Teal, Trustee.....	36	5	2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	37	1,000	400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	38	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	39	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	40	1,000	400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	41	1,000	not issued
John F. Baxter, Trustee.....	42	3,000	1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee.....	43	3,000	1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee.....	44	1,000	400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee.....	45	500	200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	46	500	200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee.....	47	200	80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	48	100	40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee.....	49	50	20 00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee.....	50	50	20 00
A. P. Banton, Trustee.....	51	50	not issued
W. W. Glazier, Trustee.....	52	50	20 00
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee.....	53	250	100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee.....	54	250	100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	55	1,000	400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee.....	56	500	200 00
Jas. S. Porteous, Trustee.....	57	500	200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee.....	58	100	40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the company's office, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.
Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DANICHEFF KID GLOVE FACTORY

REMOVED TO
119 DUPONT ST.
Between Post and Geary.

GEO. G. SHREVE & CO. FINE JEWELRY,

Offer better inducements to purchasers of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, CLOCKS, etc., than any other house in San Francisco. They have the Largest Stock, the Finest Assortment, and sell at Closer Prices, DIAMOND WORK and any other kind of Jewelry made to order at very low rates. All Goods marked in plain figures, and no deviation in price.

110 MONTGOMERY STREET

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

"And 'a Babbled o' Green Fields."

"As the night wore on, it grew evident that his mind was wandering; for he rapped weakly on his bed's side, and feebly ejaculated: 'Two sours!' At two o'clock and ten minutes he smiled sweetly and beckoned to his friend, Mr. Theodore Everdy, the most assiduous of his watchers. Mr. Everdy bent quite close to the dying man, who whispered, brokenly: 'It's slow—Teddy—too slow: reach for the—wine-card.' And so, swan-like, the gentle spirit," etc., etc. —Mémorial of William Waterproof, Esq.

"Reach for the wine-card, Teddy,"

The pace becomes too slow;

The hours begone already

Are more than those to go;

As glum as ghosts that wander

Unrited by the Styx,

We sit, while Chronos yonder

Marks out his two-by-six.

"Reach for the wine-card, Teddy,"

We've cracked a medley sort,

We've tapped the Burton heady,

Uncapped the heavy port;

Cluquot's coquettish matron

Lies deep as Dido's dux,

The shrine of our good patron

We've reached—kind Sancerre Crux.

"Reach for the wine-card, Teddy,"

With thee 'twas always so,

While yet our legs were steady,

Askev'd your head-piece go.

For thee no holds Elysian,

No Heaven Islamite,

No Paradise—a vision

Of bloodless anchorite.

But when the saga's ended,

And sit the warriors thrall'd,

Valhalla's heroes splendid

Will hear their newest skald.

The hours begone already,

Are more than those to go;

Reach for the wine-card, Teddy,

The pace becomes too slow.

—A. E. Watrous in Puck.

Nocturne

Out in the yard he hears the hoom
Of the carpet that lay in the sitting-room.
And shrilly the wife of his bosom calls
For the calcimine for the kitchen walls.
Out in the wood-shed the old white hen
Mocketh the patience of gods and men
And she steadfastly sitteth from morn till night
With misplaced confidence in her might,
On a piece of brick, a broken cob,
A hotie-neck, and a bureau knob,
And she dreameth the day is near and sure
When she'll hrood on a set of furniture.
So woe men have studied and brooded long,
Trying to hatch the right from the wrong.
And sage politicians have talked and talked,
And talked, and talked, and talked, and talked,
And talk, and talk, and talk, and talk,
But it won't be, and isn't, and never was.
And the foolish hen and the man of brain
Have joined at last in the sad refrain:
"Your labor is lost, your argument wrecked,
If your major premise is incorrect."
—Hawkeye.

Warning to Women.

The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity.
When windy individuals indulge in much verbiage
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and punch the diaphragm as though the deuce were in it.
The pharynx now goes up;
The larynx, with a slam,
Ejects a note
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm.

Andante Pastorale.

AMYNTAS.
I hear the sheep-bells from the folds, I watch the sparrows fluttering;
I hear the cricket chirp at noon, at eve the hullofrog muttering;
In swaying hammock softly wrapt, I doze through noontide's simmering;
I sit with Phyllis on the stile at twilight's fading glimmering.
DAPHNIS.
To sit with Phyllis on the stile I am no wise particular,
New York is good enough for me, e'en in the days canicular.
When Phoebus drives far in the west his gold-fleeced fiery flock away,
I hie me to Manhattan Beach, or surge-beleaguered Rockaway.
Within the waves I plunge and prance with large antique simplicity
Till dinner comes, when Burgundy brims over my felicity.

AMYNTAS.
I love the rustic sights and sounds, the atmosphere so tonic, O,
I love the homely rustic fare—
DAPHNIS.
And I prefer Delmonico.
AMYNTAS.
O, sweet to hear on cottage roofs the gentle raindrops pattering!
DAPHNIS.
O, sweet to hear on Long Branch pier the gentle maidens chattering!
AMYNTAS.
O, far from Newtown Creek and far from Hunter's Point pestiferous,
How sweet to lie upon the hay and watch the flies igniferous.
DAPHNIS.
O, far from fierce mosquitoes and from messes indigestible,
How sweet to sup at Coney Isle on all good things comestible!

AMYNTAS.
I hate the heated, squalid town, the hawkers hawling frantically—
DAPHNIS.
But I contrive—my wife's away—to pass the time delightfully.
AMYNTAS.
Farewell, I must to sun-screened dells and scented hedges flowery.
DAPHNIS.
Good-bye! and I, cigar in mouth, will saunter down the Bowery,
—E. M. Kingsbury,

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
For Purifying the Blood.

This compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia, and Mandrake, with the Iodides of Potash and Iron, makes a most effectual cure of complaints affecting the blood. It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions on the skin are the appearance at the surface of humors that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humors to some internal organ or organs, whose action they derange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the Skin, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetters and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility. With their departure health returns.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD!

Everybody Wants It!
Everybody Needs It!

KNOW THYSELF.

The untold miseries that result from indiscretions in early life may be alleviated and cured. Those who doubt this assertion should purchase the new medical work published by the Peabody Medical Institute, Boston, Mass.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION.

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Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 14th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 9), of twenty-five cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Eighteenth day of October, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 5th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 5th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 5) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of October, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 10th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.
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LEGAL NOTICES.

[Department No. 7.]

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT,
City and County of San Francisco, State of
California.EMMA J. FAIRBAIRN,
Plaintiff,vs.
NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN
Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF

California send Greeting to NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIRN, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion, and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessities of life; and awarding the custody of the child of the parties hereto to plaintiff. Also, requiring defendant to pay such sums as the Court may deem proper for the support of plaintiff and her child, and costs of suit, together with general relief. Hereto, and the complaint is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30 day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two.

DAVID WILDER, Clerk.

By I. D. RUGGLES, Deputy Clerk.

[Department No. 7.]

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

A. F. BENJAMIN,

Plaintiff,

vs.

JACOB LEVY,

Defendant.

Superior Court.

(Late 4th District Court.)

No. 22,467.

EXECUTION.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested, on the 24th day of August, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein A. F. Benjamin, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Jacob Levy, defendant, on the 1st day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$2,377 97-100 U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the 1st day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereafter described property, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Jacob Levy, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Tyler Street, distant 165 feet westerly from the west line of Franklin Street, thence westerly along said north line of Tyler Street 27 6-12 feet; thence at right angles northerly 120 feet; thence at right angles easterly 27 6-12 feet; and thence at right angles southerly 120 feet to the point of commencement. Together with the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 25th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Jacob Levy, had on the first day of August, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, August 5, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff

J. B. L. BRANDT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

August 5, 12, 19, 26.

NOTICE—The above sale is postponed till MONDAY,

the 17th day of September, A. D. 1882, at the same hour and place.

JOHN SEDGWICK,

Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, August 28, 1882.

NOTICE—The above sale is postponed till MONDAY,

the 25th day of September, A. D. 1882, at the same hour and place.

JOHN SEDGWICK,

Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, September 11, 1882.

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Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30
LIABILITIES.	\$3,752,099 09

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

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GAME, ETC., ETC.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 14.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE MAN-DOG.

A Wild Story of a Tragedy in a Southern Swamp.

My first knowledge of the singular being called "Du Chien, the Man-dog," began when we were on duty down in the Peché country, a short time after General Taylor's celebrated "Run on the Banks," in the vicinity of Mansfield. The cavalry had really very little to do except "to feed," and await orders. As a result of this idleness many of the officers and men formed pleasant acquaintances with the hospitable planters in whose neighborhood we were located.

One of the planters whom I found to be most congenial was Captain Martas, a French creole, whose father had come from Languedoc. He was himself native-born. He was a man of forty-eight or fifty years of age, and had two sons by his first marriage, who were in the army of Virginia, and a boy two years of age, by his second wife, who was a young and beautiful lady. The housekeeper was a mulatto girl, who was in every physical development almost a perfect being—even her small hands looking like consummate wax-work. She had been taught, petted, and indulged as much, perhaps, or more than any slave should have been, especially by Captain Martas, who uniformly spoke to her more in the tone of a father addressing his daughter, than in that of a master commanding a slave. She was always gentle and obedient. The family seemed to prize her very greatly, and the little boy especially preferred her to his own beautiful mother. I suppose it would be hard for the later generation, who remember little or nothing of the "domestic institution," to understand how such a pleasant and beautiful confidence and friendship could exist between a slave and her owners, but it was no uncommon thing in the South before the war.

The family was so attractive that I visited it often; but one evening, on my arrival at the house, I found that its peace and quiet had been disturbed by one of those painful occurrences which so often marred the happiness of Southern families, and which really constituted the curse of "the peculiar institution."

The day before, the beautiful and accomplished wife of Captain Martas had, for some unexplained reason, got into a frenzy of rage with Celia, the mulatress, and had ordered the overseer to give her a severe whipping. The girl had run off into the Black Swamp during the night, and Captain Martas, who imparted this information to me, was in a state of terrible distress by reason of her absence. He did not seem to understand the cause of the trouble, but he could not justify his slave without condemning his wife, whom he seemed to regard with a most tender and dutiful devotion. The only emotion which seem to master him was a heart-breaking and hopeless grief. I volunteered to hunt for the runaway, and while asking for such information as I thought to be necessary about the neighboring plantations, and of the almost boundless and impracticable wilderness known as the Black Swamp, I saw Celia slowly and quietly coming up the broad walk which led from the portico to the big gate.

She carried in her hand a branch of the magnolia tree, from which depended a splendid blossom of that most glorious of all flowers. She bowed slightly as she came near the portico, and, passing around the corner of the house, entered it by a side door. Mrs. Martas was most passionately devoted to the magnolia, and, from her exclamations of delight, which were soon heard in the hall, we knew that Celia had brought the beautiful flower as a peace-offering to her mistress, and that it had been accepted as such. Very soon the two women came nearer, and from our seats on the veranda we could hear their conversation. A terrible weight seemed to have been lifted from the heart of Captain Martas by the girl's return, and by the apparent renewal of friendly relations between his beautiful wife and his even more beautiful slave—a relief which showed itself in his face and form, but not in his speech.

"Yes," said Celia to Mrs. Martas, "it is an old, wide-spreading tree on the very edge of the water, and is glorious with just such splendid blossoms as these. There must be more than three hundred clusters, some that I could not reach being much larger and finer than this one."

"And you say," answered Mrs. Martas, "that the air is still, and that the perfume broods all around the tree? Oh, how sweet!"

"Yes," said Celia, "it is so strong that you can taste as well as smell the wonderful perfume. Few people could bear to stand immediately beneath the shade; it is so sweet as to be almost overpowering."

"Oh, how I wish I could see it! How far is it, Celia?"

"Only four miles. You can go. It is deep in the swamp; but the pony can follow the ridge all the way. You can go, and get home before dusk. I would like you to see it before a rain makes the road too bad, or the winds come and scatter the delicious perfume that now hangs as heavy as dew all around the glorious tree for yards and yards away."

"I will go," she cried. "Tell Toby to bring out Selim, and you can take a horse. Let us go at once. It is getting late."

"I would rather walk," said Celia, "so as to be sure that I will not miss the route in going back, although I watched so carefully that I know I can find it on foot."

Very soon a boy led up Mrs. Martas's pony, and she went out to the steps and mounted, followed by Celia on foot. The girl held the stirrup for her mistress, and as she did so looked back at Captain Martas with eyes in which shone strange love, pity, and tenderness; but the voice of her mistress called her away, and, even in turning her black and lustrous eyes toward Captain Martas, their expression totally changed, and showed for a fleeting instant the murderous glitter that gleamed from the eyes of a panther when ready for a fatal spring.

I was startled and troubled, and half moved forward to tell the lady not to go; but a moment's reflection showed me how foolish such an unnecessary and silly interference would seem. A strange mistrust flitted across my mind, but there was nothing on which to base it. I could not give a reason for it, except to say that I had seen the light of a gladiator's eye, the twitch and spasm of an assassin's lip, in the eye and mouth of that now smiling and dutiful young slave girl. The thing was too foolish to think of, and I held my peace.

The women passed out of the gate, and went on quietly in the direction of the Black Swamp. Martas and I resumed our conversation. Hour after hour passed away, and the sun grew large and low in the west; still Mrs. Martas did not return. The sun was setting—set; but she had not come. Then Captain Martas called Toby and had him ride to the edge of the wood, and see if he could learn anything of his mistress; but Toby soon came back, saying that he saw nothing except the pony's tracks leading into the swamp, and the pony himself leisurely coming home without a rider. Then Captain Martas mounted, and I followed him. He took the plantation conch-shell, and we rode on into the dark forest as long as we could trace any footsteps of the pony, or find any open way, and again and again Captain Martas blew resonant blasts upon his shell that rolled far away over the swamp, seeking to apprise his wife that we were there, and waiting for her; but nothing came of it.

"They could hear the shell," he said, "upon a still night like this three or four miles," and it seemed to him impossible that they could have gone beyond the reach of the sound. But no answer came, and the moonless night came down over the great Black Swamp, and the darkness grew almost visible, so thoroughly did it shut off all vision like a vast black wall.

Then Martas sent Toby back to the plantation for fire and blankets, and more men, and soon a roaring blaze mounted skyward, and every few minutes the conch-shell was blown. Nothing more could be done. I remained with the now sorely troubled husband through the night. At the first peep of dawn he had breakfast brought from the plantation, and as soon as it became light enough to see in the great forest, we searched for and found the pony's track, and we carefully followed the traces left in the soft soil. The chase led, with marvelous turns and twists, right along the little ridge of firmer land which led irregularly on between the boundless morasses stretched on either side, trending now this way, now that, but always penetrating deeper and deeper into the almost unknown bosom of the swamp. The pony had followed his own trail in coming out of the swamp, and this made it easier for us to trace his way. At last we came to the dark, sluggish, sullen water. It was a point of solid ground, of less than an acre in extent, a foot or two above the water, almost circular in outline, and nearly surrounded by the lagoon. It was comparatively clear of timber, and near the centre rose a grand magnolia tree, such as Celia had described to Mrs. Martas on the evening before. At the root of this tree, bathed with the rich, overpowering perfume of the wonderful bloom above her, lay the dead body of the beautiful woman, her clothes disordered, her hair disheveled, a coarse, dirty handkerchief stuffed into her mouth, and all the surroundings giving evidence of a despairing struggle and a desperate crime. Captain Martas was overcome with anguish, and after one agonized look around, as if to assure himself that Celia was not also somewhere in sight, he sat down beside the body and gazed upon his murdered wife in silent, helpless agony of spirit.

I desired all the men to remain where they were, except Toby, whom I ordered to follow me; and then, beginning at the little ridge of land between the waters by which we had reached the circular space before described, we followed the edge of the ground completely round to the starting point, seeking in the soft mud along the shore for a footprint, or the mark made by a canoe or skiff, for some evidence of the route by which the murderer had reached the little peninsula, or by which Celia had left it.

We found perfect tracks of all animal life existing in the swamps, even to the minute lines left by the feet of the smallest birds, but no trace of a human foot, although a snail could not have passed into or out of the water without leaving his mark upon the yielding mud, much less a footprint or a canoe.

The thing was inexplicable. Where was Celia? How had she gone without leaving a trace of her departure? Had she been there at all? Who had murdered Mrs. Martas? Surely some man or devil had perpetrated that crime. How bad the villain escaped from the scene of his crime, leaving not the slightest clew by which it was possible to tell which way he had gone?

I reported to Captain Martas the exact condition of the affair, and told him I knew not what to do, unless we could

get bloodhounds and put them on the trail. He said there were no hounds within sixty miles; that all of the planters he knew preferred to lose a runaway rather than to follow them with the dogs. Rumors of the loss of Mrs. Martas had spread from plantation to camp, and two or three soldiers had immediately ridden out to the plantation, and then had followed us to the scene of the crime. One of them said:

"If there are no hounds, send to camp for old Du Chien. He is better than any dog."

The remark was so singular that I asked:

"What do you mean by saying 'He is better than any dog'?"

"I mean that he can follow the trail by the scent better than any bound I ever saw, and I have seen hundreds of them."

"Is that a mere camp story," said I, "or do you know it of your own knowledge?"

"I know it myself, sir," said the soldier. "I have seen him smell a man or his clothes, and then go blindfold into a whole regiment and pick out that man by his scent. I have seen him pull a lock of wool off a sheep, smell it good, and then go blindfold into the pen and pick out that identical sheep from fifty others. I have known him to smell the blanket a nigger slept in, and follow that darky four or five miles by the scent of him through cotton, corn, and woods. He is better than a dog."

The man looked to be honest and intelligent; and while I could hardly credit such an astounding and abnormal development of the nasal power in a human being, there was nothing else to do; so I told him to take my horse and his own, ride as quickly as possible to camp, and bring old Du Chien with him.

Then we made a litter, and slowly and reverently we bore the corpse of the murdered lady along the difficult road until we reached a point to which it was possible to bring a carriage, in which we placed her in charge of the horrified neighbors, who had by this time collected at the plantation.

Captain Martas insisted on remaining with me and awaiting the coming of Du Chien.

More than two hours elapsed before the soldier whom I had sent for Du Chien, the Man-dog, returned with that strange creature. He surely deserved his name. He must have been six feet high, but was so lank, loose, flabby, and jumbled-up that it was hard to even guess at his stature. His legs were long and lank, and his hands hung down to his knees. A bristly shock of red hair grew nearly down to his eyebrows, and his head slanted back to a point, sugar-loaf fashion. His chin seemed to have slid back into his lank, flabby neck, and his face looked as if it stopped at the round, red, slobbering mouth. His nose was not remarkably large, but the sloping away of all the facial lines from it, as from a central point, gave his nasal organ an expression of peculiar prominence and significance. When he walked, every bone and muscle about him drooped forward, as if he were about to fall face foremost, and travel with his hands and feet.

Briefly I explained what had happened, and thereupon Du Chien, who seemed to be a man of few words, said:

"Stay where you are, all of you, for a minute." Then he started off at his singular dog-trot pace, and followed the edge of the water all the way around, just as I had done, lightly, but with wonderful celerity. Then he came back to us, looking much puzzled. I banded him the coarse, dirty handkerchief which I had taken from the dead woman's mouth, and Du Chien immediately buried that wonderful nose of his in it, and sniffed at it long and vigorously. Having apparently satisfied himself, he removed the dirty rag from his face, and said:

"Nigger."

"No," said I, thinking of Celia, and looking Du Chien in his little, round, deep-set eyes; "a mulatto."

"No," he answered, with quiet assurance; "not mulatto; nigger; black, wool-headed, and old—a buck nigger."

"What can you do?" said I.

"Wait a minute," said Du Chien. Then he started off again to make the circuit of the peninsula, but more slowly and deliberately than at first. He threw his head from side to side, like a hound, and smelled at every tree and shrub. He had got about half way around when he reached a mighty tree that grew on the edge of the swamp, leaning out over the water where it was narrowest and deepest, and seemed to mingle its branches with the branches of another tree of a similar gigantic growth that grew upon the other side. He walked up to this tree, saying: "Nigger went up here!" and at once, began to climb. The inclination of the great trunk and the lowness of the branches made the task an easy one. Almost instantly, Captain Martas, I, and two or three soldiers followed Du Chien up the tree. Du Chien had gone up some thirty feet into the dense foliage, when all at once he left the body of the tree, and began to slide along a great limb that extended out over the water, holding to the branches around and above him until he got into the lateral branches of the tree on the opposite side, and thence to the trunk of that tree, down which he glided, and stood upon the opposite bank waiting for us to follow. We did so as speedily as possible, and as soon as we were safely landed by his side, Du Chien said: "Single file, all!" and started off, smelling the trees and bushes as he went.

The spot at which we had descended seemed to be a hump mock similar to that on the other side, but less regular in

outline; and soon the way by which Du Chien led us became more and more difficult and impassable. Often it seemed that the next step would take us right into the dark and sluggish water, but Du Chien, almost without pausing at all, would smell at the leaves and branches and hurry on, now planting his foot upon a clod just rising out of the water, now stepping upon a fallen and half-rotten log, now treading a fringe of more solid ground skirting the dreary lagoon, but going every moment deeper and deeper into the most pathless and inaccessible portions of the swamp.

For nearly two hours this strange man followed the trail, and we followed him. At last we came to a considerable elevation of ground under which opened a little V-shaped valley made by the water of a branch which drained the high land into the swamp. This valley was rather more than two acres in extent, and seemed to be a clearing. But there was a thick-set growth of sweet gum, holly, and magnolia across the opening toward the swamp, beyond which we could not see.

With quickened steps, and with many of the same signs of excitement manifested by a hound when the trail grows hot, Du Chien followed along this hedge-like line of underbrush, and at its farther end stopped. There, within three feet of where the steep bank ran into the water, which seemed to be of great depth, was an opening in the hedge. He slipped cautiously through it, and we followed him in silence. It was a little garden in the heart of the swamp, lying between the hills and the water. At the apex of the V-shaped valley was a miserable cabin with some fruit trees growing round about it. We gazed upon the scene with profound astonishment.

"Do you know anything of this place, Captain Martas?" said I, in a low tone.

"No," said he; "several years ago one of my field-hands, a gigantic Abyssinian, was whipped and ran away to the swamp; I never followed him, and have never seen him since, although every now and then I heard of him by the report of the negroes on the plantation; I suppose he has been living somewhere in the swamp ever since, and, unless this is his home, I can not imagine how such a place came to be here."

"The nigger is there," said Du Chien. "If there are a dozen of them I can tell the right one by the smell," and again he put the old handkerchief to his nose.

"If it is old Todo," said Captain Martas, "he is a powerful and desperate man, and we had better be cautious."

We formed a line, and slowly and cautiously approached. We had got within ten or twelve feet of his door, when we saw a gigantic, half-clad negro spring from the floor, gaze out at us an instant with fierce, startled eyes, and then, with a yell like that of some wild beast roused up in its lair, he seized an axe which stood just at the door, and, whirling it around his head with savage fury, darted straight at Captain Martas. It seemed to me that the huge, black form was actually in the air, springing toward the object of its hatred and fear, when one of the soldiers sent a ball from his revolver crashing through old Todo's skull. With a savage, beastly cry, the huge bulk fell headlong to the earth.

"It is a pity," said Martas; "I wished to burn the black devil alive."

At that instant Du Chien cried out: "Look there!" And extending his arm toward the top of the ridge, he started off at full speed. We all looked up, and saw Celia flying for dear life toward the crest of the high ground behind the cabin, and we joined in the chase. It was perhaps forty yards up the slope to the highest part, and about the same distance down the other side to the water's edge. Just as we got to the crest, Celia, who had already reached the water's edge, leaped lightly into a small canoe, and began to ply the paddle vigorously, and with a stroke or two sent the frail bark gliding swiftly away from the shore, while she looked back at us with a wicked smile. In a moment more she would be beyond our reach, and the soldier who had shot Todo leveled his fatal revolver at her head. But Captain Martas knocked the weapon up, saying, in a voice choked with emotion: "No, no! let the girl go! She is my daughter."

Swiftly and silently the slight canoe swept away over the dark waters of the great, black swamp, now hidden in the shadow, now a moment glancing through some little patch of sunlight, always receding farther and farther, seen less often, seen less distinctly every moment, and then seen no more.

NATHAN C. KOUNS.

September, 1882.

The news that Mademoiselle Feyghine, the Russian actress in Paris, had shot herself in the apartments of the young Duc de Morny, did not create much surprise in New York. When the duke was here in 1879, he was one of a number of young men who used to frequent certain balls given on the cooperative plan at a restaurant in Lafayette Place. There he made the acquaintance of a mother and daughter, who, if report says true, were often each other's rivals in love affairs. At one time it seemed as if an unpleasant exposure was likely to take place, and the duke, afraid of a scandal, cleared out one fine morning on board of a French steamer. The mother and daughter afterward followed him to Paris, but were unsuccessful in bringing the recalcitrant lover to book.

It is a fact not generally known that the smoking of cigarettes has a most injurious effect upon the growth of the moustache, as the poison generated while smoking them acts upon the mucous lining of the upper lip, thus stunting the growth of its hirsute appendage. It is not the intention to ruin the cigarette manufacturers, but if this fact becomes generally known cigarettes are in danger of becoming a drug in the market.

"Only the other day," says the St. Louis *Spectator's* "Town Talker," "I sat opposite a gentleman in a fashionable restaurant, who, after sampling the bread, which was slightly stale, said to the waiter, in a tone of the utmost seriousness: 'Wasn't this baked in the reign of Queen Elizabeth?' And the waiter, with equal solemnity, replied: 'No, sir; it was baked several years after that.'"

Montaigne, the essayist, took his son in front of a crucifix once, and said: "You would reform the world; behold the fate of a reformer!"

AN OLD FAVORITE.

One Day Solitary.

I am all right! Good-bye, old chap!
Twenty-four hours, that won't be long;
Nothing to do but take a nap,
And—say! can a fellow sing a song?
Will the light fantastic be in order—
A pigeon-wing on your pantry floor?
What are the rules for a regular boarder?
Be quiet? All right! Cling-clang goes the door.

Clang-clink the hells, and I am locked in;
Some pious reflection and repentance
Come next, I suppose, for I just begin
To perceive the sting in the tail of my sentence—
"One day whereof shall be solitary."
Here I am at the end of my journey,
And—well, it ain't jolly, not so very—
I'd like to throttle that sharp attorney.

He took my money, the very last dollar,
Didn't leave me so much as a dime,
Not enough to buy me a paper collar
To wear at my trial; he knew all the time
'Twas some that I got for the stolen silver.
Why hasn't he been indicted, too?
If he doesn't exactly rob and pilfer,
He lives by the plunder of them that do.

Then didn't it put me into a fury
To see him step up, and laugh, and chat
With the county attorney, and joke with the jury
When all was over, then go back for his hat
While Sue was sobbing to break her heart,
And all I could do was to stand and stare.
He had played my cause, he had played his part,
And got his fee—and what more did he care?

It's droll to think how, just out yonder,
The world goes jogging on the same;
Old men will save, and boys will squander,
And fellows will play at the same old game
Of get-and-spend—to-morrow, next year—
And drink, and carouse, and who will there be
To remember a comrade hurried here?
I am nothing to them—they are nothing to me.

And Sue—yes, she will forget me, too,
I know; already her tears are drying.
I believe there is nothing that girl can do
So easy as laughing, and lying, and crying.
She clung to me well while there was hope,
Then broke her heart in that last wild sob;
But she ain't a-going to sit and mope
While I am at work on a five years' job.

They'll set me to learning a trade, no doubt,
And I must forget to speak or smile;
I shall go marching in and out,
One of a silent, tramping file
Of felons, at morning, and noon, and night—
Just down to the shops, and back to the cells,
And work with a thief at left and right,
And feed, and sleep, and—nothing else.

Was I horn for this? Will the old folks know?
I can see them now on the old home-place;
His gait is feeble, his step is slow,
There's a settled grief in his furrowed face;
While she goes wearily groping about
In a sort of dream, so bent, so sad!
But this won't do! I must sing and shout,
And forget myself, or else go mad.

I won't be foolish; although for a minute
I was there in my little room once more.
What wouldn't I give just now to be in it?
The bed is yonder, and there is the door;
The Bible is here on the neat, white stand;
The summer sweets are ripening now;
In the flickering light I reach my hand
From the window, and pluck them from the bough.

When I was a child, (oh, well for me
And them if I had never been older!)
When he told me stories on his knee,
And tossed me and carried me on his shoulder;
When she knelt down and heard my prayer,
And gave me, in my bed, my good-night kiss—
Did they ever think that all their care
For an only son could come to this?

Foolish again! No sense in tears
And gnashing the teeth; and yet, somehow,
I haven't thought of them so far years;
I never knew them, I think, till now.
How fondly, how blindly, they trusted me!
When I should have been in my bed asleep,
I slipped from the window, and down the tree,
And sowed for the harvest which now I reap.

And Jennie—how could I bear to leave her?
If I had but wished—but I was a fool!
My heart was filled with a thirst and a fever
Which no sweet airs of heaven could cool.
I can hear her asking: "Have you heard?"
But mother falters and shakes her head;
"O Jennie, Jennie, never a word!
What can it mean? He must be dead!"

Light-hearted, a proud, ambitious lad,
I left my home that morning in May;
What visions, what hopes, what plans I had!
And what have I—where are they all—to-day?
Wild fellows, and wine, and debts, and gaming,
Disgrace, and the loss of place and friend;
And I was an outlaw past reclaiming;
Arrest and sentence, and—this is the end!

Five years! Shall ever I quit this prison?
Homeless, an outcast, where shall I go?
Return to them, like one arisen
From the grave, that was hurried long ago?
All is still; 'tis the close of the week;
I slink through the garden, I stop by the well,
I see him totter, I hear his shriek!—
What sort of a tale will I have to tell?

But here I am! What's the use of grieving?
Five years—will it be too late to begin?
Can sober thinking and honest living
Still make me the man I might have been?
I'll struggle. Oh, would I could wake to-morrow
In that old room, to find, at last,
That all my trouble and all their sorrow
Are only a dream of the night that is past.
—J. T. Trowbridge.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

Douglas Jerrold: Humor is the harmony of the heart.

Jeffrey: Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

Archbishop Whately: Cultivate not only the cornfields of your mind, but the pleasure grounds also.

"At nine honors don't count." A lady aged sixty married her footman, on which Talleyrand quoted this expression.

Queen Elizabeth, as the legend goes, thus greeted a deputation of eighteen tailors: "Good morning to you, gentlemen both."

Goldsmith: Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach-and-six.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter: Pleasures of high flavor, like pineapples, have the misfortune that, like pineapples, they make the gums bleed.

Hazlitt: The art of pleasing consists in being pleased. To be amiable is to be satisfied with one's self and others. Good humor is essential to pleasantry.

Tillotson: A more glorious victory can not be gained over another man than this—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

Anon: Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another; and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan: Steal! To be sure they will; and, egad! serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make them pass for their own.

A well known author once wrote an article in *Blackwood*, and signed himself "A. S." "What a pity," observed Douglas Jerrold, "that he will only tell two-thirds of the truth!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes: Literature is full of coincidences, which some love to believe plagiarisms. There are thoughts always abroad in the air which it takes more wit to avoid than to hit upon.

Some one asked Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom it was said he "could toil terribly," "How do you accomplish so much, and in so short a time?" "When I have anything to do," he replied, "I go and do it."

"It is not always necessary," observed Goethe, "that truth should embody itself; enough if it float spiritually about and induce agreement; if, like the deep friendly sound of a bell, it undulates through the air."

Anon: There is many a sermon even in the church-bell; and as to our towers and spires dotted in the landscape, no one can tell how many impressions we owe to "those silent fingers pointing to the skies."

Fuller: When there is no recreation or business for thee abroad, thou mayest then have a company of honest old fellows, in leathern jackets, in thy study, which may find thee excellent diversion at home.

Southey: The history of any private family, however humble, could it be fully related for five or six generations, would illustrate the state and progress of society better than the most elaborate dissertation.

Sir Humphry Davy: Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter: The last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soil, is tenderness toward the had, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

Arthur Helps: Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful firefly, whose happy circumvolutions he can not but watch, forgetting his many troubles.

S. T. Coleridge: The well-meaning man is one of those weak-moraled men to whom the meaning of to do a thing means nothing. He promises with ninety parts out of a hundred of his whole heart; but there is always a stock of cold at the core that transubstantiates the whole resolve into a lie.

Dr. Busby was short of stature. One day he was accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish haronet of gigantic size. "Suffer me to pass, O giant!" "Pass, O pigmy," replied the doctor. "O sir," continued the baronet, "my expression alluded to the size of your intellect." "And mine," rejoined the doctor, "to the size of yours."

"I hope we shall exchange duties occasionally," said the Rector of A. to a clerical neighbor recently arrived; "my people like a little variety." "Oh, no," said the other; "I protest against exchanges; for if you preach better than myself, my people won't like me after you; and if you preach worse, you never ought to preach again."

Charles Kingsley: "I should like Amyas to be a bold adventurer like Mr. Oxenham," said Mr. Leigh. "God grant you become a braver man than he; for, as I think, to be bold against the enemy is common to the brutes, but the prerogative of a man is to be bold against himself, to conquer his own fancies, his own lusts, his own ambition, in the sacred name of duty."

Bishop Horne: A newspaper is the history of the world for one day. It is the history of that world in which we now live, and with which we are consequently more concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance; though, to check us in our too fond love of it, we may consider that the present likewise will soon be past, and take its place in the repositories of the dead.

ENGLISH NIMRODS.

The Different Sorts of Game that Men and Women Hunt.

London is just now at its emptiest. I do not mean that in Lombard Street or Cornhill there is the faintest sign of decrease in the throng of busy humanity, whose presence makes the "city" the commercial centre and stronghold of the world, from one year's end to the other, but from Grosvenor Square to Queen's Gate, from Mayfair to Brompton, the shutters are closed in almost every second house, and the occupants of a few weeks ago are gone to pastures new. Many are gone to the German spas or other continental resorts of strength-recuperative attractiveness—the Prince and Princess of Wales among the number—but the majority are away shooting grouse in Scotland and the north, or partridges all over England. Cricket is on the wane, and, aside from the hardening of the ground, which makes both games undesirable as the autumn advances, lawn-tennis always loses its zest as August—England's garden-party month *par excellence*—goes out. So young ladies are putting away their spiked canvas shoes and tennis bats, and forgetting the charms of "half-volleys" and "full pitches" in the delights which accompany the first days of partridge shooting, in which they are in no small degree permitted a share. Though grouse shooting begins on the 12th of August, and Scotland, Wales, and the border countries echo for two weeks previous with the resounding crack of scores of breechloaders, the sporting papers abounding in startling accounts of gigantic hags made on some ducal moor, or by some well known party of lesser coronets, shooting proper may be said not to fairly begin in England till the first of September. Everybody who is anybody, no matter where his prior wanderings may have led him, or what his August amusements may have been, manages to get home for the first; and this, whether a man has shooting of his own—*i. e.*, game to be shot on his property—or not. If he has, he asks a party of friends to stay with him and lend their guns to the achievement of a daily bag of good proportions; if he has not, some neighbor or friend who has will ask his aid in the same manner. So it is that with September the country life of England begins for the year, for, though some people live in their country houses all the year round, they are those who either have no "town house"—meaning a residence in London—or, if they have, let it to somebody else during the season. I am speaking, therefore, of fashionable people, who follow the yearly routine of fashionable life, as one finds it come to hand year after year with an unerring precision in the order of its variety that almost makes it monotonous. The fashionable time for going to town is toward the end of April. The families of members of Parliament often go much earlier, for Parliament usually meets in February. But the first of September brings everybody back again, and then the country life begins. Following partridge shooting comes pheasant shooting on the first of October, and fox hunting from November till April, so every one who has a country house, and is content with the sports of his native land, lives in it throughout the winter.

Partridge shooting, which is the sport now on, is done in turnip fields and among the stubble left from the recent harvest. This year the harvest in some counties has been rather late, so that the shooting has not been so good, owing to the increase of cover thereby afforded the birds. Every house of any pretension at all has a large party always staying for the shooting, and from the gentlemen of the family and the male guests is the shooting party made up. Their number is reckoned as, and called, so many "guns." Shooting begins at from 10 to 11:30 A. M., and lasts well into the afternoon, dependent naturally on the sport encountered. The proper English shooting costume is a flannel shirt, tweed Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers and leggings, a double-peaked, helmet-shaped tweed cap, heavy-soled boots laced up above the ankles, and a cartridge-belt strapped round the waist. Followed by keepers, holding the retrievers in leash, the party thus attired, with their guns ready to bring up at the first "whirr," march across the fields in line, about twenty feet, more or less, apart, according to the number out, and shoot the birds on the wing as they rise from their meagre cover. At one o'clock, or thereabout, there is a cessation of hostilities, and an adjournment for luncheon, which is brought out from the house in a pony carriage or donkey cart, and spread out on the grass under the trees by footmen. The ladies of the party staying at the house join the gentlemen at this *al fresco* meal, mingling their smiles with the *pâté de foie gras*, and their bright glances with the iced Cluquet and Bass, and afterward either retiring or remaining to watch the subsequent proceedings from a distance, some of them not infrequently honoring one or other of the gentlemen by taking shot about with him for half an hour or so. That there can be no end of fun at luncheon one can readily imagine, and flirtations there begun have so often culminated in the tying of the knot matrimonial, that while old shots have set their face against, as they term it, "the introduction of women" into their sports, the custom finds too much favor with match-making mammas and their only too willing daughters to ever fear its discontinuance.

People do say it is this constant companionship with men, and mixing with them in their field sports, that give the fashionable English girl of the day all her love for "mannish" ways, and make her the slangy, hussy, rapid creature we so often find her. Perhaps people are right. Yet what real harm, after all, if girls do wear stand-up collars and scarf-pins, and hunt, fish, shoot, play hilliards, and smoke? None, certainly, if their hearts are all right. Besides, look at the models they have. The Empress of Austria seems only happy in the saddle, and no less personages than the Princesses Louise and Beatrice smoke cigarettes. Such actions are, of course, likely to shock the sensibilities, not alone of our grandmothers, but of a certain type of young lady whose conversational powers are limited to undertone replies of "yes" and "no," and whose proper bringing up is exhibited in a painfully studious avoidance of either showing her feet or separating her knees while sitting down. But a woman nowadays does not care to please her own sex as much as the other, and it is only too clear which sort of young lady is the most attractive to men, and which kind of girl gets the dances at balls and the most attention every-

where. Men are pretty good judges of women, and if they don't object, and are willing to make their wives out of girls who know more of horseflesh than they do of hotany, and prefer a whiff of tobacco smoke to ylang-ylang or Atkinson's white rose, it is their own look out, and no one else's business.

I know a young lady who lives down in one of the southern counties. She is one of the prettiest girls in England, has five thousand a year in her own right, is just three-and-twenty, and the daughter of a peer whose pedigree goes back to the conquest, and whose country house is the show-place of the county. To look at her you would think her the quietest of the quiet, and that she hadn't an idea beyond crochet and weak tea. But she hunts, has her own stable, keeps four hunters, now and then rides a steeple-chase, buys and sells her own horses without help from any one; has her own wine merchant, wine cellar, and tobaccoist; fences, boxes, skates, and rows; has her houndoir decorated with foils, gloves, whips, horsehoes, and hunting trophies; smokes cigarettes during the day and cigars after dinner; is a capital judge of claret and port, and can tell Amontillado from Marsala with her eyes shut; is a first-rate shot with shot-gun or rook-rifle; draws her own charges, and pays her own bills; and last, though not least, has a delightful way of letting you see her foot and ankle when she puts one leg over the other on sitting down that would make a prim old dowager faint, and get her sat upon directly by the sly ones. Yet she has never been known to flirt, has refused more offers than the quiet ones ever dreamed of receiving, and once, it is related, taught the Prince of Wales a lesson by stopping in the middle of valise with him at a state hall at Buckingham Palace, and refusing to go on, because he held her tighter than she considered proper. You can't call a girl like that fast. But she knows enough to take care of herself, and if her companionship with the young swells of the day, and her imitation of their talk and ways, has taught her to prefer their friendship to their love, it is not unlikely she is nearer right in her estimate of her fellow-beings than are the dragonesses of propriety who regard her with abhorrence, but are willing to sell their hashful maidens to the first libertine or titled scapegrace whose establishment and rent-roll make him in their eyes a desirable *parti*.

Mrs. Langtry is, as far as a married woman can be so regarded, a fair specimen of the type of English girl just referred to. It is true her exhibitions of so-called masculinity are known to England only since her marriage—her girlhood's days, as Lillie Le Breton, having been passed exclusively in her native Jersey. But it is safe to say she was then possessed of the same unaffected want of reserve in speech, look, and manner which the uninitiated regard as fast, but which has done more than either her willowy figure or creamy complexion to make her—har none—unquestionably the most attractive woman London society has known during Victoria's reign. It is quite natural that the Princess of Wales should hate her. Even if the prince hadn't lost his head over her, the princess herself goes in for being a hearty, simple and straight-laced as she may appear on the surface; and Mrs. Langtry's supremacy in that respect has led her into an aggressiveness so marked as to deter her from even wearing a jersey, when that garment was all the rage in London a year or two ago, so as to put it out of fashion as soon as possible. Mrs. Minnie Stevens Paget is another lady whose designation of her house as "the shop," and her friends as her "pals," taken in connection with the fact that she drives about alone in a yellow pony cart, and wears a drab Newmarket coat with bone buttons, would be enough to horrify people who didn't know what a good wife and mother she is, and that never so much as a breath of scandal has ever been blown in her direction.

LONDON, September 7, 1882.

COCKAIGNE.

It is observed, says an Eastern journal, that the skin of those Jerseymen who spend part of their time upon the water is too thick for the mosquitoes' hills, and they are let alone; but the women have no such protection. The dress of one dashing Jersey belle who alighted at the Seaville camp-meeting ground was studied by a correspondent, who observed that her cheeks were shaded by a chip-hat far exceeding in dimensions the cart-wheel hat of the period, and suspended from the rim of this, and falling to a point below the waist, was a net which thoroughly protected the hands, head, face, and neck from the attacks of the pestiferous insect. But the nether extremities? He observed as she alighted that these were incased in sky blue stockings, terminating in low slippers. Knowing that the mosquito would bore through the thickest kind of cloth, he fancied that this pretty young lady was sacrificing some of her best blood to vanity until better informed. Inquiring of one who was "posted," he was told that, from her instep up to her knee joint, both of that young lady's limbs were tied up in newspapers. It is a secret which New Jersey appears to have held for a few centuries that mosquitoes can not bore through newspapers, which fact probably accounts for the large newspaper circulation in that State, and the consequent high intelligence of the average Jerseymen.

The presence of her majesty the Empress on the field on the recent occasion of the army manoeuvres at Krasnoe Selo. Little Russia, created great enthusiasm in the proceedings. On one occasion, in order to get to the top of a hill, her majesty mounted a Cossack horse, treating the peculiar saddle, in spite of its inconvenience for lady riders, as an ordinary side-saddle. In horsemanship the present Czarina is quite a rival of the Empress of Austria, who once at an Austrian meet rode without any saddle at all, simply supported by a spike in the roller.

At Hamburg the Prince of Wales takes two baths daily, composed of pine extract, Manheim salt, and soda water, and, according to the London *World*, "is a great deal with the American set, in which is Miss Chamberlaine," of whom our contemporary gracefully observes that she "is supposed to be a beauty."

Mr. Charles H. Phelps, formerly editor of the *Californian*, has established himself in business in New York as an attorney-at-law and counselor. He intends devoting particular attention to Pacific Coast business.

A GIRLY-GIRL

Demands Counsel of the Horse Reporter Touching her Coming Bridal.

"Do they edit in here?"

The several occupants of the room looked around and discovered a young lady standing in the doorway. She nodded slightly to the horse reporter, and that individual returned the salutation with a placid mile-and-a-half-over-eight-hurdles smile, whose grandeur of expanse would alone have made it noticeable.

"You are right this time, madam," he said. "This is the exact spot where the seething brain of the trained journalist proceeds to huddle, and the lances of Thought that pierce with unerring aim the helmets of Wrong are ever held in couchant poise by strong arms ready to launch them forth at the slightest signal of danger."

"Papa doesn't know I am up here," said the vision of loveliness, "but mamma does. The very minute I told her that I was going to see an editor she said it was the best thing to do; but when I got right to the door I just thought I should die."

"You don't appear to be in danger of immediate dissolution," remarked the horse reporter.

"Oh, of course, I don't mean exactly that," said the young lady; "but I was awfully nervous, you know; I always was that way; and when I was a little girl papa used to say that the only way to govern me was by kindness."

"Well, we'll be gentle with you," replied the personal friend of Rarus. "Would you like to read the *Hawkinsville Clarion*, or the *Cohoes Freeman*?" pointing to a pile of exchanges.

"No, I don't care about it, thank you," was the reply.

"You editors must have a hard time managing all the people who come up here?"

"There is a managing editor for that purpose," said the horse reporter.

"How nice! And do all these gentlemen edit?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to be married next week," said the young lady.

"Ain't it funny?"

"Quite ludicrous, no doubt," was the reply.

"And I came up here," she continued, "to see if you would put a nice notice of the affair in the paper. Will you do it?"

"Certainly," said the horse reporter. "Would you like to have it referred to as 'another one of those delightful events in which the happiness of a trusting love finds glad fruition in wedded bliss,' or 'the marriage-bells rang out merrily last evening, telling to the star-lit skies a joyful tale of love's final triumph?' Both those sentences are kept in type, and you can have your choice."

"I rather like the last one best," said the young lady. "It is more tenderly beautiful, and so sweetly touching. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," replied the horse reporter, "there is a sort of curfew-will-not-ring-to-night tinge to it that lays over the other one."

"Well, then, I will take that. And will an editor be around to write it up?"

"Certainly."

"I will send you a piece of the wedding-cake," continued the young lady.

"Do," said the horse reporter. "There is a dog up my way that needs killing."

Reginald de Courcey's Death.

"Has he seen her foot?"

Reginald de Courcey, eighth Duke of Wahash, smote his corselet fiercely with the trusty blade that had cloven in twain the skull of many an enemy, and looked tenderly upon his wife, the Lady Agatha McMurtre, as they stood 'neath the shadow of a glove which the wife had carelessly left on the lawn. By the duke's side was his faithful steed, Step-and-fetch-it, in whose veins flowed the blood of the swift coursers of the desert—the Arabian.

"I know me not," quoth the Lady Agatha, "whether 'that of which you speak hath indeed ta'en place, but on her return from the tourney at Coshucton, whither young Rupert de Moyamensing hath ta'en our daughter, I will not fail to closely question the maid regarding the matter. Truly, it is of much moment whether this young knight, who cometh from beyond the Little Miami, doth wed our daughter."

"I prithee do not speak of that," said Lord Reginald, hastily; "and yet thou'rt right. An Rupert make not the lass his bride, methinks it will be many a day ere another one so guileless heaveeth in sight. What's o'clock?"

"Three forty-five," replied the duchess, looking at the shadows which the sun cast upon the wood-shed.

"There is yet time to warn her," said Reginald; "hut with another horse than thou, my pet," he added, stroking the glossy neck of the Arabian courser, "the task were indeed a hopeless one."

"Then haste thee," cried the Lady Agatha. "Lose not a moment of the time that is so precious. Fly with all speed, and I will offer up prayers that thy journey may be swift and sure."

Leaping upon his horse the duke sped swiftly from out the court-yard, the clatter of hoofs making glad music in the ears of his devoted wife. Suddenly she heard the horse give a mighty snort and stop, and there came upon the summer breeze that was kissing the locust blossoms above her head a dull thud. Running with fear-hastened feet across the portcullis the duchess saw the affrighted animal standing in front of some huge object, while farther on lay the corpse of her husband, the cold, white face looking up to heaven as if in mute appeal for pity. In an instant she was by his side, but the kisses that she pressed upon the pallid lips of the man she loved so well were unfelt, and the words she spoke brought no response. Then, going to the horse, she took him kindly by the bridle.

"I do not blame you, Step-and-fetch-it," she said, "for there are some things which even an Arah steed may not leap over." And hiding her face in her apron, the duchess wept bitterly.

Reginald De Courcey, eighth and last Duke had met his death over his child's bottine.—*Fr. Girl's Bogan*, by Joseph Medill in the *Chicago*

SOCIETY.

General McDowell's Reception to Senator Miller.

The reception given on the evening of Thursday last at Black Point, by Major-General and Mrs. McDowell to Senator and Mrs. John F. Miller, was without doubt the event of the season, and one which has never been excelled in this hospitable mansion. The guests were conveyed hence both by land and water, the steamer *General McPherson* leaving the wharf at the foot of Washington Street at forty-five minutes past seven and half past eight o'clock in the evening, and returning at twelve and forty-five minutes past twelve o'clock. At the Black Point landing, carriages were found which took the guests to the residence. It was beautifully decorated on this occasion. A large dancing-hall had been erected on the north side of the house, and inclosed by innumerable American flags, so arranged as to present the field portion as forming the roof. The south end gave the appearance of an immense grotto, so profusely was it filled with palms, evergreens, and various exotics. Hundreds of Japanese lanterns spread their soft light over the scene. A platform surrounding the dancing hall was canvased and decorated around the outer edge with a row of cannon-balls, while at the back were seats for dancers. Two bands, one stationed at each end, discoursed dance-music. The floral decorations over the entire first floor, especially in the dance-hall, were of the most charming description. High pillars, going from the floor to the ceiling, were ornamented with standard and colors clustered gracefully together. Chandeliers—some five or six in number—were nearly hidden in smilax. The scene was of the loveliest description. The supper was at the usual hour. Mrs. McDowell received her guests costumed in a dress of old-gold silk with blue trimmings. Her daughter, Miss McDowell, looked exceedingly lovely in a toilette of soft pearl silk, with floral ornamentation. The senator's daughter, Miss Dora Miller, wore a lovely costume of salmon pink, low-necked and short sleeves, delicately embroidered, princess train; her gloves were worn à la Bernhardt. Mrs. Miller had on a black satin, richly embroidered. The following named persons were present:

Mr. and Mrs. Hull, Miss Sullivan, Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood, Mrs. Breckinridge, Mrs. and Miss Hoyt, Judge and Mrs. Sanderson, the Misses Durbrow, Messrs. Durbrow, Colonel and Mrs. Frank, Major and Mrs. Sanger, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, C. W. Howard, J. S. Minor, Captain and Mrs. Metcalf, General Backus, Captain and Mrs. Humphry, Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Kendig, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, the Messrs. Tevis, T. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fair, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. C. McAfee, Mr. and Mrs. L. Haggin, Mrs. Hunor, Mr. Ward McAllister, the Messrs. Ashe, Miss Ashe, Messrs. Ogden, W. C. Brown, Mr. Beasley, F. H. Blake, Mr. Small, Mr. Nicholson, L. Y. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Kittle, Miss Adams, Mr. Redington, Mr. Taylor, Lieutenant Kingsbury, A. E. Hall, Winfield Jones, Colonel and Mrs. Smedburg, Mr. Eugene Dewey, Miss Kittle, Mr. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Berry, J. D. Grant, Doctor and Mrs. Stebbins, Mr. Stebbins, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Mr. Lucas, Miss Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell, Mrs. A. L. Pinart, Captain Billy, Miss Sprague, Miss Lucas, Judge Sawyer, Captain Dillenback, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley, Miss Van Reynegom, Miss Hammond, Mr. Twigg, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page, Doctor and Mrs. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lynch, Mr. Chamberlain, Colonel Randall, Doctor and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Miss Friedlander, Colonel McParlire, Mr. and Mrs. Van Off, Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, Mr. White, General and Mrs. Kautz, Major Wilhelm, Doctor and Mrs. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. Babcock, Harry Babcock, Lieutenant Price, Lieutenant and Mrs. White, Lieutenant Oyster, Major Hammond, Mr. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Dent, Mr. and Mrs. Yanagaya, Miss Edes, Misses Paté, Mr. and Mrs. Barroillet, General and Mrs. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Freelon, Miss Bonner, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Alired Tubbs, Miss Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. Sullivan, Doctor and Mrs. Beers, Mr. and Mrs. De Guigné, H. L. Dodge, Mr. Stratton, Harold Wheeler, Mrs. and Miss Smith, M. Blake, Messrs. Brumagim, Mr. Hein, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Reis, Miss Reis, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Miss Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. Donahue, Miss Low, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Torbert, Miss Torbert, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Miss Beers, Mr. Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. William Howard, Mr. Hubert, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, Messrs. Blanding, Miss Griffith, Mrs. Keeney, Mr. Page, Mrs. and Miss Wheeler, C. Coleman, Mr. Stetson, Mr. Griffith, Doctor Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Dillingham, Charles Swift, Colonel and Mrs. Bryant, Major Darling, Mr. and Miss Mizner, Mr. Webster, Lieutenant and Mrs. Russell, Mr. Marsh, Lieutenant L. A. Chamberlain, Lieutenant Bailey, General and Mrs. Saxton, Mr. Bodie, Misses Smith, Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Shelden, W. G. Nuttall, Mrs. Tallant, Mrs. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mr. Pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, C. F. Palfrey, Mr. John Hammond, Mr. and Miss Pomeroy, Miss Brooks, E. Moor, W. B. Collier, Miss Elliott, B. S. Hayne, Doctor and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Charles Mayne, Mr. and Mrs. Keyes, Miss Lillie Hastings, A. S. J. Bowie, R. H. Pease, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Messrs. Wilson, Judge and Mrs. Field, Miss Swearingen, Misses Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, George Crocker, Mrs. Buford, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, General and Mrs. Rosecrans, Miss Rosecrans, Mrs. Hooper, Miss Ives, Mr. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Sampson.

The Godley Party.

On Tuesday evening, the 26th instant, Captain and Mrs. Whitney were very handsomely entertained by Mrs. Godley and her daughter, at their residence on Franklin Street. The interior of the house was tastefully decorated, and the music, refreshments, and other accessories, were all of the highest order. There were a large number of persons present, many of whom were army officers and their ladies. There were also a number of pretty young ladies present. The three large parlors were used for dancing. The supper was served on the floor above at twelve o'clock, and thither the company repaired in groups of ten, twelve, or fifteen at a time. It was late in the night, or rather early in the morning, before the last guests had taken their departure. Mrs. Godley wore a toilette of terra-cotta silk, elegantly fashioned with Valenciennes lace trimmings. Miss Godley was attired in white moire. The bride wore her wedding toilette. The following is a list of those present:

Charles Wood, Dr. Brown, Mr. Hooker, Miss Ellis, Mr. Alexander, Miss Martin, Mr. Mote, Mr. Hawks, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, General and Mrs. Kautz, Mr. Hunter, Lieutenant and Mrs. Van Ness, John Scott, Mr. Longhead, Miss Nina Platt, the Misses Ortg, Mr. Hubert, Miss Grace Brown, Miss Lizzie Crocker, Mr. Crocker, Miss Jennie Vassault, Mr. Danglerfield, the Misses Page, Mr. Wallace, Miss Prescott, Madame Zeitka, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Sargent, Captain Dillenback, Mrs. Simmons, Miss Belle Reis, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Mr. Spencer, Mrs. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Lanners, Miss Adams, Lieutenant Bailey, Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Monteleagre, Mr. Monteleagre, George B. Knowles, Harry Tevis, the Misses Pomeroy, Miss Huddort, Lieutenant Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Berry, Miss Lander, the Misses Durbrow, Mr. Durbrow, Miss Fargo, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs.

George C. Boardman, Mr. Pennel, Arthur Page, Mr. Beasley, Mountford Wilson, Marie Stevenson, Kate Stevenson, Mr. Froelich, Miss Matie Peters, Anna Bradley, Miss Jarboe, Colonel and Mrs. Andrews, Miss Andrews, Mr. Buckbee, Miss Smith.

Marriage of Mr. Charles E. Green and Miss Mary E. Eldridge.

The pretty town of San Rafael was the scene of a very delightful wedding on Tuesday morning last, the parties to the contract being Mr. Charles E. Green, private secretary to Mr. Charles Crocker, and Miss Mary E. Eldridge, eldest daughter of Colonel J. O. Eldridge. They were married at the residence of the bride's father, the interior of which had been tastefully and beautifully ornamented with cut flowers and evergreens. The ceremony of marriage was performed by the Reverend James S. McDonald, a Presbyterian clergyman, in the west parlor, at eleven o'clock, in the presence of the father and sister of the bride, Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Douthy, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen T. Gage, Captain and Mrs. W. H. Moor, Mr. and Mrs. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Captain and Mrs. Nicholas T. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Talbot, Mrs. L. S. Adams, Mrs. James S. McDonald, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. and Miss Harmon, Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty, Miss Florence Pope, Miss Ethel Beaver, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Lizzie Hull, Miss Mary Pope, Miss Mamie Beams, Miss Mamie Requa, Miss Mamie Kellogg, Miss Emma Bray, Miss Carrie Sears, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Mabel Martin, Miss Nellie Bacon, Miss Alice Nichols, and the Messrs. W. E. Brown, George Crocker, Daniel Murphy Jr., H. B. Smith Jr., Edward Moor, George Roe, Edward Hull, and Messrs. Dingay and Steinberger. The floral pieces were very elaborate and handsome, and upon the west wall of the west parlor there were the letters "G" and "E" in pansies and geraniums. The mantel in this room was made to look like an immense bank of tuberose and Lamark and hermosa roses, while the frames of the mirrors and the chandeliers were enlivened with smilax and sprays of pepper-tree leaves and berries. There were also floral pieces on corner tables in all of the apartments, most of which were offerings from friends. The bride was dressed in a traveling costume, and carried a hand-bouquet of rosebuds. After the ceremony, the newly married couple received the congratulations of all who were present, and subsequently refreshments were served, during which many a bumper of champagne was tossed off to their health and happiness. After nearly four hours of merry-making the last good-bye was given, and the San Francisco guests returned to this city. Later Mr. and Mrs. Green departed on their bridal tour, which will last one or two weeks.

Honors to Captain and Mrs. Whitney.

On Saturday last, the 23d instant, Captain Folliet A. Whitney, of the Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Whitney (née Myrick) were made the recipients of a reception by the officers and ladies of Angel Island, which proved to be a very delightful affair. San Francisco guests were taken to the scene of festivities by the steamer *General McPherson*, and those from Mare Island and Benicia by the *Monterey*. They were received by Mrs. General Kautz and other ladies of the post, after which dancing commenced, and lasted until nearly six o'clock. The reception was a very pleasant one throughout, and among those who were present we recall the following-named:

General and Mrs. George Stoneman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley, Colonel John E. Tourtelote, U. S. A., Colonel George P. Andrews, U. S. A., Miss Andrews, Mrs. Irving Scott, Miss Brown, Mrs. Brooks, Miss Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Swift, Mr. Torbert, Mr. Forbes, Misses Forbes, Mrs. Dan Cook, Mr. Platt, Miss Platt, Mr. E. M. Finkard, Mr. Charles Swift, Captain Hull, Misses Hull, Mr. F. K. Webster, Baron von Schroeder, Miss Richmond, Misses Mariotte, Lieutenant and Mrs. Hubble, Miss Josie Sprague, Madame Zeitka, Miss Fannie Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Godley, Miss Godley, Mr. C. Mitchell Grant, Lieutenant and Mrs. Van Ness, Lieutenant, H. P. Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Tripler, Miss Abel, Mr. T. C. Beasley, Colonel and Mrs. Heywood, Mr. and Miss Crane, Mr. H. Johnson, Miss Fannie Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Wash. Berry, Mr. Brien Berry, Lieutenant C. L. Bert, Lieutenant F. K. Marsh, Lieutenant C. J. Bailey, Lieutenant C. H. Hunter, Major and Mrs. R. T. Frank, Captain J. W. Dillingham, Lieutenant J. T. Webster, Doctor and Mrs. Stomberg, Doctor and Mrs. Hoff, Mr. and Miss Thornton.

The Grace Church Entertainment.

The entertainment presented by the Altar Society of Grace Church, at Saratoga Hall, last evening, drew out a large and fashionable audience, among whom were Mrs. Governor Low and Miss Flora Low, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Buford, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Miller and Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, and a great many others whose names we do not recall. The entertainment consisted of twelve tableaux, and vocal and instrumental music. The first six tableaux were as follows: "School of Vestals"—Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Wallace, Miss Bell Brooks, Miss Cheevers, Miss Platt, the Misses Hutchinson, and Miss Maggie Gwin; "Flirtation"—Miss Lena Maynard and Mr. Horace Platt; "Blind Man's Buff"—Miss Lucille Thornton, Miss Platt, the Misses Brooks, Miss Katie Hutchinson, and Miss Cheevers; "Charlotte Corday"—Miss Sedgwick; "Indiscreet Soubrette"—Miss Platt and Miss Maggie Gwin; "Sculptor's Studio"—Miss Carrie Gwin, Maggie Hutchinson, little Mabel Gwin, and Messrs. Eli Hutchinson and Charley Platt. An intermission then followed, after which there was vocal and instrumental music by Messrs. Reuhling, Ludovici, and others. Then followed the other tableaux, "Love and Riches," "Marguerite Tempted," "Serenade," "Judgment of Paris," and "Fountain of the Tuileries."

Miss Fannie Lent's Informal Party.

On Wednesday evening last, Miss Fannie Lent, who soon leaves for New York to spend the winter, gave an informal party at her residence, corner of Polk and Eddy streets, which proved to be a very pleasant and enjoyable affair. Among those who were present were Mrs. Daniel Cook, Miss Louise Arner, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Georgie Hammond, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Emma Durbrow, Miss Julia Bloch, Miss Florence Godley, Lieutenants Tate, Bailey, Price, and Kingsbury, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Harry Durbrow, and a few others.

A Yachting Party.

On Wednesday afternoon last George Crocker gave a yachting party on board the *Chispa*, which included a run outside of the Heads, and among the ladies who accepted invitations were Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Miss Flora Low, Mrs. Lieutenant-Commander Buford, Miss Sedgwick, and Miss May Smith. Among the gentlemen were Dan Murphy, Dick Pease, Chris. Froelich, Mr. Nickel, Governor Low, Mr. Lockwood of New York, and Admiral Gutte.

The Platt-Plate Wedding.

On Wednesday evening last, Alfred G. Platt was united in marriage to Miss Josephine E. Plate, at the residence of her brother, Mr. H. A. Plate, 1920 Washington Street, Doctor Stebbins officiating. The ceremony was very private, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present, owing to a recent bereavement in the family.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Justice Field, Mrs. Field, and Miss Swearingen leave for Washington on Tuesday next. Mrs. and Miss Flood are about to visit New York, leaving San Francisco on Sunday. Mrs. D. J. Tallant and daughter, and Mrs. William H. Moor, go East on Wednesday of next week; Mrs. Moor to spend the winter in New York with Captain Hartshorne, chaperoning his daughters for the season. The Misses McAllister, of Benicia, are at present guests of Mrs. Jerome Lincoln. Eugene Sherwood, esquire, of "The Sausal," Salinas, Monterey County, will, with his family—as is their custom—spend the winter in San Francisco. This quite reverses the English rule, where families go to their country-seats in winter, the London season being the summer months while Parliament is in session. General and Mrs. Stoneman are in this city, the guests of Irving M. Scott; the general has resigned his position in the army, thus indicating his confidence in becoming Governor of California. The statement that Governor Stanford is about to take up his residence in New York is a mistaken one—or, at least, it is not so; the governor says, jocularly, that he has too many residences in this choice country to think of seeking permanent habitation elsewhere; still, he may add to the number of his houses by erecting a dwelling in New York, as he contemplates spending much of his time in that metropolis hereafter. James Flood will soon have commenced the erection of a pretentious dwelling on his splendid lot on California Street, and he has already drawn his own plan for the interior, and instructed his architect to make a plan for the exterior; this dwelling will be of stone, so we have been informed by those who are supposed to know. Mrs. Atherton is still adding improvements to her chalet on California Street. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings are occupying their new house, and work on the new dwelling of Mr. Goad is being pushed forward as fast as it can be. On Tuesday evening last, the 26th instant, Mr. William F. Smith and Miss Mamie A. Smith were married at the residence of the bride's father, 1719 Clay Street, in the presence of only relatives and friends. Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family, who have been enjoying a number of our late autumnal days at Monterey, have returned. Mrs. Paul Shirley, of Martinez, who has been visiting Mrs. E. B. Ryan, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. May have returned from Monterey. Miss Sophia Cutter has returned from Los Madonas. Mrs. Alfred Wheeler and her daughter, Miss Helen Wheeler, have been ruralizing a few days at Monterey. Charles Crocker and family will leave London for New York on or about November 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Webster contemplate spending the coming winter at Santa Barbara, accompanied by their two daughters, the Misses Kate and Minnie Webster. Mrs. B. B. Cutter is spending a few days at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Collier and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Shaw have returned from Monterey. The Misses A. O. and M. O. Sullivan have returned from Monterey. John Mackay, who has been rambling in Southern California, has returned. Mrs. Jennie Ware leaves the White Mountains this week for Philadelphia, where she may probably spend the winter; her mother, Mrs. Tewksbury, is at present in this city. Ensign Stoney, who has been ordered to the *Ranger*, is on his way to this city. Mrs. J. H. Jewett, who has been sojourning at Monterey for nearly five months, has returned to the city for a short time. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hunter, of San Rafael, have been visiting Monterey. Miss Lena Ashe has returned from Benicia. Mrs. M. J. Chamberlain and Miss Chamberlain, of Berkeley, and Mrs. G. J. Turner, of Sacramento, are visiting Monterey. Miss Genevieve Wright has returned from her summer sojourn. Master F. H. Lefavor, U. S. N., and bride, (née Collins,) who are now in Ohio, will return to San Francisco some time during the coming month. Lieutenant Townsley, U. S. N., and wife, (née Gerke,) who are now in Nebraska, will not return until after the holidays. Lieutenant Cutts, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cutts leave for Washington on Monday next. Mrs. R. G. Sneath left for the East last week, meeting her son and daughter at Truckee, who accompanied their mother Atlanticward. Miss Addie Rankin, who has been in Sacramento visiting, has returned home. Mrs. Lieutenant-Commander Buford has been spending a portion of the week at Monterey. Mrs. Pay-Inspector Parks, accompanied by her mother, leaves for Fort Monroe in a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Mann and Miss M. Hutchinson went to Monterey on Saturday last; also, Miss Flora Low, the Misses Meinecke, Mrs. Charles Miller and the Misses M. and B. Miller, the Misses Wheeler, W. F. Goad, Lloyd Tevis, Judge W. T. Wallace, Senator J. T. Farley, Colonel J. P. Hoge, George Crocker, R. H. Pease Jr., C. C. Coleman, and W. E. Brown. Lieutenant Millon, U. S. A., and Mrs. Milton, who are now in the East, will leave in a few days for San Francisco. Governor and Mrs. Leland Stanford leave on November 1st for the East, to remain away several months. Mrs. Sallie Hill, of Nevada City, is visiting Mrs. A. E. Head. Miss Nettie Tubbs has returned again from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, of San Mateo County, have taken a *suite* at the Palace for the winter. Judge and Mrs. Sanderson have returned from Pasado Robles. Frank McCoppin has been spending a part of the week at Monterey. Mrs. William M. Stewart will shortly leave for New York and Washington. The Misses Blanding returned from Monterey on Monday last. Mrs. C. A. Longstreet and her sister, Mrs. M. E. Billings, of Los

EDITORIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM NINTH PAGE.]

Street Superintendent is left to stable men, street-contractors, jobbers, cart-men, and teamsters. It has somehow come to be considered that the men who use the streets for heavy hauling and contractors have a prescriptive right to the Street Commissioner's office. Looking at the present condition of the highways of our city, we would suggest that the next Commissioner be a bicycle-man, for he would, in the interest of his class, give us streets without yawning graves, or holes in the water-front through which men may fall and drown. We are informed that there is likelihood of a reconsideration by the conventions as to the office of Street Commissioner, and that a special committee will be appointed to seek out some competent civil engineer of character, to whom this very important office may be tendered.

The *Bulletin* thinks Mr. Lloyd met with a signal rebuke in the defeat of Dr. Newlands for the office of Coroner. To illustrate the extent of demoralization to which the Reverend Mr. Bartlett, Deacon Fitch, Brother Upton, Sister Burke, and the balance of the clergy and laity of this once orthodox institution has reached, we remark that Dr. Newlands is an ex-army surgeon, who served with credit, resigned a few years since, and entered upon private practice in San Francisco; he stands upon his own merits, but happens to be the brother of Mr. Frank Newlands; Mr. Frank Newlands was once the law partner of Mr. Lloyd, and is the son-in-law of Mr. William Sharon; Mr. William Sharon is the owner of water stock; hence, in the opinion of the *Bulletin*, Mr. Lloyd is deeply humiliated over his defeat in not securing the nomination of Dr. Newlands for Coroner. All this would be logical and satisfactory, except for the fact that Mr. Lloyd did not vote for Dr. Newlands, and did vote for his successful opponent, Mr. Weeks. We place this on record, so that the next time the *Bulletin* charges supervisors, municipal officials, leading politicians, and respectable journals with being the tools and organs of Spring Valley, the intelligent reader will be indulgent and excuse the *Bulletin*, because it has water on the brain, and to illustrate in what shallow water this flat-bottomed craft can float: Another convention, called by the ward clubs, has been in session. It has in it some excellent men; but it is a boss miscarriage. It has done some good; it has acted as a teaser to the B'nai Brith Hall Convention. It has emphasized the position of some unfortunate victims of the bosses, and has passed them out of public life. It has taught some good men that they have no business to associate with rogues. It has taught the lesson of poor dog Tray, and of the man who fell among thieves on his way to Jericho. The "Bluffers" will print no ticket. On election day they will be only a pleasant memory—a sort of monumental head-stone by which to designate the last resting-place of the bosses, where we trust they may peacefully and quietly rot till the devil calls them to join the great majority in that place where water politics will be as important as the *Bulletin* and the bosses think it ought to be here; where free water, and plenty of it, will be the universal demand of all the machine politicians, bosses, bluffers, and blackmailers who find themselves elect of the devil and holding place with the damned. We hope there is no foundation for the rumor that there is to be a compromise between the conventions. The Platt's Hall rumble was undoubtedly organized for the purpose of compromise. It was for this purpose that it began at the tail-end of the ticket, in the hope that it might grow a tail strong enough to wag the dog. For the B'nai Brith Convention to make terms with the other is to admit that the County Committee was wrong. The strength of its position, outside of the active politicians, lies in the fact that it is an anti-boss and anti-machine movement; and just to the extent that it notices the other movement, or coalesces with it, or compromises on candidates, just to that extent it confesses its dishonesty and weakens its influence. For every man that the Republican machine can carry over to the Democratic machine, there will come five respectable Democratic gentlemen to take his place. This is not so much a fight of parties and contest of politicians as it is a struggle between taxpayers, for honest government, against political plunderers for party loot. At this writing, supervisors and school directors are to be nominated. If they are as unexceptionable as the balance of the ticket, there is every indication of success for the Republican party in San Francisco. It is a ticket that can not be defeated, except the Democracy shall do an impossible thing; viz., place a better ticket in the field. This the Democratic party can not do. It can not do it, because its leadership is in the hands of bosses and a machine, and because the rank and file of its party is not sufficiently intelligent, nor has it enough of property interest or general integrity to enable it to break away from the control of the party managers, who will deliberately destroy it if they can not control it. The Republican municipal ticket is now in the hands of the tax-paying and property-owning citizens of San Francisco. If they will register and vote, they can elect it, and our city affairs will be honestly managed. If they fail to register and do not vote, the Democracy will carry the city and its treasury will be plundered.

The *Bulletin* is again, by its editorial of Thursday, in full opposition to the election of Mayor Blake. This is the less alarming when we remember that Judge Blake was elected the last time with the *Bulletin* and *Call* and the machine in full cry against him. This opposition is based upon a false argument as to the mayor's position upon the tax levy. The mayor declares, as the result of his knowledge of the municipal expenses demanded by law, that the city government can not be carried on for a one-per-cent. tax. It is insincere and disingenuous enough to claim that the Hawes Consolidation Act should be maintained and no new charter adopted, and yet appeals to the history of the proposed charter to demonstrate that a tax levy of one per cent. is sufficient. It demands the reduction that might follow the reduced expenses of a new charter, and still upholds the Consolidation Act that makes reduced expenses impossible. We all agree in our desire for economy and low taxes, but until we can have a new charter that will lessen the number of deputies, reduce salaries, and restrain Alexander Badlam from expend-

Angeles, are at the Palace. Mrs. J. W. Calkins and Miss Sallie Calkins, of Santa Barbara, are at the Grand. Senator and Mrs. John F. Miller and their daughter, Miss Dora Miller, have been spending the greater part of the present week at their summer place in Napa County. W. G. Cogswell, the artist, is at the Palace. General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A., Colonel Bryant, U. S. A., and H. C. Chamberlain, U. S. N., have been at the Occidental during the week. Mr. and Mrs. L. Gilson, Mrs. A. Halsey, Miss Halsey, and Mrs. S. Bailey have returned from Monterey. Mrs. Captain Forney, of Oakland, is visiting friends at the Navy Yard. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Valentine have been visiting Monterey. Mrs. H. R. Judah has gone East on a visit. Doctor W. J. Hoffman, of the United States Geological Survey, and Mrs. Hoffman, are at the Occidental. Charles de B. Stewart, of the English navy, and George T. Davis, U. S. N., are at the Occidental. Judge and Mrs. Sanderson are contemplating an Eastern trip. Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman are at Santa Cruz. Mrs. E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento, accompanied by a number of friends, is at Idlewild, Tahoe. Her daughter, Miss Amy Crocker, is at Carson, Nevada. Commodore E. R. Colhoun, who has been on the Pacific Coast for a number of years, and who was succeeded by Commodore Phelps as commandant of the Navy Yard at Mare Island about a year and a half ago, has taken up his permanent residence at Washington, D. C. Mrs. Hall has returned to the Palace from her extended Eastern and European trip. General Nelson Miles arrived here Thursday from Oregon. Miss Grace Eldridge is contemplating an Eastern and possibly a European tour. Richard P. Hammond Jr. has gone to Alamos, Mexico, to be gone five or six months, and possibly longer. Miss Julia Pomeroy and Miss Clara E. Glover, of Oakland, are visiting Mrs. J. H. Miller, in Sacramento. Mrs. J. C. Tubbs, of Sacramento, is visiting this city. Mrs. E. S. Mitchell has returned to Sacramento from Oakland. The last literary and social of the navy people took place on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Commodore Phelps. Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, who have been residing on Van Ness Avenue for more than a year past, have gone to the Palace to live until their new residence on Franklin Street is ready for occupation. It is expected that the Princess Louise will return on or about the 12th of next month, on the *Queen of the Pacific*, or perhaps later, on an English steamer. The Princess and her husband will occupy the same apartments at the Palace occupied by them a short time ago. Lieutenant Palfrey has been visiting Clear Lake, and was the guest several days of Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd, at Kono Tayee.

Joseph O'Connor.

[From a former master of Lincoln School, now an honest farmer in the valley of the San Joaquin, we receive the following admonition, exhortation, and recommendation. We hope Mr. Joseph O'Connor is as sincerely in earnest as we are, that the public schools should not come under clerical influence, and that they should remain forever free from the control of Roman priests. We wish this disclaimer had come from Mr. O'Connor, and not from Mr. Marks. Somehow, we are not quite confident that even so indifferent a churchman as Mr. O'Connor seems to be, and the two or three hundred other Roman church school-masters and school-mistresses in the employment of our school department, are quite to be relied upon when the contest shall come. We do not believe in neutral soldiers. We do not believe in indifference. We do not believe in had Catholics, and when these hundreds of Roman Catholic teachers listen to denunciations from the pulpit of their schools as goddess, and as nurseries of vice, and read in their church organs the constant and vituperative abuse of the free schools; when they know that from Rome itself there comes the mandate to send Catholic children to Catholic schools only; when the Order of Jesuits, Christian Brothers, and ever so many of the sisterhoods, nunkeries, and convents are devoted to education; when every priest in California, from Archbishop Alemany to Father King, denounce our common school system, and withhold the sacraments of the church from parents who do not send their children to parochial schools; when Mr. O'Connor and his Catholic school-teaching associates know these things, are silent about them, do not protest against them, and quietly draw their salaries—when all these things are so, then we infer that they approve them, that they are spies in the camp, and that whenever the time of conflict shall come between these contending forces, the best we can hope of these indifferent and had Catholics is that they will run away. We do not like had Catholics half as much as we like good ones. The Romanist who does not believe in the doctrines and the policy of his church has no business in it. The man who does believe in its divine mission ought to stand up for it, fight for it, die for it, and, if necessary, refuse to draw a salary from its enemy—the free public school. We have never heard a single Roman Catholic school-marm or master in this State defend in an open and manly or womanly manner, the system of education from which they are only too glad to draw their support. We have but a limited respect for the men or women who will teach school during the week, and on Sunday seek the priest at confessional to purge themselves of the offense they have committed against the canons of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. However, we give Joseph the benefit of his friend's letter.]

CENTRAL COLONY, FRESNO, September 25, 1882.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: If any paper in this State can afford to be honest and truthful, even when thereby flying in the face of public prejudice, that paper is the *Argonaut*. If any paper in this State can not afford to fight an enemy on unjust grounds, that paper is the *Argonaut*. Freedom from party trammels and courage to approve what appears to be right in the opponent constitute the character of the *Argonaut*. Take from it this character, and the *Argonaut* sinks to the level of the partisan sheet so heartily despised by *Argonaut* readers. If the *Argonaut* shall oppose the candidacy of Mr. Joseph O'Connor on the ground of his foreign birth, recent citizenship, communion with the Catholic Church, or on any truthful ground, his *Argonaut*-reading friends will find no serious fault; but when the *Argonaut* avers that "this is an Irish Roman Catholic ecclesiastical cat in the political meal-tub," it takes wrong ground against Mr. O'Connor. I have been intimately acquainted with him for many years, and I offer in his behalf, and for your benefit, my testimony to the fact that his relations with his church are exactly the same as those of the average intelligent, reading, free-thinking Protestant with any Protestant church. They are of the kind that the *Argonaut* extols. I feel safe in asserting that the editor of the *Argonaut* is not himself more free from clerical domination in the church which he frequents than is Mr. O'Connor in his own. I know for a truth that if ever the Catholic clergy shall take any overt step in the direction of sectarianizing our public schools, one of their fiercest opponents will be Joseph O'Connor. And this is a proper time to say, too, that of the large number of Roman Catholic teachers in the school department of San Francisco I am personally well acquainted with very many, and I do not know of one who is not openly in hearty accord with your readers on the school question.

B. MARKS.

From Rochester, New York, our editor receives the following card of invitation:

Mrs. Abeldard Reynolds,
Ninety-eighth Birth-day Anniversary
Reception. 1882
Mr. M. P. Reynolds
Will be pleased to see you,
Saturday, September 23d, from 3 to 5 p. m.,
40 Spring Street, Rochester.

ing \$222,627 for assessing \$211,000,000 of property, when seven years ago he himself assessed \$310,000,000 of property for \$40,000, one per cent. tax is impossible.

We wish the *Bulletin* would let Spring Valley alone long enough to explain how and why it is that Mr. Badlam should have increased the expenses of his office from \$40,741 in 1875 to \$222,627 in 1881, when the assessable values of the former year were \$319,311,343, against \$211,600,564 in 1881. We recall the fact that once when the *Bulletin's* printers struck for higher wages Badlam went into the office and helped to set type. It was very good of Aleck, and helped the *Bulletin* reduce printers' wages; but if it costs the city \$181,886 a year, it would be better to support this very valuable journal by a subsidy direct from the city treasury, and mandamus Supervisor Carmany to audit the bill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From an Absent Californian.

[Those who know Colonel Stuart M. Taylor may be surprised to learn that he is a cattle-breeder on the great plains, with his headquarters at Cheyenne. They will be glad to read, from a letter to a friend in San Francisco, such extracts as that gentleman is willing to give to the public. We are afraid our friend, the colonel, formerly a soldier in the armies of the loyal North, once recorder of San Francisco, is hankering from his Democracy. Perhaps the broad and breezy plains are too high, too wide, too airy, and too free to encourage such Democracy as lurks around the beer-saloons and whisky-mills, and hides in the narrow alleys of our city. The man who was loyal during the war, who is loyal now to all its memories, who favors the preservation of a Christian Sabbath, and who has the manly courage to say so, is, in our judgment, an awful bad Democrat; but a soldier, gentleman, brave and honest man, is, in our judgment, something very superior to a Democrat.]

CHEYENNE, Wyoming, September 9, 1882.

DEAR COMRADE: You will find inclosed in this letter an order for fifty dollars, which I desire through you to donate to the Home for disabled veterans, which is soon, I hope, to be erected in California. It is a matter of heartfelt regret with me that my gift is not a larger one—I wish it were five thousand dollars. God bless these gallant men who helped with their strong arms to keep our flag in the heavens, where its name is written forever, in full sight of a watching world, and where its every letter is a star. You and I, and all other comrades who are happy in health, and not incapacitated for work by reason of debilitating wounds, owe it to ourselves, and our country, to see that these brave men are cared for now, when they are incapable of self-support, or nearing that dreaded spot down the hill of life, where "sit the shadow shunned of men." Let us give them a home where rest is, a home where comfort is, a home where all their ills may be heeded and healed, a home where they can dwell in blessed contentment and think their hands helped erect that monument which lifts its white glare aloft, and around which the stars gather to sing their exultant songs—a monument to liberty, nationality, and the rights of men. Had I returned to California it had been my earnest intention to go about the State, from one end to the other, and with voice and pen try to rouse our fellow-citizens to aid this deserving charity. But fate has willed that I linger here a while, and so a great personal gratification has been denied me. When you and other comrades meet to serve the cause, remember that I am with you, heart and soul. But I want to see placed at the head of this Home, men who are known to be able and trustworthy. Put none but good and true men "on guard." I don't care who be is—comrade or not—if any man has been careless in his accounts, remove him, and put a worthy man in his place. We can stand no trifling in such a cause as this. It should be sacred to us. Let rigid investigation and prompt punishment tread like a sleuth-hound on the heels of official negligence or incapacity. As men who stood shoulder to shoulder with these crippled veterans, we can not afford to see their interests unguarded, or one single dime appropriated for them misspent or unaccounted for. And why not put Union veterans at the head of this "Association"?—men who stood in the ranks or drew their swords in the late civil war? I want to see in the forefront of this charity a man who helped to band our States together. No matter how much we may respect him or them, we can afford to have no man or men, at the head of this movement for our Veterans' Home, on any committee, who sympathizes with secession. And just here let me say one other thing, comrade. I had hoped to visit dear old California, where I left my heart long months ago, and say with my voice what I now write, but it seems now impossible for me to leave; but I do want to say just this: I know the Grand Army is not a political order. We taboo politics rightly. Soldiers who are Democrats and Republicans stand touching elbows; but I want to express the hope that every old soldier of George H. Thomas Post—ay, and of every other post in the department—will cast his vote in the coming election for the municipal candidates who favor the Sunday law. I don't care whether these candidates be Republicans or Democrats. There is precious little dividing us now. I want to see men elected who believe that one day out of even should be observed differently from any other. I believe in the Sunday law. Call it a union of church and state, if you will. I don't care what you call it, so long as Sunday is respected. I want to see this loved land of ours a God-fearing, Sabbath-respecting land. I am not a religious nian; I am not a church-goer; but I respect religion, and I reverence the churches—the sentinels of civilization. I believe one day in seven should be, in a measure, enthroned above the others; and while innocent amusement and recreation should be tolerated, all grog-shops and corner gin-mills, where had alcohol is king, and all gilded palaces of drink, should be shut tight—even as the door of the counting-house is closed, or the shutters of the mechanic's shop are barred. I believe this will work injustice to no man, or set of men. I believe it will be in the interest of the honest toiler, and conduce to the happiness of the laboring man and his family. I believe it is demanded by all good citizens, by all good mothers, by all good wives, by all good sisters, and by all good sweethearts. Respect for the Sabbath was one of the laws thundered from Sinai. Let the voice of women, true women, be heard in the land on the subject. It will be one grand chorus throng in unison. I don't care what element, or what set of voters in our midst, demand that this law be set aside. If I were a candidate for office I would not give one fig for their votes if my conscience told me I was right. Who are the men so violently opposed to the Sunday law? They are not the men who help to create towns and cities, erect school-houses, and build up states. With few exceptions they will be found among the lawless, and the criminal, and communistic classes. They will be the Dennis Kearneys of the Sand-lot. They will belong to that element that once festered too long in our midst, and which many of us longed to suppress. The old soldiers who helped to recreate this Union are not of these classes. Neither are a majority of our Irish or German fellow-citizens. My good friend Pixley, of the *Argonaut*, says, "No Democrat dares to favor the Sunday law!" I am a Democrat, and I favor it. Ay, and dare to favor any measure which my conscience tells me is for the good of my fellow-citizens and the welfare of American homes! It is not the first time I have gone against my party when I believed that party wrong, or differed with any disturbing element in its ranks. My country and my American manhood first, my party afterward. And the man who differs honestly with his party, and dares not express his conscientious opinion upon any subject of absorbing public interest, no matter if it deprive him of the presidency, is a craven coward, and unworthy the honor of being an American citizen. Let the old soldiers, in the coming municipal campaign, vote for measures most conducive to the city's moral health and the happiness of thousands of workingmen's homes. With countless good wishes for the Post's welfare, and that of each and every comrade, I am, my dear comrade, always your friend,

STUART TAYLOR.

Mr. Louis Braverman, of the firm of Louis Braverman & Co., left for New York City last week in search of holiday attractions.

The visitor coming west, at the threshold of the plains strikes the trail of the most brilliant of modern histories. The daring of Columbus, setting across the Sea of Darkness to discover the new Atlantic; the conquests of Cortés, who added a new empire to the pride of Spain, and poured the wealth of millions of Castellanos into her coffers; the enthusiasm of Ponce de Leon and the venturesome Coronado—alike belong to an era which reads not dim, not ordinary, beside the glories of Tamerlane and Alexander. The history of the Spanish possession is one which blends fortune-hunting with romance, the gallantry of adventure with religious fanaticism, and mingles soldiers and priests, nobles and swashbucklers, generals and prelates in its heroic drama, all afire with the subjugation of a new world. Balboa, Cortés, De Soto, Coronado, Torquemada, Zumarraga, and the Catholic priesthood who hid the flame of conquest under the serge of the church—figures equally commanding whether in plumed mail or the black robe—appear in wanderings through unknown forests, which parted on the banks of mighty floods or led to the steps of awe-inspiring temples and imperial cities, and across trackless deserts, which yawned at their feet in impassable cañons, or rose in majestic steps to snow-crowned mountains and heights of fire. Three hundred years of conquest leave their crumbling walls and deserted mines and missions to the possession of a new race.

It is time, then, that history should be written, before their traces are obliterated, before the ink of royal letters and records has faded, or the ancient forts and cities are one with the debris of the plains on which they were built. After the pomp of the Spanish invasion and the vice-regal court of Mexico has been dulled by the monotony of centuries of possession, comes a half century of reckless, eventful history in the settlement of the new territories of Oregon, California, and their sister Pacific States, whose fleeting flavor needs to be caught before its spirit of blended daring, enterprise, ambition, and freehooting evaporates in sober railroad building and money-getting. Old Californians long to see the record of those days worthily preserved, and new Californians are curious to know the old stories of the conquest and the mission grants, the gold fever, and the Vigilantes, and, passing beyond these, all that makes gorgeous the past of Mexico and Central America—countries related by nature, by the ties of race, climate, and common origin, doubtless at no distant day to resume honorable place under one government again. The average American, with his smattering of high-school education, thinks of Mexico as a sun-parched table-land, inhabited by a race of indolent, vindictive good-for-nothings, whose principal amusements are quarreling over a change of sweethearts or of governments; of the Isthmus as populated by macaws and monkeys, and human beings of the same family, and the den of yellow fever; and believes the United States would not take either country as a gift. Our own territories of New Mexico and Arizona figure in the minds of many—not to say most—of the good people at the North as an arid expanse of baked clay, or fields of dry prairie-grass and cactus, with the heat at one hundred and twenty degrees, and fever inevitable the greater part of the year. The railroads newly built have introduced some of the more venturesome to the clear and electric coolness of the air of the plateaus; to the wealth of a region where illness would be unknown, except for the atrocious carelessness of its settlers on every point of health; to our inland Italian valleys, with a Switzerland of icy peaks and deep-cleft cañons on their borders—a country where the long summer of the tropics exists with the bracing air of the Swiss Alps, where one wise in his own generation might live as long as the Pueblo Indians before the climate would destroy him.

But hardly more surprise will the newcomer feel at the difference of the present from his ideal than at the history of its past. A glance at the literature which treats of the new region, and its past, will be of service in restoring his ideas to just proportions, and teach him in future to consider the Pacific slope as a new country only in a comparative degree. Tranquil on its mountain mesas, there sits a semi-civilization, mild-mannered and devout as that of the patriarchs, with traditions of embassies from the Far West, seven thousand miles across the Great Sea, whose chronicles the agave leaf has kept for fourteen hundred years in the records of the city of Mexico. The Zuñi and Moqui chiefs who went to the Atlantic coast after the sacred water for their rites last spring were of a descent and antiquity to which Boston blue blood might have done homage to the ground. Zuñi tradition, and agave leaf, and Aztec stone may yet solve the problem of the origin of American peoples, and trace with living figures the long blank of the continent since the flood.

But leaving these with the mysterious writing of glacier-scratch and fossil character, and coming down to our little day of three hundred years ago, it seems the printing press was discovered only soon enough for the crowding intelligence of all that was told of the new Indies discovered by Columbus. The enterprise of the modern newspaper hardly outdoes the industry of monkish historians and viceroys, who toiled to set before their sovereigns the hardships and the glories of their devoted services to crown and church. Columbus's letter, in print 1493, announcing the success of his expedition sailing westward to the shores of India, was the first of unnumbered appearances on the subject of the New World, which happily rose from the waves in time to save the world a deluge of the dismal theology which engrossed the literature of the time. Cortés, enlightened conqueror that he was, must import printing presses to his new dominion of Mexico, and set them to publishing catechisms and theology—more theology, of a dreariness which lends the fate of the caciques torn by dogs mildness in comparison. In Europe, Peter Martyr, first and sprightliest of modern historians, was publishing works on the new discoveries in 1532, again at Basle, 1533, and Venice, 1534. Simon Gryncus, in 1532, published a collection of travels, including Vespucci's four voyages—about as soon as there was anything reliable to tell; for Bergomate's history of the whole world, in 1513, disposed of the new half of the globe in a single chapter. And of Pope's bulls, and pastoral letters by excellent burning and torturing hislopps, sermons and ex-

positions, there was such liberality as makes Zumarraga's pious *auto-da-fé* of the priceless Aztec word-paintings in the plaza of Tlatelolco thrice an injury to the world. If the burning of manuscripts could only have been on the other side!

Possibly, the glimpse given of the curious antique wisdom yet lodged in antique folios in hiding on convent shelves, or in the dingy shops of continental book-fanciers, will explain to minds of generous susceptibilities how it was that, exploring the crypt of history from its day-lighted opening on our own half century, the mind of a shrewd, practical young business man should grow enthusiastic in its research and from collecting the annals of California pioneers in the sketch of 1849 and 1853—should be drawn to the deeper pages of Irving and Prescott, finally to be satisfied with nothing less than the originals of old history, such as are in king's closets and university treasures. It is, we trust, an earnest of the future which enlightened faith sees for San Francisco, when her millions will be of no dearer use to their owners than to bring here the finest art, in science, in the humanities, and refinements of every kind; when from Point Reyes to Monterey will be such a shore of costly villas and noble pleasure grounds, of statued gardens and galleries of treasure, as reaches from Venice to Sicily—a terrace of art, the world's gallery of riches in collections of painting, mosaics, priceless goldsmith's work, ceramics, and carving, such as make the dust of Italian vineyards precious. A misguided generation will doubtless have to learn the folly of spending its money in a coarse materialism, which means merely fine clothes, fine horses, big houses, big diamonds, good things to eat, and private bath-rooms to each suite of chambers; and men may be content to live as simply as Greeks, or as republicans, for the sake of owning such treasures in art or in books as now belong to cardinals and sovereigns. Why not, since even in these early days San Francisco, or one of her citizens for her, owns such a collection of rare books as belong to few private persons in the world, and is unequaled in public or private hands this side the Atlantic. If he had been infatuated with a love of fast horses and had spent a hundred thousand in matching a pair to his fancy, or if he had laid out a million or two in a house with ceiling by French decorators, emulating Louis XIV. or Lorenzo Medici, who would have spent that sum in a morning on his frescoes alone, or if, smitten with a love of fashionable art, he had paid a fortune for a Meissonier, it would have been conventional and comprehensible. But that, for his own tastes, in a somewhat uninviting direction, with a definite end in view and with the purpose finally of doing a service to the world, he should have cheerfully put a fortune into rare books, and brought and lodged in San Francisco a collection fit for a prelate or a peer's library, is something out of the common, and creditable and encouraging for the air in which such dreams come true. How many who read this know of the historical work that has been imagined and carried out to the fullest particular in this rushing, money-chasing city—the last place, one would think, for long and earnest literary tasks.

Where the coast hills draw in, miles from the business part of San Francisco, and the city comes to a natural end against their hulwarks, the site has been chosen for several buildings of public interest. As one steps from the Valencia Street cars, the scene is not without a serious fascination. Large hills are thrown across the valley, with mist almost always clinging about their outlines; cottages and gardens stray up the slopes, and hang out eucalyptus and masses of red geraniums in self-contained coziness. The street is in a transition state, with laying grades and erecting new houses; but the shadowy, brooding hills, and the wreathing ocean mists, in large, mysterious, thoughtful quiet, dominate the scene. Most in spirit with them is a modest, secretive brick building, plain and strong as a village bank, with its close iron shutters—set, however, in such environment of scrupulously kept lawn, and choice flower borders, and shrubbery, dewy fresh and carefully trained, as mark a gentle pride in its belongings. Here Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific Coast, has built the home for his library, secure from fire, in suburban quiet and open air and sunlight, best aids to a studious work. Who that has gained a settled headache, reading hours in the foetid air, or taken a cough in the chill, gloomy alcoves of city libraries, will not assent earnestly to the wisdom of building a library in open ground, with all the sun and fresh air that can be admitted to stimulate the brain? In this building lodge thirty-five thousand volumes, many of rarity and cost, each and all relating to the history of the Pacific Coast, from the Darien isthmus to Alaska; and here are the twelve scholarly, accomplished secretaries who translate, index, and make reference from the mass of authorities. Never was public library so orderly arranged or capable of use, or so completely under the command of the men who use it; for the first work, twenty years ago, when the plans were laid for its use, was to read, translate, and summarize the whole, in an index of reference to secure forty subjects relating to the history proposed—so that any scholar wishing, for instance, to trace the Aztec traditions or the manufactures of the Californian tribes, the surveys of the Isthmus or any leading topic of the sort, instead of toiling through a thousand folios in search of possible information, finds the title and page of each authority ready for him to turn to without more ado. The labor may well be called heroic, but the scholar will agree that the five years' work of twenty intelligent men, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, was well spent, for no more signal service can be rendered to orderly and profitable study than in well prepared indexes and reference lists, which do the work of pioneers and foresters in clearing the royal road to learning. That road is toilsome enough at best—delightfully so to the genuine student; but it is simply wisdom which by such aids prevents his wasting strength and years in groping and ineffective work. Imagine one man reading three hundred and fifty volumes a year—a perfectly preposterous number, if he reads for information—and laying down his last volume at the end of a century, to drop into his grave with his wisdom all unused! But let us see what material has been deemed not too costly for the use of thorough history of the Pacific side of the continent.

To begin with the oldest authorities: Bergomate, in old clasp binding of stamped arabesque with metal corners, the "Supplementi Chronicarum ab ipso Mundi," Venice, 1515; the "Libro di Beneditti Bordini, 1528, with its crude

maps of the new region; "Gryncus," Peter Martyr—fountain-head of American history—in his first three editions, the earliest hearing the wood-cut portrait and the arms of Charles V.; Apiani's "Introductio Geographica," 1533; and "La Cosmographia" of Anvers, 1575; the atlases of Mercator and Ortelius, dated 1569 and 1571, with highly colored and curious maps, are among the rare issues of the first authorities on the history and geography of the New World. Ramusio, from whom Hackluyt drew most of his material at second-hand, is here in three folio volumes of most learned compilation—"Delli Navigazioni," dated from 1554 to 1565. The third volume relates wholly to America, containing three of Cortés's relations, part of Oviedo's histories, and Guzman's expedition to northwestern Mexico, with other matter of the first importance. Hackluyt's travels in the famous and rare black-letter edition of London, 1599, contains many valuable journals of discovery in America. The quaint black-letter volumes of the next century, curiously illustrated, include the rare and costly editions of Purchas, whose "Pilgrimes" in the earliest editions of 1614 and 1625, five large folios, are worth between three and four hundred dollars a copy, to use the readiest terms for conveying their value to the unclerical mind. Molina's "Vocabulario" of Castilian and Mexican, printed in Mexico, 1571, and long believed the first book published in America, is still the best authority on the Aztec language, and copies have brought five hundred dollars from collectors.

Though by intention strictly a working library, with small proclivities to rare bindings, uncut copies, and the indulgence of the book fancier, its rule has been the choice of the best editions, and in the original language of authorities, which necessarily brings together much of exceeding rarity and value, as well as works of interest for their age and associations. Of the first interest from every point are the parchment manuscript "Concilios Provinciales," or Mexican church councils, when the archbishop was also the head of the government, four folios, comprising the original record of the first ecclesiastical councils from 1530 to 1585, bearing the signatures of Philip I.—"Yo El Rey;" Zumarraga, and Las Casas, the good Bishop of Chiapa, whose "Historia de las Indias" and his "Apologetica" also adorn the library—rare writings, rarer in their championship of the oppressed Indians in a merciless age. The catechism of a fourth council, with autographs of the primate Lorenzana and his five episcopal brethren, is shown in the excellence of royal blue velvet cover, fine clerical manuscript, and illuminated title page. These records present a curious picture of society and affairs; for in those days the church must have its finger in every pie, and if the faithful did not walk straight it was not for want of explicit guidance. From these folios with a monarch's signature, we find that the clergy were allowed to play for not more than two dollars a day at cards; that the display of gold plate and carpets at christenings was so extravagant as to require priestly check; the distribution of eggs and fish for Lent among the Indians called for the grave discussion of the council; and ecclesiastical censure fell heavily on all clergymen dahlhning in trade. A curious and delightful manuscript is the "Moralia" of Pope Gregory, written with all the refinements of monastic copyists, with Byzantine initials, in the finest tracery of red, filled with blue, with carmine letters and numerals lighting the glossy black-letter page, with Greek marginal references, and large blue headings—work which leads to vague regrets for the introduction of printing. The department of history is rich in early originals and copies of documents bearing upon Mexico and Central America; many from Maximilian's collection for the imperial library at Mexico, from whose sale at Leipzig three thousand volumes were secured for the Bancroft library. The costly "Concilios" referred to properly belongs to the Mexican archives, but was exposed for sale in Europe, where it fell into Mr. Bancroft's hands. The Ramirez sale in Mexico contributed largely to the division of jurisprudence as well as history—notably the "Ordenanzas de las Indias" of Verez de Castro, Valladolid, 1603, containing one hundred and twenty-two ordinances on vellum, with the arms of Spain on the title-page; "Oviedo y Valdes Cronica de las Indias," vellum folio, Salamanca, 1547; Acts of the Province of Santiago, 1540, original quarto manuscripts, with interesting autographs, which sold for one hundred and ten pounds sterling; and a volume of Christian doctrine, by Zumarraga, 1546, which cost two hundred and ninety dollars. And of the first books printed at Monterey a catechism (of course), a small herbar, both 16mo., coarsely printed, and a set of regulations for the territorial assembly, and a manifesto of José Figueroa, which really was the very first issue of the small Boston press, imported by Zamorano, the private secretary of the governor, are kept as curiosities of the art, and specimens of the poorest ink, paper, and impressions imaginable.

Leaving these quaint volumes, the historical shelves are filled, in close chronological order, from Bernal Diaz's "History of the Spanish Conquest from 1518 to 1547," the "Historia de Mexico," Anvers, 1554; the "Historia di Cortez," Venice, 1560, in clear script type; Duran's manuscript work on the ancient history of the Indians, in three bulky treatises; Coronado's "Relacion" of conquests in Costa Rica, 1562, and the manuscript copies of reports and journals by priests and officers in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, collected from the Mexican general archives, and whatever is needed to fill the void among published works in the shape of manuscript copies from archives and libraries of Seville and Madrid, as well as celebrated private collections abroad. Benoni's, Oviedo's, and Acosta's histories of the sixteenth century; Herrera, the royal chronicler, in three editions, including the rare one of 1601; Remesal's rare "History of Chiapa and Guatemala," Madrid, 1619; Rihás, who treats of the northwest provinces of Mexico, bordering on the Californias; Burgoa, standard authority for southwest provinces, with their host of conferees, bring us down to Solís, the standard historian of Mexico, in the elegant Madrid edition of 1684, besides four other Spanish versions, two English, and one French. Bustamante, the Mexican historical writer, is represented by one hundred and ten volumes, besides the bulk of his manuscripts, which passed from the Maximilian library to the Bancroft shelves. The "Diario Oficial" of the choicest documents on Mexican history, the "Diario" of the Spanish Cortes since the beginning of the century, and filling several shelves, and the forty-nine volumes of the *Gaceta* of Mexico from 1784 to 1821,

Burdette's Budget.

Mr. Frost is principal of a high school over in Illinois. Mr. Frost couldn't be anything else than a High school teacher. See? An i— Sir? No, sir; we didn't; he done it. Yes, sir; no, sir; we won't put it in. Yes, sir; it's tore up, and throwed in the waste-basket. We didn't see it till after it was wrote, sir. It come up in the copy dummy. The foreman done it.

Look at this, will you. We wrote: "Any sect that ever prayed before a pagoda or knelt in a mosque," and how do you think the lunatic who never can tell a "g" from a "q" set it up? "Knelt in a morgue." Fore heaven, if we could have clenched our fingers in his hair last Sunday, he would have wrapped his drapery of a morgue about him, and lay down to reap the reward of the errors done in the body, "Knelt in a morgue." A sweet place for public worship, isn't it? When a man gets so that he can't tell a morgue from a mosque, he ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts; bang him a most awful one in the place where his brains ought to be. It may not have the power to teach him anything; hut it can kill him, and improve the appearance of the paper in subsequent numbers.

Mrs. Howe says "women do not fall in love any more." Ah, well! Perhaps Mrs. Howe's charming and beautiful daughter is a much better authority on that subject than her gifted mother. You see, Mrs. Howe, there comes a time when we—when we are apt to—well, the plain fact of the matter is, other people do not grow old at eighteen just because we do at forty-five. There are girls falling in love, headlong, every day, in the same old, impulsive, romantic, beautiful, unquestioning fashion that used to prevail when their mothers' mothers' mothers wore dimples twenty years old. When the time comes that men and women do not fall in love, you may just nickel-plate this poor old world and sell it for a moon. There will be nobody on it when that time comes. Women don't fall in love any more? Of course not; they can't perform impossibilities, and they can not fall in love any more than they do, unless the years are made longer.

Joseph Cook met with a painful accident on his way to Japan. During the prolonged continuance of most vehement meteorological disturbances and electrical discharges and phenomena, accompanied by irregular and violent undulations and movements of the saline aqua, he was abruptly impelled from his insecurely established footing on the superior deck to a recumbent position on the deck subjacent. The hoardness of the deck, aggravated by the nailness of the spikes, dismembered the cartilaginousness of the enribbed sides. The injuries caused by the fallness of the fall were skillfully ensurged by the chirurgion, and in the near To-he, the ecrochasmilated antichism resultant from the saline-aquatic porphyritic blendings will leave no residue of their one-time hereness in the system of the sufferer, who will remember them only by their ever-present goneness.

Bill Nye's Boomerangs.

The Bologna sausage will be in favor this winter, as was the case last season in our best circles. It will be caught up at the end and tied in a plain knot, with strings of the same.

An exchange has the following, which is a joke on Pullman car porters, very likely: "The Pullman train hadn't run more than ten miles before the robbers headed it. 'You're lucky,' said one of the passengers to the leader of the gang, 'the porter hasn't been through the car yet.'"

A mild-eyed youth, wearing a dessert-spoon hat and polka-dot socks, went into Middle Park the other day and claimed to be a mining expert. The boys inveigled him into driving a stick of giant powder into a drill-hole at the bottom of a shaft with an old axe, and now they are trying to get him out of the ground with ammonia and a tooth-brush.

We desire to call the attention of those who love and admire the Indian at a distance of two thousand miles, to the aesthetic love for the beautiful which prompts the crooked-fanged and dusky bride of old Fly-up-the-Creek to rob the soap-grease man and the glue factory that she may make a Cheyenne holiday. The Indian maiden at the present moment stands on a lofty crag of the Rocky Mountains, beautiful in her wild simplicity, wearing the fringed garments of her tribe. To the sentimentalist she appears outlined against the glorious sky of the new West, wearing a coronet of eagle's feathers and a health corset trimmed with fantastic head-work and wonderful and impossible designs of savage art. Shall we then rush in, and with ruthless hand shatter this beautiful picture? Shall we portray her as she appears on her return from the great slaughter-house benefit and moral aggregation of digestive mementoes? Shall we draw a picture of her clothed in a horse-blanket, with a necklace of the false teeth of the pale face, and her coarse, unkempt hair hanging over her smoky features, and clinging to her warty, hony neck? No, no. Far be it from us to destroy the lovely vision of copper-colored grace and smoke-tanned beauty which the freckled student of the effete East has erected in the rose-hued chambers of fancy. Let her dwell there as the plump-limbed princess of a brave people. Let her adorn the hat-rack of his imagination, proud, beautiful, grand, gloomy, and peculiar, while as a matter of fact she is at that moment leaving the vestibule of the slaughter-house, conveying in the soiled lap-robe, which is her sole adornment, the mangled lungs of a Texas steer. No man shall ever say that we have hustled the beautiful cigar-sign vision that he has erected in his memory. Let the graceful Indian queen that has lived on in his heart ever since he studied history and saw the graphic picture of Columbus, in which Columbus is just unsheathing his bread-knife and the stage Indians are fleeing to the tall brush—let her, we say, still live on. The ruthless hand that writes nothing but everlasting truth, and the stuh pencil that yanks the cloak of the false and artificial from cold and perhaps unpalatable fact, will spare this little imaginary Indian maiden with a hack-comb and gold garters. Let her withstand the onward march of centuries, while the true Indian maiden eats the fricasseed locust of the plains and wears the cavalry pants of progress.

also from the Maximilian library, are invaluable historical matter. The standard travels and illustrated works include Cook and Vancouver, in French and English, and all the familiar collections of celebrated navigators, the Royal Geographical Society's journals, in forty volumes; the "Nouvelles Annales des Voyages," ranging from 1809 to 1863; and the now priceless—because the only complete—set of "The Wilkes Exploring Expedition," in twenty folios, with several volumes of colored plates. Kingsborough's "Mexican Antiquities," in elegant folio, superbly illustrated; Waldeck's "Antiquities of Yucatan," with folio photographs by Charnay, and the "Ruins of Palenque" by the same author, with plates in elephant folio, reveal the noble architecture of the Aztec empire. Of the American and British modern writers on history or antiquities, it is believed not one is wanting, while the titles given are a mere flavor, as one may say, of the collection, which includes three hundred rare hooks of great value as ancient or unique works, which are modestly worth from fifty to five hundred dollars in the book markets of the world, setting aside the priceless manuscripts and transcripts, on the price of which silence is preserved lest it should seem like extravagance to common readers. Besides the copies from government archives in Washington, Mexico, and the Continent, the Bancroft library is rich in family papers presented by old Spanish and pioneer Californian families, especially the Bandini and Vallejo collections, (the former covering the period between 1769 and 1845, and as the work of a prominent public man during Mexican domination, most valuable for the promised history of California). The Vallejo papers, in forty stout volumes, including documents from 1800 to the American possession, are equally important, as linking the Mexican and American periods together, and giving a lively picture of the bear-flag times. The papers which Benjamin Hayes, formerly judge of Los Angeles County, had collected since 1850, with a view to a history of Southern California, were given by him to the library before his death, believing that the work would be better accomplished in its hands. The papers of Thomas O. Larkin, consul at Monterey from 1844 to 1846, and afterward United States Naval Agent at the post, presented by his son, are another important collection. The old Spanish residents of the State, the Castros, Alvarados, and Picos, have vied in contribution of valuable material, and the history of California from such resources must be presented with a fullness which leaves nothing to be desired.

The unique possession of the library, however, is its store of manuscripts and personal narratives, to obtain which Mr. Bancroft and his assistants made visits to Oregon, British Columbia, and various parts of California, to hear and take down the reminiscences of old pioneers. A thousand such experiences are recorded in the clearly written manuscript folios of the library, and what a wealth of history is here preserved of the most interesting kind! History never was, never will be, written with the eloquence with which it is told by those who took part in it. No Iliads have the moving pathos, the simple grandeur of those told by hunters, Indian-fighters, and old settlers, around their own hearths. The force of expression, the unconscious matchless poetry, the picturesque incident in which nature speaks, taught the old poets and chroniclers their art, before which modern skill can only be silent and admire. One such Odyssey of the Sierra, or the redwood forests, can fascinate all classes. What, then, of a thousand such? What material for poet, magazinist, novelist, to be found in the California history! Imagine Charles Reade and Clarke Russell, with such a store of romance to draw upon! In the historic collection of such a library, one sees hovering the winged fancies of noble epics, of dramatic poems like those of Browning, the legends of a new "Earthly Paradise" like that of William Morris, and the plots of endless novels, touching and exciting, which must soon drop the name of fiction, seeing they have so much stronger material in reality.

If any one ask to what end was this collection made, in which the labor of twenty-five years and a half million of money have been freely spent, the answer is ready that the research, the accumulation, the study of such a library, to a man of high tastes, is the finest pleasure he can have out of his life and fortune. While ransacking the bookseller's shops on the streets and quays of Paris, Vienna, Leipzig, or exploring the rich libraries of Madrid and Seville, going over the hoards of paper-sellers and the wares of old convents, or reporting in shorthand the garrulous memories of old Californians, under their own vine and eucalyptus, Mr. Bancroft has doubtless found more interest, more compensation, than his work will bring him in any other shape, whether of fame or profit. Such labor, to those who are moved to undertake it, is in itself the richest reward, always excepting those labors of humanity which are the supreme blessedness of life. But the owner of such treasures is soon brought to feel that they include the duty to share their benefits with the world. Out of the library, when it had taken shape, with some sixteen thousand volumes, ten years or more ago, rose the plan of the history of the Pacific Slope of America, from Darien to Alaska. Its collections, of which, from its manuscripts to its files of four hundred Pacific newspapers, it is simply impossible to speak within limits, have since then been symmetrically arranged for the purpose of the history—such preparation as never before was made for royal chronicle or modern historian. Five introductory volumes on the "Native Races of the Pacific States," seven years ago, which at once took place as standard authorities with such scholars as Herbert Spencer, Lecky, Carlyle, and Draper, were the first fruits of the library. And now the first volume of the history of Central America leads the way to a consistent knowledge of the Spanish possessions, for the same mountain chain, the same climatic influences, and the same conquest unite the countries of the Southern and Central Pacific coasts. The history, which designs to include the annals of four centuries in something like thirty volumes, treats fully and in detail of the period of discovery, passing from south to north, in regular order, making California its central interest as the key of the Pacific States.

With such resources of material, it can not but be condensed, strong, and absorbing. The study of the ancient chroniclers has molded the direct, nervous, yet picturesque style, which is not so much that of the cabinet historian as that of an enthusiastic writer seduced into a task which absorbs sympathies and brains, and in which the reader presently becomes absorbed and enthusiastic also. Besides the

many documents relating to the discovery of America printed of late, in Spain and by various historical societies, much of the material for this interesting part of history has been drawn from the archives of Nicaragua, Guatemala, and other Central American States. New light is thrown upon the character of Columbus and the attitude of the Spanish crown toward its new possessions. The former, if less the hero of Irving's "Life," appeals more strongly to our sympathies—faulty, ambitious, fanatical, and disappointed as he appears in the light of bare facts; while Spain as the protector of the Indians, by ordinances and royal letters, is certainly a strange rôle for that cruel government. The history of the isthmus reads like one long romance, in which caciques, with armors of gold and state robes of brilliant feathers, offer baskets of gulf pearls as tribute, and pay superior honors to their invaders and their invaders' borses alike. The temple of Dahuiba, lined with gold; Uatatlan, palace of the Quichés, built of mosaic, colossal in dimensions, with garden courts, menageries, aviaries, lakes, and fountains within its walls, its throne-room canopied with costly featherwork, and the maidens' college, where were reared the females of royal blood; Cakchiquel, built on a platform six hundred feet high, a single narrow causeway across the chasm on all sides, city of the black oracle stone; Golfo Dulce, and the Isle of Pearls, the simple Indians offering roses to the horse of Cortez as a supernatural being—are the figures among which move the gold-hungry Spaniards in a career of avarice and blood. The treachery by which Balboa was slain, the ambush set for Alvarado, the march of Cortés across the isthmus, are tragic pictures with a background of intrigue, treachery, and desperate adventure. In an earthly paradise, human nature, set free from the interference of civilization, turned tiger, when it was not devil; but its vices, at least, were heroic in size and its incidents of a large, dramatic sort—which is, also, the most that can be said for the greater part of the world's history, and creates vivid historic reading. And now the warehouses and supply depots, the hospitals and gangs of workmen, of the transcontinental company occupy the route where Balboa dragged ship-timbers through the forests by his six thousand Indian serfs, and where Cortés struggled through swamps and bridged morasses with his famine-stricken army. There are yet pearls in the Southern Sea, and gold in the mines of Guatemala, and forest-grown temples in Yucatan, by whose sites the conqueror marched unheeding, or they might have no stones left to tell the tale. For those who would know the history of their own continent it is time to begin reading, for the stores of discovery and of annals open before them invitingly; and as the records of the historian enamored of his subject will leave many unsatisfied until they can explore the original authorities, the existence of such a perfect library of history will become better acknowledged a necessity and a public benefaction.

An old Oriental story relates that one day Moolla Museerodeen, in a mosque, ascended the desk, and thus addressed his audience: "O children of the faithful, do ye know what I am going to say?" They answered, "No." "Well, then," replied he, "it's of no use wasting my time on such a stupid set;" and, saying this, he came down and dismissed them. Next day he again mounted the desk, and asked, "O true Mussulmans, do ye know what I am going to say?" "We do," say they. "Then," replied he, "there is no need for me to tell you;" and again he let them go. The third time his audience thought they should catch him; and on his putting the usual question, they answered, "Some of us do, and some of us do not." "Well, then," replied he, "let those who know tell those who do not."

A Newport correspondent quotes Miss Louie Jerome, who is visiting Mrs. Paron Stevens at Newport, as one of the helles of the season. "She is," writes the correspondent, "an attractive and graceful figure on a coach-hox or in a drawing-room. Miss Jerome has received an injury to one of her remarkably fine eyes, which, fortunately, does not at all disfigure her. But the disfigurement is accomplished by art, when the young lady puts in her eye that abomination, a single eye-glass, and scans the crowd of admirers who always encircle her chair."

At the last Prince's garden party in London the caprice of fashion was the parol. Some specimens were of great value. There was a plague of jewels on the top of a white one which dazzled the eyes of the beholder. The queen, whose sight had been caught by the topazes and amethysts, encircled by rows of seed pearls, with which it was adorned, turned away with manifest disapprobation, and like the angel in Moore's poem, "never looked again."

During the service in the cathedral at the Illyrian city of Ragusa, some weeks ago, the officiating priest, a member of the Society of Jesuits, was stabbed to death by a girl whom he had betrayed. She inflicted five wounds. The congregation poured into the street amid wild excitement, and the girl was taken into custody. The cathedral was built by Richard I., and contains Titian's celebrated picture of "The Assumption."

It is related of Mrs. Vashti Bartlett, who lately died in Baltimore, that her social circle was very large, and that at one time she counted among her friends seventeen couples who had all been married within a few weeks. She invited them to her home, and gave a sumptuous dinner to the seventeen brides, who were accompanied by their husbands and friends.

The father of a St. Louis bride presented his son-in-law with eighty thousand head of cattle. "Papa dear," exclaimed his daughter, when she heard of it, "that was so kind of you; Charlie's awfully fond of ox-tail soup."

The guests have dined, and the host hands round a case of cigars. "I don't smoke, myself," he says, "but you will find them good—my man steals more of them than of any other brand I ever had."

A Boston girl attracted a multitude by having her boots blacked, just like a man, in front of the Revere House.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY Editor.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882.

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When Governor Stanford replied to the interrogations propounded to him concerning railroad management, he struck a centre-shot in the opening words of his letter by denying that the railroad transportation facilities of California constituted an oppressive monopoly. We have so long been accustomed to hear railroads spoken of as monopolies, varied by all the qualifying adjectives as oppressive and tyrannical; so long have we heard the din and clamor of the politician, on stump and in convention, pronounce railroad corporations as enemies of our interests and obstructionists of our material progress; we have witnessed so many efforts to regulate them, to control them from the exercise of "extortionate" acts, the collection of "unreasonable" fares and freights; we have so continuously heard from demagogues, sand-lot adventurers, journalistic blackmailers, discontented traders, and small politicians of all parties; so long have we heard all this that we have come to accept the terms of "railroad" and "monopoly" as if they were synonyms for an undefined evil. Without reflecting, the unthinking part of the community has come to believe that railroading has become an antagonistic interest, because of its illegal and unreasonable exactions as to fares and freights, its unjust discriminations as to localities and individuals, its oppressive and illegal acts, and has deemed it the duty of the State Government to wrest its management from the hands of its owners, and place its control under the direction of politicians—in a word, to take from the corporation its directors and servants; to wrest from the owners and their agents the control of a vast private property, and give it to individuals to be chosen under our elective system. It is admitted that railroading is a complicated business, but imperfectly understood by the very best minds that have given to it long years of patient study and have had in its departments long years of experience; that railroads are constructed and equipped with the expenditure of vast sums of money, and that their ownership is guaranteed by the same laws which protect all private property; yet because their use is for the public, because the Government has, at the expense and cost of railroad companies and for the benefit of the public, exercised its sovereign prerogative of eminent domain, because municipal, State, and general governments have loaned credits and money—although in the instances of all the Californian roads, the credits have been protected and the money re-

paid; that because of all these things the public at large has somehow a right, through its political machinery, to place the management of railroad property under official control, take it from its owners, and turn it over to those who do not own it, and this because in the hands of its owners it is a monopoly, oppressive in its operations, and not administered for the best interest of the community doing business with it. It is upon this assumption that State conventions pass resolutions, and that rival office-seekers stump the State, to denounce the management of railroads for "enslaving commerce," and by unjust and tyrannical acts impeding the progress and hindering the prosperity of the people for whose benefit and accommodation they were presumably constructed. Governor Stanford, not stopping to explain that the primary law of self-interest so identifies railroading with the progress and prosperity of the locality in which it is located as to make it impossible for even a selfish and mercenary directory to ignore the interests of the community in which it does business, goes directly to the point of the controversy, and denies that the system of railroading with which he is connected is a monopoly in law or in fact. It is not a monopoly in law, because any respectable association of capitalists can obtain a franchise for railroad building under general laws. Any association can obtain the right of way by purchase, or by demanding from the authority of the Government that it invoke its right of eminent domain for the public good; that is, for the building of a public highway for the public use. Governor Stanford further claims that the obtaining of money or credit from governments or individuals is a matter of negotiation, depending upon the condition of the money market, the public necessity, the character of the security, the promise of performance or payment—conditions open alike to all who would engage in the construction of national highways. He asserts that it is not a monopoly, because one company has the right to parallel every mile of the road of another company; that the Californian railroads under his management are not monopolies, because "it so happens that the principal volume of the "business of California is subject to competition by water "transportation, and, further, that the only real monopoly "that the railroads can have is to the extent that they are "able to do business cheaper and better for their patrons "than can otherwise be done, and to that extent the monopoly—if monopoly it is—is beneficent in character."

We question whether our readers have ever sufficiently considered the extent of the navigable waters of our State in connection with their rivalry with any artificial highways that may come in competition with them. Our entire seacoast, with its bays, harbors, inlets, and roadsteads, owing to the peculiar character and pacific nature of our ocean, affords opportunities for receiving and discharging cargo along the entire ocean shore. Our great Bay of San Francisco, with its interior bays, gives shipping facilities to the very agricultural heart of the State; while the great navigable streams of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, with their bayous and navigable tributaries, reach north and south through great, productive, and populous valleys, offering steamships and sailing vessels an easy access to the largest part of our improved and most productive farming lands. The Bay of Monterey is at the entrance of the splendid valley of the Salinas. The entire shore along San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and San Buenaventura may send its products to the sea. There is no better harbor in America than San Diego. The harbor at Wilmington is ample for the accommodation of shipments from Los Angeles and San Bernardino; while the Colorado River sweeps around to the eastern side of our State, with its stretch of navigable water for hundreds of miles. All these are natural highways. No State has such a system of natural commercial arteries, or so many miles of ocean, bay, and river navigation. No railroad system in America is to such an extent subjected to such a competition with water; and Governor Stanford does not misstate the facts when he declares that the only way he can monopolize transportation, in competition with this system of navigable water-courses, is to do the business for his patrons cheaper and better than it can otherwise be done. We know it is charged that the railroad company also monopolize the steamship navigation of our interior waters. This is disposed of by simple denial. In the years '75, '76, and '77, as we gather from the figures of an official report, there was a carrying capacity represented by 16,133 tons of steamers and barges, that had been built within three years by parties in outside competition. During this time the railroad had not built a single steamer to be used, except for ferry and other like direct connections. On the coast, on the Feather River, upper Sacramento and San Joaquin, and on the interior bay shores and elsewhere, the company does not engage in competitive transportation in rivalry with steam lines. Steamships are only subsidiary to their regular lines of roads. That the railroad has not destroyed, or even retarded, the general steam navigation of California is proved by the large steam and canvas fleet now engaged in navigating our interior and ocean shore routes. The Californian railroad system comes in direct competition with the navigable waters in bay and river, where competi-

tion is active throughout its entire length. On the California Central, as we count upon the map, this is the case at nine different places; on the Central Pacific, at some twenty-five different points, besides crossing the San Joaquin River and other navigable streams. The southern road is in competition at Yuma for freight with the Colorado, and at Los Angeles with the sea. The extent of navigable shore lines, taking the sea and bay coasts together with both sides of river and slough banks, gives over three thousand miles from which the products of farm, forest, and mine may be shipped. From the Oregon line to the Mexican boundary, including the sinuous lines of the bays, there are twelve hundred miles of shore line—Suisun Slough, twenty-eight miles; Napa River, thirty-six; Petaluma Creek, sixteen; Sacramento River, (Collinsville to Red Bluff,) six hundred and fifty; Feather River, (Vernon to Marysville,) sixty; San Joaquin, from Collinsville to head of navigation, five hundred and forty; Stanislaus River, to Knight's Ferry, ninety-six; Tuolumne and branches, ninety; Merced River, to Snelling, one hundred; Colorado, west side, two hundred and fifteen miles—while within the borders of the State the Pacific system embraces less than seventeen hundred miles of road altogether. That this competition does tell upon the business of the road is indicated by the constantly decreasing rates, as they are fixed from year to year. There is no single spot to-day in the State of California where the average railroad freights are not cheaper than the rates that existed before railroad construction. There are no points of travel in the State that are not now cheaper by rail than they were by stage or steamer before the time of the railroad. There is no locality in the State reached by rail where the prices of land and all its productions have not been advanced in value. There is no spot in the State, no community or class of individuals, where a respectable minority would willingly return to the condition of the ante-railroad era. There is no honest business man or property owner who does not recognize the vast benefits arising from railroad construction, and there is no intelligent man outside of politics who does not acknowledge the good it has accomplished. In noticing the possibilities of rivalry in transportation between the natural highways and the railroads, it must not be forgotten that our waters are open twelve months in the year, never closed by ice or snow, and that our climate, because of its dryness, allows some months for the farmer to transport his grain from the field to the landing. Nor must the fact be lost sight of that Messrs. Stanford & Co. do not own the North Pacific Coast Railroad, that skirts the ocean to Mendocino County; nor the North Coast road, that opens up Sonoma Valley; nor the South Coast narrow-gauge railway to San José and Santa Cruz, and several other roads now operating successfully in this State. To say that the Central Pacific Railroad system is a monopoly, simply because it would demand a hundred millions of dollars to rival it and to compete with it, and that it ought to be managed by others than its owners, because its owners will not give the benefit of their brains, the result of their earnings, and the luck of their opportunities over to an adventurous mob of brainless and impecunious politicians, is to confiscate their property and to strike a fatal blow at all future enterprise. It is to establish a precedent that will pursue every enterprise and all capital that may, by the most liberal interpretation, be considered as of a quasi public character. It will be a precedent that will place all business and business men, all property, wealth, enterprise, all public affairs and private pursuits, at the mercy of an unmerciful gang of agrarians and communists, whose only aim in life is to take from those who have something, and appropriate it to themselves who have nothing. That "property is theft," they assert; that "land ought to be as free to use as air and water," they have now the audacity to proclaim; that there should be at death a reversion of all property to the State, is with them a cardinal principle. Every business man, every owner of land, and every man who would transmit his accumulations to his heirs or devisees is interested in arresting a doctrine of confiscation that will only be first applied to railroad property. This article is written for the home and fireside consideration of the reader. He will have the right to reflect upon this matter and conclude whether the railroad is an oppressive monopoly to himself; and, in coming to a conclusion upon this question, let him alone consider how it personally affects himself. Let him be fair enough to admit the logic of his location, the business in which he is engaged, and, discarding from his mind the passionate and prejudiced arguments of politicians and the business rivalries of traders and merchants, let him confine his observation to the effect railroads have had upon his own personal comforts, the surroundings of his own home, the profits of his own business, and the advancement and progress of his own immediate locality. This article will be read by hundreds of old Californians; those who, like the writer, have tramped along the snow-paths of the Sierra in winter, and up and down the burning trails of its mountain slopes in summer, carrying flour and bacon, pan and rocker, pick and blankets, upon their backs; who have tramped across the broad and dusty valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, too poor to ride; who have paid fifty cents per pound to baul

their bard-tack and jerk from Sacramento to Hangtown; who have paid twenty dollars for passage in the old *Senator* from Sacramento to San Francisco; who, in the later times, paid for a passage of eight hours between the same places eight dollars, even down to the day of the railroad—a trip now made in half the time for one-fourth the money. The early ones will remember the cost and labor of a trip to Oakland, the trip to San José, the trip to anywhere. The early politicians will recall a stumping tour by stage-coach, over the long and weary stretches of plain, and with mules, along perilous paths, when a Congressional nomination for the San Francisco district involved a pilgrimage of twelve hundred miles. The early citizen will remember his costly and perilous passage across the Isthmus "to the States," and all these things in contrast with the inexpensive, and comfortable, and speedy transportation of the railroad of to-day. The dwellers in Los Angeles and San Bernardino, in the lower valley of the San Joaquin River, and in the upper valley of the Sacramento, will recall those ante-railroad days, when they were isolated, when their now beautiful and lovely homes were desert wastes, unoccupied and houseless. They will contrast those times with the present, and when Mr. Estee, shaven and shorn, with clean shirt and linen duster, steps from his comfortable silver sleeping-car to an upholstered hall, where fair women beam upon him, and he there denounces Governor Stanford and those early pioneers who became railroad builders, let the old fathers and white-haired mothers of the fair-faced boys and bright-eyed girls, remind him of the time when, weary and worn, with unclean linen and unkempt hair, the old guard of party orators unlimbered from mule or stage-coach to speak in open air in vindication of a party that made railroads possible. Let them recall the time anterior to railroad building, and, contrasting the now and then, fairly and honestly answer to themselves whether Governor Stanford and his associates deserve the denunciations, the personal abuse, and the malicious innuendo that form the burden of appeal of nearly all the place-hunters, Democratic and Republican, who are now perambulating the State in pursuit of an opportunity to make an easy living out of office.

To us all this anti-railroad rant, all this rivalry of politicians in the use of strange oaths against companies, seems dishonest and crazy. It convinces us that we have fallen upon prosperous and happy days when in State politics there is found no other issue than this of transportation, and in municipal politics no other complaint than that the water tax is distributed to property as well as individuals. The truth is, our people are not oppressed by railroads. They are in every respect benefited by them, and all this cry against railroads is false and hollow sham, created by politicians for their personal benefit. It has had its day in England and all over Europe, in the Eastern and lately in the Western States. The hour of passion, prejudice, ignorance, and misconception has passed; differences have been adjusted; mutual interests and business rules have harmonized what was discordant. In almost every part of the United States railroads are working in friendly coöperation, and without friction with all other business interests. It will be so in California in time. It will come from natural causes and through the healthful operation of business laws, and not through the agitation of demagogues or the formulation of false political issues. Railroads must not be held responsible for all the greed, avarice, and grasping ambition of the unscrupulous men who are gamblers in railroad stocks. There is the same wide difference and normal distinction between the railroad builder who plans, constructs, and owns railroads, and who uses the earnings for the construction of other lines—the ambitious, enterprising, pushing railroad builder and operator—as there is between the men who exploit mines, and engage in the legitimate industry of actual mining, and the stock gambler who weaves his web of criminal devices to catch the industrious and toiling poor. The railroad corporations and the railroad properties that are controlled by Vanderbilt and Jay Gould are not responsible if those men corner the stock market, or if they control the Western Union Telegraph Company, elevated railroads, and steamship lines; bribe legislatures, corrupt governors, and debauch courts of justice. It is the men themselves who must be held responsible for these dishonorable and criminal practices. Governor Stanford says truly when he declares that his railroad system is not a monopoly. If this article were written in personal defense of Governor Stanford and his associates—which it is not—it would be proper to call attention to the fact they are still builders of roads; that they are to-day in the field with ten thousand laborers pushing their work to the Gulf of Mexico and to the Oregon boundary line; that the Salinas Valley road and an Ocean Shore road are in contemplation; and that from the Mojave they are pushing eastward for a third transcontinental line; that Governor Stanford promotes the interest of this city, Sacramento, and the entire State by his enterprising expenditures in the encouragement of horse-breeding, viticulture, woolen and other manufactures; and that Mr. Crocker is a large builder of elegant property in this city. We might point to Monterey and its improvements, to their residences

which adorn our city, to their cable-roads, as evidences of their value as public-spirited and enterprising citizens. We might, we trust, even without deserving the reproach of being a railroad organ, say that we would not have these men denounced as criminals by a blackmailing and censorious press, or driven from the State by political blackguards, until they have accomplished the important public works now in hand. No corporation, formed under general laws and having no exclusive privilege, can be styled a "monopoly." When special acts conferred special privileges, when railroad, water, and gas franchises could be conferred only by acts of special legislation, they were, as Governor Stanford says, "from that fact necessarily monopolies, enjoying 'privileges which others could not possess. But our corporation laws are antagonistic to such privileges, and provide for the prosecution of every character of legitimate business through the coöperation of capital and numbers. Under these laws no enterprise, however great, but can find the requisite numbers and the requisite capital to be associated in its prosecution, if it offer sufficient inducement and reward, and this insures all needful regulative competition. Excessive profit arising upon any enterprise is the strongest attractive force to capital to engage in competitive undertakings. The aggregated capital of the many is thus made to balance the accumulations in the hands of the few. Our corporation laws offer no special privileges, the State grants nothing through them, and acts only for the purpose of aiding the natural right of association. It is upon this natural right of association that society itself is organized, and the legal association of capital and numbers is only the exercise of the same natural right that a man has to call in his neighbor to assist him in rolling a log or raising his barn. It is the foundation and security of our republican institutions; for so long as the people can associate themselves together with the right to express their ideas, and organize to give them force, it can not be otherwise than that the majority must rule." The writer has for twenty-eight years lived at the corner of Fillmore and Union streets in the city of San Francisco. His residence reaches back to that time of his life when he was toiling at his profession for his support; when there were no streets; when sewers and sidewalks were things unknown; when gas and water-mains had not been laid; when an omnibus drive of one mile and a half cost half a dollar, and at a time when, if the mud was too deep, the omnibus did not run. He has walked hack and forth through wind and mud, in summer's heat and winter's storm, a distance which in the aggregate would reach around the world. To-day, with his cigar, he takes an elegant cable-car at his door, and for five cents is landed in twenty-two minutes at Montgomery Street. This Potrero Cable Road is a monopoly. It is the same kind of monopoly of which the residents in Fresno, Merced, Kern, and Tulare counties complain. It has the privilege to use the streets—"the sovereign right of eminent domain." It did not pay for this privilege. The property owners were compelled to grade and sewer the street for railroad use. It occupies the centre of the street, and has the right of way over vehicles or pedestrians. It discriminates in its fares. It costs five cents to ride from the ferry to Harbor View, and it costs the writer five cents to ride less than half the distance. It discriminates in favor of passengers. It will not let the writer's dog "Snyder" ride at any price. It is arbitrary, exacting, and tyrannical in refusing to allow freight to be transported inside the car, or boarding-house women to carry corned beef, dripping blood upon the seats. It is grasping in its endeavor to secure all the passengers it can possibly carry. Its owners are growing rich. Its stock has advanced more than fifty per cent. within a year. In every sense that the Central Pacific Railroad Company is a monopoly, the Potrero Cable Railroad is a monopoly. As the cable-road has given value to the writer's property, made his home accessible, added to his comforts, and reduced the toil and cost of his daily trips from home to office, so has the railroad system of California contributed to its wealth, promoted the prosperity of all its parts, and added to the comfort of all its people. Should any number of impecunious Twelfth Ward loafers endeavor to run Mr. Estee as candidate for the Board of Supervisors upon the same principles as are set out in the Republican State platform, and should he interpret those declarations as he speaks of the railroad managers of this State in his speeches, we should reserve to ourselves the privilege of withholding from him our vote. If we found that he had been nominated by the propertyless whisky-sellers and the untaxed corner-grocers, by violence, fraud, and forged papers of registration, we should deem it a duty to expose the fact. If, during the canvass, Mr. Estee, as candidate of the whisky-dealers and corner-grocers, should obtain from them the money to make his canvass, and, in event of his election, should promise to keep open saloons on Sunday, and should in all his speeches favor Sunday as a day of "rest and recreation," we should think he meant "rest" in a whisky saloon on Sunday, indulging himself in the "recreation" of playing pitch seven-up for beer. In a word, we should think Mr. Estee, our candidate for supervisor from the Twelfth Ward, a political hypocrite and humbug.

To the average Republican who wants no office, and "don't care a d—n what happens, so long as it don't happen to him," the situation of municipal politics is eminently satisfactory. After the State Convention, and while the Hectors and Achilleses of the party were chasing each other around our municipal walls, hewing and slashing each other; while Higgins was editing the *Bulletin* in the interest of the boys, and imploring all the political divinities to give them another primary; when "lovers" might disport themselves, and when bruisers might practice the manly art of muscular æsthetics upon all Republicans who would not pledge themselves to wear the collar and the brand of the machine, the *Argonaut* said in substance, that "we do not care how or by whom conventions are called; we will await the result and determine by the character of the convention whether it would be likely to do good work." The County Committee undoubtedly exceeded the authority that belonged to its office in naming delegates, who should associate other delegates with them in performance of the duty of nominating candidates for municipal office. The exigencies of the situation demanded such action. The Republican organization was in the hands of the bosses. The bosses are three. Their headquarters are known, and their agents are known. Apparently respectable men are willingly used by them as candidates for office, and as delegates for conventions. These bosses had just held a primary in San Francisco, and had secured a large majority of its delegates to a State Convention. They had nominated the Governor against the man who, had there been no unfair politics, would have been the choice of the State Convention by acclamation; they had caused a platform to be put forth which ignored all the time-honored principles of the party, and in its place substituted the one already formulated by the Democracy. This primary had been conducted in fraud and violence. Its proceedings were outrageous—in defiance, not only of party usage, but of decency and law. To have held another primary as the bosses demanded, and, as the *Bulletin* desired, would have been attended by the same results. It would have given the city of San Francisco over to the control of Higgins, Gannon, and Chute, from whom we rescued it at the late election. It would have defeated Blake for Mayor, Brickwedel for Auditor, and John Sedgwick for Sheriff, whom last year the machine opposed. It would have restored the street department to the ring. It would have reënacted the street-sweeper's contract. It would have robbed the treasury, plundered the tax-payers, reëstablished in the Board of Supervisors the old ring of seven, and placed our municipal affairs again in the hands of political and party thieves. There would have been another Stuart in the Clerk's office, to disgrace and dishonor the community. The County Committee had the courage to defy the bosses, the machine, and the *Bulletin*. It gave us the names of good men, and these added the names of good citizens; and, in spite of their daily denunciation by the *Bulletin* as "Duffers," in spite of its continued assaults upon them as obscure and unknown men, in spite of its insinuations that they were the slaves of Spring Valley, and were led by Lloyd and Elliott, who in turn were coached by Spring Valley, this convention has given us a good ticket in the majority of its candidates. It has given us an excellent platform of resolutions—all the better because, in despite of the iron bedstead which the *Bulletin* had built for it, just "one per cent. long," it has given one of rational dimensions, upon which honest men can accommodate themselves.

When General Barnes explained that he had taken Mayor Blake and Auditor Brickwedel into counsel, in preparing that part of the platform that provided for the tax levy, he satisfied the Convention and all reasonable tax-payers that the resolutions were right, and that the *Bulletin's* iron bedstead was intended to be so uncomfortable that honest men could not lie upon it. When Mayor Blake declares, and Mr. Brickwedel assents to the declaration, that in the coming year it will be impossible to keep the tax levy within one per cent. and pay the current expenses and legal indebtedness without a deficiency, the wealth and intelligence of this city will see the propriety of an increased levy. Better have honest supervisors upon a liberal platform, than a set of rogues squirming within the short and iron rules of an impracticable pledge. The ticket, as nominated, is a strong one. Blake, Brickwedel, Sedgwick, Wilder, Widber, Mastick, Cowdery, Walter Leman, and James K. Wilson, for their respective offices, are most excellent nominations. John Cherry ought not to have been defeated for recorder. His long party service and the manner in which he had administered the duties of his office entitled him to renomination. Graham would not have been nominated, except that there was no other candidate against him than Patterson, and his memory is unsavory of contact with the machine-ring and the machine-sweeper. He owed his last nomination to the bosses. He made his appointments under boss dictation, and favored contracts in boss interests. Graham was the unwilling choice of many delegates in the Convention. It was Hobson's choice—the choice of two evils. It is a matter of some surprise and regret that the important office of

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VANITY FAIR.

On a woman's complexion (says Lilian Whiting) bang all the possibilities of immediate beauty. As it is a primary duty of woman to make her appearance just as attractive as possible, the proper care of the complexion is a matter to be considered. It is difficult to obtain on this matter reliable counsel. The ordinary druggist knows nothing, except, perhaps, to sell cosmetics, which are utterly ruinous, and as it is only the exception among women in ordinary life to employ a lady's maid skilled in all the mysteries of the toilette, it chances that many things which it were well to know are not attainable. Now, we all know how some actresses at forty look hardly half that age. Nor is this effect produced with any of the ordinary various cosmetics in vogue. The dozens of different powders, etc., are all alike simply ruinous to the skin, because of the poisonous white lead which is the basis of their composition, both in liquid and powder form. Now, to a woman who understands the proper care of the complexion from early youth up, advancing years have no terror. She can safely defy time. This care, of course, is by no means wholly external, though its entire perfection depends on external care. It includes a knowledge of hygiene, the cold bath in the morning, if one has the strength to endure this lively tonic; or, if not, the tepid sponge bath; the understanding of good food, and, as far as possible, early hours. For, be the cause what it may, there is a magic in the "sleep before midnight," which can never be found after that hour. Let us start from the consideration that attention to her appearance is not beneath any woman's attention, but is rather one of her social duties. Few know the uses of cold cream. It is by no means limited to being good for the bands, but has its uses in lieu of soap as a cleanser of the skin. None but the best brands should ever be used. Pineau's is reliable, and there are one or two others which are recommended. At night, after carefully washing the face with clear, soft water, and drying it on a fine damask towel, apply the cold cream, allowing it to remain until morning. After the bath, bathe the face in water in which a little French cologne is added, which brightens and tones the skin by invigorating it. Then apply the cold cream, which absorbs every imperfection and blemish, and wipe the face softly with a fine soft linen or haptiste towel. A trifle of the Lablache face-powder dusted over is a wonderful preserver of the skin, protecting it from the particles of dust and the wind, and preserving it entirely from roughness. But *unless* using this Lablache powder, use none. The ordinary kinds are cosmetics, not protectors, and their use is simply ruinous to the complexion. Any woman following these directions will find herself in ten days so wonderfully improved in complexion, that she will fully appreciate this bit of information. This improvement, to a marked degree, is absolute. Of course, it can be greatly enhanced or retarded by hygienic conditions of food, sleep, and baths.

We often feel annoyance, writes a lady from Europe, at the erroneous impressions we find among foreigners of American women, as a whole. Last night, at a friend's, I met an English girl of the aristocracy, a clever, frank girl, who looked me straight in the face, and said: "Your American girls are so pretty, but always so fast, you know." If you are wise you never argue with an Englishwoman. "Your English is not so bad," she said, again, "but it does amuse me to hear you Americans talk." In the next breath she asked me if I thought a certain court beauty, who was present, had *gone off* in her looks since I saw her last, and if I didn't think Oscar Wilde was quite *nasty* (pronounced nawsty).

Young ladies have shown a desire to make palmistry the next sensational folly. London *Truth* calls attention to an unrepented act of Parliament which imposes upon all who go about practicing the art the penalty of being scourged, baving the ears cropped, and being placed in the pillory.

The fall styles for young men, and what is to be worn in scarfs, bandkerchiefs, and other articles, may be found in this paragraph: In neckwear the puff scarf is to take the place of all the various shapes of flat "breast-plates." This is an adaptation of the French style, and the manufacturers are vying with one another in the endeavor to produce the bandsomest effect. The small figure and polka dots that have been so popular in the past will be superseded by flaring colors and rich velvets. All the grounds are brilliantly lighted, and covered in the brightest tints—cardinal gold, bright blue, gendarme, etc. The De Joinville scarf also will find many admirers. The designs are mostly hold, in two-color spots and rings, and all over tissue satins. In handkerchiefs, new designs are shown in linen, with very striking figures and colors, mostly of a plain color surrounded by a brilliant border of Roman colors and large spots. The silk handkerchief is scarcely shown, save in the variety known as English silk, and plain white is to be more popular among the ultra fashionable than it has been for eight years. In half-hose Roman colors will be all the rage; terra cotta shade is to be, however, a strong favorite. In pure silks, for full-dress wear, black will be generally worn, but other solid colors—navy blue, garnet, etc.—will find purchasers. In collars there will be no material change, the standing, close-fitting collar finding the greatest number of admirers. There are no changes to report in shirts for evening dress, and, although some very dressy young men will wear an embroidered front, the plain hosom with small studs is the proper thing. The open front is worn more than it has been for years, and as it is something of a novelty of late years, it bids fair to be all the go. In underwear, heavy English Balbriggan suits are shown in all the æsthetic tints—terra alba, sage, and terra cotta—with silk stripes, though solid colors of the same tints will also be worn. These suits are very bandsome, and will sell at from seven to fifteen dollars a suit. Pure silk underwear is unchanged in everything. It is a trifle too expensive for manufacturers to attempt to force any decided colors into it, and in the well known color it can not be imitated, and shows for itself. Suits for winter wear will cost from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, depending on the quality and size desired. Suspenders will be non-elastic silk in rich sporting designs, and the polka dot will be popular, variously mounted with silver, and gilt chains, and white calf-skin. The favorite colors for gloves will be ma-

hogany and red tan; the material will be fine chevette. It is impossible to thoroughly stamp out the standard black, though self-embroidered will be worn. In jewelry, the unique French patterns will find a ready sale for scarf-pins, as there is an increasing taste for designs that are not worn by everybody else; and as the fashions in this article change so frequently, gentlemen prefer to purchase the imported article in preference to the pure gold and jeweled pins shown by the jeweler. In rings and sleeve-buttons, hammered and plain Roman gold, encrusted, will be *en règle*. The stones to be worn are diamonds, aqua marine, jacinth, pink, tourmaline, and chrysolite, though much latitude is allowed in the matter.

English women have monstrous feet. Their hands are also large, though generally well shaped, and a number six glove is considered fit only for a fairy. A close observer of English beauties, after years of study, declares that there is not a pair of feet in the whole Saxon race that can compare with American women's in point of size and shapeliness; and what is more, even the much vaunted Parisienne's foot must yield the *pas*. The French woman dresses her feet better, that is all. How nice!

"It is said," remarks "Jay" in the Boston *Gazette*, "that very little jewelry is being worn by ladies who have the most of it; but do not make any mistake and believe all you hear. Quantities of jewelry are worn by the best people. Not those 'sets' or charms and lockets in vogue ten years ago, it is true, but the most unique devices—baubles, in fact, which would not look out of place in a cabinet of curiosities. The rarest gems are set in rings, and figure in pins that really fasten a bit of lace, or are stuck carelessly in the hair; the queerest little watches and 'charms' dangle from the belt, and bracelets of exquisite workmanship clasp a mosquetaire glove around the wrist. No jewelry, indeed! Every well dressed woman wears it, but she wears only what is odd and a gem in its way—something that is inconspicuous and very precious." Another fashion-writer remarks: "For possessors of costly jewelry the affectation is, excepting on great occasions, not to display it. When, however, the time arrives for its exhibition, it is the custom to lavish jewels, not upon the neck and arms alone, but over various portions of the dress; for, besides the necklace, earrings, and bracelets, which used formerly to constitute the sole adornings, the draperies are now held in place by jeweled clasps, ring, and crescents. There are tiny dress-buttons of diamond, ruby, or sapphire, Anne of Austria bells, glittering with half-precious gems, and combs, arrows, Greek bandeaux, and other glittering parures."

The love of the ex-Queen of Spain for her eldest son is a well known fact, and is quite sufficient to account for the journey she took the other day. She left Paris by the eight o'clock "rapide," as they call it, and was met by two of Alphonso's chamberlains on the Spanish frontier, under whose escort she hurried on to Comillas, where, in a really charming royal residence, her son and his children were waiting to receive her. The young queen is in an interesting condition. Queen Isabella, it may interest the ladies to hear, took no less than fifteen new "confections" in her trunks, and was dressed for the journey in a robe of cinnamon color, her bonnet, gloves, sunshade, fan, boots, etc., being strictly *en suite*.

It is sad to learn that Mrs. Astor's diamonds are eclipsed by those owned by Mrs. Moore, of Philadelphia. It takes a whole detective and a husband to accompany this latter lady when she favors society with a view of them. They were on exhibition recently at a Saratoga hall, in company with a lavender silk, flounced with costly round point, and consisted of diamond bracelets on each arm, shoulder, and wrists, confining the lace at the narrow sleeves; a rivière of solitaires with long pendant of immense stones; a pair of large diamonds fastening the fibu in front; large solitaire earrings, and a star, tiara, and comb of diamonds also gleamed in the masses of dark hair. There was such a blaze and sparkle about this diamond field that several old dowagers beld up their feather fans before their faces, and declared they wouldn't look at her. Those who conquered their prejudice, and did look, said it broke their eye off. Diamonds are really becoming too common for anything.

Velveteen is revived for skirts.—The new colors are in endless variety, and each is blessed with its own distinctive name. It is an excellent exercise of memory to remember them in order.—There is a tendency to increase the size of the sleeve above the elbows and in the armbolles.—A unique feature of a Washington wedding was that, with the invitation, a card, engraved in silver, invited the guests to be present at the same time at the celebration of the silver wedding of the bride's parents.—The newest material for wedding robes is repped satin.—Mrs. A. T. Stewart attended a ball at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, for the first time in more than seven years.—Bonnets are worn tip-tilted far over the forehead.—The Philadelphia *Times*, bewailing the failure of the matrimonial crop, says, in the memory of the oldest mamma who for years has had marriageable daughters in the resort market, there has never been a season quite like this.—Fans rival sunshades in size.—Lawn-tennis not being found sufficiently exciting for the French ladies, they are learning fencing. An assault of amateurs is soon to take place at Dieppe. The "houquet" will be a fencing match between two ladies.—The jacket is the rage this fall.—Linked bracelets of Roman gold fastened by a chain are the latest.—No more scarlet geraniums. William Morris has said it. They are a bad color, and must be suppressed. Oscar Wilde follows his worthy master, and inveighs against them with all the force of his big æsthetic soul as the murderers and criminals of flowers.—The European costume of carrying infants on lace-trimmed pillows is adopted by American mothers; and the nurse wears an Alsace cap with a bow of ribbon a fourth of a yard wide, with ends that hang behind nearly to her feet. The nurse's dress is of the color used for lining the lace of the baby's pillow.—Milady now has the hospitable salt put in drill-colored glass stands at the four corners of her table.

LITERARY NOTES.

"A Russian Princess," by Emanuel Gonzales, is the romance of the adventures of a high-born Muscovite and her lover, a portionless but handsome young nobleman. It has been translated rather poorly from the French by G. D. Cox. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co.; for sale by Bancroft; price, 75 cents.

Bancroft's "New Map of California and Nevada" is commendable as regards topographical accuracy; but it seems rather a mistake not to have more carefully designated mountains and lakes. This map is supposed to be chiefly used by tourists; but we must confess that it bears ill comparison with the maps which are gotten up in the East for White Mountain or lake tours. Published and for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.00.

The æsthetes will revel in the dainty covers of "A Red-Letter Day," a volume of poems by General L. H. Foote, United States Consul at Valparaiso. On a background of delicate blue is a scroll-work panel, over which is cast a spray of hawthorne. Above flits a golden butterfly, and beneath a swallow wings its flight. To the right, and above the centre, a flashing sun, on which is inscribed in scarlet the title of the volume. Published by A. Williams & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

The school histories are gradually improving with the age, and each new volume corrects some of the faults of previous books. Mr. P. V. N. Myers, of Ohio, has with commendable research compiled a volume of "Outlines of Ancient History," from A. M. x to A. D. 476. It is prepared with a view to interest the pupil, but at the same time to secure for him the most accurate knowledge that is possible in a limited space. A cursory perusal will satisfy an examiner of the care which the author has taken in procuring his statements from the best authorities in Germany, England, and France. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

France seems to be the home of oratory. The French devote more attention to that art than they do to many others. Like the Greeks and Romans, they have analyzed and sought out its deepest mysteries, and every gesture and modulation is the result of precise calculation. One of the most celebrated of French oratorical teachers was François Delarte, who was the instructor of kings and princes, and also the trainer of Sontag and Rachel. L'Abbé Delaunoy was one of his most successful pupils, and after the death of his master formulated his system in a volume, entitled "The Art of Oratory." This book has just been translated into English by F. A. Shaw, of Albany, New York. It proves to be a valuable work, and enters minutely into every detail. Even the feet receive particular attention, and are made the subject of a lengthy illustrated disquisition upon the emotions which their various attitudes may suggest. Published and for sale by E. S. Werner, Albany, New York.

It has been rather a difficult matter to procure any of Phil Robinson's delightful India sketches, since the literary conditions, in default of an international copyright, prevented their publication on this side of the Atlantic. This fact has prevented in America the great popularity which he obtained in England, as his successive books were published, and hailed with delight by Edwin Arnold, and other noted students of Buddhism and the Hindus. Mr. Robinson gained quite a reputation in the Zulu and Afghan wars, as correspondent for the London *Telegraph*. Since then he has written some exceptionally interesting letters to the New York *World*, concerning the state of affairs in Utah Territory. The American public will now have a better opportunity to enjoy his works, since he has compiled the best things from his three books, "In My Indian Garden," "Under the Punkab," and "Noah's Ark," and, adding several new sketches, issues the whole in a single volume with the title, "Under the Sun." Published by Roberts Bros.; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

The *Century Magazine* for October contains, among other things, an admirable engraving of President Lincoln, a delightful paper on the "Corcoran Gallery," in Washington, and an account of the "Negotiations for the Obelisk," by E. E. Farman, late consul-general for this country in Egypt.—The principal paper in October *Atlantic Monthly* is the continued account of Lieutenant Cushing's visit to the "Nation of the Willows;" Thomas Hardy's story is continued; and a contributor furnishes an interesting account of the "Smyrna Affair."—The *California* for October appears with a sub-title, "The Overland Monthly," which will supersede the other at the beginning of next year. It opens with a scholarly article on "The Doctrines of R. W. Emerson," by Professor Sill. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Carlotta Perry both contribute poems; James O'Meara furnishes interesting "Reminiscences of the Gold Period," and Miss Millicent Shinn is the author of an attractive paper on "Modern Ethics and Egotism."—The *Victorian Review* for July contains a sketch by Charles Warren Stoddard, entitled, "In a Californian Bungalow;" "Samoa and the Samoans," by M. Dyson; "The Rāmāyana," by James Murdoch, and other interesting papers.—The *North American Review* for October opens with an article on "The Coming Revolution in England," by H. M. Hyndman, the English radical leader. O. B. Frothingham writes of "The Objectionable in Literature;" Doctor Henry Schliemann tells the interesting story of one year's "Discoveries at Troy;" Senator John I. Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, treats of the rise and progress of the rule "Political Bosses;" Professor George L. Vose, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, contributes an article of exceptional value on "Safety in Railway Travel," and Professor Charles S. Sargent, of the Harvard College Arboretum, contributes an essay on "The Protection of Forests."

Miscellany: A copy of the first edition of the "Complete Angler" was sold in England the other day, the competition of would-be buyers being energetic and exciting. The price finally secured was nearly one hundred and sixty dollars. Another copy of this edition is now on sale in London at two hundred and sixty dollars.—An English translation of "Konrad Wallenrod," an historical poem by the Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz, has just been published by Trübner. It is a work full of idealism, heroism, and unselfishness.—Thackeray invented the name of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for his uses in "Pendennis." Mr. George Smith, his publisher, applied it to the newspaper which Thackeray projected, but did not live to see.—M. Morin, the illustrator of *La Vie Parisienne*, is dead. This artist of large-eyed, wasp-waisted, fashionable women detested the special public for which he worked. He used to go to the watering places to study his subjects, and he called these visits "halts in purgatory." He looked like an old ragman, and led the life of a hermit, and he never ceased to regret that he did not, like Millet, elect for what was true and healthful in art.—John Morley will soon begin to edit Macmillan's new monthly, the *English Critic*. He retains the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.—The Countess de Clermont-Tonnerre has lately translated into French Mr. Parkman's work on the Jesuits in North America.

Announcements: New editions have just been brought out by Harper & Brothers of "Ben-Hur," the historical novel by General Lew Wallace, United States Minister to Turkey, and "Atlantis," by Ignatius Donnelly.—The Putnam will publish, early in October, a volume of "Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life," by Lady Bloomfield, who for many years was one of Queen Victoria's maids of honor. Her husband, Lord Bloomfield, was at one time Minister to Russia. The two stout volumes are said to contain much entertaining gossip. A volume of "Chapters in Evolution," by Andrew Wilson, is announced by this firm.—Mr. William Swinton has succeeded, after long litigation, in getting possession of the plates of his "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," which has been out of print for thirteen years. The book will be published for much less than the original price, but with all the maps and illustrations, by the Messrs. Scribner.—A cookery book, bearing the quaint title of "Forty Puddings," is announced in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.—Macmillan & Co. are preparing for the English market a handsome new edition of Emerson's works in six volumes, with an introductory essay by John Morley.—A new American novel, entitled "Mr. Isaacs," will soon be published by the Macmillans. Its author is announced as F. Marion Crawford.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The following is a mot, says the Baltimore *American*, credited to one of the recent governors of Maryland: "What a remarkably ugly man Mr. Blank is," said he to a pretty and tender-hearted young lady. "Ah," replied she, deprecatingly, "but he has a face that grows on you." "Hum!" responded the governor, "God forbid, madam, that it should ever grow on me."

A gentleman who was on a visit to Niagara, when the car raised and lowered by steam power was in use on the incline plane, went into the starting-house to witness the descent, being too timid to go down himself. After the car started, fully impressed with the danger, he turned to the man in charge, and said: "Suppose, sir, that the rope should break?" The man, with a serious countenance, and a single eye to business, replied: "Oh, they all paid before they went."

Beau Brummell being at a dinner party in Portman Square, on the removal of the cloth the snuff-boxes made their appearance, and his own was particularly admired. It was handed round, and a gentleman, finding it was rather difficult to open, incautiously applied a dessert-knife to the lid. Poor Brummell was on thorns; and at last, unable to contain himself any longer, he addressed himself to the host, saying, with characteristic quaintness: "Will you be good enough to tell your friend that my snuff-box is not an oyster?"

When Mademoiselle Rachel was at the height of her popularity, Dr. Veron, ex-manager of the Opera, and author of the *Memoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, who was a frequent visitor at her house, happening one day to differ with her on some matter connected with the theatre, she flew into a violent passion, and called him to his face *vieille canaille*. Next day she had forgotten all about it; but Veron could not so easily get over the obnoxious epithet, and told her so. "Bah!" retorted the actress; "you ought, on the contrary, to be highly flattered at being treated like one of the family."

Lord Kenyon thus addressed a dishonest butler, who had been convicted of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar: "Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inexpressible atrocity—a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages of southern Europe. Like the serpent of old, you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunately in having a generous employer, you might without dishonesty have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity, and even with some of the luxuries of affluence; but, dead to every claim of natural affection, and blind to your own real interest, you hurst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles."

During the last days of the Lyceum management an author had a piece, in which Charles Mathews was to play the principal part in rehearsal at the theatre. But the collapse came suddenly, and the theatre was abruptly closed. The comedietta consequently never appeared. After a time the author wrote, begging to have his manuscript returned to him. The answer of Charles Mathews was brief: "My dear P. S.—You have got it." The author remonstrated. He had never seen the manuscript since it was in the prompter's hands. Some time elapsed and he wrote again—many times again. But nothing moved the incorrigible Charles from the same inviolable reply, "My dear P. S.—You have got it." Two, or even three years had passed, when one evening the author found on his hall-table a note from the manager, accompanied by a roll of paper. The note had now varied in its strain: "I always told you, it went, 'that you had the piece, and you see you have.' The roll of paper contained the long missing manuscript."

Foppiness in dress is by no means a sure sign of either effeminacy or cowardice; and those who presume on such appearance, like all who judge merely from externals, will often be mistaken. The late Sir Alexander Schomberg, many years commander of the king's yacht, the *Dorset*, was, during the whole of a long life, a very great beau. When a young man, he was one day walking down a fashionable street in London, and, having taken out his pocket-handkerchief, which was highly perfumed, a couple of hucks, conceiving that an officer so perfumed was a very safe object of ridicule, followed him down the street, amusing themselves with sneers at him. Sir Alexander at length reached his lodging, and, having knocked at the door, he called one of the gentlemen and said: "Sir, I perceive you have been much taken with the perfume of my handkerchief;" then, taking it out with his left hand, he added: "I request you to smell it closer," at the same time tweaking his nose and flogging him with a cane. He concluded by informing him that he was Captain Schomberg, of the Royal Navy, very much at his service.

Among the many anecdotes related of the steadiness of nerve of the veteran Prince Charles of Prussia as a boy is the following: On the 20th of October, 1811, the prince being then ten years and four months old, he was dining at Wustrau Castle with Count Zieten, the only son of Frederick the Great's renowned cavalry general. His host was a very eccentric person, inveterately addicted to practical joking, and upon the occasion alluded to had prepared an unusually startling surprise for the juvenile prince. Count Zieten rose during dinner to propose the health of "the king," and as the words left his lips a whole battery of field-guns, which had been posted just under the dining-room windows, was fired off at a volley. Everybody present started except the prince, upon whom his host's eyes were steadily fixed. Observing with grim satisfaction that the royal lad did not even wink, Zieten turned toward him with the question: "Not afraid of cannon, eh, your royal highness?" Pointing to the walls of the apartment, lavishly adorned with portraits of officers of the famous Zieten Hussars—the regiment of which his son, Frederick Charles, always wears the scarlet uniform—Prince Charles quietly replied: "Certainly not, in such company as this!" and went on with his dessert as though nothing unusual had been done or said.

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References—**Dr. L. C. Lane**, San Francisco,
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Name.	Cert. No.	No. Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	3	5	\$2 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	37	10,000	4,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	73	200	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	74	300	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	4	5	not issued 2 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	5	995	do 398 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	6	5	do 2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	7	995	do 398 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	8	5	do 2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	9	2,495	do 998 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	10	5	do 2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	11	995	do 398 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	12	5	do 2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	13	2,495	do 998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee.....	14	1,000	do 400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee.....	15	2,000	do 800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	16	1,000	do 400 00
M. Baldrige, Trustee.....	17	1,500	not issued 600 00
Fred'k Lux, Trustee.....	18	1,000	do 400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee.....	19	2,000	do 800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee.....	20	1,000	do 400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee.....	22	500	do 200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee.....	23	200	do 80 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee.....	24	1,000	do 400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee.....	25	2,000	do 800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee.....	26	500	not issued 200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee.....	27	500	do 200 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	28	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	29	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	30	1,000	do 400 00
L. C. Kelly, Trustee.....	31	1,000	do 400 00
Chas. S. Neal, Trustee.....	32	5	do 2 00
Wm. F. Flick, Trustee.....	33	5	do 2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins, Trustee.....	34	5	do 2 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	35	5	do 2 00
Benj. Teal, Trustee.....	36	5	do 2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	32	1,000	do 400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	33	1,000	do 400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	34	1,000	do 400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	35	1,000	do 400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	36	1,000	not issued 400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee.....	37	3,000	do 1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee.....	38	3,000	do 1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee.....	39	1,000	do 400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee.....	61	500	do 200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	60	500	do 200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee.....	62	200	do 80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	63	100	do 40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee.....	64	50	do 20 00
S. E. Herriman, Trustee.....	65	50	do 20 00
A. P. Bauton, Trustee.....	66	50	issued 20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee.....	67	50	not issued 20 00
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee.....	80	250	do 100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee.....	81	250	do 100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	85	1,000	do 400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee.....	103	500	do 200 00
Jas. S. Porteous, Trustee.....	110	500	do 200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee.....	104	100	do 40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the company's office, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.
Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

We were off on a little excursion in Surrey one week, and, stopping in a very quaint village about noontime, we wandered about in search of local characteristics, or perhaps the sight of something new in field or flower. On one of the side streets, we came upon an unusual sight. In a meadow to the right we saw a barn half covered over with canvas, and close to the road was a very impromptu sign-board. It consisted of a plack fastened on two poles, and on it, in very inky characters, were these words: "TO-NIGHT WILL BE PERFORMED 7 O'CLOCK LADY AUDLEYS SECRET." Here was a reward for our wanderings! A hand of genuine strolling players! We could see no sign of the company, but heard a cheerful hammering going on within the barn, and felt full of a desire to see the "performance." The summer's evening was still almost daylight when we left our inn for the impromptu theatre. Several villagers were bent in the same direction, and there were various groups under the trees, around the little muddy bumps in the road, and especially near the barn itself.

There was a hedge separating the barn from the road, and at one point quite a high bit of wall, within which, on the top of a ladder, sat a woman. The sunset lay in a glory behind her, and about were clear purpling tones which seemed to emphasize in a cold, full way the quaintness of her features, their stolidity and undeniable homeliness. She was about forty, I should think; had a face expressive of much theatrical and domestic wear and tear. She was resting an elbow on the wall, and held her chin in her hand, surveying the scene before her in the most stolid, unimpassioned way, apparently quite disregarding us as we stood studying her features—for she was a study. The face had, I think, once been good-looking; but it seemed to me that, little by little, life had worn away all its desire to be soft and kindly. The dark eyes were bright, but with a hard sort of brightness; and her cheeks were brown and thin, and her hair scant. Yet nothing could have exceeded her self-complacency. She sat there, with all that gorgeous color at her back, the very fairest things in nature about her, a curious figure, hard and cold, and apparently comfortable.

After a moment one of us ventured to address her, at which she only drooped her eyelids slightly, not altering her position.

"When will the play begin?"

"Height," she answered, stonily.

"We thought it was seven."

"So it was to be," was the answer, in the same tone; "but audiences habout ere won't hassenhle hearlier," and she continued that speculative gaze over our heads.

At this moment from within the barn was heard a little music. It seemed to proceed from very inconspicuous instruments—a French horn, a drum, and a flute. The drum, happily, only did an occasional "ra-ta-ta-ta," but the horn fairly flew at the music. It was the "Carnival of Venice," and apparently the players knew only one-half of the melody, for, in the most exasperating manner, they kept stopping just in the middle of a phrase, and beginning again. I felt the same sort of exasperation as Mr. Charles Dudley Warner describes when his man at "Badock" wouldn't say "Lynx."

"Want your tickets?" queried the goddess above us.

We said yes, we thought we might as well have them; and with a very fine gesture she waved us toward the door of the barn. Our moving there inspired others, and we stood at the head of quite a little company, who waited while we made our purchase.

The door-keepers or ticket-sellers were two—a young woman in a short astrakhan jacket and cap, who had evidently begun to "make up" for the play, as her face was uncommonly ghastly, and a very thin, ill-tempered youth. The young woman had a large leather belt at her waist, from which depended a mysterious looked box. I am sure the treasurer of Drury Lane could scarcely have needed anything more commodious and secure for his receipts, and it made us wonder a little as to what element in the company demanded this financial seclusion. As soon as we asked for tickets, an argument rose between the girl and the young man as to what the price should be, (we were evidently people who *could* pay,) and so they wrangled over it while we waited in the fast-waning dusk, with a gathering audience at our backs. At one side a canvas curtain was flapping, and a curious thing was that the door-keepers were quite unobservant of what happened during their discussion. A number of boys softly glided in under the curtain while they talked, and took any seats, I suppose, they liked, paying nothing. I became interested in watching their very agile manner of lifting the curtain and noiselessly drifting in, and they remained very quiet inside while the shrill voices went on. At last it was decided. We were to pay one shilling each, and we did so, the plecthians in our rear paying sixpence most good-humoredly, and streaming in after us. Within, we found a sort of amphitheatre, with seats composed of planks on trestles; a stage, with footlights of oil-lamps, and with a most glaring and papery-looking curtain. Presently the dusk gathered into darkness, and the oil-lamps shed a bright, if fitful, glare over everything, while the "house" filled and the music went on. We were in the front row, and looking back and up, the audience presented a most curious sight, the faces only partially illumined, the figures sitting against the barn walls and outlined against each other—a close, eager crowd of people, but no separate identities, as it were: here and there a pair of eyes or a nose in prominence, occasionally the flash of a red shawl, or a bit of color in some girl's gown, but nothing personally impressive. We wondered how it would look from the stage, where all the light was concentrated.

There was a large chest just below the stage, and presently the girl who had demanded our shillings appeared from "the back," and opening it, took out various stage properties. At first she was watched in silence, but at last the upper rows became conversational.

"Got what you want, dear?" said one.

"Hurry up; we're getting tired," from another, and so on, while the music became more and more desultory in point of melody, and the lamps glared more and more fitfully.

At last the curtain rose—and shall we soon forget that scene? It represented a wild, forbidding, and desolate seashore. We could only think the company had recently been performing an arctic drama; but close against the waves was a wooden well with a very rickety handle. It was incongruous, but then the drama appeals to one's imagination, and we decided to be thoroughly lenient. Simultaneously appeared two characters—Phoebe, Lady Audley's maid, otherwise the door-keeper, and Lucas, the villain of the piece. They conversed some time, explaining to the audience the *motif* of the drama, and we immediately saw that this company had evidently learned the play from hearing it, for their phraseology was entirely their own—neither Mr. Merivale's nor Miss Bradon's—and they had throughout an affecting way of explaining things to the audience.

On the whole, it was rather Greek, and certainly shows what primitive dramatic intuitions are, for some members of the company always in this fashion represented the Greek chorus, explaining who was coming next, and who it was who had just vanished. When Phoebe said, "Oh, Lady Audley's a-comin', proud and 'aughty, and oh, so beautiful, a-flaunting in 'er jewels and 'er laces," we looked for something a little decorative in that weird scene; but instead, with a slow, majestic tread, our friend of the ladder appeared. She walked past the other two like a tragedy queen. I have always maintained that that woman deserved a certain amount of praise, for her absolute self-control and dignity were really an art. She was certainly the most unprepossessing individual I have ever seen. She was dressed in a scant red satin skirt, a black "shepherd's waist," (as we used to call them,) and a white cambric chemise. She had on an old-fashioned pair of under-sleeves, such as used to be worn twenty years ago, and were fastened with little elastic around the arms. But our lady had no elastic, and the consequence was that she was obliged perpetually to keep them up, first on one side, then on the other. She wore large and very soiled white jean congress gaiters. The two minor characters left the stage at once, and Lady Audley advanced to the front and calmly told us her history. It was brief, but very terrible, and she recited it as if she were Fate. She told us a tale to freeze our young blood, without moving a muscle or making a gesture, [except in the case of her under-sleeves, and finally she said:

"Sir Haudley knows not of my first 'ushan', George Talboys. What would 'e do or say if 'e really knew?" And while she stood gazing upon us, close to the footlights, there appeared a tall figure in the rear, a man in a heavy ulster and big hat. Lady Audley (we never knew her by any other name) turned slowly toward him, then back to us, saying: "George Talboys 'imself; it is 'e," and waited stonily while George said:

"Ere I am. Didn't you know I was halive?"

"I didn't," she said, immovably.

Thereupon ensued a very brief argument as to whether she could give him any money. He walked back, and Lady Audley demanded of us: "Shall 'e die? Shall I kill 'im? I will. 'E dies"—like a terrible mythological oracle. And at once she gave a disordered looking handkerchief, saying: "Sh! George! Quick! I am faint; 'asten, 'asten; water!"

George seized the handkerchief, and, curious to say, with all that turbulence of sea at his very feet, he stooped down on his knees to wet it in the well. In some way one doesn't think of wetting a handkerchief in a well, and even George Talboys seemed to find it a difficult performance. While he was manfully struggling, Lady Audley approached, and, with the same implacable countenance, said: "'E dies—George, lawrell! I" and, giving him a push, he disappeared down the well without a groan.

After that, as may be imagined, remorse set in, and goaded her on to all sorts of stony-hearted actions. "Sir Haudley," as she persisted in calling him, appeared, and a more demoralized looking old gentleman I never beheld. He wore his hat—and a very rusty silk one it was—all the time, in the drawing-room scene or on the wild sea-shore, and his clothes were like those of a fourth-rate cabman. Perhaps it was for this reason that they kept perpetually telling him he was such a "perfect gentleman." I don't know how often they told him this during the play, and it never failed to bring a smile to his face, never seeming to contain a covert insult.

Rosa had no teeth, but otherwise she was very piquant and juvenile, and her lover appeared in George Talboys's ulster until the moment of that individual's reappearance, when Robert dashed out, and returned in a linen sersucker coat.

During the play the music continued in the most remarkable manner. The tune went on, dragging and dragging, if the performers were dressing themselves, and stopping short suddenly when it was their time to "go on," so that at last the orchestra became a sort of wonder to us, and we waited nervously to know just how far a phrase would be allowed to go before this desperate silence came.

I never saw a play so hurried. Everything was rushed on; climaxes were hardly begun before they ended and a new one was introduced. When Lady Audley saw George reappear from his watery grave, she simply sank on her knees and looked vacantly toward us.

"Do you 'ear, woman?" said Sir Haudley.

"I 'ear," she answered, still impersonating Fate; "but I do not 'eed."

"She is mad," said George, calmly.

"She is," they all answered, after the fashion of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan.

"Let her die in peace," said Sir Haudley; and then, for some unaccountable reason, they all broke into a sad little hymn, and the curtain dropped.

Sir Haudley, in his character of manager, came out, thanked us all for our "generous support," and announced that the next night would be given "The Fisherman's Foundling; or, the Convict's Revenge." And he then said he would sing a song. He wore his tall hat and his shabby old coat, but in intervals of the song he danced around quite wildly. The song was about taking tea in the harbor with Miss Barber, and on those words I certainly thought he would rend his lungs. He became so frantically energetic that his face grew purple. As Sir Haudley he had been full of a dignified calm; but Sir I suppose he wanted to show us his wonderful versatility. Before he had ended, half of the audience were moving their feet, and humming in unison with his loud, harsh voice. We went away out into the moonlight, half full of amazement, half of pity for the poor players. And, after all, in spite of her gaunt ugliness, her hoarse voice, and her tawdry, ridiculous costume, Lady Audley had her own sort of power. I think we respected her for adhering so closely to the remorseless aspect she had chosen to take of the character.—*Mrs. John Lullie in October Harper.*

The improved libretto, to be used in grand Italian opera, and in the drama where the words are spoken in a foreign language, invented by Mr. Thomas L. Jones, of St. Louis, has been perfected, and will probably be given a trial at the New York Academy of Music at the opening of Mr. Mapleson's season. "It is a very ingenious contrivance," says the *Spectator*, "and if adopted, will at once do away with the old-fashioned hook librettos. The words are presented from the stage on a white canvas, and can be easily read by the entire audience. Mr. Jones has spent much time and money on his invention. Some improvement is certainly necessary on the present means of following the singers in grand opera, as the use of books not only entails an additional expense, but distracts the audience. The libretto that Mr. Jones has invented stands at the foot of the stage, and the hearer can easily glance from it to the singer or *vice versa*."

A large and appreciative audience gathered at Fidelity Hall, on Tuesday evening, to listen to a very interesting lecture delivered by Major H. C. Dane, of Boston, Mass. The lecture was delivered for the benefit of G. H. Thomas Post, No. 2, G. A. R. The lecturer devoted his attention mainly to the exciting operations around Vicksburg, and the taking of Island No. 10, together with a sketch of Farragut's famous advance into Mobile Bay. Major Dane described many thrilling scenes, particularly those occurring during the action at Mobile, in which he himself took a part. The description of Admiral Buchanan's single-handed assault, in a small ram, upon the Union fleet was especially stirring. The speaker was applauded many times, and the affair was a decided pecuniary success.

Frank Mayo, at Haverly's California Theatre, has been playing "The Streets of New York" all the week to fair houses. On Monday evening Frank Mordaunt opens in a new play, "Old Shipmates." At Emerson's Standard Theatre John Byrne was the novelty this week, and proved to be very clever in song and dance. Madame O. Genee's German Dramatic Troupe are playing each Sunday evening at Haverly's California Theatre.

The Conservatoire of Paris is about to have a powerful rival. That institution has long been the victim of red tape. Only a limited number of pupils are admitted, and the prizes depend more upon favor than talent. To remedy the evil a society of first-class artists is being formed to found a free and independent Conservatoire, and the Municipal Council has promised to supply the locale.

"While 'La Belle Russe' was running at Wallack's, that gentleman paid the owner two hundred dollars a week royalty—rather encouraging for a native author." So says the *New York Dramatic World*; but we can not vouch for its accuracy.

The London comedian, Lionel Brough, was engaged to come to America in support of Mrs. Langtry, but she objected to his name being printed as big as hers in the advertisements, while he insisted on it, and hence he will not come.

John Howson, it seems, has concluded to let comedy alone for a while and stick to comic opera—having signed with both Comely & Barton and John A. McCaul for the coming season.

We have received from Messrs. Sherman, Clay & Co. "In the Twilight," a gavotte by J. Oettl, dedicated to Miss M. Taylor.

CCXLVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, October 1.

Potato Soup.
Shrimp Salad.
Boiled Chicken, Oyster Dressing and Sauce.
Lima Beans, Cauliflower.
Roast Venison, Port Wine Sauce. Sweet Potatoes.
Lettuce.
Frozen Peaches and Cream.
Fancy Cakes.
Nectarines, Oranges, Peaches, Plums, Gages, Figs, Grapes, and Apples.

POTATO SOUP.—Boil eight potatoes and one onion till tender in one quart of soup stock. Strain through a sieve, and add salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of butter, and a pint of new milk. Boil all for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

THE CALIGRAPH.

IT IS INTERESTING TO REVIEW THE SUCCESSIVE discoveries which are superseding hand-work. A young husband, out of work, watched his wife knitting to earn a little money for their support. An idea flashed upon him, and straightway the stocking-loom was invented, bringing fortune to himself and work to thousands of English families. A young Lyons weaver saw his pretty sister die at the cumbrous weaving-frame of hemorrhage of the lungs. The resolution fixed itself in his soul that no more of his half-starved family should fall victims to this racking Moloch. His determination was lasting—and, behold, the weaver's loom of to-day gave his name to fame and salvation to the consumptive weavers of France. Mr. G. W. N. Yost, of New York, realizing the ills and evils attendant upon hand-writing—the weary bending over manuscript, the overtaxed eyes and aching head, the tired hand grown listless with the ceaseless working of the pen—comprehending all the maladies, from consumption to neuralgia, which follow unremitting labor at the pen, resolved to hit upon some invention which should do away with all the cumbrous and faulty working of the hand-writer. There had previously been exhibited in New York the rough model of a printing-machine something after the style of a type-writer. But Mr. Yost realized that this was not the right thing, and that the real invention was yet to come. He purchased a half right from the owner, and straightway proceeded to seek for an improvement. Experiments were made and thousands of dollars spent in the search. Various machines were constructed and put forth to the market. Greater perfection was attained at every improvement. But in 1879, after ten years of labor, he came to the conclusion that not even yet was the ideal type-writer discovered. He thereupon bent his whole energies to the supreme effort of inventing a machine which should well nigh embody perfection. The CALIGRAPH is the result. What the sewing-machine is to the needle and thread, what the cotton-gin is to the rude discrimination of the negro worker, what the steam-engine is to the horse or ship, what the loom is to the old-fashioned frame—all of these is the CALIGRAPH to hand-pennmanship. *Every hour spent in writing with the pen is at least forty minutes worse than wasted.* Mark Twain uses one of these machines constantly. D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nash) has used a writing-machine for seven years, the CALIGRAPH for the last two. It is difficult for the uninitiated to credit that a *hundred words per minute have been produced on the CALIGRAPH*, and that the only limit is the power of the human touch; but nevertheless this statement is true, as many prominent men throughout the country will bear witness. The CALIGRAPH is beautifully constructed, and as it stands on the table occupies less than a foot of space, and makes a brilliant display of steel and brass, being japanned, polished, and nickel-plated. The paper is inserted between two rollers, by simply lifting one of which the paper may be inserted at any time. In front of the rollers is an adjusting bar, to regulate the movement of the machine to the width of the paper. Below, in front of the roller, is a slanting key-board, on which appear half a dozen rows of little glass disks, or keys, on which are engraved the various letters of the alphabet (capital and small letters), and also numerals, punctuation marks, etc. In working, you press the disks a light *staccato* touch, and immediately the corresponding letter-type makes the impression on the paper of the desired letter. The slowest learners acquire a rapidity far exceeding penmanship by simply writing an hour each day for a week to a month, according to capacity. The stenographer transcribes his short-hand notes to paper by means of a CALIGRAPH with marvelous rapidity. On one Chicago paper there are eight type-writing machines in use, which gives testimony of their worth. In a similar manner the CALIGRAPH is invaluable for lawyers, where manifold copies of long documents are needed; for ministers, where legible sermons are required; to copyists, where time is money; and as much as in any case it is necessary to the office, bank, or counting-room. In short, the CALIGRAPH is a *sine qua non* in every walk of life—professional, commercial, or personal. The prices of these machines vary from sixty to eighty-five dollars, according to capacity and finish. The agent for this coast is Mr. J. H. W. Riley, Stevenson Building, corner California and Montgomery streets, room No. 41.

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— THE SAN FRANCISCO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY will give the first of their second series of concerts on Friday, October 6th, under the supervision of Mr. Henry Heyman. This society was highly successful last year, and succeeded in presenting to the public the highest and most elevating class of music. Their effort is one in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that it will bear good fruit in the musical future of San Francisco. The following is the programme for Friday:

1. Fest-overture—"Friedensfeier".....Reinecke.
2. Symphony No. 2, D Major.....Beethoven.
3. Recitative—Aria from "Titus".....Mozart.
4. Madame Zeiss-Dennis, (first time in San Francisco.)
5. Entre Act from Manfred.....Schumann.
6. Scene—Aria from "Prophète".....Meyerbeer.
7. Overture—"Rienzi".....Wagner.

This programme is rich in its numbers, and will excite interest in the music-lovers of this city.

The despised variety show, says the New York Sun, is the school in which many of the most popular performers on the legitimate stage get their training. This is true of Joseph K. Emmet, Lillian Russell, Lotta, George K. Knight, Joseph Murphy, Gus Williams, Nat Goodwin, Denman Thompson, Sophie Worrel, Alice Harrison, Mrs. J. C. Williamson, and others equally successful. The Bunthorne and the Lady Jane of the juvenile "Patience" at Wallack's are prodigies from the variety theatres.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

TIMOTHY NUNAN, Plaintiff, vs. SAM SING et al., Defendants. Superior Court, Department No. 3, No. 6027. Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Timothy Nunan, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against Sam Sing, Sun Sing, and War Foo, defendants, on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book 2, of said Court, at page 178, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

"Beginning at the northwesterly corner of Clay Street and Waverly Place; running thence westerly along the northerly line of Clay Street thirty-nine (39) feet and one and a quarter (1 1/4) inches, more or less, to the east line of Cochran's building; thence at right angles northerly thirty-six (36) feet four and a quarter (3/4) inches; thence at right angles easterly thirty-nine (39) feet one and a quarter (1 1/4) inches, more or less, to the west line of Waverly Place; and thence southerly, along said line of Waverly Place, thirty-six (36) feet four and a quarter (3/4) inches to place of beginning. Being part of lot No. 57 of the 50-vara lot survey. Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 23d day of October, A. D., 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, September 30, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
SAWYER & BALL, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
September 30, October 7, 14, 21.

DANICHEFF KID GLOVE FACTORY REMOVED TO 119 DUPONT ST. Between Post and Geary.

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO. FINE JEWELRY, MANUFACTURERS OF

Offer better inducements to purchasers of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, CLOCKS, etc., than any other house in San Francisco. They have the Largest Stock, the Finest Assortment, and sell at Closer Prices. DIAMOND WORK and any other kind of Jewelry made to order at very low rates. All Goods marked in plain figures, and no deviation in price.

110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Boston Girl.
Lord Byron sang of Grecian girls,
And Oriental ladies,
Of flowing locks and jetty curls
Worn by the girl of Cadiz.
If Byron loved the Turk and Greek,
He'd certainly get lost on
The girls whose beauty none can speak—
The classic maids of Boston.
They have no tresses unconfined,
These cultured bean-fed witches,
But work them up in twists behind,
Where Nature yields to switches.
And when the soft New England wind
Disturbs their locks with kisses,
It does not woo the twists behind,
But struggles with the frizzes;
It gently stirs the artful hang,
That decks the brow—oh, sorrow!
To-night upon a chair 'twill hang,
'Tis donned again to-morrow.

—Unknown Liar.

An Imitation of Algernon.

Between the gate-post and the gate
I lingered with my love till late;
And what cared I the time of night,
Till wakened by the watch-dog's bite
And thud of leathery box-toed fate
Between the gate-post and the gate.

Between the sea-side and the sea
I kissed my love and she kissed me;
But rapturous day was gravesome night,
And what is love but bloom and blight?
And what is kiss of mine to thee
Between the sea-side and the sea?

Between the humble and the hee
Fill many a soul has had to flee;
And what is love, may I inquire,
When asked to build the kitchen fire?
Or who would not leap in the sea
Between the humble and the hee?

—R. W. Cruikshank in Puck.

Zagazig.

Sir Garnet feels serene and big,
Because he's got to Zagazig.
His soldiers dance a merry jig
Along the streets of Zagazig.
And sing, and smoke the Turkish cig-
Arete as well, in Zagazig.
Bismillah! I Arabi did dig
That morning out of Zagazig!
Three weeks this Pasha took to rig
His fortresses at Zagazig,
But in ten minutes with his brig-
Adiers he ran from Zagazig.
He must be saddest when he fig-
Ures up his loss at Zagazig.
His hair he pulls, or else his wig,
When'er he thinks of Zagazig.
—R. K. Munkittrick, Goat Poet of Puck.

The Boys.

Full many a maid has toyed with kerosene,
And sailed to glory in a gorgeous glare;
Full many a man has poked at glycerine,
And flown promiscuous through the desert air.

Ouida's "Poem."

Great England put her armor by, and stretched
Her stately limbs to slumber in the sun.
The nations, seeing then how long she slept,
Communed together, and in whispers said:
"Lo, she is old and tired; let us steal
The crown from off her brows. She will not know!"
And Goneril and Regan, o'er the seas,
Mocking her, cried: "Her time is past. Her blood
Is sluggish, and her rusted sword from out
Her scabbard she will draw no more." And so,
Thus gibing, flung with cruel hands the seeds
Of discord and of hate amidst her sons.
But from the East there came a host too loud,
As from the West there came a taunt too much;
And she, awakened, raised her head, and saw
Around her all her faithless friends, and all
Her sisters and her children jeering her,
And crying: "She is old!" and meting out
Her lands among themselves, and parceling
Her honor. Then, swift as lightning flashes
From the blue skies, her glance of scorn fell on them,
And they crouched, like wolves that are o'er-mastered.
England stretched out her hand, and touched the
world—
England arose, and spake, and calmly said:
"Nay, I am mistress still." —London Times.

Mathematical Matrimony.

"I'm in love with your figure," the young man sighed.
"You cipher me, then," the young lady replied;
"Let's add both our fortunes and then divide."
And then they were married and multiplied.

"Vanity Fair."

All the world's a wardrobe,
And all the girls and women merely wearers.
They have their fashions and their fantasies,
And one she in her times wears many garments
Throughout her seven stages. First the baby,
Beffled and brodered, in her nurse's arms.
And then the trim-hosed school-girl, with her flounces
And small-boy scolding face, tripping, skirt-wagging,
Coquettishly to school. And then the flirt,
Ogling like Circe, with a business attitude
Kept on her low-cut vesture. Then a bride,
Full of strange finery, vested like an angel,
Veiled vapourously, yet vigilant of glances,
Seeking the woman's heaven—admiration—
Even at the altar's steps. And then the matron,
In fair rich velvet, with suave satin lined,
With eyes severe, and skirts of youthful cut,
Full of dress-saws and modish instances,
To teach her girls their part. The sixth age shifts
Into the gray yet gorgeous grandmamma,
With gold pince-nez on nose, and fan at side,
Her youthful tastes still strong, and worldly wise
In sumptuary law, her quivering voice
Prosing of fashion and Le Follet, pipes
Of robes and bargains rare. Last scene of all,
That ends the sex's Mode-swayed history,
Is second childhood and sheer oblivion
Of youth, taste, passion, all—save love of dress.
—Anonymous Barding.

A Course of Lectures on PHYSIOGNOMY, by M. O. STANTON, will be given at the St. Cloud, No. 418 Sutter Street, Monday Evenings, at 8 o'clock. Admission, 50 cents.
A Class for Teachers and others will meet at Miss Marwedel's Kindergarten, 1810 Sacramento Street, on Fridays, at 4 o'clock P. M.

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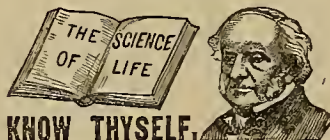
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ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

OFFICE OF THE EUREKA CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, September 23, 1882.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named company will be held at the office of the company, Room 37, Nevada Block, San Francisco, on MONDAY, the sixteenth day of October, 1882, at one o'clock P. M. of said day, for the election of five Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be presented.
W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 10) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-sixth day of October, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 14th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 9) of twenty-five cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Eighteenth day of October, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 8th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 5th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 5) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of October, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 10th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

[Department No. 7.]

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EMMA J. FAIRBAIN,
Plaintiff,
vs.
NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIN
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA send Greeting to NICHOLAS H. FAIRBAIN, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion, and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessities of life; and awarding the custody of the child of the parties hereto to plaintiff. Also, requiring defendant to pay such sums as the Court may deem proper for the support of plaintiff and her child, and costs of suit, together with general relief. Reference to the complaint is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two.

[Seal.] DAVID WILDER, Clerk.
By J. D. RUGGLES, Deputy Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

J. BOAS, Plaintiff, Justice's Court.
CONRAD HEROLD, et al. No. 13,991.
Execution.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Justice's Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the 7th day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein J. Boas, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against Conrad Herold, defendant, on the 3d day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$399.50, lawful money of the United States, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Conrad Herold, had on the 7th day of September, 1882, the day on which the hereinafter described property was duly levied upon in the above entitled cause, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property situated, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Conrad Herold, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing on the southeasterly line of Welch Street, at a point distant 40 feet southwesterly from the southerly corner of Welch and Zoe streets; thence at right angles southeasterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southwesterly 20 feet; thence at right angles southeasterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southwesterly 20 feet; thence at right angles northwesterly 80 feet, to the southeasterly line of Welch Street; and thence at right angles northeasterly along said southeasterly line of Welch Street 40 feet to the place of beginning. Being part of lot 100-ara lot No. 165.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 16th day of October, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Conrad Herold, had on the 7th day of September, 1882, the day on which the above property was duly levied upon, as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above described property, to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand of the United States.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
SAN FRANCISCO, September 23, 1882.
23-30-7-14

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Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,933,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 7, 1882.

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THE WOMAN WHO SANG.

Related by One of the Gentlemen Who Came Home Late.

The street is the same as it used to be. I visited it the other day, and I doubt if it has changed much since the year of grace, say, '55. There is a church at one end of the block, the Fifth Avenue end; and a queer old tavern, that may have stood there since the days of the Albany post-road, at the other, the Sixth Avenue end. I don't know much about the church, but the best two kinds of punches were always on file at the tavern—the "London" and the "milk." We were habitués, Frondeur and I, until one night—a little too much Tenniel in the London Punch, I suppose, was the cause, or mayhap a sniff too much of nutmeg—we grew rather hot and loud over the staple discussion of the time, Dickens and Thackeray, and they always put so little Tenniel or nutmeg in our punches after that that we left in disgust. The houses are low on the street, and a good many have white doors with round, brass knobs. I don't think the street could ever have been modish, but that it was horn bourgeois, and stayed so. It harbors neither swell nor shop, and its nearest approach to dignity is its neighborhood to the residence of a retired Macchiavelli of State politics around the corner.

It was an oppressively quiet street. We, the gentlemen who came home late, and she, the woman who sang, were the sole disturbing elements. We used to sit in the summer nights with open windows to hear her concerts, which began about ten, and went on to midnight. Our concerts were *al fresco*, and, in the German custom, were frequently given at sunrise, though oftener than every May-day. Ours, as to noise and discord, were Wagnerian, but she was a true Italian. But the neighbors slept through both, as they do in the city through all noises—of cats, milkmen, and drays for the ferries. It was only when we had not the material for getting up one of our concerts that we attended hers—that is to say, when we were poor, and had to stay in the house. It would have paid us at the same price as that of one of our own *musicales*. She was of the "old school good school," as I said, with its trills, and quavers, and surrenders of sense to sound. Well I remember it. The hot, dark room, lighted only by a pipe at each window, and the glare of the street-lamp at the curb beneath, which also feebly penetrated the dark bank of foliage—for the street was shady—between us and the singer, and then rising through the sultry hush of the night from her windows the notes of some famous aria.

I thought her voice perfect, and battled for my conviction with Frondeur, who had heard more operas than I had heard of; but "Pshaw, I tell you it is worn! But she is a consummate artist," he would say.

One night—a rather dumpish one, for the *finale* of our concert of the previous one had been rather tremendous; I couldn't hold a pen down town that day, I know, and when I came back I found that Frondeur had written another swear-off and stuck it on the wall, and from the uneasy way in which he eyed the moon, I knew that at least one cow, to saw nothing of zehras, was jumping over it—one night, I say, we were just going to stay up for the first number. When it came, it was a plaintive bit of sentiment that I vaguely recognized as Bellinian; but when it was finished, Frondeur knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and said, plaintively:

"She must be an old woman. She has sung with Steffanone."

"Steffanone!" I said. He laughed. "That sounds to you as old as the piper who played before Moses; but true it is." And to bed we went, with the memorial of Castle Garden opera and the great Havana company still ringing in our ears.

That she had sung with Steffanone made her singing sweeter to Frondeur than if she had sung like a new Steffanone, for it brought him a bit of his past back. A Second Empire kind of a past was Frondeur's; a past of Offenbach first nights, and of Mahille, and of the Boulevard whereon Heine said the Deity, grown *ennuyé*, might look of an evening to enliven himself; a past wherein he had not heard opera from the second-story window of a West—th Street lodging-house, but from the boxes, or oftener the wings. A man of the world down in the world. What sadder situation! Lucifer cast from a heaven of clubs and co-teries, to writhe in a Tophet of tap-rooms and beer-gardens. From Fifth Avenue to Sixth; it is more than a block, as well for men as women.

Another night Frondeur did something rash. It was a "Trova-tore" night. She had sung something—the "Tacea la Notte," I think—and then had let her fingers wander at random over the old score. Snatches and catches we got of all the most hackneyed melodies, till we marked the quick leap of "Di Quella Pira." Frondeur squirmed in his chair. "I wish she would play that again," said he. Sure enough, something in the spouting melody had arrested the listless fingers. It began again, and with the note came one from my chum, struck with wonderful accuracy, considering the distance. The piano stopped, and then came the sharp repetition that marks the waiting accompaniment. Frondeur jumped to his feet—had I ever seen him do so before?—and went storming up the splendid score clear to the great A and down again without a break, the piano firmly accompa-

nying. I had never heard him sing before, except the an-thems whereby and with hallooing Jack Falstaff lost his voice. Then he sat down and damned himself in the polyglot profanity which I envied. With an Esculapian precision and elaborateness he cursed each member of his corporeal frame, and devoted his soul to every Gehenna that the mind of man has invented, as those of a boy and a blackguard, swearing *à la mode de Paris et de Londres* and in the famous Liverpoolian.

"There's your prima donna, Ned," he said, the next evening, as we started back to our rooms after dinner. I looked up, and along the shady street I saw a stoutish woman, a little less than middle-aged, with brown clustering hair and red cheeks, and a broad, laughing mouth, advancing toward us. Frondeur worked at home during the day, and had seen her before from his window.

"Not quite divine, eh, Pendennis?" "I am not likely to apotheosize any opera singer," I said, somewhat ruffled by his airs of seniority.

"Gad! you might as well that as the other thing, for all you know about 'em. She'd better 'ware of dog-catchers, though."

I had noticed a little hound running along the gutter by her side, loosed from the leash which she held in her hand. As Frondeur spoke, one of two men who had been driving a dilapidated horse and cart slowly along the street as we walked, leaped suddenly from his seat, and dashed straight at the unfortunate dog. It was all in a moment. Coming in the same direction as ourselves, who had almost met the singer, he had to pass us to reach her pet. Strange to say, he neither passed us nor reached the pet; for the elder of the two gentlemen in his path, without so much as turning a glance over his shoulder, suddenly changed his cane from his left hand, wherein he had swung it, to a position under his right arm. The knob was heavy, and protruded a matter of eighteen inches behind the gentleman's back. I prayed then, and I pray now, that one of the blackguards whom the city of New York licenses to worry ladies and children, and harass and madden harmless animals in its streets, lost an eye by that manoeuvre—as neat a one as may be found in "Napier," "Kingleave," or the "Comte de Paris." At any rate, he said he had, emphatically. Pray heaven, as I said, that for once in his dirty life his foul lips spoke truth. The signora was quick as Frondeur; her clasp was on the dog's collar, the brute himself was in her arms, and she, with tucked-up skirts, was running homeward for dear life before the Billingsgate recitative was half over. We followed slowly; for she had turned back as soon as Frondeur had stood his ground long enough to say so, and so reached her house ere long, and without incurring a suspicion of premeditated resistance to the law. She stood on the steps. The dog was safely housed. With her *emboupoint* in a state of hillyow agitation, her cheeks flushed, and eyes sparkling, the signora was simply charming. She shook her fan at Frondeur as if she had known him for years. She would not have done it to me. It was the freemasonry of Bohemia. "Ah, sir, it was inimitable, that ruse! You are Napoleon, and all for my little dog; but he was Baillo's dog, Crispino—he named him."

Frondeur bowed and laughed. "A musical animal, indeed! Do you think he could strike a key from a piano across the street?"

She gave a pretty little gasp of surprise, and then a suppressed scream of delight.

"Oh, my Manrico! and you are the Troubadour—Il Trovatore? And the dog-catcher shall be Di Luna. Imagine him in 'Il Balen!' But you had an encore—half a dozen. I tried you on 'Favorita' and 'Lucia.'"

"Indeed!" said Frondeur, with one of his frank laughs. "I spent what voice I had in your service, and have hardly been able to speak since. Besides, you know, a man must sleep one night a week."

She asked us in after a little more of hadinage, and, \pm truth, I was not sorry, fearing from our clatter that the neighbors, who went to bed, I think, with the sun, would rise in barbaric wrath and expel us from the precincts of Philistia.

Was there ever a pleasanter evening spent than in that second floor front? The room was a revelation to me. Books, and music, and pictures, in hopeless confusion. Piles of little, chunky, green-covered French novels. Balzac and Paul de Kock—the signora was not squeamish evidently; autograph scores innumerable, some of them of great name. Each of the wondrous trio whose splendid song-burst filled the earlier years of the century, and made Italy forget her chains—is not the new German tyranny in art worse than the old one in politics?—the drums and gongs and steam piano of King Louis more deadly than the muskets and cannon of Emperor Francis?—each of these, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, were represented. I provoked a roar from Frondeur, and a piteous appeal from the signora, by asking the latter if she had known the author of "Sonnambula," who died, he it said, when she, though no chicken, was in long dresses.

Nay, there was never such an evening before in my life, and there have been few since, for the signora was not to stay, and Bohemia is like the early Rome. Its women are few; the Sahines have to be ravished from the outlying countries—Belgravia, Philistia, perhaps too often Alsatia. Smoke and snatches of song floated out of the open windows. It was the crowning triumph of home products, I

thought, when she accepted a cigarette from my Virginians, and declined Frondeur's Honradez, saying as she did so, in mock anger:

"It is from the way I sing, then, that you think my throat is made of copper?"

But the cigarettes went out and the songs died, when these two old soldiers got fairly to fighting their battles over again. What one had not heard in Venice, the other had sung at St. Petersburg. And he, too, had hought pearls for Clarisse; yes, but not such big ones as the haronet who shot himself. He had gotten out of these waters ere great winds and large fish troubled them. Ah, well, there was not vinegar enough in the world once to dissolve the pearls of Clarisse; but she died in a hospital. "And where were the pearls, and the English haronets, and the Yankee students?" said the signora, striking a melancholy chord on her grand piano. But she could not sing, Clarisse, nor act; she was a shape to hang dresses on. And the signora touched the keys again and sang one word, "A-de-la-i-da," as Beethoven wrote it. Some people had shapes and some had voices. And he had known Spinelli?—then Spinelli had borrowed money from him. Yes, and he had been paid with a little *buffa*—so. And she bobbed her head and crooked her fingers, and sounded a note that was nearly hass, with a droll grimace.

How long it would have gone on I know not, had not Frondeur asked her if she had ever dined at the Stromberg Café, in Strasse So-and-so, Vienna. The signora stared, flushed, and then, with a symptom of asphyxia, told him his European remembrances were mixed. We went home then, and suddenly, on the way, Frondeur was seized with the same difficulty in respiration, and finally gurgled out words to the effect that the café in question was like the clan MacGregor, and had a name that was nameless by day. He had confused it with some other.

There were many visits across the street as the summer wore on. We suspended our concerts pretty much. There was some place to go of evenings, music to be heard without paying for it in drink, and the signora's lively talk, and droll, graceful ways, supplied the stimulus to exercise, which two flagging and fatigued brains used to seek in kummel and brandy. We had been getting, in truth, into a habit of spiritual inebriety that was as dangerous as pleasant. Brutal drunkenness, staggering, fighting, falling in gutters would have disgusted us both utterly, but each of us knew himself and knew his fellow; knew that a little of the divine essence would sharpen the senses and loosen the tongue; that the application of the beautiful in sound, and shape, and color, would be heightened; that fancies would arise and express themselves in apt speech; that quaint thoughts would pass into felicitous sentences; that, in short, the mental freshness which comes and goes with youth, and leisure for reading and meditation, would be renewed. The signora, as I said, supplied this in a great measure. Except for such forced and artificial growth, we had pretty much reaped and gleaned each other's minds, plucked them bare of fruit, and hers was a new variety which we could both pick and graft on the old stock.

One day I had been obliged by a raging headache to leave the treadmill for a season, and so rode up through the hither streets to the end of our block, and then, with half-closed eyes, reeled along the pavement to the door of our domicile. Entering the rooms I found them empty, front and back. Frondeur's work, New York correspondence for the Paris *Tainbour*, lay on the table. I thought he had gone down to the Café Vingtvins to get some politics out of the morning papers. Then I heard a well known laugh outside the window, and looking across the street saw the truant ensconced in the singer's casement, chatting gayly, with the stem of his long porcelain pipe in his teeth. I laughed afterward when analyzing, according to my habit, the feeling of the moment. It was not jealousy. It was thoroughly childish. He had not played fair. He had run away from—"shaken" me. He had taken more of the cake than he belonged to him. Perhaps they were laughing at me and my greenness. I flung myself on a lounge with a jar that set my head swimming nearly into the misty ocean of unconsciousness. I lay there half stupid, watching the lazy wave of the leaves in the heat that seemed almost visible in its permeating intensity. After a while he came in whistling, in capital spirits.

"Hullo, old man! Sick, eh? What's the matter? Some old spree come back on you? Thought you skipped a headache or two last spring. Getting it now—mills of the gods, you know."

Then he went on to tell me where he had been. I informed him that I knew.

Why hadn't I come over, then? She looked cool and fresh enough of a morning to cure a headache, and she might have fussed me up. There was nothing like a woman around when you are sick.

I thought sickness of all kinds disgusting, I said, and would not intrude it on any one. Besides, he had heard, no doubt, of that unlucky gentleman, Monsieur de Trop.

"De Trop! Ho, ho—and you think I've gone philandering, sentimentalizing?"

"Not by any means. There is no place for sentiment between you; but—I don't know that Charlotte is a married lady, or a moral man is Werther."

Frondeur laughed a little disgusted laugh. "Th old leaven is in your lump. From the easy way in whi

woman admitted you to her acquaintance you have doubts of her. If you had been required to be visited before you were let into the same room with her, and stamped and countersigned to insure introduction, you would have none. Oh, they are pretty safeguards, and of great avail. Damme! I wish I had a double X now for all the women I've known that way, and whom!" He stopped, and then went on more quietly. "That a woman smokes cigarettes and burns brandy in her coffee is a sign of nothing except that she disregards conventionalities, and I can bet you, boy, that if you take that for a sign of anything further you will get into awful trouble some of these days. There are no signs of anything further to be trusted."

I felt thoroughly ashamed by this time, and begged his pardon.

"You haven't harmed me," he said, "and it isn't your fault. It's the cursed, foul narrow-mindedness of the society in which you and I and every gentleman were bred." He turned to his work and continued looking toward the opposite windows. "She's a good woman, and a good Catholic. I wish to God I were." For, like many a gentlemanly wreck, Frondeur was firm in the faith, if not proficient in works. Such people are the least blown about by the winds of doctrine of a time like ours. They receive their convictions in their youth; and lock them up in their bureaus, and, when bested by age or sickness or ill-fortune, bethink them of their beneficent qualities and take them out often; and, like all ignorant folk, who, knowing that a medicine is good, think that the larger doses they may take the better, so have longings for the shelter of the Romish communion, such as my chum expressed. This little tilt was unfortunate enough at the time, but afterward I was glad of the opportunity that a moment of nervous ill-humor offered to clear up all doubts on the question.

It was not to be expected that a woman so cheery as Madame Alberti—for such was her name—should not have friends, and we often saw them from our windows, and sometimes ran across them in our calls. There were many gay, gossiping ladies, some of them queens of song, who came with spicy bits of greenroom scandal, grumblings about salaries and managers, and with anxious questionings for madame to answer about the horrors of the provinces. Neither was there wanting an occasional impresario, with a company to make up, and wanting material. We met one, a droll, bluff Frenchman, who advised her to pitch the doctors to the deuce and come along with him. She might as well die on her first night as stay where she was. But would he have her die on the stage and spoil a scena? He seemed to be in some doubt there. The disappointment of the audience might be counterbalanced by the free advertising that such an event would give his troupe.

There were needy songsters, too, in plenty, and I fear that madame's purse was too often opened to settle up old scores among the table d'hôte keepers of Wooster or Fourteenth Street.

As I indicated, madame was on the sick list. She would die—burst her heart—she said the doctors had told her, if she sang an opera through.

"You will find that high C a stepping-stone of your dead self to higher things, some time," said Frondeur, one night, as she mounted it with a little strain that began to be noticeable in her voice.

"Yes," she said; "to die on the high C, that would be pleasant, would it not?"

"Ay, or on the low one."

"That is not a good way to talk," she said, leaving the piano and coming toward him, "for you, though it might do for me, who have something to complain of. Do you want to be running around Europe all your days doing nothing? Was the greenroom such a heaven? I do not like your signs. You are careless. See the holes burned all over your clothes with sparks, and these stains at the third button of your vest; that is where the beer drops off the bottom of the glass. And your menagerie!" (as he called the moon-jumping cows and zebras) "will eat you up by little pieces. Ah, you must not do that. I have seen so much"—and she turned to her instrument again with a face full of the pain of remembrance.

I was out of town for the two closing weeks of the summer, and knew nothing of what was going on in West—th Street. It was late one night shortly after my return that I sat in my room alone. Frondeur had gone across the street, but I was too far down on my luck to accompany him. Briefly, I was learning to accept defeat at the hands of the world. It is a hard lesson, and well it is to learn it young, as I did. I was beginning to find out that I was one of those "who don't, somehow, seem to get along," and the reception of the conviction was not pleasant. Presently my chum came in, and, after putting on his slippers and loading his pipe, inquired abruptly if I could afford a ticket to hear Alberti in concert.

"Who the deuce is Alberti? What—I thought she couldn't sing."

"The key of her life," said he, quoting his favorite Clough as he puffed jerkily, "is not 'I will,' I suppose, but 'I must.' She can't starve."

"But I hadn't imagined she was hard up."

"No, I suppose not. She is one who will carry all sail till she runs under."

"She must have made a great deal of money."

"Ay, and spent it. They all do. Especially when they have a man to help 'em."

"And she had?"

"She is a mime—isn't she? I fancy that like Sir Walter, and others, she has an old crack in her heart that was never more than half healed."

"And was the maker of the crack as worthy an artificer as the one who performed the office for—others?"

"Gad! I fancy he and Millie would have paired very well. Pity they hadn't—knifed each other, and saved a peck of trouble. But he's dead, and she's dead; and they cheated the devil, for they hadn't soul enough between them to make a rasher for his breakfast. And madame will sing in concert. And let us go to bed."

This was the tone in which Frondeur thought fit to speak of the fairest woman whose baleful occupancy ever depreciated the value of a fashionable block. There was joy in Hamilton County when she died, for in order that she might be buried properly, the last of the Van Alstyne tenants was

allowed to buy in his lease, one of those "durable" ones, under which the old lords of the soil let it.

I know that Frondeur kept her body till it was no longer sweet, and that in his mind was sharply pictured, as by sight, for months and almost years, each stage of the process that resolved it to its native clay. These cracks in a man's heart do not more than half heal.

The first chill of autumn was in the air, the pavements shone with the first autumn rain, and the lamps flickered in the first autumn wind, as I slammed the door behind me and took my place with Frondeur on the back seat of the carriage that bore madame, her friends and fortunes, to her resuscitation in the musical world. She, with her skirts and hoop—it was in the hooped era—occupied the other seat.

"A had night for it," said Frondeur; "look out for your throat, madame."

But madame did not heed him. She was thinking, as I guessed, of La Scala and her debut, of youth, and health, and the sunny Italian skies, and the handsome tenor; and then, perhaps, of the northern drizzle and soak and cold, of foreign comrades, of the comradeship of defeat, and of Death and Poverty that were fighting for the possession of her. He face lighted and her step grew buoyant though, as she mounted the steps of Chickering Hall. The crowd about, the lights, the carriages, the audience pouring in—these were the heralds of battle and victory. They were concert-singers, the others; and what lay-figures beside the queen of the great boards, the grand opera, with her ease and confidence and superior rapport with her audience!

What was the light in her face in that mad song from "Lucia"? Only the delight of triumph, or had she weighed the consequences and found truth in the old manager's words, "Better die on your first night than live here"? Prescience she may not have had, but I think, in the calm of this later time, that the first strain of her aria from the orchestra filled her with high resolve and longing to go with the immortal numbers still on her lips or ringing in the ears through the sleep or waking of those who heard, and that with this her face was radiant as Stephen's before the Sanhedrim.

As we drove home through the rain, she was pale and exhausted, but vivacious and happy. At the house an idea struck her. She would have a little supper. She was going to be rich now, and it was her treat. We boys had been fêting her all summer, she said, which we had been able to do out of the savings arising from the abandonment of our amateur entertainments. I should run around to Creillon's, and order something.

"Remember," she said, laughing, in the doorway, "*vin à discrétion; à discrétion, remember!*"

I vanished into the darkness, and she went back into the light—in very truth.

When I returned—ten minutes of time—there was a bustle in the house and women in the room. Madame lay rigid on her sofa, and Frondeur was rubbing her hands. The light blazed on the pleasant room, and the books, and pictures, and music—shone on the polished keys of the open piano.

"What is it?" I gasped, in blank dismay.

"My God, my God, she is dead!" he cried, breaking down. And dead she was, on the high C, rehearsing her conquest. The servant came in a moment later with the tray from the restaurant. It seems rather ghastly now, but then I thought it a natural thing to do—the only thing, in fact. Frondeur and I had little or no money. I took the porte-monnaie from the dead woman's pocket, and paid for the supper. Then they turned us out. We were men. It was proper. Madame was left alone among strangers. In that chapel, or stall, of the temple of art the disheveled Philistines watched its dead votress till morn, and then, thank God! their work, begrudged, for her was done.

Dear madame! A memory that shall grow faint perhaps, as older memories have. We forget all things—home, mother, wife, children, friends—that we outlive. But ere I forget you, I will write you down, judiciously enough, to have had a woman's grace, an artist's soul, and the voice of an angel.

ANDREW EDWARD WATROUS.

October, 1882.

"It is curious that solitaires," observed a jeweler to a New York *Sun* reporter, "should have remained so long the fashion, when such fine effects may be obtained from the tasteful setting of a cluster. Here are some fine cluster rings, yet I have not sold one for two years. The cry among the fashionables is a solitaire or nothing. The æsthetic craze affects our business. It has had the effect of bringing once more into prominence stones of an odd character, or which had been out of style for years. Carbuncles, for instance, have become very fashionable of late, because Mr. Wilde wore one of them at a lecture. Here is a very fine one which I have had several years. It will easily bring me now four times as much as I could have sold it for four months ago. Cairngorm stones, such as the Scottish chiefs used to wear in the hilts of their claymores, are also coming in again. Just now Egyptian jewelry is, of course, fashionable among those who can afford to indulge the caprices of the moment. Here is a pretty thing in that style made from a smoked topaz—that is, a topaz which is clear at its circumference, but whose interior seems filled with heavy smoke. Advantages is taken of the dark portion by the skilled lapidary, who cuts it into a dull and dusky head—that of Isis or Cleopatra—while the surrounding parts make a fine contrast with the clear violet shade of the stone as ordinarily seen. The depending bands, you observe, as also those crossing the head and falling over the forehead, are exquisitely ornamented with stripes containing alternate layers of small diamonds and rubies. It is an old and striking piece of jewelry; but that is an advantage in these days when the antique in everything seems to be so much valued merely for its own sake. Those delicate lines bordering the bands are of genuine huihl work. The gem is actually inlaid with solid gold. It is worth one hundred and seventy-five dollars now; but when Egypt becomes no longer a fashionable drawing-room topic, dealers will buy it in for thirty or forty dollars."

The master of ceremonies at a Saratoga hotel always asked of a new guest, for whom he was about to make it pleasant: "Shall I introduce you, sir, to a *porch girl* or a *dancing girl*?" The porch girl, it is said, was chosen every time.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Speaking recently at Norwich, Cardinal Manning said that last year he had the pleasure of sitting next General Sir G. Wolseley at a public dinner in London, and observed that the general was a strict total abstainer.

Mrs. Maxwell, better known as Miss M. E. Braddon, is just passing the prime of life and enjoys the most vigorous, robust health. She lives in a fine house near London, and is fond of driving a team of spirited chestnut horses.

Judge Hilton, who refused hanker Seligman entertainment at the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, because the latter was an Israelite, now offers to give ten thousand dollars to the exiles' fund for the benefit of Russian Hebrew refugees. Several gifts and subscriptions by Judge Hilton to different Jewish societies have already been refused.

It is reported from Vienna that the Empress Eugénie has bought the château and park of Wasserberg, in Styria, from Baron von Herzinger for sixty thousand pounds, having quitted England in high dudgeon at the attentions which were shown Cetewayo. She is not at all delighted with her new residence near Farnborough, which cost a large sum.

The Marquis de Manzanedo, Duc de Santona, who died recently, was the richest man in Spain. His fortune amounted to twenty millions of dollars. Like the Astors in New York, and the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster in London, most of his fortune came from judicious investments in land in the capital. The Santona possessions in Madrid are enormous, and embrace almost all the fashionable quarters.

September 7th was a proud day for the Duke of Buccleuch, when he was able to present to his tenantry of Upper Teviotdale his son, the Earl of Dalkeith, and his son's son, Lord Eskdail. The duke, taking in hand a silver flagon, drank good health to all present. Lord Dalkeith and Lord Eskdail also pledged the company in their turn. The loving cup, a good old Scotch institution, was afterward handed round, and the healths of the present and prospective owners of the wide domains of Buccleuch were duly honored.

Notwithstanding his pilgrimage to Lourdes, the heir to the premier dukedom of England, now nearly three years of age, is still unable to see, speak, or walk. He is taken to Littlehampton daily, and bathed in the sea, and is the object of much sympathetic curiosity among the people of that place, by whom the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are held in highest esteem. The unfortunate child is heir to a far larger fortune than that enjoyed by his father, splendid though it is; for he will, should he reach middle life, inherit property of immense value in Sheffield, of which the lease has to fall in.

At the review of the Fifth German Army Corps, near Breslau, the Crown Princess of Germany, in her hussar uniform, rode past at the head of the splendid regiment of hussars of which she is honorary colonel. She wore the little hussar cap, with its long plume, and the black jacket with white braid, from which the corps is called the Black Hussars. A short habit took the place of the manly garments of the other officers, and, instead of a sword, the princess carried her riding-whip swordwise. Like all other commanding officers, she took her place at the right side of the Emperor as her regiment filed past.

"Is it true, colonel," a friend of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is said to have asked the other day, "that you keep a considerable sum of money loose in an unlocked drawer of your desk at home, so that your children may help themselves without stint or solicitation?" "Certainly," was the reply; "I believe that to be the best way of cultivating in them a sense of responsibility and honor." "Well, frankly, now, colonel, if Brady and Dorsey were staying over night at your house, would you leave that drawer unlocked?" But the colonel's only answer to this home-thrust at himself and his clients was "a long and resonant laugh."

The Princess of Wales, now in her thirty-eighth year, is described as looking scarcely a day older than when, on March 10th, nineteen years ago, she stood at the altar by the side of her young husband. Nor do advancing years change, save to deepen and strengthen, the regard and affection in which she is held by the people of England. By common consent she is placed beyond the region of criticism. "What the prince does" is the topic of free discussion—praise or blame—every night at a score of clubs and in drawing-rooms innumerable. But the good taste of "what the princess does" is never for a moment called into question.

When Mrs. Morse first went to Washington, she prepared to make the calls that official custom imposes on members' wives, and very early in the list came the wives of senators. Hon. B. K. Bruce, now register of the treasury, was then senator, and Mrs. Morse said inquiringly to her husband: "I suppose it is the right thing to include Mrs. Bruce." "Certainly," he replied; "if you are going to call on senators' wives, why, damn it, call on senators' wives, and don't make any contemptible distinctions." So she made the call. But when Mrs. Bruce, a handsome, lady-like, and highly educated octogenarian—who, by the way, was socially very popular at Atlantic City this summer—returned it, two or three supercilious society women cut Mrs. Morse.

Certainly there is an air of romance and of tragedy about the story of Dhuleep Singh, who, it is announced, intends now to seek election to the British House of Commons. He began life as the Maharajah of the Punjab, possessor of the Kohinoor and other almost boundless wealth. After ruinous wars and equally ruinous treaties, he now bids fair to close his career in the position of Squire of Elveden, a quiet English country gentleman, without the Kohinoor, or any of his former vast possessions, save an annuity from the government of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, which, by his luxurious habits, he has already reduced to sixty-five thousand dollars per annum. True, he has purchased estates and built magnificent palaces in England, Elveden Hall having cost three hundred thousand dollars; but, by act of Parliament, all these must be sold at his death, leaving his heir only the name and the memory of the son of the "Lion of the Punjab."

THE GIRLS OF GOTHAM.

Their Manners and Customs, and How They Amuse Themselves.

The New York girl has been more maligned by the American press than any other creature on earth. I never pick up an out-of-town paper without seeing some glaringly absurd story about her. She is represented as dining in her chamber at midnight in company with a handsome footman; driving a four-in-hand up the avenue at five o'clock; visiting the gambling hells with a male escort at an uncommonly late hour, concealing her identity behind a thick veil; taking naughty peeps at wild French balls; climbing into the rear windows at night after some "giddy pranks" (ye gods!); having her face enameled by an old hag who formerly attended the Empress Eugénie; indulging in clandestine meetings with a hocus count (this is a very popular one in New England, where counts are abhorred); competing with her girlish friends for a prize offered on the quiet to the maiden who can show the prettiest foot and ankle to a select committee of salacious club men; riding bicycles in fascinating costumes in a school where their admirers are permitted to view them from a gallery; taking lessons in the manly art of wrestling from a charming and dangerously beautiful "professor;" bolder high-jinks in the parlor after the old folks have gone to bed, and heaven only knows what not. How mightily a man will be undecieved who approaches a New York girl under the impression that she is the sort of creature that the pleasing little stories and anecdotes floating about in the rural press would indicate. It seems incredible to a man who has always lived here that such infernal rot should ever get into type, and the only way to account for it is on the supposition that the men who write the stuff have mixed the New York girl up with her unfortunate sister who has sunk into sin for a living. Even then the paragraphs are untrue, because almost none of the fast women here are native New Yorkers. The police department in counting them up a short time ago (there were seven thousand, more's the pity) asserted that the number who were natives of the city was infinitesimal. I never met one who was born here, though there are many who came here when very young and slipped under the wheels at an early age; but natives are few, for the simple reason that when a woman falls she feels that she must get away from home. That the extraordinary things credited to the New York girl are intended for her unfortunate sister is possible, for the city boasts the wildest and wickedest lot of these devils in the land.

By a singular coincidence, too, the men who accompany these women, and make Rome howl from sun-down to dawn, are invariably out-of-town visitors. A New York man—by which I mean a man who has some standing in society and is known to respectable people—would not ruin his chances by whirling around in the sinuous measures of the pump-handle waltz on the floor of one of the fast dance-houses of the city, in the arms of a dear despoiler. He will stand on the edge of the floor, and look and talk, but he rigidly leaves the dancing to the gentleman from out of town. So it is seldom that the New Yorker finds himself smashing gas-lamps, clubbing hack-drivers, holding up telegraph poles, losing his valuables, and fighting policemen; while the visitor is constantly having that sort of "a good time," and his companion is invariably dressed with lavish extravagance, and can drink as much as he, though she is but a weak and worldly woman. I presume that the befuddled visitor concludes, after he has soaked his head in cold water for a couple of days, that the creature was a fair sample of the New York girl, and he straightway begins to indite paragraphs for the suburban papers with the double effect of easing his troubled soul and refilling his depleted purse. Thus are the New York girls supposed to be wild, reckless of action, fond of exhibiting physical points at the expense of modesty, and delightfully loose in general. The idea of a respectable young woman acting in the hoydenish manner accredited to her is so preposterous as to be grotesque.

No girl ever drives up the avenue at five o'clock in the afternoon. Few, if any, are expert enough to get along in the bowling crush of teams, and no one tries, as it is had form for a woman to drive in New York, except in the morning, when a village cart and pony are not altogether condemned, if there is a groom along and the driving is confined to the park. Of course it is impossible for any woman to get inside the doors of our best card and baccarat places, and a girl might as well throw up all hopes of social position if she puts her foot within the Academy when a French ball is on. As for climbing in a hack window, the feat would be impossible where the corks are solidly built as they are in New York, and no girl ever had her face enameled in this section of the country. That pleasing proof of insanity is left to *passée* and ambitious old women. The idea of a number of girls exhibiting their feet and ankles to lascivious club men is indeed truly beautiful, and is only equaled by the picture of them astride the lithe-limbed bicycle, or in the muscular embraces of a wrestling pugilist. All rot of the most transparent kind.

In point of fact, no girl in the whole country—not even excepting the firmest of straight-laced New Englanders—is half so carefully guarded as the New York girl of to-day. She is watched with the most elaborate care, and cultivates a reticent manner that places her in the foremost row of discreet womanhood. In particular are the street manners of New York girls and women admirable. Men who yield a seat in a car or stage to a lady here are often incensed because the only acknowledgment is a haughty and almost imperceptible inclination of the head. But the seat is the woman's by right, and a little reflection will show any man that in a vast city, full of presumptuous fools and conceited cockneys, a reticent and reserved manner is the only safeguard. The same woman, in noticing a friend or acquaintance on the street, will greet him with the frankest of smiles and the most cordial manner in the world. Young women are not allowed to walk the streets alone by the vast majority of parents. They must be accompanied by a friend or a maid, if the distance is only half a block. Of course, she never ventures into the street after dark without a male escort, and few girls will drive with men even at five o'clock, unless the couple is engaged to be married. There will be fewer girls driving than ever this year, and a girl perched on top of a huge yellow dog-cart will be a much rarer sight

than formerly. In the landau or victoria, with her mother, is the proper place for her. She goes nowhere of an evening without a chaperone, except to Wallack's or Daly's theatres, and then there must be no cabs in going to and from the theatre. The fashion is becoming more and more general to allow unmarried women to visit the play only in theatre parties, when there can be chaperones and mammas without great inconvenience.

This fashion, if it goes much further, will end in the remodeling of some of the more fashionable theatres after the London plan, so that hoxes will be plentiful. It was a very popular form of entertainment last year to give a theatre party followed by a supper at the Brunswick, and it was no unusual sight to see four distinct parties in the boxes and one or two in the stalls on the first night. It makes a brilliant-looking audience, but it induces untold profanity and severe strictures on American manners. The worst instance of the year was the first night of "La Belle Russe" at Wallack's. There were half a dozen parties of from six to fourteen, all more or less known to each other, and there was such an incessant chatter, and flutter, and flurry, that the manager of the theatre—the genial and polite Mr. Lester Wallack himself—felt obliged to admit to several hosom friends that "it was most devilishly apparent, don'tchew-know, me boy." Members of a theatre party are usually amused, and there are often appetites for the supper, but there are no chances for a *l'été-à-l'été*, and this is of course pleasing to the mammas who employ all devices, fair and foul, to avoid putting their daughters in such a position that a private and personal chat with a young man is possible.

The manners of society girls to-day are severe. The gushing era has passed by, and the "thoughtful and occasionally vivacious" era has arrived. They talk about everything, and hold their heads well up in the air. The girl who looks shy, droops her head, or lowers her eyes when addressed by a man is voted very bad form; and, as the carriage is very upright, the prevailing manner of society girls is charmingly frank and earnest. I call this a big improvement over the maidenly simper that formerly prevailed. It is difficult to analyze the subtle delicacies that make a woman fashionable and in proper form. One thing I notice is the custom of iteration which most girls cultivate. For instance, if you say to a girl: "It is very warm," she does not smile, and simper: "Perfectly dreadful. I never suffered so in my life," or, "I'm quite consumed," but she looks at you expressively, and says, with the same emphasis that you have used: "Yes; it is very warm." Again, you say: "Mrs. Brown's death was a great shock." The answer will not be a sudden burst of adjectives expressing her grief, nor will she say: "It's so dreadful!" but the simple formula: "Her death was indeed a great shock." I find it difficult to illustrate my meaning fully; but in general the conversation of a New York girl is simple in language and profound in accent. It is the craze for the English which does her the greatest harm. In her struggle to get the English accent, she lays herself open to ridicule. She is guilty of calling street-cars "trams," and says such things as "I can't dance any more," or "I can't dawnc any more," combining the American and English in a most hybrid and enervating way.

In the way of fun, New York girls have everything from prayer-rugs to fencing; but always within the strictest bounds of propriety. The prayer-rugs are genuine importations from the East, and have most of them been used by Mohammedans. The fashion is not new, but it has been revived of late, until no girl considers her chamber furnished unless one of these heavily woven, heart-shaped little rugs lies at her bedside. They fence to a limited extent. Colonel Monterey, who was in San Francisco some years ago, and may still be remembered there, has several classes at young ladies' houses. They fence with the single stick, and confine themselves to up and down movements. "It doesn't pay to have them thrust," said the colonel the other day, "because as soon as one of them makes a pass they both run away." But lawn-tennis is their great field, and New York girls rank at the head of the list as expert players. There are private tennis courts wherever the grounds will admit it, and the armories of the city are utilized to the utmost by tennis clubs. There is great rivalry among the girls, not only in point of skill, but costume. They look stunning, in snug-fitting Jerseys and short skirts, and move as gracefully as when roller-skating. The number of borsewomen in New York never fails to astonish strangers. The riding habits are made by tailors, and are marvels of close fitting, and the horses are full-blooded. The girls ride well, and there is no prettier sight than a company of twenty or thirty of them scampering through the park at a furious pace in the early morning, with a squad of sedate grooms in the rear.

At home the New York girl plays the piano a little and the harp, hanjo, or violin a good deal—that is, the last three instruments, and particularly the violin, are throwing the piano into the shade. The piano is left almost entirely to the Wagner enthusiasts, who form an extensive and exclusive clique, and are known personally as "Parsifals." The New York girl is also wildly enthusiastic in matters of art, from Kensington embroidery to Bartholdi statues. She paints on everything—silk, velvet, marble, tiles, plaques, walls, wood, stone, dress materials, hosiery, furniture, and her enthusiasm for working in clay is great. She seldom or never produces anything from the plastic mud, but her soul soars, and she is enabled to wear a square pasteboard cap and a huge hib with Queen Elizabeth shoulder-puffs. Then, too, she is a prodigious worker at private theatricals, charades, and dumb-crambo—if that's the way it's spelled. In private theatricals no end of trouble is taken, and money is lavished in the most reckless manner. Scenes are painted, temporary stages erected in hall-rooms, orchestras employed, and skilled dramatic teachers retained for weeks. The most elaborate tableaux are given with a richness of costuming never approached on the professional stage. Then there are the dances of the F. C. D. C., and the Patriarch's, Mrs. Irvin's, and Mrs. Barlowe's dancing classes, and the thousand and one societies and socials. Then if the girl is old enough she may carry a crimson parasol and drive to the races (duly chaperoned) on one of the brightest drags, surrounded by men and stared at by the vulgar throng.

The New York girl leads a husy life, and, on the whole, rather a happy one, and taken all in all she is about as charming as any other girl on the bosom of the earth.

NEW YORK, September 27, 1882.

FLANEUR.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The following description of a bicycle is rather rough on the wheel-man: "The bicycle is a slender, graceful, and altogether harmless arrangement, chiefly composed of two wheels, turned by two cranks, one of which is seated on a little saddle, and operates the machine with his feet."

A colored porter in a Louisville store asked the proprietor for a day's leave of absence. "What's up now?" "Dar's a niggah gwine ter git married, and I oughter be present ter see him fru." "Who is this colored man at whose wedding you have to be present?" "I'se de niggah, boss."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Up at Trenton Falls, recently, was a married lady, whom we will call Mrs. Spriggins. She had her little child with her, which could toddle about, and was venturesome, and caused her great anxiety in the absence of Spriggins. She remarked to a friend: "I wouldn't have that child to fall over the precipice and get killed for anything, because I would never hear the last of it from Spriggins."

It was at the shore. A gentleman was chatting on his cottage porch with two or three guests. His pretty daughter comes up from the beach, first out of the surf. "Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, "only think, I was nearly drowned." Papa, turning pathetically to his friends: "By the powers, gentlemen, do you hear that? I have spent more than five thousand dollars on that girl's education, and to-day she was nearly drowned."—*Progress*.

"What have you that's good?" said a hungry traveler, as he seated himself at *table d'hôte* at a Salt Lake City hotel. "Oh," said the waiter, "we've roast beef, roast mutton, roast pork, and broiled curlews." "What's a curlew?" said the traveler. "Why, a bird—something like a snipe." "Could it fly?" "Yes." "Did it have wings?" "Yes." "Then I don't want any curlew. Anything that had wings and could fly, and didn't leave this country, I don't want for my dinner."—*Hotel Mail*.

You know these little spindles made of an upright wire about eight inches long, sharp at one end, and set in a base of iron? People have them on desks to put papers and letters on. And the other day a gentleman who left a silk hat on a chair in an office chanced to see one of those spindles on a desk, and put it under the hat; and the fellow who thought it would be a good joke to stroll in, and, apparently by accident, sit down upon that hat and smash it, came to the conclusion that he had exercised fearfully bad judgment. —*Boston Post*.

Almost every year some town is afflicted with the yellow fever. Not long since a fair was gotten up in Texas for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers at Brownsville. Everybody, regardless of social status, attended, and the consequence was that some ladies and gentlemen, who never afterward recognized each other on the streets, became acquainted at the fair. Among others, Pinkeye Bill, who used to drive a street-car, was introduced to the daughter of one of the most aristocratic families in Austin. "I am glad it is the yellow fever they have got down in Brownsville," said Pinkeye Bill. "Why are you glad the sufferers have got the yellow fever?" queried the young lady. "Because, if they had Asiatic cholera, I would not get into decent society but once every seventeen years."—*Texas Siftings*.

Three years ago a summer boarder, while straying along the bed of a stream that had been left partially bare by excessive drought, discovered lying upon the sand a conchiferous mollusk—*vulg.* clam—which seemed to be in the last gasp from exhaustion and thirst. The kind-hearted stranger, pitying the sore strait of the unhappy bivalve, at once took it up and cast it into a deep part of the stream, and then went his way, speedily forgetting the incident. A week ago, however, as he was enjoying his vacation, and sitting near the spot where the above described event took place, he perceived a clam laboriously climbing out of the water and dragging itself over the sand. Arrived, with much exertion, at the feet of the observer, the clam opened its shell and disclosed a pearl as large as a hazelnut, which the gentleman did not hesitate to appropriate. Thereupon the clam, smiling clear around to its back hinge, returned to the water and disappeared with a gurgle of satisfaction. This affecting incident, besides showing that even the humblest works of creation are capable of noble emotions, teaches us the fine moral that we should always be kind to animals.—*Boston Journal*.

"I am cutting my corns."

As the words floated out upon the soft air of a June afternoon, and fell upon the ear of Berwick Hetherington, who was swinging lazily in a hammock that hung beneath the larches, he smiled the cold, cynical smile he had learned in Kenosha, and then he raised himself on one elbow and fell out of the hammock.

The noise attracted Eulalie McGirlygirl's attention, and she came to the window, holding a shoe in her hand. Leaning out over the casement, she was about to offer words of condolence and sympathy to Berwick, when her foot slipped, and the loud crash of furniture which followed so startled the girl that she dropped the shoe.

"Will this patient ever recover?" asked a visitor at a noted insane asylum.

"It is a hopeless case," replied the physician. "He was brought to the hospital nearly two years ago, dreadfully mangled, and when his health was restored reason had fled. His one idea is that the court house is falling on him."

"We have kept the secret well, daughter," said Mrs. McGirlygirl to Eulalie, one summer afternoon.

"Yes," was the reply. "But do you know that I have never worn the shoe since that day?"

"How foolishly notional you are, darling," said the mother. "You might at least give it to some poor family who have no home to protect them from the cold."

"No," answered the girl. "It is a sacred relic, and I shall always keep it to remind me of one who might have had a husband."—*Chicago Tribune*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Herman A. Kellum is the regular Democratic nominee for Superintendent of Public Schools for the city and county of Sacramento. Mr. Herman A. Kellum is a teacher in Saint Joseph's Roman Catholic Academy. Mr. Herman A. Kellum will not be elected as Superintendent of Public Schools for the city and county of Sacramento, and ought not to be. We presume from his name that this person is a German Romanist, and in that connection we beg to print the following excerpt from an Eastern paper, showing the tendency and drift of German Romanism as to our free public schools. Let the German liquor-dealers paste it in the tops of their smoking-caps for easy reference. To raise a generation of Roman Catholic Dutchmen, who will jealously guard the privilege of drinking lager beer on Sunday, seems to be the leading idea of the Roman Catholic Central Society of Milwaukee. Dunder und blitzen!

MILWAUKEE, September 27.—The German Roman Catholic Central Society adopted in to-day's meeting the following: "All members of the Central Society are in duty bound to send their children to Catholic parochial schools only, and it is the duty of every Catholic to contribute to the organization and maintenance of parochial schools and the colleges of the Catholic Church. All Catholics should assist the clergy in providing for the Catholic education of their children, so that a generation of Catholics may be raised who will jealously guard their rights and privileges." The same committee reported in favor of the organization of Catholics for the purpose of electing candidates to political offices who will protect the Catholics in their constitutional rights to unimpaired religious worship. Resolutions against prohibition were concurred in. H. J. Spaunherst, of St. Louis, was re-elected president. Also, a vice-president for each State, including A. Boppert, of San Francisco, for California.

At a railroad banquet in New York, once, the toast was proposed, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," to be responded to by Dean Richmond. After an eloquent and witty speech, in which he recited the vexations of railroad politics, the difficulties he found in the lobby, the treacheries and ingratitude of politicians, he came to the end of his remarks by defining an honest man. He said: "An honest man is the damned rascal who will stay bought." Tested by this rule, we just wonder what the Central Pacific Railroad people think of the Honorable Morris M. Estee, late member of the Constitutional Convention.

The *Territorial Enterprise*, commenting upon the railroad question in the Democratic platform of Nevada, says:

There is no violent demand that freights and fares shall be cut down one-half, whether the business will permit of such reduction or not. There is no passionate clamor for regulating the transportation business on the basis of so much interest—say three per cent, per annum—upon the capital of the railroad companies, less operating expenses. There is no echo to the communistic yell in the Eureka platform for certain things to be done, falling in which officials and legislators are to be held up to "lasting scorn and execration." None of this kind of nonsense finds a place in the Democratic county platform. We have only in its place the declaration which favors "such legislation regarding railroads and other corporations within this State, as circumstances from time to time show to be necessary to bring them on an equality with all other interests of the State." The efforts of certain agitators in the Democratic party to make a great hullabaloo over the railroad question in Nevada do not amount to much in the face of a resolution in a Democratic convention, which alone invokes the spirit of justice.

Mr. Irish, of Iowa, who recently purchased the *Oakland Times*, and who will make it a, if not *the*, leading Democratic journal of California, says that Iowa had the railroad fever to the extent that citizens would not aid to extinguish railroad property, depots, and buildings when on fire, so intense was the prejudice and so hostile the feeling toward railroad corporations. Now the best sentiment prevails, and the railroads throughout the State are working in harmony with the best interests of the State. It will be so in California in a short time. As soon as the unprincipled demagogues, a few lawyers whom the railroad has omitted to retain, a few journals to which the railroad has refused blackmail, and a few noisy and clamorous blackguards whom the corporations have not deemed it necessary to silence by coin—as soon as these people have found their efforts unavailing in a business direction, they will subside, and will withdraw to their holes. Snakes of railroad wisdom, owls of omniscient intelligence, persistent, barking prairie-dogs of the press and stump, will all again burrow in harmony together, and silence and peace will prevail again in the State.

Some one asked us what Higgins and Gannon would do if temperance politics gained the ascendancy in this State. Our belief is that they would join the party; and we shall not be surprised if four years from now Bill Higgins is running the prohibition party, from his headquarters in a Quaker dairy; Peter Hopkins running for Sheriff, from a temperance coffee-saloon; or Chris Buckley and Jim Gannon parading the Army of Salvation as grand marshals, with Hallelujah Cox in advance, acting as full band, singing temperance songs.

The Republican party is everywhere in revolt against corrupt leaders. In Pennsylvania, the corrupt and tyrannical leadership of Don Cameron has secured its certain defeat. The Democracy will carry Pennsylvania. In New York, the arrogant and insolent conduct of Roscoe Conkling has stamped a convention with fraud, and driven Judge Folger to an unsatisfactory apology for being its candidate for governor. In California, the machine, through fraud and violence at the San Francisco primaries, gave the nomination to Morris M. Estee—a nomination not unfit to have been made if it had been made fitly. Against Mr. Estee we make no other, and we can make no worse, indictment than that he has been dishonestly nominated, and that he is not innocent of participation in the scandalous practices that made it possible for him to secure the nomination in defiance of the wishes of the Republicans of the State. A nomination so obtained is not a nomination in any honest sense of the word. The Roman candidate stood in the forum clad in white. Mr. Estee's candidacy came from the slums. Mr. Estee is not so great nor so respectable a man as Judge Folger, of New York, yet the *New York Times*, the *Tribune*, and the *Post*, all oppose his election, because he was dishonestly nominated; and Judge Folger is not charged with personal cognizance of the villainy that gave him the nomination, yet the ablest journals and the best Republicans in New York think his defeat and the election of a Democratic gov-

ernor to be desirable. George William Curtis writes as follows. We ask our readers to substitute for "Folger" "Estee," and for "New York" "California," and seriously consider whether the welfare of the State and of society, as well as of the Republican party, does not demand the defeat of Morris M. Estee:

Judge Folger's ability and character are not in question, but his nomination is. That nomination was procured by the combined power of fraud and patronage, and to support it at the polls is to acquiesce in fraud and patronage as legitimate forces in a nominating convention. Every good citizen is bound to resist to the utmost such wrong to free institutions, and the only effectual way in which voters can emancipate themselves from the corrupt and debasing rule of the machine is the defeat of its candidates. I believe this will be done decisively by the Republican voters of New York and of Pennsylvania at the election this autumn. They will see their party defeated rather than to have fraud and corruption of patronage triumphant. The events in both States show that no graver political peril now confronts the country than the complete subjugation of the party by unscrupulous cabals, which bribe with public employment, and pay their way by filching from the public treasury. This is an evil which will end in violence unless conclusively rebuked by the people at the polls.

Governor Booth and John M. Swift, Esq., make three speeches at Humboldt. The last one is to-night; and the steamer is delayed a day to bring them down. It is quite surprising how these monopolies hate one another. The steam monopoly keeps its ship a day over to accommodate Booth and Swift, while they pitch into and abuse the railroad monopoly.

A correspondent writing September 9th, to the *New York Sun*, about that relic which has been the jest of every humorist from Artemus Ward to Mark Twain—the Washington monument—says: "To-day the workmen were laying the blocks which make the height two hundred and ninety-two feet. The stones are each two feet in perpendicular diameter, and three tiers can be laid each week. The monument will therefore be raised about a foot higher every day for the next two months. The plan is to build at least fifty additional feet before cold weather. The work proceeds very quietly and scientifically. The blocks are cut at the base of the column, and carried to the summit in a strong elevator, which slides up and down the great dark funnel which extends in one smooth abyss from the summit to the ground. It is probably, even now, the highest elevator in existence outside of mining shafts, and as it consists of a simple platform the trip is not an agreeable one to a nervous person. The winding staircase is, however, not an improvement in this respect on the hoist. Not to speak of the fatigue of mounting and descending five hundred steps, the stairs look fragile, if they are not, and the glimpses of light one catches in the prevailing obscurity are not reassuring, as they disclose the fatal depths into which he would be precipitated by a false step. It is exciting to watch a laborer stand on the newly placed block, and, swinging the huge wooden mallet over the edge of the precipice, pound the stone into its exact position. Were it not for the netting, this step in the work would be hazardous in the extreme, and, as it is, good nerves are necessary. This horizontal netting is one of the important features of the work. It is made of strong rope, and is stretched out from and surrounds the sides of the shaft to a distance of nearly ten feet. To afford greater security, it is bent slightly upward from the horizontal, so as to throw backward toward the stonework any weight falling upon its surface. The net has already saved one life, and its value as the monument reaches still more giddy heights than that now attained will constantly increase. At times the wind sweeps over the summit with terrific force. A young man whom I saw there was working on the edge one windy day, when the wind caught him right off his feet and flung him over the brink of the monument. He landed in the net, held on, and so was saved. On our asking him how it felt, he replied: 'I remembered that the netting was under me. I felt about six feet before I struck. You see, we don't move up the net till we build about eight or ten feet of wall. When I hit the net I grabbed the meshes, and they pulled me up.' The netting is comparatively a recent device, and is very ingeniously constructed, under designs patented by the master mechanic. None was in use while the old part of the shaft was building, and its absence cost the life of not only a man, but of an adventurous cat, which ascended the winding staircase one night soon after work on the monument had been resumed. For some reason the cat tumbled over the edge, and fell one hundred and sixty-five feet to the ground. In her flight she spread her tail and legs, and landed without vital injury. She broke one leg, however, and in this disabled condition, while limping away, was attacked by a watch-dog, which is kept at the base of the shaft, and was killed. She now lies in state at the Smithsonian Institution, where she divides attention with the skeleton of the mastodon and the cage of snakes as the cat which fell one hundred and sixty-five feet in safety, only to be worried to death by a dog."

"Mr. and Mrs. Howells, a sister of Larkin Meade, the sculptor," writes Mr. M. D. Conway in a recent letter, "arrived in London and settled themselves at South Kensington, in the pleasant house just vacated by Mrs. Procter, widow of Barry Cornwall, and belonging to her. Howells has been lauded by Longman to write for that new, first-class, sixpenny magazine which bids fair to revolutionize our periodical world. But this charming story-teller is so fêted and 'dinnered' that he finds he can not get on with a work upon which he is engaged, and is about to tear himself away and seek solitude at Vevay. After that he will go to Italy."

"No, papa, I do not wish to marry yet. What I want is a man who does not drink, smoke, chew, snuff, go out nights, gamble, bet, over-eat, etc.; in short, a man with no vices, and one who is always good." "My daughter," said Mr. Dusenberry, "you are but a stranger here; heaven is your home."

Herbert Spencer characterizes Oscar Wilde as "an outlandish person, who attempts to reconcile idiocy with art and namby-pambyism with sentiment."

Great floods are reported in New Jersey. Most of the inhabitants escaped on mosquitoes, however.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Concert of the Orchestral Union.

On Thursday evening of last week the silence which has reigned, musically, since the departure of the Quintette Club, was broken by the first concert of the Orchestral Union's third season. It was a pleasant concert, and very largely attended; and although a crowded house does not, by any means, insure the success of a programme, the visible sympathy existing between the audience and performers on these occasions really has a good deal to do with one's estimate of the entertainment.

"There he is!" proudly whispers one family group after another, as the particular young musician of its heart comes forward to take his most important of places; and criticism is all but disarmed by the sight of those answering glances of recognition which pass so frankly from these interesting amateurs to their admiring friends and relatives.

The Orchestral Union, however, wins substantial approval on grounds quite removed from sentimental considerations. A smoother, more spirited piece of playing than was given in the overture to "Raymond," as a whole, could not have been asked of any body of musicians. The composition, to be sure, is in the light vein of Ambrose Thomas's graceful imagination, and soars to no lofty heights. But its passages of impetuous introduction call for a unanimity of attack and a volume of tone, both of which (in spite of harmonic simplicity) might have been as bad as they were surprisingly good. In the little *Andantino*, with its very marked and taking accentuation, the violins did well, and the concluding *Allegro* movement was played with the greatest dash and brilliancy. "Wald und Bergeister," by Ph. Scharwenka, set forth, in a melodious and somewhat complicated manner, the extremes and peculiarities of the modern style as applied to ideas whose treatment is more remarkable than their originality. This second number was less firmly and confidently rendered than some others of the evening, and conveyed the impression of being slightly above the heads of Mr. Toepke's forces. The bright little "Dance of the Flies, Gnats, and Beetles" which followed, was extremely pleasing and successful. The composition is one of an unpretentious but clever suite, by R. Wuerst, and, as its title implies, is strictly in the line of descriptive effort. Its performance showed careful study and training, while its tuneful twangings and tiny shrillings were as charming a bit from the insect world as one would care to hear in music any day. Although it received no encore, the "Dance of the Flies" was really a feature of the programme, and, in its way, was much of a novelty.

Mrs. Henry Norton, the warmly received vocalist of the evening, gave as her first selection "Le Vallon," by Gounod. This lovely and meditative song was so loudly accompanied, by boisterous brass in particular, and too much of everything else in general, that the singer could scarcely be heard. Occasional notes lifted her voice into prominence, and isolated passages were sufficiently subdued to allow of Mrs. Norton's part being made known; but, as a whole, "Le Vallon" was sadly unsatisfactory. "Yearnings," by Rubinstein, which followed immediately, was far more enjoyable. The instruments were held under, with improved effect, and the singer threw herself into the song with more impassioned feeling. Yet one flaw in the perfection of this truly inspired performance can not be forgotten; that is, the fact that certain of its passages were painfully out of time. How one so gifted as Mrs. Norton can be so fated in this respect is difficult to explain. Her quality of tone, her grace, her finish, her artistic conception, are all faultless; and yet in her singing of "Yearnings," particularly in the repetition of its conclusion, which was re-demanded, inaccuracy of pitch was distressingly apparent. In the noble scena and aria, "Ah, perfido," by Beethoven, the same unfortunate defect existed, though in less degree, and the accompaniment was good. Mrs. Norton is deservedly a great favorite, and always awakens enthusiasm. The orchestration of the songs was done by Mr. Koppitz.

Part second was chiefly devoted to Reinecke, orchestrally. An exquisite "Romance" from "Manfred," and the introduction to the fifth act; an "Idyl" from "William Tell;" "Twilight," and the "Dance under the Village Lindens," from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," made up the "Fünf Tonbilder," by this delightful writer. Of these, "Twilight" was the most ambitious effort, and was rendered with painstaking attention to coloring, shading, and delicacy of expression. A hint of immaturity, in point of appreciation and comprehension on the part of the performers, runs through their interpretation of deeper subjects; but study of the best works, continued under the efficient direction of so capable a leader as Mr. Toepke, will naturally overcome this in course of time. The "Dance," a joyous little affair of pronounced rhythms and intelligible sprightliness, was loudly encored. The "Idyl" should also be specially mentioned. The programme was concluded with a light, pretty waltz by F. Wagner, "Les Américaines;" and with this came to an end one of the most interesting concerts ever given by the Orchestral Union. F. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 3, 1882.

Daniel Cook, the mining millionaire, died in this city Friday morning, at six o'clock. His death was due to a complication of disorders, in which consumption figured. Mr. Cook was a native of Rochester, New York, and was forty-two years of age. He leaves a large fortune. He had been twice married, his second wife being Miss Carrie, youngest daughter of the late General Colton. Mr. Cook was a man whose charities were many, although those who knew of them were few. His death will be a loss to the community, as well as to his family and friends.

The Emperor William is a man of iron, if not of blood. He was present for nearly two hours at a grand reception in Breslau a fortnight ago. He occasionally leaned on his great cuirassier sabre as if it were a stick, but otherwise showed no signs of fatigue, though he had been in the saddle for two hours, reviewed twenty-three thousand troops, received deputations, and presided at a state banquet during the day—not bad for a man of eighty-four!

THE CALIFORNIA PIONEER.

Celebration of Admission Day—Address by Alfred Wheeler—The Motive of the Pioneer Immigration—The Last Pioneer Idealized by the Orator and by his Reviewer.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I had the pleasure of listening to the address of Mr. Alfred Wheeler, before the Society of California Pioneers, on the 9th of September.

Though its subject was mainly a philosophic one—to wit, "The potency of dominant idea over human events"—I could not avoid the impression that all orators, on similar anniversaries, have failed to do justice to the pioneer's motive in coming hither, to his influence while here, and to the obligation of posterity to honor his memory. To illustrate my views I here give you a quotation from Mr. Wheeler's address, with his peroration to the last pioneer, and follow it with my own views of the pioneer, first and last.

Mr. Wheeler said:

"The great influx to this State in 1849 of almost a hundred thousand pioneers was a forcible illustration of the power of dominant ideas over human events. California was a sudden revelation of an elysium to industry, where those aspirations which had pervaded the American mind long antecedent to the gold discovery might be fulfilled.

"The longings of the industrial classes to rise above the mere drudgery of life; to reach after and secure, not alone the comforts, but also the enjoyments and luxuries which wealth only could procure; the desire for a higher civilization than that mere nominal existence which was the doom of poverty; the aspirations for intellectual and physical improvement, which, during the preceding fifty years, had been born in the human heart by means of the knowledge which printing and modern inventions had diffused—all these remained hopeless and unsatisfied dominant ideas. Universal education seemed only to have opened the eyes of labor to the consciousness of its own deplorable condition, and to have led philosophers to doubt the beneficence of disseminated knowledge.

"On the discovery of gold in California these burning ideas burst out into the flame of action, resulting in the unexampled movement of an army of the very flower of the land, without a commander, and whose banner had no device but *industry and happiness*.

"The 'dignity of labor,' which had been but an aphorism, here became a reality. It established a commonwealth whose foundation was laid upon the rock of industry, whose superstructure shall, without stain upon its walls, bear testimony to the pure refinements of prosperity, and whose dome, monumental as her mountains, shall yet light the earth with the golden glow of virtue.

"And of those who founded and helped to build it some day there will be but one—the last veteran of the army of Argonauts. Who shall it be? And what a glory shall be his!

"Behold him standing on the mountain! Far Across the fertile valleys, populous With millions prosperous, he dimly sees This city by the sea, grand and sublime, Without a peer in splendor or in wealth Of mind.

Faintly his dreamy thoughts recall That pilgrimage and season when, of old, He sowed the seed whose harvest, ripe and rich, Before him stands. Now memory unrolls Before his mental view her faded scroll, The panorama of his path of life, A journey of a century of years. At first, the glowing sunshine, breaking through The showery clouds of youth with beams of Hope, While, on his russet cheek, the burning flame Of heartfelt longings flashed with roseate hue, And then, the noonday path o'er rugged rocks, Where scalding heat or hating blasts blinded The toilsome way; though here and there it led By babbling brooks and over flow'ry meads. At last, the sombre evening shade; the cold And dreary gray spreading its gloomy veil Over the blue and gold of setting sun. And now, ere on his drooping eyelids sleep Lays soft her gentle touch, his quivering brain Quickens, like vivid lightning flashing on The silent evening sky. And thoughts, which once Were dominant and led him here, return, Revealing, clear as with electric light, The living picture of a people blest With happiness, and rich in Wisdom's wealth Of honor, learning, industry, and truth."

Now, this is poetic, and it would be pleasing to contemplate if it were only true. I am willing to submit to your readers whether my picture of the pioneer is not more real.

At the date of the gold discovery, there existed all over the United States a peculiar class of people. They were poor young men with such high sense of dignity as to feel above the mere drudgery of life, and were imbued with a common idea; to wit, the right to live without work. They were earnest men, especially eager to reach after enjoyments which the rich and industrious possessed. They had genius. In fact, they were of such natural astuteness as, during their boyhood, to have found it unnecessary to go to school more than one or two days in each week, the rest of the time being generally passed in the study of pomology in the neighboring orchards or watermelon patches, or in investigating the wonders of ichthyology at the end of the wharf. Some of them were poultry fanciers, and could so mesmerize a fat chicken or turkey as to be able to take it off the perch in the middle of the night, and carry it half a mile without its making the slightest outcry. In religion, they discarded the old dogmas of theology, and had special contempt for the Ten Commandments. The number of these restless beings was largely increased by the disbanding of the soldiers of the Mexican War. They, too, had high-reaching aspirations after the unattainable.

Notwithstanding the heroic habits of these independent youths, the general public and their kindred failed to appreciate their ambition. Locks and bars were used, and watch-dogs kept as restraints upon freedom of action, and the sensibilities of the young and brave were often wounded.

When the news reached the East that gold by the pound could be obtained in California, and with no greater labor than by picking it out of the crevices of rocks with a jack-knife, and that here there were none of the absurd and old-fashioned legal restraints upon individual freedom, it can be

readily imagined that the desire of those of whom I have spoken to get to this El Dorado assumed an epidemic fever. They might have despaired of going, but for the aid of more prosperous citizens. Nearly every well-to-do merchant or mechanic who had one of these ambitious sons or nephews, and every farmer who had wearied of keeping padlocks on his stable or hen-house, and feeding big dogs to run loose in his orchard, contributed means to secure the departure of one or more of those who desired to seek the Golden Fleece.

There were also other, less heroic, classes of citizens superabundant east of the Rocky Mountains. There was the man of middle age, who had waited patiently all his life for fortune to come and smile on him. She had never smiled, and in consequence every project, enterprise, or industry which he had almost made up his mind to undertake swamped his courage in the very conception, and got no further toward fruition than to buzz among the tangled cobwebs of his brain. He succeeded in but one thing, and that was in failure. He was impecunious, humble, dependent on kinsmen, generally pious, without original power—a corporeal manifestation of inertia. Then there was the good young man, who neither smoked nor drank. He was of respectable parents—probably a deacon's or vestryman's son. Being regarded as a nice person, he had unrestricted companionship with the lambs of the fold, and courted the artless maiden zealously and *con amore*. He did not marry her, for he himself was dependent upon paternal support, but his amative disposition and experiences rendered it essential to the maiden's good name that she should wed, and to the good young man's safety that he should go abroad.

California was a revelation of elysium to the first of those classes, and to the guardians or dependencies of the others was replete with transporting ideas.

Nearly a hundred thousand in all were started out in old hulks that had every prospect of going to the bottom of the sea; the most without a cent in their pockets, and with a banner whose sole device was "Luck and Liberty." Nearly all who escaped getting into jail at Rio, or other stopping places en route, arrived here safely.

It is unnecessary to recount how that band of brothers laid the foundation of a future great empire on this coast. It will be sufficient to mention the names of a few of the most distinguished Argonauts to whose genius this State owes so much of its present advancement. One may point with pride to Harvey Sparks, Frank Turk, Emperor Norton, Philosopher Pickett, and Jim Casey—men whose names will be known in the remotest ages, when California shall have been forgotten. They were true to the "dominant idea" which brought them here—to try and get rich without work. So long as gold could be got by picking it up, they got it; when it required toil and labor, they scorned to be recant to fixed principles, and fell back upon natural resources. Look at the noble results of their perseverance. Where would our Pacific railroad be to-day but for those whom I have named? Nowhere. Or if it were anywhere, it would be somewhere else. Where would Montgomery Avenue, and New Montgomery Street, and the sea-wall, and Telegraph Hill observatory, and the Park, and the new City Hall, and Seal Rocks be, had those men failed to connect with this El Dorado? Probably in New York or Chicago. The names of many of the prominent Argonauts who came here in the fall of '49 or the spring of '50 are familiar as household words to some of our best citizens; among whom I may mention Chief Crowley, Judges Blake and Freelon, and 33 Secretary. The State, even, has taken some of them into her kindly keeping in return for their volunteer services rendered to the weak and helpless found on lonely highways in the mountains.

Some day there will be only one left of all that host which in the early day swept down upon California like the wolf on the fold. Who shall he be?

THE LAST PIONEER.

Behold that strange, weird object doubled up, Like sage Diogenes of old. Upon A keg of beer he sits, his back against The iron lamp-post. Elbows, knees, and toes, Scorning restraints of art, peep boldly out From garments which like forty-niners seem. Upon his ancient brow the fold of felt Spreadeth itself in fashion *neglige*; The evening breeze toyeth with hair and beard Unkempt. Depending from his bulbous nose, Ripe with experience of libations free, A limpid tear-drop glistens, mournful sign Of spirits much diluted—of low proof. With furtive glance he gazeth down the street Upon the corner groceries and halls Whose festive lunches are but memories Of joy.

Faintly his dreamy thoughts recall That pilgrimage and season when, of old, He sowed the seed of golden nuggets found In "Jackass Gulch;" and votive offerings, Like long-eared Midas, made at Bacchus' shrine. Now memory unrolls before his view Her faded scroll, the picture of his life, A journey of a century of years. At first, the adolescent days of bliss, When, like a royal prince, he ruled the roost, Leading his comrades, like retainers true, In bold foray; when his poetic soul Loved the soft moonlight rather than the day, And his exploits beneath the stars were deeds Of fame and fright to fogies, he or she. And then, the noonday path, winding along O'er hogs, and stones, and brooks with quicksand bed, Some *ignis fatuus* his guiding-star; Fortune, with sly alluring leer, beck'ning, But still eluding his Micawber hand. At last, the shades of disappointment. Night, Cheerless and sombre with its starless sky, Spreading above his ling'ring days a pall Of dreary loneliness. Bereft of home, Of hope, of happiness; a fossil form, Whose past a blank, whose present without use, Whose future hut a lesson of the dead. And now, as on his eyes the flick'ring sight Is fading dreamily away, his brain Startles with vivifying thrill each nerve Of thought; and, quivering, he sees the wealth And splendor of a past metropolis Reared on the rock of industry. He shrinks, Like poverty in presence of a queen; And o'er his cheek a blush, like that of youth, Flashes a fleeting tinge; and on his breast, Shriveled and bare, his thin ribs motionless.

September 20, 1882.

ONE OF THEM.

SOCIETY.

It is in contemplation, by certain prominent society folk of the civilian class to give General and Mrs. McDowell an entertainment at the Palace Hotel at no distant day. This is to be in return for the many social entertainments given by the General and Mrs. McDowell while residing at Black Point. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, and Will Crocker, were last heard of at Moscow, Russia. All the party except Mrs. Crocker, on September 7th, were attending the great fair at Novgorod. On the following day the party left for Berlin—all in health and good spirits, seeing sights, and having no end of a good time. Mr. H. L. Dodge left on Thursday for the East; he will return in November with Mrs. Dodge and his niece, Miss Molly. The completion of the Tucson and Sonora Railroad will, in November, be the occasion of an excursion of gentlemen from San Francisco to Guaymas, Mexico, the affair being under the management of a number of gentlemen of Tucson. Mrs. J. H. Jewett has returned to Monterey. Miss Carrie Hammond, of Chicago, is visiting Miss Adams this week. Mr. Justice Field, accompanied by Mrs. Field and Miss Swearingen, departed for Washington on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Jones, who have been summering in Sonoma County, have returned, and taken up their winter residence at the Grand. Mrs. Captain Forney, of Oakland, who has been visiting Mare Island, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. William B. Collier left here on Wednesday last for St. Louis, at which place they will make quite an extended visit. Captain and Mrs. F. A. Whitney left here for San Diego during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green have returned from their wedding trip, and taken up their residence at San Rafael. Colonel Winthrop, U. S. A., and Mrs. Winthrop arrived here from the East on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. William F. Smith, who were married in this city on the twenty-sixth ultimo, and who went on a short bridal tour to Monterey, returned on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will reside for the present at 1719 Clay Street, and Mrs. S. will be "at home Tuesdays in October." Miss Tallant, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Lieutenant Brice, at the Navy Yard, returned to the city on Monday last; Miss Tallant and her mother soon depart for the East. Lieutenant Thomas Phelps, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Wachusett*, which will arrive here from Alaska waters in a few days. Midshipman Gibson, U. S. N., who is engaged to be married to Miss Hopper, niece of Captain Norton, of the Marine Corps, has been ordered to the *Ranger*, which leaves for the lower coast on or about the fifteenth instant. Lieutenant Richman, U. S. N., has been ordered to sea, and Mrs. Richman and Miss Tolson, who are great favorites at the Navy Yard, will come to San Francisco to live. General Miles and family have gone East. Mrs. J. J. Valentine has gone to Monterey to spend a few days. Jerome Lincoln and wife, Mrs. C. C. Keeney, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hall were among those who went to Monterey on Saturday last. Mrs. John S. Carr, of Tucson, gave an elegant reception at her residence in that city on the twenty-sixth ultimo. Henry B. Lockwood, of New York, the guest of George Crocker, is visiting Riverside this week. Judge and Mrs. Sanderson have gone to New York, from which city Mrs. Sanderson will sail for Europe on Saturday next; Miss Sibyl Sanderson will return with her mother from Paris in a short time afterward. Arthur Page, accompanied by two sisters and a brother, left for Philadelphia on Wednesday last. Miss Fannie Hubbard is visiting friends in Sacramento. Lieutenant Cutts, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cutts, accompanied by Miss Lander, departed for the East on Tuesday last. Miss Pomeroy also went East on Tuesday last, in company with Mrs. Justice Field and Miss Swearingen. Mrs. James Flood and Miss Jennie, her daughter, leave for the East on Sunday next, if not a day or two before. Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Parrott returned on Thursday last. Captain Cook, U. S. N., will soon leave for the East, so we are informed, accompanied by Mrs. Cook. We have also been informed that Commander Glass, U. S. N., will succeed to Commander Boyd's present place at the Navy Yard. Surgeon Woods, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Junia*, now in the Asiatic station; Mrs. Woods, who is now at Mare Island, will reside with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Lewis, in Oakland, during her husband's absence. The next dramatic entertainment at the Navy Yard will take place on Thursday evening next, at which "Everybody's Friend" will be presented. Captain Kempff, U. S. N., returned to San Francisco from the East on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott returned home on Tuesday last. Lieutenant Force, of the *Ranger*, has been visiting friends in San Francisco during the week. A. Weil and family returned from their trip on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. George F. Hooper, of Sonoma, have been at the Occidental during the week. Lieutenant Waring, U. S. N., who is engaged to Miss Lutie Cole, a daughter of ex-Senator Cole, is now in Washington, where he went to get a leave of absence. G. H. Day, and J. Van R. Hoff, U. S. A., are at the Occidental. There was a meeting of ladies at Mrs. Captain Irvin's, at the Navy Yard, a few evenings ago, to take into consideration the movement on the part of some of the ladies against the holding of further "literarys;" the meeting only developed the fact that the movement meets with decided opposition, and the matter thus rests *in statu quo*. On Wednesday evening, the eleventh instant, General McDowell will be given an entertainment at the Occidental Hotel by the officers of his division, which will, no doubt, be a brilliant affair. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Platt, who were married in this city on the twenty-seventh ultimo, have returned from their wedding tour, and are at the Lick House. Madame Zeitska, and the young ladies of her school, will give their first musicale and dance of the season on Friday evening, the twenty-seventh instant. Captain Lee W. Mix is in Hermosillo, Mexico. Mrs. Colonel Eddy and her daughter, Miss Mary Eddy, are in Paris this week, but will leave for Spain on Monday next; they will spend the winter in Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels arrived here from Honolulu on Tuesday last. Mrs. and Miss Heyl, of Mare Island, are coming to the city to live during the winter. Mrs. Gordon Blanding and family returned from Monterey on Monday last. Miss Grace Eldridge, of San Rafael, will give a party on Friday evening, the 20th instant. Mrs. L. T. Breckinridge returned to Monterey on Monday last.

VANITY FAIR.

"I must be permitted to say, casually," says Clara Belle, "that it makes me sick to see a man with a bracelet on his wrist. Only once have I been made to endure the nauseous sight. It was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The offender was a pretty, sissy young fellow, in an evening suit that evidently owed much of its shapeliness to padding on the shoulders, if not to lacing at the waist. The bracelet was a wide band of gold color and enamel, and was clasped directly under the cuff. He had no idea of being ashamed of the femininity which he was displaying, but repeatedly rested his head on his hand, in a way to exhibit the bracelet. I fervently pray that this was not a forerunner of a fashion to be generally adopted by fops. It is true that some of the coarse habits of men are displeasing to women, and that neatness of attire commands their admiration; but they have an abounding contempt for males with female tendencies, and therefore fops with an atom of common sense will abjure bracelets."

Red-haired girls may profitably read the following description of one of their own kind: "A girl with red hair looked very nice in a myrtle-green skirt, with gray and green checked woolen stuff for overdress. Her bonnet was of dark red straw, the brim being covered with white headed lace, falling over white wild roses. The strings were of dark red ribbon, and round her throat was a white gauze tie. It is rather difficult for a girl with red hair to manage colors well, but this was a decided success."

"The aristocratic instrument of the present day is unquestionably the hanjo," said a teacher of the art of playing on that instrument recently, in New York. "You would be surprised if you knew what a number of social lights are good amateur hanjoists, and what a furor there is at present among ladies for learning to play the hanjo. Lord Dunraven is an excellent performer. Leonard Jerome's daughter, now the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill, plays the hanjo very well, and among other amateur hanjoists whose names at this moment occur to me are Peter Cooper's nieces, C. G. Gunther Jr., Miss E. S. Reid, niece of Whitelaw Reid; Miss M. B. Patterson, granddaughter of ex-President Johnson; Fred Vanderbilt, one of the Havemeyers, (don't remember his initials just now); Arthur Claflin, son of H. B. Claflin, one of the best amateurs in Brooklyn; C. D. Arthur, nephew of the President; Judge Hilton's youngest son, Miss W. A. Bigelow, Miss Jennings, and Miss Matthews, all of Fifth Avenue; the two Misses May, sisters of Fred May, and—but it's no use making an elite directory; I have mentioned enough to give an idea of what kind of people learn, appreciate, and play the hanjo. It is not every one who begins to learn that continues. The first lesson is apt to make the rosy tips of pretty fingers exceedingly tender, and even to raise blisters on them. Then, if the owner of the pretty fingers has simply taken up the hanjo from caprice, or because some other society girl of her acquaintance has done so, she drops it in pain and disgust; but if she perseveres, she will find that after those first blisters go away, no more will come, and her fingers will not develop big joints and a sprawl, as they are liable to from piano practice, or get unsightly callouses upon them such as come sometimes from playing the harp, and always from fingering the zither."

Ladies in France have not only taken to pigeon-shooting, but to hook-making, and to hetting at pigeon-shooting matches. One of the most assiduous and most fortunate is the Countess Latischeff; every one loses to her with a good grace, and is forced to lose, for she has a manner which is most "winning;" also, he it added, she is as pretty as she is gleeful.

The correspondent of an Eastern journal, writing from a fashionable watering-place, says: "I must confess that I was rather startled recently while standing in a trade-shop to hear two young, aesthetically attired ladies ask the shopkeeper if he had any pennies. That evening I called at the cottage of a lady friend, and, as I was ushered into the darkened parlor, I was surprised to see a company of six or seven seated about a marble-topped table. They all seemed strangely disconcerted, and vainly endeavoring to conceal little wooden buckets whose contents were made only too well known by a pitiless rattling. My hostess reassured them, a pack of cards was produced from the lap of one of the ladies, and I was calmly asked to play a nice, quiet little game of penny ante. And, ye gods, what a game it was! I never saw old desperate faro gamblers one-half as excited over their hundreds and thousands as were these fair, frail damsels over their pennies. Think of it! Women accustomed to every form of lavish prodigality and extravagance; creatures whose little faults were so gilded with gold that your poor dazzled eyes couldn't see them! Yet there they were, wrangling over who had 'anted' and who hadn't, as if their very existence depended on that penny delinquency. And they were in earnest, too. They showed their innate meanness in all its hideousness. Despite their efforts, all the petty feelings of the average being displayed themselves at the slightest provocation. It would require a volume for me to describe some of the many entertaining incidents of the table. For you must know that I became one of the elect with the party, and was always ready to take a hand. After we had gotten it real bad, we would prolong our game late into the night, and often a considerable way into the next morning. The ladies seemed to love it. 'It reminds me of a regular old-time rout,' said one smiling beauty, radiant with her interest and a little wine; 'and I think an old-time rout must have included about everything that conduces to human enjoyment.' Now, though I confess I am a bashful man, I felt just like asking that girl to go out for a row, even though it was almost twelve o'clock. Somehow or other, when I see that lascivious relic of the last century—that word 'rout'—I always think of a voluptuous dowager, powdered and rouged, with a beauty-patch here and there, and tantalizingly short dresses displaying embossed slippers and trim ankles, and transparent stockings of lace, suggesting delicate embroidery, and—*mais vous savez le reste*. How the sleepy party would brighten up, and toss from round

their necks the arms of that teasing, coaxing, persuading Comus, when some enthusiastic player would grab—yes, grab—the cards, pass them around with an 'Ante five, girls,' and an 'It takes two pair to open, remember!' I have seen girls so sleepy that they would actually yawn and nod, and possibly nap when they weren't playing; so sleepy that they were cross, irritable, and even sarcastic. I've seen these women exhilarated, and *passée* women rejuvenated, at that mystic cry, until one would think they had just come anew from a Ponce de Leon bath, with a Phryne-like richness of face and form."

English authorities state that youthful damsels make use of polar-blue paper, with a lily thereon inscribed, for epistolary purposes. Engaged people adopt orange flowers as a fitting emblem for their writing paper from the moment of betrothal to that of marriage. Sporting characters are naturally lavish of horseshoes and jockey-caps, even where hillets-doux are concerned. A successful *ménage* proclaims its happiness to the world by choosing two partridges contentedly sitting side by side on a tuft of greensward, as the description for the family note-paper. In the matter of perfumes, *héliotrope du roi* has recently come in vogue; but refined society seems to have frowned so resolutely on all intrusive odors, even of the most halmy description, that it seems useless to give any novelty in that line the peculiar stamp of fashion.

Father Ignatius is a fashionable English ritualist. He has established an Anglican monastery in the mountains of Wales, which half a dozen noble penitents have joined. He recently made a collection among his London society lady admirers and secured many thousand pounds for his new nunnery. An English paper thus announces that he has already begun to fill it up: "An extraordinary scene was witnessed at Llanthony Abbey two or three Sundays ago, when Father Ignatius admitted a novice to the mysteries of the 'black veil.' Opposite the principal shrine was a black funeral hier, covered with a velvet pall, with white cross, and with a huge candlestick at each corner. The novice knelt by its side. After mass and a sermon, the 'father abbot' sat down in his chair by the altar, arrayed in a gorgeous robe, embroidered with angels and saints, with a richly jeweled mitre on his shaven head and a crosier in his hand. The nuns in their grated gallery sang a chant, while the father cut off the hair of the novice, two acolytes holding a towel to receive it. Then she was clad in her nun's robes, with a crimson veil and a wreath of flowers, and, after a variety of intricate ceremonies, she was placed on a throne-like chair before the altar, and the whole of the monks, nuns, sisters, and acolytes prostrated themselves before her, and as they kissed the hem of her garment she placed her hands on their heads. After the procession she was laid on the hier and covered with the pall, and the abbot and acolytes came forward in a magpie-like costume of black and white, the 'father' with a high, caul-cap-like, linen mitre on his head. Then the funeral service was chanted, a muffled bell sounded, and the monks hore away bier and nun behind the gratings. These strange mummeries have excited considerable comment in the district."

The ex-Khedive Ismail Pasha has transferred his bare to the Rue Boyard, in Paris. The private hotel in which it is installed is exiguous, but well detached, and enclosed by high walls. The ex-Khedive's ideas about women are almost European. If those of his seraglio chose, they might go about like his daughters, who dress in the French style, and wear mere excuses for veils. But they do not choose. There are several wives. The legitimate one is elderly, and her advice is asked by the Khedive on all questions relating to the education of his children. The other women are the mothers of younger sons and daughters, and as such are deemed worthy of respect. Ismail cares little for them, but liberally provides for their wants. His eldest and his youngest daughters engross his affection. The former is blonde, elegant, very interesting, and *distingue*, but she is threatened with consumption. She is a good linguist and musician. The youngest is also fair, with the exception of her eyes and eyebrows, which are magnificently dark and oriental. No ferocious looking Nubian keeps guard over Ismail's harem. European women-servants transmit orders to the cook and house steward.

Among the caprices of fashion to be witnessed at the French seaside resorts are decided efforts to reintroduce the crinoline. As there has been a great deal of wind-on the coast for the last month, the costume has been very diverting to the loungers (male) looking about for amusement, for the wearers have naturally been in constant trouble to keep up an aspect of propriety when the breezes have rudely searched and exercised their power with the whalebone and wire machinery.

Mademoiselle Berthe Rothschild has gone well over the "bridge." She was christened in the little church of Chaillo, by the Abbé Gallet. The Duchesse de Gramont was one of her god-parents. But this interesting neophyte, having arrived at the age of discretion, answered for herself. There would have been a greater show of the pomps and vanities but for the death of the old Princess of Mingrelia, who was, through the Murats, connected with the de Wagram Berthiers. The baptismal ceremony was held at four o'clock in the afternoon. Mademoiselle Rothschild was dressed in white muslin, and wore no jewels. There was a short address, in the course of which she was told she was as innocent as on the day of her birth, and was exhorted to maintain that innocence by means of the sacraments to which she would shortly be admitted. An American who witnessed the ceremony says that she wept bitterly as (under the compulsion of her parents) she renounced the faith of her fathers. Her yearly income is said to be six hundred thousand dollars. In the contract she is to be styled Berthe Marie de Rothschild. The "Marie" was given to her at her baptism, and the "de" is a solecism. The Berthier family, and particularly Alexander, the heir to the perpetual income of sixty thousand dollars a year attached to the Principality of Wagram, are very glad to secure the fortune which the newly christened lady brings to them. The bridegroom designate is of an extremely liberal disposition. Money is said to burn holes in his pockets.

CATHOLICISM AND MURDER.

A Study in Crime.

We have in San Francisco a weekly Roman Catholic journal. It is published under the patronage of the holy Roman clergy of this diocese. It is an avowed propagandist. It is "devoted to propagation." We quote from it, and, in quoting, we declare it as our conviction that there is no class in the world that commits more of the crimes alluded to in the quoted paragraph than does the Pope's Irish, and that no church in the world has been more unsuccessful in "curbing the headlong career of the masses toward hell" than the papal church of Rome:

Satan is in society circles everywhere, as may be learned by the almost daily reports of murders, robberies, drunkenness, and debauchery of the darkest hue which the press places before its readers. We must candidly and sorrowfully confess that, outside the pale of the Catholic Church, we see no means of curbing the headlong career of the masses toward hell. They will not hearken to the voice of God; they have broken the tablets of the law into a thousand fragments; and in their wrath, and pride, and lust, and love of lucre, they have given the worship due to God alone to the idols of their passions. Religion, honesty, morality, charity, and all the other virtues that follow in the train of supernatural wisdom, have become exiled from the earth, and the non-Catholic world has given itself over, body and soul, to the service of Satan.

And now, having read this devilish libel against all other religious organizations, and considered the sweeping and malicious slander that "the non-Catholic world has given itself over, body and soul, to the service of Satan," let us contemplate the social and religious condition of that part of Ireland where the papal church holds sway, and where for long generations its influence has been felt upon civilization, by copying the following Dublin letter to the New York Times:

The romantic district of wild Connemara, in which the lonely Lough Mask lies imbedded in the gloomy mountain ranges, has already won a terrible preeminence for mysterious murders. It was here that, some twelve months ago, two men, bailiffs on an estate in the neighborhood, disappeared one day, and after a considerable lapse of time their dead bodies were fished up from the bottom of Lough Mask, tied in sacks and riddled with bullets. From that day to this but little light has been thrown on this mystery of Lough Mask. The shores of the lake have now another horror added to their history by the wholesale slaughter of the Joyce family, who were brutally butchered as they lay in bed. If an adventurous tourist had been wandering one day this week along the shores of Lough Mask he would have witnessed a scene unequaled even in the Ireland of to-day. In perhaps the most widely romantic region of the Connemara country, he would have seen an open-air inquest being held close by a wretched cabin overlooking the lake; he would have seen policemen standing under arms, and silent crowds of peasantry, of both sexes and all ages, picturesque even in their misery, sitting about on the billocks which form a sombre background to the coroner's court under the blue sky. This dramatic group were engaged in ascertaining how John Joyce, his wife, mother, son, and daughters, lying in the hovel above mentioned, came by their deaths. The primitive nature of the whole proceedings was heightened by the circumstance that the Irish language alone was spoken by several of the jurors and by the witnesses. When the jurors had all been duly sworn, the coroner led them into the cabin to "view the bodies," according to law in such cases. What they saw there was something to baffle the memory for life. The father of the murdered family, John Joyce, a cottar of the poorest class, lay dead on the floor of the one apartment which served the wretched family for all purposes. The body, which was wholly naked, had two bullet wounds in the back. On a bed which stood in a recess built off this apartment, was the dead body of Joyce's wife, while about the place lay dead the grandmother and a young girl, daughter of Joyce. An examination of the bodies showed that some of the victims had been shot and then bludgeoned, while others had been dispatched with some blunt instrument. Two sons, young lads, were also in the house at the time; both were shot and bludgeoned, and no doubt left for dead by the murderers. One has since died; the other still lives. He can not tell much about the terrible tragedy. He says two or three men entered the cabin at night, carrying a rude torch of lighted hogwood, and that they shot him as he lay in bed. An Irish-speaking witness told at the inquest, through an interpreter, how upon going to Joyce's cabin "about two hours after sunrise" on Friday morning, to borrow some article, he found the door off the hinges, and on entering saw the dead bodies of the slaughtered family lying about. Numerous arrests have been made in connection with these murders, but they are all merely on suspicion. The boy, who is the only survivor of the family, says he does not know any of the men who entered the house. He describes them as having "dirty" faces, from which it is inferred that the party had smeared their faces with soot or other black stuff to prevent identification. There surely are horrors enough compressed into this short story of the wholesale massacre of the Joyce family, but there is a further hideous incident to be told. As is the custom of the poorer peasantry, the domestic and other animals attached to the household shared the scanty accommodations of Joyce's cabin. Among these were two dogs, which were found in the bed on which the dead body of Joyce's mother was lying. When the police came to the place these dogs couldn't get out of the house of death. When expelled from the bed they ran under it, and it was necessary to remove them by force. It was thought to be a touching instance of canine affection, but the revolting fact was found to be that the dogs had been engaged in devouring one of the old woman's arms, which hung from the bed, and that they had actually gnawed it away from the elbow. When this became known, the people who had gathered outside the cabin chased the brutes across the country, and captured and killed them with sticks and stones. The wake of the murdered family was a weird scene. Like the inquest, it was held in the open air; the peasantry who attended were supplied with pipes and tobacco, according to ancient custom, and the women among the party held the night air with the wild wail which the female peasantry raise at a wake. But for all their wailing, we are told that no woman in the place could be induced for love or money to give any assistance in nursing the surviving lad of the family. "Pat Joyce," aged about twelve years, who has since been removed to the village of Cong, a dozen miles off, where he is under the care of a Dublin surgeon. The general belief is that these murders are the outcome of the working of a secret society, and the suggestion is that they are mainly attributable to the popular impression in the district that Joyce had given some information to the authorities in connection with the fate of the two bailiffs whose bodies were found at the bottom of the lake. So far, the usual appalling mystery hangs over this massacre in Connemara; the police, however, say they have got a clue which they expect will lead to disclosures of a startling character.

If elsewhere in the world, where the Protestant religion prevails, or where men and women are permitted education and freedom of thought, there can be found the parallel of the wild and wicked Connemara, where ignorance, crime, bigotry, superstition, cruelty, and inhumanity have such unrestrained freedom of exercise, we should be glad to have the Roman family journal, "devoted to propagation," designate the place. We will enlarge the area, and if in the heathen wilds of Africa, among the natives of Dahomey, or among the more refined cruelties of Turk or Pagan, there can be found another locality where such things exist, let it be pointed out, that we may admit that, under the influence of the papal church and priests, within the sound of its bells, is not the vilest spot on God's earth, nor the most dreadful people that disgrace the century in which we live.

HAS CALIFORNIA A REPUBLICAN PARTY?

By James McM. Shafter.

As a life-long Republican, I have felt compelled to very many doubts as to the solution of this question.

Originally Republicans were drawn together, as all parties should be, by common opinion. This attracting force was intensified by the external pressure of contempt and hatred.

It was the great primordial principle that all men were created equal that created republicanism. The men who adopted this principle in its full significance were in all respects the very pick and flower of their time. They not only believed in equality, but they possessed that true manliness and integrity that led them irresistibly to the application of this principle in all their political and social relations.

Belonging to whatever party they might, these men, in the ranks where they stood, each labored to produce everywhere equality of political condition. They became, of course, uncompromising enemies of human slavery, as opposed to republican government, as tyrannical to the slave, and as dishonoring to free labor.

The war of the rebellion was the natural outcome of these opposing forces. When it came, the Union sentiment sent the North into union. The copperhead, the true dirt-eater, remained faithful to his ancient masters.

Emancipated from their constitutional scruples, a large mass of Democrats united with the Republicans upon the principle of legal equality; many more for the mere purpose of restoring the Union, without regard to the principle of equality or the destruction of slavery, its great enemy.

All these elements, however, worked together until the close of the war, and accomplished the intention of original republicanism—to make this land all free. From this grand culmination the morale of the party began to sink. It not only fell into the hands of the worst element in the party, but it dug up out of the lower depths a power more potential than itself. Men without learning, without any honest business, without any public service, without integrity or wealth or history, suddenly, by mere craft working up through a seething mass of political corruption, by the power of combining the worst and the weakest elements of all parties, became a power against which "the most intelligent and patriotic" people on earth have hitherto been unable to make even a decent resistance. Not only have the people been deprived of the power to resist this mean and degrading tyranny, but these tyrants in politics have turned the spirit of the old party, its sacred memories of love and labor and suffering, into reasons of abiding in the camp, notwithstanding it is in the hands of ghouls, who hate the good that are living and dishonor those who are dead. This may seem strong language, but it is just.

The statesman can not consider the general intelligence and honesty of the membership. He must, and can, look only to the motive power that controls a party's action; no matter how pure or good the voter's motive may be, so long as his act is directed by a master to whose dictation he assents. That what is called the Republican party is now ruled by these detestable elements, is beyond dispute.

In the briefest terms it may be said, that seventy delegates from this city to the late State Convention did not represent the opinions of one-fourth of the Republican party. They were themselves (however personally respectable) the spawn of the vilest reptiles of this community. If they did not represent the prize-fighter, the pimp, the thief, the social outcast, then they were untrue to their constituents.

The present exhibition in this city is enough to sicken one—two nominating conventions in session, and the State League trying to reconcile them; the State Committee interfering everywhere; the County Committee denounced as infamous, the ward clubs as intrusive usurpers, the people as idiots looking on while their patrimony is divided among thieves. All this forms a part of that history which Chairman Latimer read out at the late Convention in solemn tones as constituting the GLORY of the Republican party.

In all these proceedings I see nothing of the self-sacrifice of the Republican party of 1856. I see nothing but the selfishness and crime of 1882.

Allow me to recall to your readers some other portions of this "glorious" history. At the end of the war, as its fruits, we had a million of dead men, ten millions of dollars lost, four millions of emancipated slaves, ignorant, destitute of all things, to take care of. We owed these freedmen everything which could impress an honorable mind. They had suffered for more than a century under our laws; they had succored our soldiers, had secreted and guided them; they had turned the tide of battle in our favor. Their friends, the Republican party in the nation, resolved to protect them; Congress passed the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and submitted them to the States for ratification. The fruits of the whole war rested in these amendments. Without them, we had fought in vain. An ambitious young man, seeing "with how little wisdom the world is governed," thought his chances, with a little craft, as good as another's. He proposed to the secessionists of his county if they would vote for him for the State Senate, he, in case of election, would vote against the ratification of one of these amendments. He was elected, with the aid of these secession votes, as a Republican, and he voted against the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment. For this act of infamy, of treason to party, to country, to honor, and humanity, the so-called Republican party three years ago made this man Governor, and made possible one of the worst administrations in this State.

Is this one of those points of history of which California Republicans are proud? You hung Champ Ferguson and others for guerrilla murder, and you made a California governor out of a man who, joining his secession friends, fired a last volley of hate and revenge into the backs of the black men, without whom you might have been a dismembered nation to-day. And yet this man hopes, with the senatorship before him, to place his lineal successor, who, having three times abandoned his party in its hour of trial, denounced it as having ended its mission, because it had become hopelessly corrupt, voting against its candidates, expects as governor to help on this conspiracy to its end.

That the true Republican will put his foot upon this nest of vipers, it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell.

Booth was made president of a moral, Sunday convention. Estee, candidate for governor, must, with Booth, have a bridge of brass built by the Republican party over the chasm which these men consciously and avowedly dug to prevent their weak human nature from ever dragging them back to Republicanism, so that they may return and take place at the head of that party and its power, which, but the other day, they spit upon, and kicked, and put between themselves, and it "a great gulf fixed," as something too wicked and mean for these great, pure souls to have any connection with. Do they now say that the "dog has returned to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire," or is it the party that says it upon this blissful reunion?

As to this want of fealty and stability of purpose, Edgerton and De Haven are equally culpable. There are one or two things, however, about Edgerton which are too creditable to be lost. While Estee possesses this quality to a most brilliant extent, to Edgerton must be conceded the palm. This is, that versatility of genius which not only enables a man to be on different sides of the same question on different days, but of being on all sides at the same time. Now, in what is called the Republican platform is a condemnation of "unjust discriminations" in fares and freights of railroads. I venture to say that this must have been furnished by the railroad agent. The railroads are as hostile as is the most enthusiastic anti-monopoly man to unjust discrimination. They only wish to be the judges of what is unjust.

Why did not this clean and acute committee upon resolutions declare against all unjust murders, or improper larcenies? Such a declaration would have been as sensible as that as to fares and freights. The people are denouncing all discriminations. They treat all distinctions in price of carriage as inadmissible, but the Republican party, as it is called, covers up all opinions by the use of a word evidently designed to please everybody, and to enlighten nobody. It is pleasant, however, to look to the sand-lot for outspoken precision upon this subject. It was moved by Estee, as chairman of the committee upon corporations other than municipal, to insert this very word "unjust" before discrimination, in the Constitutional Convention. (1 Con. Debates, p. 516.) This word "unjust" was rejected by the Convention, as nullifying the whole effect of the provision. Even then Estee was playing for position—to seem, without doing anything. Judge Terry, at the same point in the debate, said: "We decide here in this Convention a fact that is patent to every man, and we say, 'you shall not discriminate at all.'" But the platform is in favor of discrimination, only it must not be unjust.

But it is of Edgerton I began to speak. On page 518, of the Debates, will be found the eulogy and groans of Brother Barton on him—eulogy for Edgerton's fight against the railroads in his canvass for senator, and his abandonment of his party, and his "throwing overboard" Mr. Shafter in favor of that anti-monopolist, that great and good man, Booth, who, in one session of the Legislature, contrived to put through eighteen bills for subscriptions and subsidies for railroads, amounting to nearly five millions of dollars.

But Brother Barton groaned over Edgerton's defection. He charged him with almost "scandalizing Estee," and of being the tool and attorney of the corporation. Edgerton, (p. 489,) after defending discrimination as to facilities and cost of transportation, pays his respects to Estee. Notwithstanding Edgerton's forcible argument upon the main topic of debate, it has always seemed to me that the gem of his speech was upon the subject of the character and conduct of Estee. That portion of his speech ought not to be abbreviated. This is it: *In hac verba*, Estee's conduct "was the fatal habit of browsing through the organic laws of other States, horrifying enough to show a want of invention, and inserting just enough to show a total want of judgment," the result being "superficial, charlatanish patchwork of clumsy, hybrid eclecticism;" the whole "a harefaced imposition."

Edgerton further charges Estee with misrepresentation: "We have a right to expect from a gentleman occupying the high position of chairman of one of the most important committees of this house a careful comparison of systems relating to the subject committed to his charge. We expect from him sound and judicious counsels regarding it. Above all, we demand of him rigid exactness in his statement of facts. Such misrepresentations as I have noted would be hardly excusable if made in the heat of debate. But when they are made in cold blood; when they occur in a speech which was weeks in process of incubation, and for which the columns of a widely extended and influential journal were offered days in advance; when they are thus paraded to propagate, mislead, and poison the public mind; when their evils are thus diffused, they are simply atrocious." This is Edgerton on Estee two years and a half ago. Many of us think he was right, and that Estee has not changed since.

It is gratifying, however, to see this versatility. Edgerton as candidate for the Senate made fierce war upon the railroad. In the Legislature, he and De Haven and Estee bolted their party. In the Constitutional Convention Edgerton is next heard of as the advocate of discrimination in fares and freights. He is now an anti-monopolist, and stands upon a platform which denounces discrimination, and is opposed to every word of his sworn argument before the Convention.

It seems to me, an old farmer as well as Republican, that the political character and conduct of these "standard bearers" is, as Edgerton styled it, "simply atrocious."

There is not a trace of Republicanism left in the platform, except such reference as a man might make to the Deluge. Nothing is presented but which is utterly foreign to the underlying principles of Republican government. Gentlemen who rule the Republican organization will soon be admonished that there are some of the faithful left in this State who will no longer be disfranchised. When Hengist and Horsa were to be successful, the ravens flew before their banner. The hoes have but to look behind to see these birds of evil omen gathering in clouds in their rear.

The late Monsieur Gaillardet, of Paris, founder of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, wrote to a friend, two weeks before his death: "I have sold my place at Plessis-Bouchard. My successor will take possession on the 15th, and I shall leave on the 14th, at ten o'clock in the morning." And on the 14th, at ten o'clock in the morning, he did leave it forever—in his coffin.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRITIES.

Curran, hearing that a stingy and slovenly harrister had started for the continent with a shirt and a guinea, observed: "He'll not change either till he comes back." Somebody told Curran during his last illness that he seemed to cough with more difficulty than on the previous day. "Do I?" said Curran; "that's odd enough. I've been practicing all night."

It would be interesting to know just what impressions of England Ceteawayo actually took home with him, and compare them with those which he is popularly supposed to have conceived. Tocqueville, in his "Voyage in Greece," relates that when Tussuf Effendi, who represented the sultan in London, returned home in 1794, he was asked what were the most remarkable sights that he beheld; what, for instance, he thought of the House of Commons. "The House of Commons," he replied, with great contempt, "is nothing but a noisy assembly, but I did see a thing really striking and wonderful. I saw a man who, holding four oranges in one hand and two forks in the other, threw up into the air the oranges and the forks, successively, and stuck one on the other with the utmost rapidity."

Many of the events that James Bruce, the African traveler, described, were so extraordinary that they were immediately discredited, greatly to the injury of the book—so much so that copies of the work were found on sale soon after publication as waste paper. Later travelers, however, substantiated Bruce's claims to veracity; and Bruce undoubtedly was firm on that point. "What I have written I have written," are the concluding words to his preface, and this was his invariable reply to every skeptic. Once he started a doubting friend by a practical exemplification of the statement that the natives of Abyssinia eat raw beef. The friend, who was at dinner with Bruce, said that such a custom was "impossible." Bruce rose from the table and left the room without a word, returning shortly afterward with a piece of raw beefsteak, peppered and salted à la Abyssinia. "Now, then," he said to the gentleman, "eat that or fight me." The steak was eaten, the traveler adding, "Now, sir, you will never again say it is impossible."

There is a tradition in the world of letters anent a practical joke played on Ponson du Terrail, the author of "Rocambole," by one of his friends, Benassit. The latter had been invited to a drive with Ponson du Terrail in the Bois de Boulogne, and was expected to admire the skill of his host, who considered himself the best whip in France and Navarre, and who had recently been gazetted Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. As they were driving up the Champs-Elysées at the fashionable hour, Ponson du Terrail met Barrière, and invited him to join the party. Knowing that Barrière liked to play second fiddle to none, he asked Benassit to do him the favor of giving up his seat in the phaeton and taking a place behind with the footman or groom. The artist consented, and Barrière, putting himself by the side of the driver, the party proceeded toward the Bois de Boulogne. Ponson was delighted to find that he was the observed of all observers. He remarked everybody looking at him. He bowed gracefully to the people in recognition of their unfeigned curiosity, which he took for admiration, and as a mark of popularity; for his name had recently appeared in the columns of the *Journal Officiel* among the recent appointments in the Legion of Honor. Suddenly, as he was nearing the gates of the Bois, he had certain misgivings as to the ovation given him. He fancied he saw smiles on the faces of some of the persons who were looking at him. He turned round, and perceived Benassit sitting with his legs dangling over the back of the phaeton, gesticulating to the people, and throwing the crowd some of the new cards engraved with the words, "Ponson du Terrail, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur," which the author's groom had taken with him to leave at the houses his master intended to visit. A violent altercation took place, and it is said that Ponson never spoke to Benassit afterward.

Shortly after the production of "Hernani," more than half a century ago, Victor Hugo was traveling on foot through Normandy and Brittany in search of "new impressions," when one day an evil inspiration prompted him to ride in the diligence from Rouen to Havre. He had hardly taken his seat, when a fellow-passenger of eminently respectable appearance—spectacled, white-cravated, notarial, and bland—entered into conversation with him upon the various political and literary topics of the day. "Pray, sir," he presently inquired, "as you have just left the capital, did you happen before your departure thence to hear anything about this 'Hernani,' about which people are making such a fuss?" "I certainly have heard it mentioned," said Hugo. "It is a miserably stupid piece." "Very likely." "Do you do anything in the way of literature?" "A little. For instance, I write tragedies." "Indeed. Well, the author of 'Hernani' must be an abominable person." "Really! As it happens, I don't know him." "Neither do I. But one of my friends saw him in the street not long ago, and in such a state! The wretched creature is nearly always drunk. Only fancy, he has to be carried home from the caharet every day. No wonder his poetry is such maniacal rubbish." "Under the circumstances how could it be otherwise?" "Worse still, the fellow spends most of his time with ballet-dancers of the lowest description. And yet this degraded being has the audacity to importune us with his mad ravings!" "We will by no means endure him, sir." In this strain the conversation continued until the diligence arrived at Havre, where Hugo's interlocutor, delighted with his companion, insisted upon putting up at the poet's hotel, in order to secure a few hours more of such congenial company. While their rooms were being prepared the landlord brought them the register of arrivals, requesting them to inscribe their names therein. As Hugo took up the pen to fulfill this formality, the unknown of notarial aspect looked eagerly over his shoulder. Having signed his name in eminently legible characters, the poet turned round with a smile, saying: "Now, my dear sir, it is your turn." But his horror-stricken fellow-traveler had snatched up his carpet-bag and fled as soon as the poet's words, "Victor Hugo," had disclosed to him the presence of the abyss into which he had "put his foot."

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The spirit of communism that took its rise at the Sandlot; that was fanned into a flame of passionate resentment against railroad corporations by party demagogues; that forced its way into the new Constitution, through the efforts of malignant journals and the cowardice of political leaders, and that now dominates both political parties, has met its check and rebuke from the Circuit Court of the United States. The constitutional provisions, and the laws in aid thereof, which attempted the creation of a distinct tribunal for the assessment and taxation of railroad property, are declared to be inoperative and void, because they are in derogation of the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. They deny the equal protection of the law to all within its jurisdiction. The court declares that the State can not deprive any person—and corporations are persons—within its jurisdiction of an equal protection and equal security to its property. All are to have the same access to the courts, and all to bear equal burdens. Taxation shall not be arbitrary or unequal, but must be uniform. All railroad property must be assessed by the same tribunal, upon the same ratio of value, under the same notice, with the same privilege of review, with the same deductions when incumbered with mortgage, and under the same rules of uniformity and equality as apply to all other property within the State. The new Constitution created a State Board of Equalization with authority to tax "the franchise, roadway, roadbed, rails, and rolling stock," and, in making this assessment, the Board is not required to give any notice to the owners, nor can they be heard respecting the valuation of their property. Three men, ignorant of railroad values, perhaps demagogues, elected probably through hatred to corporations, possibly impecunious and unprincipled adventurers, seeking an opportunity to blackmail railroad owners, are clothed with authority to put any arbitrary or excessive value they may please upon railroad property. Of the tax there was no notice, and from their decision there is no appeal and no review by courts. This is taking property without due process of law. It is robbery and confiscation. It is stealing under guise of law. No granger with stock in a cheese factory would willingly submit to such a wrong. No honest man would seek to subject a railroad

corporation to such a wrong. No lawyer or court can uphold such a law. None but ignorant and unprincipled men would have passed it, and no candidate for office, unless he is a knave or a fool, will endeavor to uphold it. One of the primary objects of government is to protect and guard the rights of property; and when it shall become possible for a State government to take from individuals or corporations any property by them rightfully acquired, we shall have taken the first steps on the downward road that leads through anarchy and chaos to tyranny and despotism. Corporations are artificial persons created by law, and equally entitled under the law to the same protection as appertains to individuals. They are composed of individuals, and are to perform the same duties so far as they are capable, hear the same burdens, pay the same taxes, and in all respects have the same rights, immunities, and guarantees, as the government, through its laws, extends to the individual person. The prejudice against corporations is altogether unreasonable and absurd. It is founded on misapprehension and ignorance. It is fostered by jealousy. It is stirred up and kept alive by political demagogues, who selfishly seek their own personal advancement by it. Corporations are not monopolies, because any persons can unite to form them for any lawful purpose, and any hurtful legislation directed against corporations is inimical to the interests of all the people. There was a time when franchises and special privileges were the gifts of the crown; when corporations were granted by special laws, and given the privileges of monopoly. All this is changed by the enactment of general laws, under which any number of persons may associate, and use their capital, their labor, and their brains. Justice Field says that, "as a matter of fact, nearly all enterprises in this State, requiring for their execution an expenditure of large capital, are undertaken by corporations. They engage in commerce; they build and sail ships; they cover our navigable streams with steamers; they construct houses; they bring the products of earth and sea to market; they grade our streets, dig our sewers, and light our buildings; they open and work mines; they carry water into our cities; they build railroads, and cross mountains and deserts with them; they erect churches, colleges, lyceums, and theatres; they set up manufactories, and keep the spindle and shuttle in motion; they establish banks for savings; they insure against accident on land and sea; they give policies on life; they make the money exchanges of the world; they publish newspapers and books, and send news by lightning across the continent and under the ocean. Indeed, there is nothing which is lawful to be done to feed and clothe our people, to beautify and adorn their dwellings, to relieve the sick, to help the needy, and to enrich and ennoble humanity, which is not to a great extent done through the instrumentalities of corporations. There are over five hundred corporations in this State; there are thirty thousand in the United States; and the aggregate value of their property is several thousand millions. It would be a most singular result if a constitutional provision, intended for the protection of every person against partial and discriminating legislation by the States, should cease to exert such protection the moment the person becomes a member of a corporation. We can not accept any such conclusion."

Earnest effort, resulting from sincere convictions in any case, commands respect; in a bad cause, it claims indulgence; in a good one, challenges the applause and admiration of all intelligent and honest persons. The recent Prohibition Temperance Convention (after the flight of its forty political parsons, who came there to defeat its purpose) was composed of earnest, honest men, who believe that alcoholic drink is an evil so affecting the moral and material interests of the people that its use ought to be arrested by the exercise of political power. Moral suasion accomplishes very little in remedying the evils of intemperance. The prayers of political parsons accomplish less. Reason teaches, and experience has demonstrated, that by the adoption of prohibitory constitutions, and the enactment of prohibitory laws, great results can be attained and great good effected. Temperance men from all parts of the State, respectable in numbers, gathered in convention for the purpose of laying the foundations of a political party that has "temperance" for its governing motive, and all other desired reforms as incidents of its organization. They determined to place themselves in alliance with the national movement, and were rebaptized and named "Prohibition Home Protection." Wisely recognizing the fact that their sphere of usefulness and power of accomplishing results depended upon a united organization, self-reliant, independent of party entanglements, the convention wisely determined to formulate a platform of principles, nominate an independent ticket, and take position as a recognized political party, with distinct purposes and aims. This, in spite of a clerical intrigue, the convention successfully accomplished, and stands to-day in resolute attitude with other and older parties in the political arena, prepared to do gallant and loyal duty in defense of principles which it believes—and, believing, declares—involve the best interest and highest welfare of all classes of society. Its platform of resolutions indicate convictions and the courage to express

them. It is a manly document, strongly writ. It has the ring of truth. It is in all respects above and superior to the cowardly and specious evasions of the Republican or Democratic party. Its purpose to suppress the manufacture, sale, and use of alcoholic drink is declared in emphatic language. It is to be worked out at the ballot-box, and under processes of law, till the "crime" is fixed by legislative enactment, and its punishment provided by penal statutes. Sunday is recognized as an American institution that must be preserved. The declaration against the "saloons and places of business where intoxicating drinks are now licensed to be sold," and demanding that they be closed on Sunday, is so precise and emphatic that the League of Freedom, though drunk, may not misunderstand it. The convention declares in favor of free schools, and free text-books to the poor. It is opposed to sectarian education, and does not favor such a division of school moneys that the Roman Catholic church, priest, or scholar shall get any part of them. It treats railroad corporations just as it would treat any individual engaged in the same business; treats railroad property the same as it would treat any other property; treats railroad owners as it would any other business men, making them all hear their just proportion of the burdens of government, pay their just proportion of taxes, and would throw over them the shield and ægis of just, impartial, and equal laws. The party, the journal, the man, or the candidate for office who does not recognize the justice of this position is either an idiot who can not understand, a mercenary whose interests will not permit him to understand, or a self-seeking political knave and party demagogue whose interest it is to misrepresent the relations which all corporations, all property, and all persons hold toward the laws of the country, where the property-owner resides and the property is located. The declaration in reference to the hydraulic miner is that he has no right to injure the property of his agricultural neighbor; that he must so impound his detritus that it "shall never injure land, fill navigable streams, or interfere with the bays and harbors of our coast." In a word, the miner must take care of his own débris, and if he can find no way of pursuing his industry without injury to the interest of agriculture and commerce, he must be restrained by law from its prosecution. And, finally, the convention declares that it is the duty of the State to assume the ownership of water for irrigating purposes, and provide for its distribution. This is altogether a most respectable platform, so far as it goes. It does not declare, as it ought, in favor of restricting the immigration of foreign paupers, criminals, and political adventurers; and it does not declare, as it ought, that those foreigners who shall hereafter come to the country ought to be denied the privilege of the elective franchise. The ticket is a good one. Its candidate for Governor is an intelligent, honorable, and wealthy citizen of San Francisco, a man of clean life and of consistent temperance record, well known, and popular. Doctor R. H. McDonald is one of those energetic and earnest men who will not be content with the empty honor of a nomination, but will exert himself in the direction of election. The convention has elected a State Central Committee. There are in this State, and all over it, temperance organizations, and most of them are just now very active under the influence of the temperance agitation at the East. We have no doubt the new party will receive a large vote—larger, perhaps, than the temperance people themselves anticipate. It is, we believe, the beginning in California of an important political movement, and one which is destined to act an important part in the politics of this State.

The Sacramento Record-Union, in its editorial of October 1st, in speaking of the prohibition temperance party, says that its platform is a decided improvement upon those of the regular parties; that the railroad plank is temperate and fair, insisting upon equal justice for the people and its corporations alike; that the débris plank is neither ambiguous nor evasive, while its positions upon the liquor traffic, education, and Sunday law are all strongly taken. The Record-Union, in estimating the possible strength of the new party, says: "There are in California twenty-two thousand members of the order of Good Templars, of whom ten thousand are voters. Of believers in prohibition outside the Good Templar order there are ten thousand more. It may therefore be said that there are twenty thousand votes capable, under conceivable circumstances, of being polled for the prohibition ticket." It is the only party that presents any genuine issues. It presents the only manly and honest platform. It has the courage to express its opinions in favor of temperance, in favor of closing whisky saloons on Sunday, in favor of non-sectarianism in our public schools, in favor of just and honorable treatment of railroad property and its owners, and in opposition to the rights of gravel-sluicers to destroy the farms of our valleys and the navigable waters of our State. In point of character and intelligence, the personnel of the temperance ticket is not inferior to either of the other tickets. In wealth and social position, Doctor McDonald is the peer of either candidate for Governor. We understand that it is the intention of the State Central Committee to put the names of Jackson Temple, of Sonoma, and

Anson Bronson, of Los Angeles, on the ticket for judges of the Supreme Court. *If this is done, and certain other things are brought about that are quite within the lines of possibility, Doctor McDonald will receive more votes than did Leland Stanford when he first ran for Governor of California upon the Republican ticket; and it may not be altogether improbable that he will turn out to be not the last in the gubernatorial race.*

If the reverend Methodist divine, Doctor Briggs, does not have a little bit of an explanation to make to Saint Peter, when he comes up to the celestial gate, over his temperance politics, we shall be mistaken. The discipline of the Methodist church does not permit its members to make, sell, or drink beer, wine, or whisky, or to rent property to those who do sell. It is very severe, very consistent, very ultra, this church, upon the temperance question, and when Saint Peter opens the wicket and looks out upon the shining face of Doctor Briggs, he will say to him: "Doctor, how about your temperance politics?" "All right, Saint Peter, I will just step in and sit down upon one of your golden stools, and tell you all about it." "You stand where you are, doctor; the music of the golden harps is very confusing inside just now, and I can hear you better from the outside. How did you come to send your whole conference over to the temperance convention in aid of Estee?" "Well, you see, Saint Peter, I was a Republican; Governor Perkins had appointed me Yosemite Commissioner, and Estee would keep me in if he were elected." "Who is this man Estee? His name has never been upon our books." "Estee? Well now, Saint Peter, I don't defend myself for supporting him, except that I had to go against Stoneman—the least of two evils," you know, Saint Peter. "Do evil that good may come." "Doctor Briggs, don't wink at me; there is no choice of evil, and to do it under any circumstances is the teaching of the devil, the door to whose abode is just a little farther on and down under the hill." "But Stoneman was a Democrat—" "All right, doctor; there are several Democrats inside, but no Jesuits who practiced your kind of politics. We do not admit parsons or politicians who do evil that good may come." "I have always been a consistent temperance man." "Then how could you vote for Estee?" "Don't the Bible say, 'A little wine for the stomach's sake'?" "That was Saint Paul who made that mistake. I am Peter, and I keep the gate. Estee was a vine-grower and a brandy-maker; drinks gin, and made his fight in Peter Hopkins's bar-room, and you, as a Methodist preacher, knew better than to support him." "I have always been an observer of the Sabbath, and you know, Saint Peter, that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." "There you go again, doctor. The Sabbath was not made for man to get drunk at a corner grocery, and your man Estee had not the courage to so declare." "Saint Peter, you don't understand politics; you had no primaries in Palestine." "We did have primaries, caucuses, and conventions in Judea and in all the land round about Jordan. If you think the Christian doctrines were promulgated and the church was built up without politics, you don't know." "Then, Saint Peter, you should be indulgent to me, for you know how it is yourself." "Your kind of politics, I know nothing about. The early Christians were honest men. They did not meddle in politics nor hold office; with staff and without scrip they went forth to preach the gospel. The Apostles never endeavored to break up a temperance convention, and never apologized for drunkenness or Sabbath desecration. You may be a very excellent and worthy politician, Doctor Briggs, but as a temperance man and Methodist preacher you will have to pass along. Next gentleman," called out the Saint. The door opened, and the editor of the *Argonaut* passed smilingly in, helped himself to harp and stool, and made himself quite at home. The last information had of Brother Briggs, he came up from Sulphurdome with a request from Estee, Fitch of the *Bulletin*, and Bill Higgins, for Charles Webb Howard to send them water at any price.

The political game in municipal politics is not yet made. Before another issue of the *Argonaut*, the Democracy will be at it, hip and thigh; the thud of the shillalah will be heard in the land, and many an exulting Democratic head, now proudly wagging, will be laid low. The Republicans are just now all moored in the downs: two conventions nominating candidates in session, each trying to destroy the other; but in politics the strongest survives. This is not always Darwin's doctrine of the survival of the fittest, although in this instance we regard the County Committee convention as alone entitled to recognition. There is a very large number of excellent citizens in the Platt's Hall, or club, convention; but it has upon it the smell of the machine. It has not the support of any considerable number of Republicans. It has the support of the *Bulletin*, and this, not from principle or any honorable purpose, but because in Higgins and the machine the *Bulletin* finds effective allies in their most unrelenting and unreasonable war against the Spring Valley Water Company. The Platt's Hall convention and its candidates will cut no figure on election day.

The B'nai B'rith convention has so far given us a fairly good ticket—as good as we had a right to expect from the present disorganized and demoralized condition of the party—and will, we believe, be the only one upon which the party can unite. If we had any authority to advise, it would be that the better men of the Platt's Hall wing swallow their grievances, and unite the party, to save San Francisco from the peril of a possible success of the Irish Democracy. The Democratic party can not nominate a good ticket. A bad convention never nominates a good ticket. Good men will not run upon a ticket put forth by the class of men that now control the Democracy. The party is so flushed with the probability of success, so drunk with the chance of power, so absolutely delirious with the coming of the long hoped for opportunity to steal, that it is beside itself. The Irish, who form a majority of the rank and file, are rightfully demanding the spoils. The Gils, and Macs, and O's are no longer to be blarneyed with promises. They are no longer content to stand back. Messrs. Moriarty, Gilhooley, Flannigan, and Haggerty are too familiar with their own names to be told that these melodious patronymics are not sufficiently euphonious to please the Browns, and Smiths, and Jones, and Robinsons of native birth. There is rebellion and revolution among the hay-makers of the mouth, and "whin the Dimicratic conviction gits to wurrick," there will be lively times. We await, with the patience of a great soul, this scrimmage of Erin's statesmen.

The outcry against Judge Allen by the press is dishonest and insincere. It can be interpreted as resulting only from a conscious conviction that its hypocrisy has been exposed in a decision that is sound in law, and applicable to every newspaper published in America. There is no journal printed upon this continent that is not printed for coin. It is the most unmitigated and arrant affectation on the part of editors to assume that they alone, of all men, do not sell, hire out, and for coin dispose of their labor and their brains, the same as does a lawyer to his client for a fee, and a clergyman for his salary, and everybody else that is employed for a compensation. The decision of Judge Allen, in the case of the *Chronicle* against the *Bulletin*, stripped from the face of journalism the mask of hypocrisy, and all its pretensions and false arrogance of being controlled by any higher, better, or other motives than control all other men in business. It has relegated newspaper men to the position occupied by ordinary mortals who work for a living, and who apply their brains and hands in any lawful occupation. Editors and publishers are not philanthropists; newspapers are not eleemosynary institutions; and the declaration of Judge Allen was right when he said that "it was no more 'libelous to accuse one of selling for gain the support and 'advocacy of his newspaper, than it would be to accuse the 'merchant of selling for gain his merchandise.'" The thing that hurts, that makes the editor wince under the lash, is the consciousness that he does sell himself and sell his journal. The shame and the crime of the whole business are the lying and hypocritical declarations that he is disinterested in all he writes, that he is governed alone by high and honorable motives, that he has the public good only in view, and that journalism alone of all industries, and journalists alone of all men, are unselfish, and not mercenary. To take the view that the editorial talent and the journalistic type may be employed and compensated as all professional, scientific, and literary men are employed and compensated, does not justify the blackmailing of the newspaper blackguard, nor imply the right of anybody, in ink or speech, to do a dishonorable, criminal, or improper act. If the *Bulletin* can find any moral consolation in the abuse and vilification of such enterprises as the transcontinental railroad, which it fought for years, or the Spring Valley Water Works, which it now fights, or in its opposition to Judge Allen, because he rendered a conscientious decision against it, or its opposition to Judge Blake—if, we say, it can find any moral solace that it does not do mean things for hire, then we would not deny it to be the most conscientious of journals. We wish it would just take a bribe to behave itself, and consent to be paid to reform. The extent of the sacrifice would command a generous subsidy.

The following extract from the official records of the Constitutional Convention is Henry Edgerton's opinion of Morris M. Estee: "His, the fatal habit of browsing through the 'organic laws of other States, borrowing enough to show a 'want of invention, and inserting just enough to show a 'total want of judgment, constitutes a superficial, charlatan patch-work of clumsy, hybrid eclecticism, the whole 'a bare-faced imposition." Mr. Estee is an intellectual and moral impostor. He has but a smattering of law, picked up in a country attorney's office. He lacks the mental discipline and intellectual strength to ever compensate for his want of early education. He is a politician in the lowest and meanest sense of the word. He has no breadth of statesmanship to comprehend great political questions. He has no moral faculties to appreciate them. He lacks the courage to emancipate his mind from the thralldom of error,

or himself from the political association and influence of a class of bar-room rogues. He is totally insincere, ungrateful, and unreliable, and, in the event of becoming Governor of California, will be under such obligations to men of bad principles, by agreements made in Peter Hopkins's bar-room in San Francisco, with disreputable machine politicians, and in confidential bargainings with whisky dealers and League of Freedom men, that he can not conscientiously perform his duties as Governor without violating his word. Yet we hear that Mr. Estee is making a "good impression in the country," "is carrying everything before him," through the eloquent exposition of his principles on the railroad question and on the Sunday law. Mr. Estee is not eloquent, and is not honest. Whether he is the friend or enemy of the railroad corporations no one can tell from his record, because he has occupied all sorts of attitudes. *If he says he is opposed to the Central Pacific Railroad, and unfriendly toward any corporation that has money, we do not believe it; and the reason we do not believe it is, because Mr. Estee says so, and because the corporations have money.* If Mr. Estee says that he is in favor of such a law as will close saloons on Sunday, and the enforcement of such a law by more severe penalties than are now imposed, we will take the liberty of believing him insincere; and he dare not say so unless he gets the consent of a secret committee of the League of Freedom. Republican claqueurs are falsely reporting "large meetings," "unbounded enthusiasm," and "eloquent speeches," wherever Mr. Estee goes. They also say that Democrats in large numbers are expressing their intention to vote for Mr. Estee. The *Argonaut* makes the following proposition: For every respectable and disinterested Democrat who will own, over his own signature, his intention to vote for Mr. Estee, we will name two respectable, disinterested Republicans who will not; and to the extent that we do not do this, we will, for every Democratic name, present ten dollars to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, and send the *Argonaut* free for one year to the fooled Democrat who votes for M. M. Estee for Governor.

When the blackmailers in print and the political demagogues have driven Governor Stanford away from San Francisco and the State, what good will they have accomplished? The railroad system will go on all the same. His departure will not increase the probability of reduced fares and freights, or of enlarged railroad accommodations. Branch roads as feeders to his main lines, and avenue cable-lines here in the city, will not be liable to be built if he is not a resident of California. His Palo Alto farm, with its splendid stud of horses, will not be maintained. His magnificent vineyard in Butte County, instead of becoming an experimental establishment for the production of vines under the most approved methods, with the expenditure of large money to exploit this vine-growing industry, will become a simple mercenary business. The Warm Springs property will not be improved. The Golden Gate Woolen Mills are liable to be closed. A mansion will not be built at Palo Alto. Servants and employees, to whom he is now paying thirty thousand dollars a month, will be discharged. It is the policy of other cities to encourage the residence among them of wealthy men. The extravagance, display, and enjoyment of lavish wealth contributes to the various industries, and promotes and advances the prosperity of the city. The policy of the Third Napoleon was to make Paris beautiful and attractive, that it might become the pleasure city of Europe, where tourists and travelers would spend their money, and where persons of wealth and leisure would make their homes. The policy was a wise one. In New York we seldom hear from the stump or read in the journals denunciations and personal vilification of men because they are rich. Men of wealth are welcomed to New York. We suppose when this little Pedlington of a city shall outgrow its slanderous and gossipy youth, and attain larger dimensions, we shall welcome back our exiled millionaires, and be willing to indulge them in building palaces upon our hills, and driving their equipages in our Golden Gate Park.

The Bluffer convention, at the dictation of Higgins and the machine, and in opposition to the wishes and judgment of a majority of its own members, has nominated a sheriff against John Sedgwick. This is Higgins's work. It is done to destroy the Republican candidate whom Higgins approved last year, in the interest of Edward Flaherty, and to elect Peter Hopkins, Esq., Democrat, to the office of sheriff. Peter Hopkins is the Irish gentleman in whose bar-room at the Grand Hotel Mr. Estee arranged the preliminaries of his candidacy for governor. Messrs. Higgins, Gannon, Chute, Buckley, Rainey, and Hopkins are understood to be in friendly alliance upon the sheriff programme. We sometimes wonder whether the *Bulletin* is in the conspiracy, or only fooled.

The Pope's Democratic Irish have gone into convention in San Francisco, for the purpose of relieving Americans from the responsibility of governing the city. We shall in our next issue give the names of the principal delegates and candidates who participate in the scrimmage.

SARCASTIC.

Some Facts on Freights—Railroad and Ship.

All business is conducted on the highest possible plane of charity, long suffering, and politeness, except the transportation of goods by rail. Wholesale merchants, importers, ship-masters and owners, always act on a basis of perfect impartiality to the small dealer and ultimate consumer. Any man in private business (no man not righteous ever engaged in a private business), who ever varied his rate, obliged a friend, made a special discount for a large order, made a time contract, kept his stock down to keep prices up, cut off orders to make a corner, drew an agreement for his private profit, entered into a trade combination, did only what was right, and any man who declined to fill an order at the cheapest rates for a troublesome customer, who declined to do all that every living soul asked of him, and who declined to let any one single malcontent abuse him in public, track him in private, bulldoze him in politics, and open his private records to the public by means of public commissions and examining powers, did very wrong.

Articles of Faith.—(1.) All corporations are organized swindlers. (2.) Each private firm or individual is faultless, and a mirror of equity and commercial honor. (3.) All questions between a corporation and individual should be decided by the individual at once without question. (4.) Only corporations escape equitable taxation (see tax-list of San Francisco). One thousand men pay taxes on less than one thousand dollars, who are worth from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars each. They swear personally to these rolls, and are not soulless monopolists. Every farmer in the State whose land is raised from one dollar to one hundred dollars an acre shall damn the soulless monopoly who built the road. (5.) Trade strikes are not monopolies. When wages of masons, machinists, and carpenters go from two dollars and a half to six dollars a day, this is right and is only equitable, and does not sinch the soulless monopolist who happens to need labor. This is always done *without notice*, as it makes business pleasant and equitable, and enables you to look ahead. Trades unions do right when they limit the number of apprentices in every shop in San Francisco, and beat, kill, wound, or drive off every man who does not belong to the coldest and bloodiest-minded monopoly in the world—secret trades unions. This is right. The individual mechanic is not a corporation, and can do no wrong. If the union shuts his boy out from learning a trade, the boy can hang around the street, become a "lover," or a cut-throat, and vote at the next election (under any name) against the soulless monopoly. The laboring classes are just lovely, because not corporations, and they always work at the same rate of wages all over the State, and never favor any one locality where business is large or steady. This is admirable, as a good carpenter will go afoot to Shasta and work as cheap as in San Francisco, because he will never discriminate against a locality. It is a brutal blackguardism for any railroad to secure its charges (whatever they are) on goods in their hands. It is so convenient to let every man have his goods and settle all things afterward. Our individual merchants always fill every one's order without public or private inquiry. The merchants never require a deposit in advance, never make private inquiry about a man while holding him in the office, never use commercial spies and secret inquiries, never call for indorsements, and positively demand that one shall contract ahead, or stipulate to buy on one else's goods, and never put a stipulated price on the goods—not depending on the cost, but merely on the amount they have decided to "sock on." All private firms are mirrors of honor, their goods can be bought without weight and inspection, their employees are double paid, get a domestic duck every Saturday night as a present, have all their accident bills paid by the rich firms, and the employee and his man are always seen arm in arm. All the business men who came to California were distinguished (except the soulless scoundrels who run the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads, and who came here to get up a soulless incorporation).

No purse-proud citizens, self-made men, or lazy, luxurious livers are in the State except the bloated band on the top of Nob Hill. Parlor furniture, champagne frappe, draw-poker, and pretty women have been invented to suit a small hand of incorporated robbers (three or more—not to exceed six or seven). The five hundred swell palaces of this city are occupied by the degraded serfs who are manufacturers, wholesalers, and importers, and who, by a life of the most practical golden-rule piety have brought all their charges down to cost. If accident or rule brings up the freight charges on their goods, they always deduct these items from the cost and profits in selling their goods, so as to equalize their conduct; and their success in life is due to the fact that they sell a sack of flour as cheap as one thousand barrels of that useful article—which is free to the poor, through the efforts of these good men—while freights are always high, on account of the soulless corporation. All railroad owners should be driven out of this State to New York, and give the poor and thoughtful wholesaler, importer, and manufacturer a chance. Life is a dream on Front Street and Tar Flat. The clerk gets a nickel watch every New Year's in return for swindling in weights for the firm, and the grimy apprentice runs away with his master's pretty wife, and thanks God he does his duty and is dead against any corporation. Railroad freights are a brutal load, and not to be borne. The treatment is indecent, the service is not performed. And that is why all our goods are brought in six months around the Horn, in British ships, insured in British insurance companies, and our capital lies idle months, because it is so nice, and we can fill our orders so quick, and then go and live in London with our foreign friends. Merchants never make a discount for orders over five hundred dollars; never give sixty and ninety days additional for a large purchase. They always give a stranger the benefit of his cash, and they never put up a job on a customer. Country buyers are never dragged, drunken, through every dive in the city by drummers, and their orders filled in places where no wise man dates his correspondence.

Coal, pig iron, beer, whisky, lumber, flour and grain, bags and sacks, tow-boats, mill-work, brokerage, banking, mortgage foreclosing, and contracting have never raised these delicately slated roofs in the French style, which cover the altogether sweet and lovely regions of the aristocratic portions of the city where the pious importer, successful contractor, and foreign merchant looks out through his stained-glass windows at his own synagogue, Joss house, or temple, and thanks God, Allah, or Jehovah, or the great Josh (limited), that he is not a soulless monopolist. Freight is always carried for nothing in ships, and when we get goods by ship we always reduce the price. The getting of goods by ships cheapens and steadies the rate. Coal and pig-iron come by ships. Coal only went from four dollars to eight last winter for engine use, from nine dollars to sixteen for family use, and from twelve dollars to twenty-two for foundry use. Coke only went from eleven dollars to twenty-five; pig-iron only fluctuating from twenty-four dollars to sixty a ton here because it is all brought by ship—certainly it advanced two dollars in one day, when the Clipper Gap furnace burned down. This was an equitable action, because coal and pig-iron are held by truly good men. Nails come by ship, and they only jumped from three dollars to six a keg two years ago, and have only jumped a dollar now. Sacks and plate glass are never cornered. Lumber, which pays at sixteen dollars, is only sold at twenty-four dollars to twenty-six by the Lumber Dealers' Association.

No country merchant is helped to run out the other man; no private ledgers are kept; no special discounts allowed. All is equity fairness, and loveliness with mercantile men, mechanics, and manufacturers. Bad work never appears, put-up jobs are unknown, and discrimination is born at Fourth and Townsend Streets. In view of the absolute equity and mercantile honor of the unincorporated successful citizens and mechanics of the city it is now decided to drop all private rings, stop all secret associations to fix prices, sell at retail as cheap as wholesale, blot out the sundries account in the ledger, get all our goods by ship at unvarying rates as fixed by British capitalists, close our stores, let every man help himself to our goods, services, wares, and privileges, and attend a general convention to reduce the rate of freights on tomatoes from Mendocino to San Francisco; and if we succeed in placing the average tomato-cat in the hands of every soul in the State at uniform rates, we have certainly laid out the tomato-cat issue, and will look up another issue before the soulless corporation can rush American tomato-cats from the East by rail, sell them to the lowest bidder for cash, and anticipate Balfour, Guthrie & Co.'s fleet of foreign tomato-cats, to arrive in nine months. All questions are purely one-sided in this world. There are no jobs put up save by railroad men. What—a—pity!

SAN FRANCISCO, October 4, 1882.

X. Y. Z.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Maestro's Confession—(Andrea dal Castagno, 1460).

Threescore and ten!
I wish it were all to live again.
Doesn't the Scripture somewhere say,
By even of strength men oftentimes may
Even reach fourscore? Alack! who knows?
Ten sweet, long years of life! I would paint
Our lady and many and many a saint,
And thereby win my soul's repose.
Yet, Fra Bernardo, you shake your head:
Has the leech once said
I must die? But be
Is only a fallible man, you see.
Now, if he had been our father, the Pope,
I should know there was then no hope.
Were only I sure of a few kind years
More to be merry in, then my fears
I'd slip for a while, and turn and smile
At their hated reckonings. Whence the need
Of squaring accounts for word and deed
Till the lease is up? . . . How?—bear I right?
No, no! You could not have said, *To-night!*

Ab, well! Ah, well!
"Confess," you tell me, "and be forgiven."
Is there no easier path to heaven?
Santa Maria, how can I tell
What, now for a score of years and more,
I've buried away in my heart so deep
That, bowso tired I've been, I've kept
Eyes waking when near me another slept,
Lest I might mutter it in my sleep?
And now at the last to blab it clear!
How the women will shrink from my pictures! And worse
Will the men do—spit on my name, and curse;
But then up in heaven I shall not hear.

I faint! I faint!
Quick, Fra Bernardo! The figure stands
There in the niche—my patron saint;
Put it within my trembling hands
Till they are steadier. So! My brain
Whirled and grew dizzy with sudden pain.
Trying to span that gulf of years,
Fronting again those long-laid fears.

Confess? Why, yes; if I must, I must!
Now, good Saint Andrea, be my trust!
But fill me first, from that crystal flask,
Strong wine to strengthen me for my task.
(That thing is a gem of craftsmanship:
Just mark how its curvings fit the lip.)

Ah, you in your dreamy, tranquil life,
How can you fathom the rage and strife,
The blinding envy, the burning smart,
That, worm-like, gnaws the Maestro's heart,
When he sees another snatch the prize
Out from under his very eyes,
For which he would batter his soul? You see,
I taught him his art from first to last;
Whatever he was he owed to me.
And then to be browbeaten, overpassed,
Stealthily jeered behind the hand!
Why, that was more than a saint could stand;
And I was no saint. And if my soul,
With a pride like Lucifer's, mocked control,
And goaded me on to madness till
I lost all measure of good or ill,
Whose gift was it, pray? Oh, many a day
I've cursed it, yet whose is the blame, I say?
His name? How strange that you question so,
When I'm sure I've told it o'er and o'er,
And why should you care to hear it more?

Well, as I was saying, Domenico
Was wont of my skill to make such light,
That, seeing him go on a certain night
Out with his lute, I followed. Hot
From a war of words, I heeded not
Whither I went, till I heard him twang
A madrigal under the lattice where
Only the night before I sang.
—A double robbery! and I swear
'Twas overmuch for the flesh to bear.
Don't ask me. I knew not what I did,
But I hastened home with my rapier hid
Under my cloak, and the blade was wet.
Just open that cabinet there and see
The strange red rustiness on it yet.

A calm that was dead as dead could be
Numbed me. I seized my chalks to trace—
What think you?—Judas Iscariot's face!
I just had finished the scowl, no more,
When the shuffle of feet drew near my door
(We lived together, you know I said);
Then wide they flung it, and on the floor
Laid down Domenico—dead!

Back swam my senses: a sickening pain
Tingled like lightning through my brain,
And ere the spasm of fear was broke,
The men who had borne him homeward spoke
Soothingly: "Some assassin's knife
Had taken the innocent artist's life—
Wherefore, 'twere hard to say. All men
Were prone to have troubles now and then
The world knew naught of. Toward his friend
Florence stood waiting to extend
Tenderest dole." Then came my tears,
And I've been sorry these twenty years.

Now, Fra Bernardo, you bave my sin;
Do you think Saint Peter will let me in?
—Margaret J. Preston.

Sœur Louise de la Misericorde.

(1674.)

I have desired, and I have been desired;
But now the days are over of desire,
Now dust and dying embers mock my fire;
Where is the hire for which my life was hired?
O vanity of vanities, desire!

Longing and love, pangs of a perished pleasure,
Longing and love, a disenkindled fire,
And memory a bottomless gulf of mire,
And love a fount of tears outrunning measure;
O vanity of vanities, desire!

Now from my heart, love's deathbed, trickles, trickles,
Drop by drop slowly, drop by drop of fire,
The dross of life, of love, of spent desire;
Alas, my rose of life gone all to prickles—
O vanity of vanities, desire!

O vanity of vanities, desire!
Stunting my hope which might have strained up higher,
Turning my garden plot to barren mire;
O death-struck love, O disenkindled fire,
O vanity of vanities, desire!

—Christina Gabriella Rossetti.

LITERARY NOTES.

The last two numbers that have appeared in the Franklin Square Library are "The Knights of the Horseshoe," by Dr. W. A. Caruthers, and "A Strange Journey; or Pictures from Egypt and the Soudan," by the author of "Commonplace." Published by Harper Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; prices, 20 and 15 cents.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton, herself a veteran novelist, has translated from the French Madame Augustus Craven's "Eliane." It is an artistic story, and possesses a well wrought out plot. The translation is especially well done, as could be expected from one who is bound to France by so many ties as is Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Published by William Gottsberger & Co., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

Bret Harte has just published his latest two stories in book form, under the title of "Flip," and "Found at Blazing Star." Both have been published in the *Argonaut*, and met with marked success. They were also printed by many European journals, the Paris *Figaro* first setting the example with "Found at Blazing Star," and then German and Austrian papers following in the lead with "Flip." Bret Harte seems to have lost little of his old vigor and originality. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

The day has gone by for the old-fashioned Indian trapper story; for since the advent of the government agent, the reservation, and all its attendant schemes for schools and farms, the Indian has either had the romance civilized out of him, or else is so watched and guarded by the troops that he is confined to horse-stealing, arson, or murdering small bands of defenseless settlers. In fact, he has been shorn of all his glory and much of his romance. Mr. William O. Stoddard, comprehending this condition of affairs, has just written a little book which gives the modern aspect of the red man. In a little work entitled "The Talking Leaves," he relates many exciting incidents, and deals with a strong plot; but it is true to nature, and is an accurate picture of life among the Apaches, down on the Mexican border. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Dean Swift was in literature like one of the old Homeric heroes—huge of brow and massive in his blows. One always associates him with the story of the Dublin printer, who, on being asked why he had obeyed at dinner the stern mandate from Swift, "to finish your asparagus stalks," replied: "If you had dined with Dean Swift, you would have been obliged to eat your stalks, too." He did nearly what he liked with every one who came in his path—from bishop to sweetheart. He was one of the biggest giants of a century of giants. For over half a century there has appeared, with the exception of Foster's fragmentary biography, no complete life of Swift. During this time many interesting facts have come to light. Henry Craik, of London, it is said, is about to issue a voluminous work on the subject. But, meanwhile, Mr. Leslie Stephen has prepared a short biography for the "English Men of Letters" series. It proves to be a carefully written history, and although its brevity is against it, yet one could hardly find a juster study of Swift in as little space. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 75 cents.

Professor Müller, of Tübingen, Germany, has long occupied a foremost place as a chronicler of current political history. His "Politische Geschichte der Neuesten Zeit" is considered a standard work on the subject of the political history of the century. Andrew White, president of Cornell University, several years ago urged the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters to make an English translation of his work. That gentleman finally did so, and the result is a volume entitled "A Political History of Recent Times." It comprises the period embraced between the years 1816 and 1875, with an appendix by the translator covering the period from 1876 to 1882. It has been prepared with a special reference to Germany, although the translator has condensed much of the German history in order to generalize the book. One of the chief values of such a work, aside from chronological accuracy, ought to be a careful index. This feature has not been neglected, and serves to render the book perfect in its way. Professor Müller displays a singularly unprejudiced judgment in his accounts of the decisive events which have stirred Europe during the last three-quarters of a century. He is evidently a liberal in politics, and favors the great advances toward freedom and independence which the subjects of European monarchies have made in modern times. He, however, very justly condemns the communistic and socialistic efforts. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$3.

Miscellany: Mr. Swinburne will, it is said, visit America before long, and give readings from his own works.—An English critic calls upon the Browning bibliographers to clear up a disputed point as to the color of Mrs. Browning's hair. Bayard Taylor, who called upon the poet at Florence, describes her as possessing "a pale, wasted face, shaded by masses of soft, chestnut curls." Nathaniel Hawthorne, who also visited Mrs. Browning at Florence, says: "Her black ringlets cluster down her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion."—The *Athenaeum* is surprised that "several members of the Leigh and Byron families" should object to the publication of the Byron correspondence which has come into its possession, but will refrain, for the present, from taking further steps in the matter.—The *Bookseller* of London declares that Americans have "shown much sense and dignity" in buying only twenty-six copies of Guitau's book.—A correspondent of the *Hartford Post* says that a young Bostonian was so indignant about Matthew Arnold's recent criticisms of American manners that he wrote a letter to the author, politely calling him to account. Mr. Arnold replied, setting forth the plea of probably wrong information, and declaring that he will be pleased to correct his errors when he sees for himself that they exist.—Carlyle, shortly before his death, gave his sanction to the proposed publication of his letters to Emerson.—The Mantuan commemoration of the nineteenth century of Virgil's death—for which occasion Mr. Tennyson wrote his recently published poem—was not strictly ideal in character. Besides a literary competition, there were horse-racing, pigeon-shooting, and a cattle-show.

Announcements: George Macdonald has in press a volume of essays, mostly on literary subjects, which he will print under the curious title of "Orts."—In the new edition of Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," there will be one hundred and sixty poems not found in the old. Among the added poets are George Eliot, Walt Whitman, and Oscar Wilde.—A biography of Maria Edgeworth has been written by Mrs. Oliver, the learned wife of a Boston physician. The volume, which will have various illustrations from original sources, is in the press of A. Williams & Co.—Chapman & Hall are preparing for publication Ernest Renan's "Recollections of Youth," and a translation of the history of ancient Egyptian art, by Perrot and Chipiez.—Mr. W. D. Howells has written a long poem which is coming out in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*. Its subject is "Pordenone," an obscure painter, who had a quarrel with Titian.—Miss Alcott has prepared two new books for the holiday season—"Proverb Stories" and "An Old-fashioned Thanksgiving."—"Cupid, M. D.," is the suggestive title of the short story which the Scribners have in press.—"The Nation of the Willows," of whom Mr. Cushing is writing in the *Atlantic*, are not the Zuñis, but the Ha-wa-su-pai. The *Century* is to publish his Zuñi articles.—Fords, Howard & Hulbert are about to publish "The Cleverdale Mystery," by W. A. Wilkins; "The Problem of the Poor," by Helen Campbell; "Miss Leighton's Perplexities," a love story; "The House that Jill Built," with profuse illustrations by the author, E. C. Gardner; "Dust," a novel, by Julian Hawthorne, and a new edition of Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," including a new index of poetical quotations, with above three thousand references, a classified cyclopaedia of poetry and dictionary of poetical quotations.—Lieutenant-Commander John G. Thompson is writing a book on "Thirty Years in the United States Navy."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

You know how the effect of champagne seems to grow on a man for about two days when he fills up with it. A gilded youth was explaining to his friends that he had drunk a lot the night before, and felt it in his head a good deal. "Wait," said one, "until tomorrow. It'll grow on you, and you'll be drunker than a hoiled owl." "Do you think to scare me by telling me that?" cried the youth. "Scare you!" replied the old rounder; "hy George, I thought I was cheering you up."

Among the season's gossip at Newport was a story about Captain Collins, U. S. N., who took the rebel cruiser *Florida* in Bahia Bay, during the late war. The vessel was sunk, it will be remembered, by one of those mysterious "accidents" that will happen at such times, just when the demands of international law required her return. A few hours before she sank the officer in charge was, much to his chagrin, relieved by a comrade. "Why is this?" he asked. "Oh," said the new commander, "I can swim, and they say you can't."

"There are some women," remarks a writer in *Progress*, "who are true to the instincts of mother Eve. I know of a lady who, during the hot season, complains bitterly of the fashion that demands such a superabundance of clothing, and declares, when reuked about this idiosyncrasy, that there is no law, human or divine, compelling more than one garment as a covering. 'Yes,' was the reply, on one of these occasions, 'the Bible tells that Eve recognized the need of clothing.' 'True,' was the response; 'but that was after the fall; and I also am perfectly satisfied to wear a goodly suit after the fall. It is the summer clothing I complain of.'"

A timid young man, says the *New York World*, is traversing a lonely wood, when suddenly a gloomy and sullen-looking man accosts him, and, toying with the trigger of his gun, remarks: "Ha, my young friend! I am delighted to meet you. I know you would like to buy this pheasant—a beautiful bird—and you shall have it for twenty francs. You would have to pay that for it at the restaurant, any way. Come, will you have it? Here, Boxer, don't bite the gentleman's legs, unless I tell you. Is it a bargain?" His young friend said faintly that a pheasant was precisely what he came out to look for, and pays the money. He hastens to the nearest police station to complain of the highway robbery of which he has been the victim. There he is promptly fined fifty francs for having a pheasant in his possession without a game-license, and the bird is confiscated.

A hotel guest, says the *Detroit Free Press*, was standing having his clothes brushed. On finishing he handed a five-dollar bill to the hall-boy. He grinned from ear to ear, and nearly broke his back bowing and thanking so generous a being. But his face fell so quickly that he had some trouble in catching it before it reached the floor, when the generous being said, in tones not to be trifled with: "Get it changed." He went away and brought back the change—five one-dollar bills. Deliberately pocketing four, the generous being handed the one remaining to the duster. Again a sweeping howl from the dust-room, a "Thank you," and a sudden convulsion as the guest remarked in solemn tones: "Get it changed." Once more he departed and brought back two fifty-cent pieces. One went into the traveler's pocket, the other into the hall-boy's palm. He smiled, said "Thank you," and was slipping it into his pocket, when "Get it changed," again rang into his ears. Two quarters came back with him this time, which he handed to the guest, who, putting one in his purse, turned over the other to the hall-boy. This time he was allowed to walk off nearly across the hall, when, as if by an electric shock, he was brought to a standstill, with those terrible words, "Get it changed!" This time two dimes and a nickel were deposited in the hand of the guest, who put the two dimes in his pocket, handed the brush-boy a nickel, and walked in to dinner.

"There was one Russian fellow," says a writer on the Crimean war, in *All the Year Round*, "that had a sand-pit all of his own, right in front of our trenches. I never saw anybody so persevering as that man was. Early in the morning he'd be popping away, and there he'd stay until nightfall. Many a good fellow he sent to glory. It got to be such a nuisance that we dropped shells at him now and again, but he minded them no more than if they had been so many oranges. One day I was down in the trenches, when Colonel Mancor, of the Forty-eighth—a splendid shot and a great man for sport—came along. A party with a sergeant were at work, and just as the colonel came up one of them dropped with a ball through his head. 'Deuced good shot! Who fired that?' says the colonel, putting up his eye-glass. 'Man in the rifle-pit to the left, sir,' answers the sergeant. 'Never saw a neater shot,' says the colonel. 'Now, major,' says the colonel, turning to another officer, who was with him, 'what's the odds against my picking him off?' 'In how long?' 'Within ten minutes.' 'Two to one, in ponies, I'll give you,' says the major. 'Say three, and it's a bargain.' 'Three to one in ponies,' answered the major, and the bet was made. He was a great man for measuring his powder, was the colonel, and always emptied out a cartridge and then filled it up again according to his taste. He took about half his time getting the sergeant's gun loaded to please him. At last he got it right, and the glass screwed well into his eye. 'Now, my lads,' says he, 'just push poor Smith here up over the trench. He's dead enough, and another would make little difference to him.' The men began to hoist the body up, and the colonel stood, may be twenty yards off, peering over the edge with eyes like a lynx. As soon as the top of Smith's shako appeared, we saw the barrel of the gun come slowly out of the sand-pit, and when his poor dead face looks over the edge, whizz comes a bullet right through his forehead. The Russian, he peeps out of the pit to see the effect of his shot. The colonel fired with a sort of chuckle, and the rifleman sprang up in the air, and ran a matter of ten or twelve paces toward us, and then down on his face as dead as a door-nail. 'Double or quits on the man in the pit to the right,' says the colonel, loading up his gun again; but I think the major had dropped money enough for one day over his shooting, for he wouldn't hear of another try. By the way, it was handed over to Smith's widow, for he was a free-handed gentleman, was the colonel."

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Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 3) levied on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name.	Cert. No.	No. Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	3	5	\$2 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	37	10,000	4,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	73	200	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	74	300	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	4	5	not issued 2 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	5	995	398 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	6	5	2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	7	995	398 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	8	5	2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	9	2,495	998 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	10	5	2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	11	995	398 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	12	5	2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	13	2,495	998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee.....	14	1,000	400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee.....	15	2,000	800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	16	1,000	400 00
M. Baldrige, Trustee.....	17	1,500	not issued 600 00
Fred'k Lux, Trustee.....	18	1,000	400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee.....	19	2,000	800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee.....	20	1,000	400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee.....	21	500	200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee.....	22	500	200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee.....	23	1,000	400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee.....	25	2,000	800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee.....	26	500	not issued 200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee.....	27	500	200 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	28	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	29	1,000	400 00
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L. C. Kelly, Trustee.....	31	1,000	400 00
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Wm. F. Flick, Trustee.....	33	5	2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins, Trustee.....	34	5	2 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	35	5	2 00
Benj. Teal, Trustee.....	36	5	2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	52	1,000	400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	53	1,000	400 00
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Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	55	1,000	400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	56	1,000	not issued 400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee.....	57	3,000	1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee.....	58	3,000	1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee.....	59	1,000	400 00
R. W. Bourne, Trustee.....	60	500	200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	61	500	200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee.....	62	200	80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	63	100	40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee.....	64	50	20 00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee.....	65	50	20 00
A. P. Barton, Trustee.....	66	50	20 00
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W. W. Newbauer, Trustee.....	80	250	100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee.....	81	250	100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	85	1,000	400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee.....	103	500	200 00
Jas. S. Porteous, Trustee.....	110	500	200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee.....	104	100	40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the company's office, No. 666 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary
Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 666 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

RAMBLING WORDS.

A little maid of ten summers or so, who is a dear little friend of mine, and who does me the honor to confide in me occasionally on that formidable subject—her education—told me the other day that she had been advised to look up the definitions of two words each day, and that for three days she had pursued the plan, and intended to continue it unendingly. We gravely counted the number of words that she will have mastered at the end of a year, and when I said, "So much of itself will be quite a vocabulary," I foresaw by the responding gleam in her eye a new raid upon the dictionary. What a dear old book it is, that thick, cumbersome, unhandy dictionary, that facile quick interpreter, that key to a word-locked thought. How a word or a sentence will pursue and haunt one at times, especially if it be out of the beaten track. Ever since I read the powerful closing chapters of "A Modern Instance," one day last week, that curiously worded picture of old Squire Gaylord, waiting to fasten his grip upon his defaulting son-in-law's throat, seems to stand out before me with vivid distinctness:

"He looked down mechanically at his withered hands, lean and yellow, like the talons of a bird, and lifted his accipitral profile with a predatory alertness."

Does not his hawk-like beak seem to stand out of the very page itself as one reads? By the way, how curious it is that when the human mind does resemble a bird, it is always a bird of prey. Who knows a yellow-plumaged canary, or a Japanese love-bird, or even the melancholy brooding snipe, among his acquaintance? Any one will find for a hawk, or a parrot, or half a hundred blackbirds—for the black-bird, I believe, is edible only in Mother Goose land, and his salient features, if one may speak gravely of a bird's features, are reproduced perhaps more often than any other of the feathered tribe in the human face.

Never get into the habit of tracing these animal resemblances in your friends' faces. It will follow you as iterantly and persistently as Mark Twain's "Punch in the presence of the passenger," and give you serious discomfort. I know a little woman—a pretty one, too—who always reminds me irresistibly of a pink-eyed white rabbit, and another who always seems as if she ought to be a gold fish, floating in a pond. She might be any other kind of a fish, for the piscatorial features are not various, but for a certain predilection she has for yellow and jewels, and for long-trained dresses, even in these days of *trottoirs*, which always suggest the finny sweep of a mermaid's tail. Then, too, I know a camel. She has not only the swinging amble of the ship of the desert, but the quaint placidity of expression and the mammoth pout of the lower lip. I know a little Jersey cow—slender-hoofed, dainty and sleek, with the soft, pathetic eye of the little island mammal. I meet occasionally a little, snarling, Japanese pug. And I have a little private theory of my own, that women who look like dogs look always like small dogs, and that while some mean, little men may look like mean, little dogs, the resemblance to the nobler class of these noble brutes is generally found in the male countenance. Every one knows some one who looks like a weasel, and I have in my mind's eye at this moment a man who, I am sure, in a previous state of existence was a coyote. I have never looked a coyote full in the face, and I know him best from Bret Harte's description of him, as

"Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever alway
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray."

But my friend has a curious clasp to his creaking jaw, which always seems to mean coyote.

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad," I meet a grave and dignified gentleman of fifty years or so, with a face as truly that of an eagle as if it had been transfixed upon a beautiful American coin. He has the "accipitral profile," but not the "predatory alertness" of Squire Gaylord; for there he birds of prey and birds of prey. "I do not like this volley of unfamiliar words," cries one whom, in the ardor of enthusiasm, I have set to reading this chapter; but being put to it he can not suggest a better, for the American novelist, like George Eliot, has the rare gift of exact diction. I remember making my first acquaintance with the word "jejune" in one of George Eliot's books. I resented it as something strange and pedantic, after the barbarous fashion we all bave of resenting strange things, and cast about for the simpler word that a lesser writer might have used, and found nothing that would fit so well. There is a species of fascination in wading through synonyms, and discovering the delicate, exact points of difference which a finely attuned understanding recognizes so easily, and a rich pleasure in listening to the ring of a well-rounded sentence. "I am eighty years old," says the octogenarian, in commonplace converse; "the century was but two years old when I was born," says Victor Hugo, in the lordly pride of baving Time keep step with him.

Language is stretched to its uttermost in the inflated style of the day, whether in the paragraphs of the modern humorist or the conversation of the modern belle, until at last, like a rubber cord whose tension is spent, there is no rebound. "Was he astonished?" I heard one young woman ask another the day, apropos of something. "Astonished?" cries my lady respondent. "Astonished? Why, every hair of his head stood straight up in the air, and his eyes simply popped out of his head and rolled down on his cheeks." The news of this remarkable physical metamorphosis was received without a movement of

surprise on the part of the questioner, and whether the man's eyes thus forcibly ejected by simple amaze were ever put back again, or whether he goes about with them dangling in this painful but utterly absurd manner, the deponent said not.

In the midst of this rash of superlatives which has broken out all over the land, one comes across a moving essay now and then upon the subject of simplicity; and it does indeed seem that it might be a very beautiful thing in the abstract. But there are some curious departures made, even in this line. Take the play-bills, which are what catch the eye most frequently, perhaps, owing to the importunate genius of the lithographer. Within the fortnight they have been constantly announcing the coming of "Our Shipmates." A good title this—two words with a long array of ideas. It suggests the close companionship of ship-life, where, walking one narrow deck, sleeping under the same timbers, and eating from the same swinging board, strangers grow into close communion—sometimes into friendship and love—and the common life of the ship is ever after a bond between them. It calls up the sailor's saying: "A messmate before a shipmate, a shipmate before a sailor, and a sailor before a dog"—a curious and unexplained conclusion which the hrieste old tar will tell you he does not understand. It suggests subtly one of those strong, invisible bonds which make life beautiful, romantic, and livable. But, alas! many a man's inspiration has stopped at the title of his book or his play, and just here seems to have stopped the inspiration of "Old Shipmates."

Beneath this striking title has appeared this:

"FRANK MORDAUNT,
(An Actor)."

One can almost follow the train of thought which led the player to announce himself thus simply. It is intended to be in contradistinction to the hazoning which makes of a man "a world-renowned versatile comedian," or "the distinguished character actor," or "the famous specialty artist, So-and-so." But the word, out of its very simplicity, has an aggressive and arrogant look, if you choose to translate it so. It seems to say, "All who have gone before were mere pretenders, hufoons, barlequins, what you will; but I am an actor." Unfortunately for the pitb and the point of it, this modest actor seems to hug his opinion in lordly solitude.

Rather a good name, that of his in the play, Captain Marline Weatherage. It has not only a flavor of the salt sea, but a touch of the custom in old English comedy, of putting an appropriate spice of meaning in a character's name. Would Mrs. Malaprop bave ever become traditional, and stood sponsor to all the malapropisms ever since, had her name been Mrs. Smith, or Mrs. Brown? Or would Lydia Languish, or Sir Lucius O'Trigger, or Sir Anthony Absolute, have ever left more than a faint water-mark on the pages of the annals of the drama had not judicious sponsors stood over their christening font? "What do you read?" asks Polonius, and Hamlet makes answer, "Words, words, words!" A simple enough but a pregnant reply. What thousands there are of them, and yet if an unfamiliar one starts up among them how quickly we recognize it, how promptly we challenge it till the dictionary establishes its right, how long it takes it to nestle with the ease of habit among the old but unworn ones which have served us long and well. And yet when a new word or expression does get afloat, it is amusing to follow its wanderings. It is like one properly accredited in the *haut ton*. It needs but the initial step of recognition by one of the leaders, and it is in the swim. When a distinguished electrician found it necessary to make a new word, and cast "telegram" upon an aggressive world, it had a hard time to clamber into its place among the nouns, but perches there now as contentedly as if it were not a new-born thing of yesterday.

Not long ago a successful novelist, Miss Braddon, perhaps, took occasion to permit her heroine's voice to "trail off into a sigh." Immediately every female novelist in England set her heroines' voices to trailing off into sobs, or sighs, or silence, or whatever voices can trail off into, till heroines' voices became ridiculously queue-like, and some one started them to breaking off abruptly once more.

To return to the beginning, as one does when wandering through a maze, I hope that I may meet my little maid when she is a woman grown. She has a directness of purpose and an eager thirst for knowledge which make me think that she will keep to those two words a day for a long time to come, and when she shall be able to choose her words as deftly as an artist in mosaics his stones, what rich, strong, sonorous English will bers be.

BETSY B.

On last Saturday evening "Our Orchestra," a musical association of amateurs, gave the first of a series of entertainments which take place this season. The orchestra is under the direction of Professor Van der Mebden. The programme was short, but well selected, and won much applause.

At Haverly's California Theatre, Frank Mordaunt in "Our Shipmates" has been bolding the boards this week. The minstrels at the Standard Theatre have drawn crowded houses, and Emerson and Reed in their new rôles excite prolonged mirth.

Obscure Intimations.

"E. R."—Zulano will take pleasure in complying with your very modest request.
"Cavalier's Sword," F. L. W.—Subject good, but poorly wrought out. MS. awaits your disposal.
"Carson."—Sketches of prominent citizens of Nevada would not prove of interest to our readers.
"Bachelor Tom's Fate," P. V. G.—Declined. MS. awaits your disposal.
"Type-writer."—You think we could be "induced to modify our statements regarding the best machine in use"? Well, we'll sing the praises of yours for the same rate the other man paid—twenty-five cents a line. Write to the business manager.

CCXLIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday October 8.
Celery Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Clams.
Broiled Teal Ducks. Mashed Potatoes.
Egg plant. Carrots stewed, French style.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Lettuce.
Strawberries and Whipped Cream. Orange Cake.
Peaches, Figs, Grapes, Pears, Plums, and Apples.
CELERY SOUP.—Boil a small cup of rice till tender in three pints of milk, (or two pints of milk and one of cream,) rub through a sieve, add one quart of veal stock, salt, cayenne, and three heads of celery, grated fine.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

A professional interviewer called on Colonel Haverly recently, and said: "Tell me one thing: is it true that you have engaged Queen Victoria to star in America as Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' against Mrs. Langtry." The colonel never flinched. "Good heavens!" he cried; "has Gladstone given me away?"

Olive Logan relates that Connie Gilchrist, a handsome and very young hurlesque actress, at a fashionable London theatre—the Gaiety—is hissed nearly every evening, not because her acting is not pleasing, but in consequence of a scandal in which she is involved.

"It is said," observes the *Hour*, "that Mrs. Langtry, for her success in this country, will depend upon Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' quite as much as upon any other rôle. While it would be extremely improper to speak of this comedy so irreverently as to denominate it merely a 'leg piece,' framed especially to display the locomotive apparatus of the principal actress, we doubt much whether it would retain its popularity if the impersonator of Rosalind did not make the utmost use of the hybrid opportunities provided. No actress whom we ever saw so succeeded in representing this phenomenal stage-boy as to cause the slightest illusion in an audience, and we therefore deem it quite impossible that the tender Orlando, his eyes sharpened by love, could have been deceived."

Fanny Davenport's acting seems to please the London critics in varying degrees, but her gorgeous dresses, in a character not calling for such a display, give offense. "American ladies must have a poor opinion of English taste," says *Truth*, "if they imagine that the jewel case and the milliner's trunk are the necessary passports to popularity in this country and to success upon the stage." Mrs. W. J. Florence gets a rebuke from the same writer. "We heard of nothing but the dresses of Mrs. Florence. She moved about with the trunks of an empress, and in each part she played she had a change of dress for every act. The result was not encouraging; for Mrs. Florence was ridiculously overdressed. I fear that this overdressing is a constitutional defect in America; it is glaringly vulgar when imported to England. When Sarah Bernhardt visited that country, we heard far more about her wardrobe than her talent."

Clara Belle says concerning Théob's New York engagement: "In the opera—Offenbach's 'Madame l'Archiduc'—the effeminate Captain of the Guards, to whom the saucy heroine sings a song of mocking ridicule on account of his lack of a moustache and other manly attributes, was delightful. It was played by a pretty, delicate girl, a daughter of Théob. The charming Mademoiselle Boisson, who was making her first appearance on any stage, was truly the daughter of the lively *prima donna*. The exigencies of the stage often bring together persons as lovers whose private relations are the same, or curiously the reverse, or in some other way such as to give the posted spectator a special interest; but I never before saw a daughter making love to her mother. And what was more incongruous in this odd case, the young one's intentions were not strictly honorable. Thought I to myself: 'Have a care, audacious chap, or mamma will take off her slipper, and remind you of other days.' I studied Théob's clothes closely, by the way, because I had been told that they were designed and fitted by her husband, who is a tailor in Paris. I wonder what are a man's reflections while making clothes intended to show his own wife's form alluringly to the public. One of her dresses was shortened to her calves; another had only a single thickness of satin in the narrow skirt, so that the gestures which she made with her legs were brought into prominence; and a third left her arms and bosom bare. Yet they were no worse than the average of the stage or ball-room. They were bandsome in fit and material, though not astonishingly so. The other women of the company, though direct from the Mecca of the fashion world, and personating characters who might be supposed to wear the very best, could not compare in costuming with the American women in the audience before them. A traveling dress worn by a duchess hadn't a bit of style about it, being a hideous, ill-fitting tbing of drab mobair and green velvet."

The Exhibition of Keith's Pictures.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The collection of Keith's pictures and sketches, now on free exhibition at the rooms of the Art Association, is remarkable in many ways. It reflects, in the first place, the wide range of the artist's interest in every aspect of California scenery. Keith has explored the Sierra from Mount Whitney to Mount Shasta, clambering over the living glacier of Mount Lyell, descending, for long sojourns, into Yosemite, and mounting again to the calm heights where Donner Lake and Tahoe are set like sapphires in the crown of the Sierra. The Coast Range, also, has been fully traversed by him, from Clear Lake on the north to Monterey on the south; and his works give evidence of many a week spent busily among the solemn redwoods, in the volcanic country around Clear Lake, in cool retreats on Russian River, close to the sunny valleys of Napa, within sight of Tamalpais and the bay, looking down from the mountains around Santa Cruz upon the deep blue of the ocean, or near some picturesque old mission of the Spanish fathers. It is noticeable, too, that in each of these perfectly distinct spheres of natural facts—the Alpine sublimity of the Sierra, the lesser grandeur of the Coast Range, the charm and beauty of the lower valleys—Keith is master of as many moods as Nature chooses to assume. Many an artist has made himself famous by sounding sweetly and often some single note of Nature's melody. It was thus with Corot—that lover of gray tone. But Keith seems to take as much delight in interpreting the sand-hills and the foggy, gray days of a San Francisco summer as he does in depicting the rich mosaic tone of autumnal tints for which New England is famous. Nowhere is Keith's keen native sense of color more splendidly manifest than in these sketches of New England. They are the revelation of the very life and spirit of New England scenery, and no one born in that part of the country can look at them without feeling himself restored to the scenes of his youth. Every one of them bears the unmistakable stamp of having been done face to face with nature. Very few of them have yet been used as subjects for pictures, and nothing but Keith's determination to devote himself hereafter almost wholly to California has made him willing to part with them. One of the most interesting parts of the collection, and full of novelty for the Californian public, are the sketches and pictures of the Columbia River and Puget Sound. The writer speaks from personal knowledge when he says the characteristics of the country are here depicted with great truth and feeling. Altogether, the exhibition is a high tribute to Keith's mature powers as an artist. There are but few artists in America who could show equal range of sympathy with nature, combined with equal technical skill of interpretation. Having personally attended several of the recent annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy in London, the writer has no hesitation in saying that had Keith chosen to be the interpreter of English, rather than of Californian, landscape, his rank among the most promising of British artists would have been very high. The pictures will remain on exhibition until next Thursday afternoon, when the sale begins.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 4, 1882.

In spite of the critics, who are severe upon the degeneration of Parisian taste, the wrestlers at the Folies-Bergères continue to draw nightly crowds of people who are of fair social status. One of the papers, in its severity, says these exercises are violent and gross, suited only to the tastes of the English, and unlike the classic wrestling of olden times, which displayed the grace and refinement of movement of demi-gods—by a pardonable slip, our *confrere*, however, writes *beau de demi-monde*, instead of *beau de demi-dieu*.

A LADY, FORMERLY PUPIL OF PROFESSOR DE FILIPPE, desires a few more pupils in Spanish and French; teaches by the same method. Address M. L., box 87, Oakland, Cal.

READ "THE PHYSICIAN OF THE FUTURE," IN "Popular Science Monthly" for September. It describes Drs. D. C. and Ellen D. Moore, the Sanitarians and Progressive Physicians of the Trall Sanitarium, 1029 Market Street, San Francisco.

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THE KEITH
ART SALE.

On the afternoon and evening of **THURSDAY, October 12th**, at the Gallery of the San Francisco Art Association, 430 Pine Street, we will sell, by auction, a collection of Oil Paintings and Sketches by **WM. KEITH**, comprising views in Maine, the White Mountains, and every phase of scenery of the mountains and valleys of California and Oregon. The pictures are now on view at the Gallery, 430 Pine Street, day and evening.

Catalogues at the Gallery, or will be sent to out-of-town purchasers by addressing the Auctioneers, or Snow & Co., 12 Post Street.

First Sale, Thursday, Oct 12, at 12 o'clock noon. Second and Closing Sale, same date, at 7:30 P. M.

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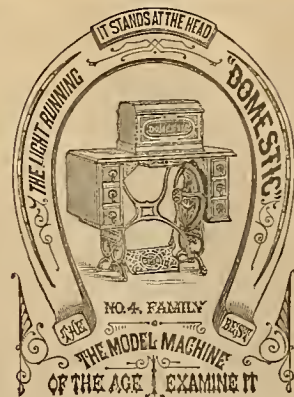
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An Elegant Corset to Order for \$4.

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Original designs, perfect work, and reasonable prices.



WEST'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT.—C. N. West's Electro-Medical Belts always have excelled all other electrical appliances. They have taken the premiums at all State Fairs. This new Belt excels every other that he has invented. Cures all diseases without medicine. Price, from \$5.00 to \$20.00. Warranted ten years. Patronized by the representative men and leading ladies of this and other States. Address or call on C. N. WEST, 652 Market Street, San Francisco.

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110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In the Sweet,
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to us o'er and o'er:
In heaven above, where all is love,
The sleepers never snore.
—Oil City Blizzard.

Do You Abhorre?
Come to the balc., O maw, this minute!
Here's the process., and paw is in it.
Oh, but it's mag.,
Taking the rag
Of every process. There's no way to thin it.
There they go, maw! And there is dear Gus.
Isn't he sweet? Oh, my, what a fuss!
And there are some men,
Looking perfectly splen.
On horses. Why didn't they go in a bus?
Oh, I'm so glad! I wish I could hol.
That would be wrong—in fact 't would be fol.
I'll wait and I'll read
(Intellectual feed!)
All about the process. In the s'ciety col.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Apple Blossoms.

Our little Tom in the orchard strayed
Where blossomed the blossoms upon each limb;
One little Blossom bent down where he played
And breathed a fragrant kiss on him.
Our little Tom smiled a cunning smile
And merrily shook his curly head:
"I'll tackle you, Blossom, after a while,
When you grow to be an apple," he said.
The Blossom remarked: "'Tis a cold, cold day
When boys like you get away with me—"
But the boy went carelessly on his way
While the Blossom chuckled with fiendish glee.
The days passed on, and the weeks passed on,
And the Blossom into an apple grew.
When along came Tom, and gobbled it down—
Skin, stem, and core, and the green seeds, too.
Our little Tommy has angel-wings,
And he flops around in the golden sky;
It's to be presumed he sweetly sings
Of apple blossoms in the By-and-by.

In Summer Time.

Fair June, what joy the maiden takes;
In wandering through thy leafy brakes;
At tiny grass green snakes she quakes
And slightly screams.
The bold dry-goods clerk's stalwart arm
Slips round her, faint with dread alarm;
He stands a prey to threatening harm,
And life in a tenement house, no servant, and your
wife do the washing so as to manage to support
a family on six dollars a week
Delighted dreams.
When apple blossoms scent the air
The small boy seeks the bullroarer's lair,
Returning thence with moistened hair
And telltale clothes.
The sad, fond mother lovingly
Receives her offspring o'er her knee;
The slipper falls till merrily
With broad-gauge, double-riveted, no need to hit
twice in the same place, eat your dinner off the
mantel for a month
Resounding blows.

The Finding of Moses.

On Egypt's banks, contagious to the Nile,
Great Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style;
And as she ran about to dry her skin,
She kicked the bulrush that hid Moses in.
At that event surprised, a while she stood
In silence gazing at the boiling fluid;
'Then, turning to her maids, she said, in accents mild,
'Blood an' agers, girls, which av yez owns the child?'
—From the Recollections of a Dublin Man.

[EDITORS ARGONAUT: The above, from the Argonaut
"Tuneful Liar" of August 20th, is not quite correct, as you
will see from the appended original, published in Dublin in
1849. Yours, faithfully, H. D.
8 PALMERSTON VILLAS, DUBLIN, Sept. 10, 1882.]

"In Egypt's kingdom, upon the banks of Nile,
King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style;
She tuk ber dip, then walked upon the land;
To dry her royal pelt she ran about the strand;
A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
A smilin' baby in a wad of straw.
She tuk it up, and said, in accents mild,
'Tarean' agers, girls, which av yez owns the child?'"

To a Defunct Goat.

Thou'rt lying cold and pale, O William Goat,
I see thee as thou art—as Walt Whitman would say—
Prone in mute death, stiff in thy shagbiness;
And, since thou now so helpless and low liest,
And canst not leap to sudden, harsh revenge,
I take the liberty of bring'g off
These faint few lines at thee, O Billy!
Thou hast been a Great Butler in thy time;
Bombarded hast thou the reckless small boy
With a most damaging bombardment; thou
Likewise, hast oft-times launched forth full tilt
Thy cheerful cranium at the old man, and made
Him realize that not by any means is life
An empty dream; assaulted, too, hast thou
The wild-eyed servant girl, high hoisting her
Into the pellucid air 'mid piercing shrieks
Of more than mortal agony—all—all
Have of thee had a taste: thou bast, Great Goat,
Not been partial.
Thou reignest a king
Among us, William, and thou hast of room
E'en more than the afflicted lepers of old days;
Proud men saw thee and vanished like the wind;
Women beheld thee and split all the land
With screams dire some, what time themselves they
made
Exceeding-ly remote. They did not much admire
The appearance of thy frontispiece, O William Goat.
Sometimes, in truth, the small boy braved thine ire,
And sought to monkey round thy festive form,
But 'tis a fact that he was generally
Projected sky high for his pains.
But thou, O W. G. I
Couldst not avail of all thy puissant self
To butt Fell Death. Death is the Boss Butter—
From Butterville—don't you forget it, Billy.
He laid thee low,
—Times-Democrat.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS,

For all the Purposes of a Family Physic.



CURING

Costiveness, Indigestion, Jaundice, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach and Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetters, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and Purifying the Blood, are the most congenial purgative yet perfected. Their effects abundantly show how much they excel all other pills. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. They purge out the foul humors of the blood; they stimulate the sluggish or disordered organs into action, and they impart health and tone to the whole being. They cure not only the every day complaints of everybody, but formidable and dangerous diseases. Most skillful physicians, most eminent clergymen, and our best citizens, send certificates of cures performed, and of great benefits derived from these Pills. They are the safest and best physic for children, because mild as well as effectual. Being sugar-coated, they are easy to take, and being purely vegetable, they are entirely harmless.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

OFFICE OF THE EUREKA CONSOLIDATED Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, September 25, 1882.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named company will be held at the office of the company, Room 37, Nevada Block, San Francisco, on MONDAY, the sixteenth day of October, 1882, at one o'clock P. M., of said day, for the election of five Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be presented.
W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 10) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-sixth day of October, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 9) of twenty-five cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Eighteenth day of October, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 8th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 5th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 5) of Twenty-five (25) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of October, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 10th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

A NEW STANDARD Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Oct. 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 46, of Twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Thursday, October 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Suits, \$25. TAILORING Suits, \$30.

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Suits, \$40. TAILORING Suits, \$50.

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Suits, \$60. TAILORING Suits, \$70.

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ONLY \$8.

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After months of labor and experiment, we have at last brought to perfection a new and improved watch, with the celebrated Anchor Lever Movement, Expansion Balance, Full Jeweled.

They are made of the best material, and in the very best manner, so as to insure the highest quality. The cases are made of our celebrated Composition metal known as Aluminum Gold. This metal has a sufficient amount of gold in the composition to give the watch a genuine gold appearance. Indeed it cannot be told from a genuine gold watch except by the best judges as the metal stands the acid test as well as pure gold. The cases are finely engraved or engraved turned and are massive and strong and very handsome making it just the watch for Railroad men, Mechanics and all laboring men who require a good strong watch and an accurate time-keeper. For trading and speculative purposes it is superior to any watch ever before offered. They can be sold readily for \$15 and \$25 each, and traded so as to realize double those amounts. Farmers as well as Agents, can have these watches to advantage, as they can be readily exchanged for stock & goods. We send the watch free by registered mail on receipt of \$8.00. Or we will send it C. O. D. on receipt of \$1.00 on account; the balance can be paid at the express office. We also have very fine Aluminum Gold Chains at \$1.00 each. Beautiful Gold Chains \$5.00 each. We have hundreds of testimonials, but have room for only two.

Hot Springs, Ark. June 30, 1882.
WORLD MANUFACTURING Co. Gents.—The New American Aluminum Gold Watch I ordered of you some time ago, and it is now delivered, and I am so well pleased with it that I enclose \$5.00. P. O. order, on account, for which please forward by express C. O. D. or match, free of the same style with chains to match.
Respectfully,
Saml. J. Carter.

Leavenworth, Kan. Aug. 7th, 1882.
WORLD MANUFACTURING Co. Gents.—The Aluminum Gold American Lever Watch purchased from your firm has proved a good time-keeper, and gives perfect satisfaction. I enclose \$5.00 for two more, same style. Yours,
G. ECKERT.

Send all orders to WORLD MANUFACTURING CO.,

122 Nassau Street, New York.

It is seldom that we meet with an article that so fully corresponds with its advertised good qualities as does the New American Lever Watch. It has the advantage of being made of that precious metal Aluminum Gold; its works are of the best make, and the general style of the case rank it with the best Watches made anywhere. We recommend it to our readers as a Watch that will give entire satisfaction.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TIMOTHY NUNAN, Plaintiff,
vs.
SAM SING et al., Defendants.
Superior Court.
Department No. 3.
No. 6027.
Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein Timothy Nunan, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against Sam Sing, Sun Sing, and War Foo, defendants, on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book 2, of said Court, at page 178, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the northwesterly corner of Clay Street and Waverly Place; running thence westerly along the northwesterly line of Clay Street thirty-nine (39) feet one and one-quarter (1 1/4) inches, more or less, to the east line of Cochran's building; thence at right angles northerly thirty-six (36) feet four and a quarter (4 1/4) inches; thence at right angles easterly thirty-nine (39) feet one and a quarter (1 1/4) inches, more or less, to the west line of Waverly Place; and thence southerly, along said line of Waverly Place, thirty-six (36) feet four and a quarter (4 1/4) inches to place of beginning. Being part of lot No. 57 of the 50-vara lot survey. Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 23d day of October, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, September 30, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
SAWYER & BALL, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
September 30, October 7, 14, 21.

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

J. BOAS, Plaintiff,
vs.
CONRAD HEROLD, et al.
Justice's Court.
No. 13,091.
Execution.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Justice's Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the 7th day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein J. Boas, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against Conrad Herold, defendant, for the sum of \$299.50, lawful money of the United States, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Conrad Herold, had on the 7th day of September, 1882, the day on which the hereinbefore described property was duly levied upon in the above entitled cause, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Conrad Herold, and bounded and described as follows: A point distant 40 feet southwesterly from the southerly corner of Welch and Zoe streets; thence at right angles southeasterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southwesterly 20 feet; thence at right angles southeasterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southwesterly 20 feet; thence at right angles northerly 80 feet, to the southeasterly line of Welch Street; and thence at right angles northeasterly along said southeasterly line of Welch Street 40 feet to the place of beginning. Being part of room-va lot No. 163.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 16th day of OCTOBER, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Conrad Herold, had on the 7th day of September, 1882, the day on which the above property was duly levied upon, as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above described property, to the highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
JOS. ROSENTHAL, Att'y for Plff.
SAN FRANCISCO, September 23, 1882.
27-29-7-14

SAMUEL P. MIDDLETON, AUCTIONEER.

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

Stock, Real Estate, and General

AUCTIONEERS.

116 Montgomery Street,

Occidental Hotel Block. SAN FRANCISCO

R. H. McDonald,
President,
San Francisco,
Cal.

PACIFIC BANK
Established
1863.
Capital Stock
\$1,000,000.00
Surplus 460,800.70

San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1882.
We take pleasure in presenting for your consideration the following Thirty-eighth Semi-Annual Statement of the condition of this Bank:

RESOURCES.	
Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30
LIABILITIES.	\$3,752,099 09
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	131 50
	\$3,752,099 09

This Bank has special facilities for doing all kinds of banking business.

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NO Alum
Flour
Starch
Ammonia
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Cream Tartar and Bi-Carb. Soda

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FIREMAN'S FUND

INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL, \$750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1881, \$1,240,000

D. J. STAPLES, President.

WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.

ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President.

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MONTSERRAT
LIME FRUIT JUICE SAUCE.

FINEST TABLE SAUCE IN THE MARKET FOR ROAST MEATS, STEAKS, FISH, CURRIES, GAME, ETC., ETC.

We take great pleasure in recommending the above Sauce to the public for not only its wholesomeness, being made from pure MONTSERRAT (W.I. Island) Lime Fruit Juice, but for its delicacy of flavor, which makes it superior to any Sauce ever offered in this market.

LOWENTHAL, LIVINGSTON & CO., Importers and Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

FOR SALE BY ALL JOBBERS AND RETAILERS.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, Oct. 3, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 34) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was declared, payable on Monday, October 16, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close Oct. 10, 1882, at 3 P. M. JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE

FOR CONGRESS,

From the First District,

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

E. R. THOMASON, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK WARD, Defendant.

Superior Court, Department No. 10, No. 622. Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 10, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 23d day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein E. R. THOMASON, the above named plaintiff obtained a judgment and decree of lien and sale against PATRICK WARD, defendant, on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 13th day of September, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book 1, of said court, at page 376, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Henry Street, distant one hundred feet easterly from the northeasterly corner of Henry and Castro streets; thence easterly along said line of Henry Street, twenty-six feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and fifteen feet; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-six feet; and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and fifteen feet to the point of commencement. Being designated on said Assessment and Diagram as Lot No. 2. Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, October 7, 1882. JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff. J. C. BATES, Attorney for Plaintiff. October 7, 13, 21, 28.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 16.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

A HELPMATE FOR HIM.

By Philip Shirley.

"Hugh, who's this?"

"What in the world have you got hold of?"

"Photograph of a young woman with a parasol, holding her head down, and looking at the audience through her bangs."

"I haven't any picture of a parasol holding its head down, and so forth."

"Fiddlestrings! Don't be hypercritical. Who is the damsel?"

"Look on the back. I generally label them."

"You've labeled this extensively: 'Gypsy,' 'Gypsy,' 'Gypsy,' and a lot of French:

*Toi, lumière et couleur,
Explosion de chaleur
Dans ma noire Sibirie! "*

"Oh, damn! Did I keep that? Well, stare at it now that you've found it, and then poke it back where you got it from, for heaven's sake."

"I say, she's rather youthful to cause such an *'explosion de chaleur'*—I retain the expression—in a man of your years and dignity. Who is she?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Tax my credulity so far."

"That is a picture of my wife."

"Bosh! You never were married."

"Didn't I tell you you wouldn't believe me?"

"No; but really, you know— Oh, come, no fooling! Do you mean sincerely and earnestly that—pshaw! It couldn't be, and nobody know it. Does mother know it?"

"Scarcely."

"Well, does anybody know it?"

"You know it."

"Any one else?"

"Near a whole city full."

"How do you mean? Where's the girl—young lady?"

"In her grave."

"Was she pretty?"

"Just as you see her there. Not a regular temptation of St. Anthony."

"Tell me all about it."

"You're too young, you villain! Give me that pillow. It's too hot to fight. You give it to me."

"Oh, you would call me young! I'll crack your meerscham. I'll disfigure your Bouguereau. I'll throw your novel out the window!"

"Thereby proving yourself a venerable, sedate— See here, if you'll give me that pillow, I'll tell you all about my—that photograph."

"All right! Go ahead."

"I didn't bargain to get it full in the face; however, I pardon an outburst of boyish buoyancy. Now, what do you wish to know?"

"Your career as Monsieur le Mari."

"Career! I was married just two months. But I shall not require you to pump for the story; I shall a plain, unvarnished tale deliver. From my earliest childhood I have been the slave of a misguiding tendency—the unconquerable desire, which attacks me periodically, to escape from the people with whom I am living, and to go off and bury myself in unearthly, out-of-the-way places; to sever all connection with the world I belong to, and refresh myself with a draught of novelty, as it were. Nervous figure! It does me good, and anon I turn up where I am due, brisk and shining, in trim to do battle with the commonplace again. The need, however, is none the less to be deplored; it shows something radically wrong in a man when he lacks steadfastness to continue—I see you are not attending, which pains me, as I was speaking for your good. When I was your age—that is, two years older—I came into my property. Heavens and earth, what a little ass I made of myself! Wild? The regulation hawk is an antique feather-duster compared; for know, thou noble youth, that I had no elder brother, like some ungrateful urchins, to see that I took my fling by mild degrees, so that the giddy world should not burst upon my astonished gaze in a too dazzling ensemble, but I was, as it were, an only son left with an only mother—for you were a papoose in those days—and I received the bringing up of the Maiden. Not the American, Henry James maiden, but the French maiden, the Chinese maiden, such was my immaculate seclusion—seclusion being my mamma's safeguard against the temptations of life for her hoy. I dreamed dreams and saw visions as I sat reading Walter Scott to my adored parent, in the sweet domestic calm of my 'evenings at home,' and when I was legally free and in funds, I made — use of my liberty and my means. I was about to make use of a slang expression, also, but did not. Admire my moderation. Now this riot was wrong. But, marry, how was it wrong? Because it undermined brother's constitution, and made him a pale wreck, to whom French cooking became a terror, and late hours suicide; and still there was found no glorious strength of will in brother to check his mad career, and pull up in time, and he a good boy, at least until the machine had had rest and was ready to begin over again. This lasted a year, when, suddenly, out of the clouds came the longing to cut the whole thing, and

plunge into the wilds. Not because I was sick and exhausted, not because I was in debt, not because I was in a bad scrape with—well, with a woman, as usual, though all these things were thus; but because I positively loathed the familiarity of the things around me, and 'e'en for change of scene'—but Byron is out of fashion. It was keen joy to me to imagine my old cronies saying: 'What's become of him?' 'Who's seen him?' etc. I had a vague idea of where I was going, and I went there. I shall not tell you where it is, but it is the countryest country you ever tried to imagine, and in the loneliest, saddest, wildest place in it was the cottage I occupied. A man and his wife lived there; queer specimens, who reciprocated this my estimate of them, and whose simultaneous 'Well, I'll be gull-durned!' when I first appeared in knickerbockers, and a 'three-seamer,' was the richest thing I ever heard off the stage. When I began to get stronger, and offered to help the old man float his logs down the flume, he began to think my lunacy might be turned to account.

"There are two things which I adore—a bridge of any description, and a woman looking out of a window. The more rustic the bridge and the wider the stream it spans, the prettier the woman and the more be-creepered the window, of course the intenser my flame; but I adore these things even at a low degree of loveliness. I must add one thing more—the whirr of wings; but that is neither here nor there, while the bridge and the window belong to my tale. There was a rushing, gushing, boiling, gurgling little stream about half a mile from the cottage, and there was a stiff, squarely built, practical bridge over it, part of a road to the distant town, and there I used to stand for an hour at a time, watching the stream and the scarfs of haze in the redwoods.

"One morning the old man did not breakfast with us, and when I asked his wife where he was, her laconic response was: 'Gone for the gal.' Supposing it was either his daughter or a female servant, I inquired no further, and spent the day wandering over the hills. In the evening I went to stand on my favorite bridge. Presently plod, plod, came horses' feet, puffing up the fine, white dust, and creak, creak, the wagon. The old man was driving, and by his side sat a little girl with a dark, little face, and a civilized traveling dress.

"She looked full into my eyes with singular frankness, as she drove by, and blushed so vividly that I knew she was not a little girl after all, but a young lady; and what in the name of prudence was she doing out here in the mountains? I slowly followed the wagon to the house.

"The young lady supped with us, but was very silent. Once, quite unconsciously it seemed, she pressed her hand hard upon her breast and sighed to the depths of her lungs. Our landlord and lady said no word to render our situation less embarrassing; so, although we caught each other's eyes sometimes, we continued strangers. I went off for another stroll after supper, and, coming back about nine o'clock, stopped in front of the door to finish a cigar. Some one above me said:

"'Look up.'"

"I obeyed, and there was 'the gal' leaning out of the window.

"'Come down,' said I.

"She didn't dare, because the old people had just gone to bed, and would hear her; she advised me to climb up to her. We had some brilliant conversation about elopements, and said good-night. The next morning at breakfast we conversed as if we had known each other for years, and went off to walk like brother and sister.

"Our talk was aggressively personal. I asked her bluntly what brought her to the cottage, and she told me that her father had married a new wife, who hated her and who had managed to send her away.

"'But not to this place,' I insisted.

"'No, to the town,' she said; but it was hateful and lonely there, and she knew a servant of her father's had married and was living somewhere in that country, and she had succeeded in getting a letter to the woman, who had consented to take charge of her.

"'But this is lonelier than the town,' said I.

"'Yes—but—' Another vivid blush.

"I teased her to tell me what ailed the town, and it appeared that an objectionable man was there, who was in love with her, and of whom she was becoming afraid. I asked her if in time she would become afraid of me, and run still farther into the woods. She said no, because she knew I was in love with some one else.

"'That's true,' said I. 'And you—aren't you in love with some one else?'"

"'Some one!' she cried, with her deep laugh. 'I'm so in love with three boys at home that I am nearly distracted. That's the reason my father was willing I should go away. I went everywhere with them. I'm not good, you know; I'm bad, just as bad as I can be.' Then she pouted, and looked at me as she looks in that picture.

"'What makes you so bad?' I asked.

"'Because my skin is so dark,' said she, promptly. 'If I was fair, like you, I'd be a Christian girl; but as it is, I don't care for anything.'

"She had been, to say the least of it, gay. The adventures she had been through with those youths, her admirers, made my hair rise, while the naive way in which she told it all, always taking the blame herself, and saying, like Topsy,

'It's so wicked,' balf redeemed the tales; but the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it! Before I knew it, I was deeply, uncontrollably in love with her. She was so easy to love, as it were; it all came about so naturally, small fire-brand that she was! She seemed to love her little life out, always saying that she didn't care if she never saw me again, and drawing remarkable pictures of how she would lacerate my heart by her love affairs with other men if the occasion ever presented itself; but as long as we were in the hackwoods I thought I could afford to laugh. Sometimes when I was tired, and quiet, and cross, I used to say: 'Gypsy, Gypsy, you are a very rapid maiden;' and then she would be sad and still all day. She was an intrepid rider, and when she tore up hill and down dale at a hand-gallop, without drawing rein, woman fashion, she really brought my heart into my mouth.

"'You'll kill yourself, some day,' said I, angrily.

"'Indeed, I shan't,' she returned, with almost passionate earnestness; 'nothing can hurt me; I shall live till I'm ninety.' She was seventeen then, and the smallest girl of her age that I ever saw, and yet her hold on life and avaricious delight in it were like some battered old beauty of fifty. The strength and recklessness of her nature were appalling, at least they would be to me now.

"About this time there began to grow over me a horrible consciousness. I was getting bored. To you, who have been bored only at a dull play or a tiresome conversation—in short, bored *pour cause*—this statement does not begin to convey its full tragic force. To be bored comes to me like a stifling, rising marsh-tide. It is to be weary when I have made no exertion, irritable when my nerves and health are perfectly balanced, morose with plenty of money, silent and absent-minded though Sidney Smith and Lady Blessington should unite their efforts to engage me in conversation. I asked the Gypsy if she was ever thus. 'No!' she cried out, indignantly, with a clenching of her small fists and a stiffening of her whole sinewy little frame. It made me languish to see her. 'You live too hard,' said I.

"'I became worse instead of better, and it was borne in upon me that nothing could console me but the sight and sound of the sea.

"'Gypsy,' said I, 'did you ever see the sea?' She shook her head. She had always lived in an inland Western city.

"'There's not only music in its roar,' said I, 'but the bitter laugh of the conquered; did you know that?'"

"'Now, you're talking nonsense,' quoth the Gypsy, with conviction.

"'Nonsense or not, I am bored here, and I am going to the sea. These mountains crush me,' said I, thinking aloud. She caught at the words like a little fury.

"'You're going away?' she panted.

"'I must,' said I. This was beginning to look promising; the child was not just what you'd call reserved, and I was bored enough not to care to soothe her.

"'I'm going with you,' she announced.

"'Without a chaperon? Gypsy, you shock me,' said I, laughing.

"'How dare you sit there and tell me I love you!' she raved.

"'I don't tell you so; you're the one oasis in the desert of my ennui, the one bright cloud floating over the chasm I have dropped into,' said I.

"She paused a moment, and then threw herself into my arms.

"'Look here, you young electric shock, don't do that again without some appreciable preparation,' said I.

"'Iceberg, stern, cruel, hateful!'—these were her complimentary names for me—'you won't go away, will you?'"

"'Why, child, I must.' I clung to my plan for sheer obstinacy. I was trembling from head to foot, and ready to promise her anything if she had but known it. 'I won't be gone long, but indeed I don't want you to see me in this melancholy fit; we might quarrel, and you wouldn't like that. I'll come back, I swear it, hy—Gypsy, do you believe in anything?'"

"'Not in you,' she said, wearily.

"'The night before I was to start she was so diabolically gay that I was vaguely alarmed.

"'Gypsy,' said I, 'do you mean to run away before I come back?'"

"'You know better,' said she, bitterly.

"'What do you mean to do?' I persisted. 'You have got some scheme in your wicked little head; what is it? Don't run away, for, hy heavens, I'll come after you! I shall find you no matter where you are, and I shall have you for mine no matter who you are with; so look out what you do.' She laughed and flashed her eyes. In the evening she used to wear a smoking-cap of mine, which suited her Moorish face exactly. She had a teaspoonful of dark blood in her, I know she had.

"It was fiendishly early in the morning when I started; but I couldn't help glancing up at her window. There she was, holding her little black-and-red Rob Roy shawl close up about her throat, while her dark hair hung around her face. I lifted my hat to her and then held out my arms. She laughed, and said, in a bard, common little tone that always grated on my nerves:

"'Won't you be sorry for this, my boy?—that's all!'"

"Those were our adieux, and when the old man and I had been driving in silence for about an hour, he vouchsafed:

"I think you're right down sensible to get out of this here. The gal's taken a likin' to you."

"She's hardly more than a child," said I.

"Child, is she?" said he. "Well, she's a knowin' one. At which I could not control a smile."

"The sea consoled me. I shook off my boredom, and made some pleasant friends without exactly knowing how. One family—a widow lady and her son and daughter—I saw very often during my stay in the city. I missed the Gypsy at every turn. She had struck herself into my life like the little blade she was, and I could not forget her. I used to wonder if I could get her to marry me, and come and live with me in this brown city, loved of the salt sea-wind. She was a wild, romantic little thing. I thought I could."

"Far out among the sand-dunes, some brilliant being, conceiving that the city would 'grow that way'—that is, right out into the bay—had reclaimed a garden and built a house. It was all on one floor, dark with wood-work, and luxuriously furnished. Its owner was too poor to live in it, and nobody else wanted it. I leased it, and rushed back into the red-woods. I walked in from the little town, and by this means overtook the Gypsy scuffling along with her dusty little shoes. A man was strolling by her side with his hands in his pockets. I could not hear what they were saying, but he left her at the meeting of two roads, and she pursued her way to the cottage alone. I came softly up behind her, and said, as quietly as if I had never been away:

"Who was that, Gypsy?"

"She gave a little shriek, and started violently. Then she sat down on a log by the side of the road, and began to cry. These feminine demonstrations over, I repeated my question, and got it answered. The man was the terrible person before whom she had fled from the town where her step-mother had domiciled her."

"You have grown less afraid of him in the time I have been away," said I. She chuckled.

"Are you jealous? Yes, you are! Oh, you are frightfully jealous! Don't you wish you knew how he found out where I was? Don't you wish you knew what I've been about since you went away? But you'll never know?"

"See here, you elf," said I, catching hold of her, as she fluttered along the road, "the only thing I really want to know is, whether you'll marry me, and go and live in a little house by the sea that I took possession of while I was gone?"

"What do you think she said? She clapped her hands and said: 'What fun! I with another gurgling of a laugh."

"And tell our people afterward," she added, in a minute.

"And never tell our people unless we are obliged to," said I. "Give them something to think about; it will do them good."

"But they send me letters and checks, you know, to the town; the old man brings them out to me," she persisted.

"Well, you practical young woman, can't I order them addressed to our new home?" said I.

"She consented to all my plans; the boldness of the move pleased and excited her, but our amazing independence and loneliness frightened her. She was an amusing study in those days."

"How I do trust you," she used to say to me; 'I wonder what makes me.'

"We galloped into town one day on horseback, and were married—she swore she was of age—and went on to our little house by the sea without returning to the cottage. The whole escapade suited the Gypsy, and we spent three days of idiotically unclouded happiness. At the end of that time I went to look up the friends I had made on my previous visit. I did not tell any of them that I was married, except the widow lady and her son and daughter, who congratulated me, and said they were anxious to see my wife. I invited them to call, and one day the mother and daughter made their appearance. The Gypsy seemed to take one of her fervid fancies to the daughter, and when she was not hanging upon her accents and flattering her unmercifully, she appeared to be studying her critically. One evening, when I came home a little later than usual, my wife was not at the door to meet me, nor could I find her in the house, till, pausing at one of the windows, I saw her little figure down on the beach, and her old friend of the redwoods was by her side. Now I had the right to interfere. I rushed down to the shore, and joined them. My wife introduced her companion to me. It was a bad flaw in her nature that the admiration of a cad was not loathsome to her—for that the fellow was a cad was written all over him, and that he admired her was equally apparent. He walked up to the house with us, and departed with a silly smile meant to convey that he felt himself the interesting cause of displeasure on my part toward the Gypsy. When that giddy young person and I were within doors, I took her gently in my arms, and told her, in easy words of one syllable, what caste, and good taste, and a delicate sense of honor are; while she kept protesting, with wide eyes: 'I don't like him; I hate him; I think he's just as horrid as you do. I told him I loved you.'

"I winced. God! I writhed."

"You spoke of our feelings for each other to that 'ting'?" said I.

"Why, of course, when he asked me."

"I pushed her away, and lay flat on my face on the lounge, groaning in spirit. I was in for it. What had I done! What an ass I had made of myself! Should I take the girl to my mother to be taken care of? Should I shoot myself? The piano struck up. The Gypsy was playing gallops in a manner that indicated that she was perfectly furious. The next day I petted her, and made it up with her, and gave her my solemn commands never to see the man again, if she valued my peace of mind or her own; and coming home in the middle of the day, I found him lunching with her. This time I attacked the hound myself, explained the situation in a few forcible words, and kicked him out of doors. The Gypsy didn't care. She was as placid as possible, rather pleased; and we went out riding, and dawdled our time away as formerly. I tried to amuse her, heaven knows. We rushed about the city, going to great public balls, and the sort of thing she liked, and filling our pretty house with noisy people, with whom she was always flirting, betting, and smoking. I was getting heartily tired and ashamed of my infatuation. The only pleasant hours I spent were with the widow and her daughter. One afternoon when I was sitting with them, my wife burst into the

parlor, perfectly gorgeous in a velvet costume, and rattled away to these quiet people in a most astounding manner, dragging me off with her when her call was at an end. At home she seemed to be in a kind of paroxysm. She flung her little Paris bat on the floor, and, stripping off her gloves and bracelets, sent them flying after it. She tore at the lace-filled throat of her dress as if she were strangling.

"I'm going mad," she panted—as indeed I observed—"I can't please you; I don't know what you want. Do you think I can sit with my hands folded and look out of the window all day? What do you wish me to do?—what shall I do? You're killing me. You go to see those people because they're different from me. If you get tired of me you have ruined me, Hugh. Love me, love me!" and the wild little thing threw herself on the ground at my feet in a convulsion of grief. I see a kind of "Oh, rare for Antony!" expression in your face. Well, so it was, for once, but she wore herself and my patience to tatters, to very rags, by the repetition of such spasms. It was all too violent; human nature can't stand it. I was dictatorial and indifferent again, and she more reckless than ever. She started another friendship for a big, blonde fellow, with a disgraceful record. We quarreled frightfully, and at last she went to ride with this man by moonlight, against my express command, and was thrown over her horse's head and killed, and that was the end of my Gypsy wife. And you may think if I shun that city like the pestilence, and if the roar of the sea is hateful to me, and if the sudden sight of that photograph is not rather a shock, even though all this happened inside of three months, and was more than ten years ago. You think, in the pride of your nineteen green springs, that you could have ruled the Gypsy, but you could not, nor any other man."

'Behold it lies there overthrown, that house;
In its fair halls no comers shall carouse.
Its broad rooms with strange silences are filled;
No fire upon its crumbling hearth shall glow,
Seeing its desolation.'

"Tears, as I am a man! O Gypsy, Gypsy!"

Rummaging through our library the other day, we came upon a copy of the *San Francisco Chronicle* of date January 18, 1870—a little more than twelve years old; not very long ago, but long enough to indicate the progress that journal has made in size, circulation, and business. We reprint a part of its editorial for the purpose of illustrating the comical side of newspaper prophecies upon European political events—a thing the *Argonaut* seldom indulges in:

There will be no revolution in France at the present crisis. Those who predict a violent change of government as the result of the present excitement, simply proclaim their ignorance of French history and French character. We note with curious interest that the majority of our contemporaries really seem to imagine that there is to be a new French revolution after the style of '98, and that the days of Robespierre's domination are to be reinaugurated. There is not at present the slightest danger of any such revolution. Louis Napoleon is master of the situation. He knows his own power and that of the people. Moreover, we do not imagine that the recent outburst of popular feeling took him entirely by surprise. We suspect that he was prepared for it. In fact, we give Napoleon the Third credit for possessing no ordinary share of ability. And we do not for a moment imagine that he is at all disturbed by the comments of the foreign press upon his course and policy. Like his uncle, he has studied in the school of Machiavelli. Regarding him in this light, let us scrutinize this "revolutionary movement." The movement does not seem to be very formidable, and it is rather the commencement or inauguration of something novel than a novelty itself. Of course, Louis Napoleon is at the bottom of the whole affair. The popular demonstrations have been sufficient for Napoleon's purpose. They furnish him with an excuse for taking back his concessions. This was what he wanted. He can now argue that when he attempted to abandon the system of personal government the people proved themselves unfit for liberty.

It was not a wise editorial Daniel who thus sat in judgment upon Napoleon and his affairs, for it was but a few months when the continual agitation at the French capital burst forth into a national flame that involved all Europe in the blaze of war. There was a revolution that changed France from an empire to a republic, and sent the imperial family into exile. The Emperor of the French died a refugee in England. The Prince Imperial was killed in the English service. The Empress is a wanderer. The succession to the dynastic claims is a speculation and a dream. The change was sudden and violent. It was a revolution, and not bloodless. Louis Napoleon was not master of the situation. He was like a thistle-down upon the wings of the storm. He had no power, and he under-estimated that of the French people. He was not prepared for it. The *Chronicle* was not a prophet. Its editor was an ass. Just now, within these past few weeks, the American press has been all astray on Egyptian affairs. The demagogic part of the press, and that is nearly all of it, taking its cue from the Irish, and anxious to please the English-hating Irish, prophesied that the English would be whipped in Egypt, or that it would be a long, expensive, and bloody war. The Irish politicians, the Home Rulers, Land Leaguers, and Fenians, were full of direful auguries over the English affair at the delta of the Nile. And now, that it has turned out but a picnic affair for the English army, the mob dispersed, Arabi Bey captive of war, Alexandria, Cairo, and the Suez Canal in the hands of the English, they are disposed to depreciate English valor by underrating the gallantry of the achievement. As for ourselves, we are proud of the English and the English race, and proud of the brave ancestry from which we spring. Their achievements are our achievements, their history our history, their glory our glory. We expect great things are in reserve for them and us; great achievements to be accomplished by England and America, as allies in the future conflicts of Christian civilization.

"Great fleas have little fleas, and these have lesser fleas to bite 'em, and so on, *ad infinitum*." The quarrel of two lesser fleas over the privilege of sucking the Tivoli flea, as typified by the struggle of two fellows to supply that concern with programmes, is most amusing. Robinson gives his *Tivoli Advertiser* at the door. Jones gives his *Footlight* on the sidewalk. Then the *Advertiser* man, finding all the visitors provided with programmes, takes them politely away, and gives them his own. Then the *Footlight* man has him arrested. Then he has the *Footlight* man arrested. Charges, counter-charges, malicious mischief, civil suits, damages, costs—and all for the supplying of a programme to the Tivoli! What little fleas there are in this world. Probably even these minute fleas have yet other and minuter fleas deriving their sustenance from them.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Beryl's Bluff.

"Will he bite?"

The humming of the bees as they sped from flower to flower and sipped the honeyed treasures of petal and calyx, and the low murmur of the summer breezes, sighing among the locust trees, were the only sounds that broke the St. Louis silence of a beautiful afternoon in September. The amber haze of Indian summer had fallen upon the land. Away to the westward stretched a vista of grain-fields that were laughing in the golden glory of an abundant harvest, while the eastern landscape was flecked here and there by a sad-eyed but brindle cow. "Let us think only of the future, Rupert," said Beryl Gilhooly to the strong-limbed, all-on-account-of-Eliza young man who stood by her side, looking down into the hazel depths of her beautiful eyes in a wistful, will-the-old-man-ever-go-to-bed expression that sat so strangely upon the Chicago outlines of his pure young face. And even while speaking these words she turned her left foot slightly so as to shield him from the ardent rays of the sun, and smiled a joyous, happy, you-are-first-choice-in-every-pool smile that told of the deathless passion that enslaved her soul. "Let us think of the future," she continued; "of the bright and happy future, full of matinee tickets and ice-cream." "No, no, not that; some other future," cried Rupert McIntosh, a look of haunting horror coming into his face. "I can not free my mind from this dread suspicion." At that moment a book-agent was seen ascending the brow of a hill. He entered the portals of Coast-cliff Castle, and went to the front steps. In a little while he came back hurriedly, and soon a dog was seen at play with some gent's furnishing goods. Rupert kissed Beryl, and started over to town. "When are you coming back, sweetheart?" the girl asks. "Next August," are the words that the zephyrs bear back to her. "Why do you wait so long, darling?" "Because," he answers, in tear-stained tones, "dogs are muzzled in August."—From "*Over the Garden Wall*," by Joseph Medill, the *Chicago Tribune* Novelist.

Why We Shed the Scalding.

In justice to ourselves we desire to state that we have been placed in a false position before the public. It has been stated that while at Rock Creek station, in the early part of the week, we were taken for a peanut, and otherwise ill treated at the railroad eating corral and omelette emporium, and that in consequence of such treatment we shed great scalding tears as large as watermelons. This is not true. We did shed the tears as above set forth, but not because of ill treatment on the part of the eating-house proprietor. It was the presence of death that broke our heart and opened the fountains of our great deep, so to speak. When we poured the glucose syrup on our pancakes, the stiff and cold remains of a large beetle and two cunning little twin cockroaches fell out into our plate, and lay there hushed in an eternal repose. Death to us is all-powerful. The King of Terrors is to us the mighty sovereign before whom we must all bow; from the mighty emperor down to the meanest slave, all alike must some day curl up and die. This saddens us at all times, but more particularly so when Death with his relentless lawn-mower has gathered in the young and innocent. This was the case when two little twin cockroaches, whose lives had been unspotted, and whose years had been unclouded by wrong and selfishness, were called upon to meet death together. In the stillness of the night, these little, affectionate twins crept into the glucose syrup and died. We hope no one will misrepresent this matter. We did weep, and we are not ashamed to own it. We sat there and sobbed until the tablecloth was wet for four feet and the venerable ham was floating around in tears. It was not for ourself, however, that we wept. No unkindness on the part of an eating-house ever provoked such a tornado of woe. We just weep when we see death and are brought in contact with it. And we were not the only ones that shed tears. The waiters wept, strong men as they were. Even the butter wept. Strong as it was, it could not control its emotions. —Bill Nye's Boomerang.

Hoffenstein on Marriage.

"Misder Hoffenstein, vat you dink," exclaimed Herman, in a flutter of surprise; "I shust get an invitation to de vedding of my frient, Moses Powiski, vot lifs by de Sorapuru market. He vas going to marry Miss Sallie Liechtenfelder, whose fader keeps de shoe-store." "Does she haf any money?" inquired Hoffenstein. "No, sir." "Does he haf money?" "No, sir." "Vell, den dey vas tam fools, you know; and dey vill find it oud. De more a man vas poor in dis vorld, Herman, de more he vants to get married; if he don't vant to do dot, he vants to express his opinion efery chance he gets, ven it ain't vort von cent on de dollar, and he don't represent anything but an old valise. Ven people get married or go around dalking, dey ought to haf someding to back it up. You see in de books, Herman, dot love laughs at locksmiths. Vell, it may be so, you know, but love nefer goes around laughing at grocery bills, und de landlord vot don't get his rent. Love vas very brave, but it gets weak in de knees ven anything like dot happens, und you can bet on it. I dink a poor voman should haf a velty husband, und a poor man a velty vife. If I had my vay mit dis vorld, und I heard of a poor young man vat vanted to marry a girl no better off as himself, I vould chain him to a post, Herman, shust to keep de tam fool oud of trouble. De easiest vay, und de most pleasant, dot a man makes money, is ven he marries a voman vat haf it. It vas the safest piseness dransaction in de vorld; you risk no capital, und you make big profit. Dink uf it, Herman, und vatch your chance. Dousands of velty und good young vomen haf married no-count fellows vot were so poor dot de fleas vouldn't stay mit dem, und you must feel encouraged, you know. No von can dell vot a voman vos going to do." "But, Misder Hoffenstein," expostulated Herman, "if a man marries a voman vot he don't love, he von't haf any respect for himself, no matter if she vas velty." "Neffer mind, my poy, neffer mind; oder heeple vill respect you. I know a man vot dinks de same vay as you ven he married, und now he goes around de streets veering blue pants mit yellow patches. Dake my advice, Herman, und don't let a poor voman rope you in." —Joe C. Aby, in *N. O. Times-Democrat*.

THE PRINCE AND THE BEAUTIES.

How His Royal Highness of Wales Beams on Pretty American Girls.

That portion of fashionable society which, when the London season is over, seeks recuperation in the nautical waters of the German spas, among the picturesque scenery of the Swiss Engadine, or amid the Parisian surroundings of the French watering-places, is beginning to wend its way homeward again. Grouse still offers its attractions to those who are the happy possessors of Welsh or Scottish moors, and the banging away that has gone on among the stubble and turnips for the past fortnight has not been sufficiently destructive of the partridges to preclude the possibility of there being "a few more left of the same sort" to gladden the hearts of the tardy arrivals. Now that the war is over, too, the Grenadiers, the Life Guards, and the Blues will soon be trooping back to receive the thanks of a grateful country, and their officers to fill the blanks which their temporary absence on active service had made in the family circle of many a country house; so that in a few weeks, at most, except in the cases of the invalids who yearly make Italy and the South of France their home during the rough English months, society, scattered though it may be from Cornwall to Caithness, or from Anglesey to Yarmouth, will be once more under the shelter of its own flag.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were among the first to return from Homburg last week, the prince's bi-diurnal pinetinctured baths and early hours having apparently set him upon his feet again. They stayed but a day or two in town, and then went direct to Abergeldie, the prince's shooting-quarters in Scotland, and already, if the reports that come back can be credited, the grouse are catching it hot from his royal highness, assisted by several of his set who are with him. It is quite probable, however, that the guns of those members of his set whom he has chosen to call to his assistance are more answerable for the large bags that are made each day than is the gun of the prince himself, for it is a pretty well known fact that he is a very poor shot. Of course, it is the proper thing to yield him the palm in everything; but, all the same, men who have shot with him could tell you how there is always a friend who is a crack shot stationed near the prince, ready to shoot a couple of seconds after he does, and at the same bird, just as when he was in India an unerring bullet from a simultaneous rifle generally laid low the tigers and man-eaters, whose skins now adorn the walls of Marlborough House and Sandringham as trophies of the prince's marksmanship.

Everybody is now talking of his attentions to Miss Chamberlaine, who, thanks to his notice more than anything else, is daily growing to be looked upon as a beauty. Strictly speaking, she can not be called one. She has a pretty face, a clear complexion, fluffy, silky, blonde hair, and that's all. Figure she has positively none, her shoulders being high, her chest narrow, and her carriage awkward. According to English taste, a woman simply *can't* be a beauty unless she has a good figure. Her voice, too, is deep and masculine in its tones, and her foot is by no means up to the American standard of smallness, as exhibited to European eyes by the hundreds of American girls who throng the Continent every summer. But she is said to possess another attribute of womanly perfection of far more importance than face or figure in the estimation of the swells in whose society she is now sunning herself. Her papa is supposed to have money. How much, no one exactly knows; and many are the surmises as to "what he'd be likely to settle on her, you know." She and her mamma went to Homburg from Cowes about the same time the Prince of Wales did, and there they have had their republican sensibilities flattered by a continuation of various little attentions from his royal highness, the prince; among other things, inviting Miss Chamberlaine to join his lawn-tennis party every afternoon, much to the disgust of many less favored courtiers of both hemispheres. There are people in England who do not think it benefits a girl in the long run—or in the short, for the matter of that—to have the Prince of Wales single her out. It gives her a sort of gossip *clat* for a time, perhaps, but not with the best people. It attracts to her side a certain class of men (noblemen in name) who follow the prince about, and take their cue from him in all that he does. But the attraction lasts only as long as the prince's smiles continue, and dies when he wearies or grows cold, and transfers his royal attentions to another who can furnish him with the charm of his existence—novelty. Albert Edward is a capricious fellow in his admirations; and any girl who depends upon his notice for notoriety will go out of fashion as quickly as she came in, and with about the same lack of warning. They say that since her stay at Homburg Miss Chamberlaine will not talk to any one under an earl, and positively refuses to be introduced to any man who is not a nobleman. Baronets she will have nothing to do with. To a girl who associates with royalty, I dare say, a baronet must seem a small fish indeed, and "Sir" a most insignificant title; for there are over nine hundred baronets in the kingdom, exclusive of the sixty odd Irish ones, and since Brassey (who used to break stones on the road not so long ago) was made one the other day, it doesn't seem as though there was much left of the title to brag about. However, it may turn out that Miss Chamberlaine may be glad enough to get even a baronet before her very apparent tilt for a title is over.

For example, take the case of Minnie Stevens. It was the Prince of Wales who, by his notice, gave her her first start among English swelldom. She, too, went in for titles. "A duke or nothing for us," Mamma Stevens used to say; "ain't we got the money to pay for one? *Je gage que oui.*" So the Duke on Montrose was settled upon as the likeliest *parti*. He was poor for a duke, being a plain lieutenant in a lancer regiment. But the consequent lack of lustre in the gilding of his strawberry-leaved coronet made it all the more probable that a regilding thereof would be accepted kindly by him, even though the gold-leaf came from the profits of several American hotels. Just, however, as the big fish was about to be landed, he wriggled from the hook and flopped back into the water again. The old proverb about there being "as good fish in the sea" may have been quoted to assuage the fair angler's chagrin; but it didn't hold good, the next move being a decided descent of the scale, when Lord Walter Campbell was picked out. He wasn't a duke, but

he was the son of one, and his brother was the Marquis of Lorne. Everything seemed to go on swimmingly for a time, when suddenly it was announced that Lord Lorne was to marry the Princess Louise. Forthwith, the marriage of his brother, Lord Walter, became a matter of royal concern. The Prince of Wales did his best, but the Queen couldn't go the hotels. So that little affair came to an end. How often the same game was refactored I can't begin to say. At all events, Miss Minnie wasn't getting younger every day, and men with titles who would have married her like a shot if she'd had them when her *éclat* was fresh, had too much *amour propre* to let themselves be dropped and picked up again at will. So the end of the long chase after a title arrived when one fine day she married a retired army officer, whose highest claim to a titular designation came from his having been a captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards, though his grandfather had once upon a time been the Marquis of Anglesey. That Captain Paget is a good fellow, every one who knows him will admit. He has long been a prominent member of the Prince of Wales's set, and is of excellent family connections. But he isn't even an "honorable," and is miles away from a coronet, for both of which deficiencies the Stevenses, when they first got into the swim in London, would about as soon have thought of a marriage with him as with "Mr. John Smith, of Cheapside." I do not suppose that there has ever been an American woman in these days who has had such a long "inning" of royal favor as Mrs. Paget. The secret of it, I believe, lies in the fact that she has had the sense to make herself, and keep herself, a favorite with the Princess as well as the Prince of Wales—a stroke of wisdom which Miss Chamberlaine seems to have neglected, for I hear she is as much disliked by the Princess of Wales as she is admired by the Prince, the former's aversion being generally, as might be expected, in the inverse ratio of her husband's predilections where the subject is of the female sex.

I was told the other day, by a friend who happened to be at Windsor when General Grant and his son Jesse dined there with the Queen, and stayed all night at the castle, the following, which may be of interest to those who know young Grant and his ways. There were a good many stories told at the time at the young man's expense, I remember, most of which got into the papers, but I don't think this was ever made public:

Mr. Jesse, it seems, was sitting in the smoking-room of the castle with half a dozen others (the general not having yet joined the party), smoking away and holding forth at the same time with a tumbler of brandy and soda on the arm of his chair. "There is one thing about this country of yours, gentlemen," he said, when the first lull in the general conversation gave him a good opening, "which strikes me as peculiar. It is this: Take your Prince of Wales here. Let him go out shooting to-morrow morning, and not come home at night. Why, the whole country would be up in arms out looking for him. Aint that so?" There was a general acquiescence. "Well, suppose now I should go out for a hunt at home, and be gone six months, do you think any one in the whole of America, except my own folks, would care a cent? Not much." COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, September 21, 1882.

Among the various paintings of Theodore Wores which have attracted attention since his arrival here, there is one which has not had its proper share of that attention. It is called by the artist, "Interior of a Shop in Chinatown." We here in San Francisco are affected—some of us perhaps unconsciously—by the prejudice existing against the Chinese. Seeing nothing good in them, we can see nothing picturesque. It was reserved for Mr. Wores to bring out that striking Orientalism, that barbaric picturesqueness, and set it upon his canvas. This is the second of his Chinese studies. The first—a fish-vender's stall—was sold to a wealthy New Yorker. The present painting has also been purchased by a stranger—Sir Thomas Hesketh. The scene chosen is the interior of a Chinese shop. At the counter stand a Chinese woman and her child, the little one with its face turned toward the spectator, and its beady black eyes staring at you with that old-young look which Chinese children have. Behind the counter stands the shop-keeper, weighing out a portion of *li-chee* nuts. His face is a strong study. It is the best delineation of the Mongolian face the writer ever saw. Over his head are suspended the many strange articles which go to make up the stock in trade of a Chinese shop—dried ducks, dried prawns, curious withered sausages, dried oysters, those little yellow cheeses made of fermented beans, and—let us be exact—gizzards. The lintels of the store bear those strange hieroglyphics with which the Celestials are wont to ward off evil spirits. It is curious to remark that a Chinaman who came to see the picture was much delighted to find that they were real and not dummy hieroglyphics, and that he could read them. The picture will be on exhibition at Morris's gallery for a few days until it is sent to England. Sir Thomas Hesketh paid for the picture fifteen hundred dollars, and it is worth it. It is to be hoped that this sale may encourage Mr. Wores to remain among us, for we learn that he had contemplated removing to the East. He is an artist whom we can not afford to lose.

"I asked a man who knows Oscar Wilde," says "Brunswick" in the Boston *Gazette*, "what sort of fellow he is on a long acquaintance." "Well," said he, "I'll tell you. Wilde is a sort of man who smokes cigarettes incessantly, but never has any of his own, and he is very fond of a good dinner—at your table." Poor Oscar! he is no longer amusing because he is no longer a novelty, and some of the people who took him up most violently at first are doing their best to drop him down. With all his assurance, he is afraid to go out alone—I mean to walk Broadway or Fifth Avenue. He has not the moral courage to meet the sneer of the mob unsupported; so when you see him it is leaning on the arm of an unfortunate acquaintance.

The Court—What, prisoner! Do you mean to say that the witness has testified falsely? *The Prisoner*—What can be known about me? I don't know him—never saw him in my life. *The Court*—Never saw him? Why, he was one of your associates! *The Prisoner*—He wasn't! I don't even know his name. Ask me it, and see if I do.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Philharmonic Concert and Miss Coursen's Singing Recital.

The second season of the Philharmonic Society was auspiciously opened last week by the first of a series of six promised concerts, to be given during the coming winter. Many good players were among the musicians, and Mr. Hinrichs's control, in his place as conductor, was admirable as ever.

Reinecke's Fest-Ouverture, the opening number of the evening, was given with confidence and interesting effect, the strings making, as usual, the most of their part, and the other instruments betraying none of the weaknesses afterward apparent. It will be remembered that the melodious theme of this overture is presented at the outset in a short *moderato*, which breaks into a briefer *animato*, and is finally followed by the *allegro* movement, completing the work. The passage in triplets, forming the accompaniments of the *animato* and taken by the violins, was beautifully played, as were also the measures somewhat similar in feature, and for the same instruments, at the close of the *allegro*.

The composition awakening deepest interest was, of course, Beethoven's Second Symphony, Op. 36, in D major. The *adagio*, which constitutes the eloquent prelude to this profound and characteristic symphony, was poor and unsatisfactory in many respects. In the passage formed by the five opening bars the instruments were out of tune, the attack was irresolute, and a prevailing unsteadiness spoke doubtfully for the success of succeeding measures. The bit of chromatic part-repetition, and the shakes which follow, were not reassuring, and only with the *allegro* did an actual improvement set in. This fine movement, with its surprising modulations and strains of heroic utterance, was better managed and better imagined by both leader and players; and with the *largo* real worthiness of interpretation and feeling asserted itself in a marked degree. The *scherzo*, which has been described as "heavily frolicsome," is not a particularly sympathetic part of this symphony, and, with the exception of its little trio, seemed devoid of that fine something so inspiring in the *largo*. The *finale* was spirited and correct, but a trifle tedious.

Schumann's entre-act music to "Manfred," mysterious, poetical, and reserved, received a careful and thoughtful rendering. The Strauss waltz, "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald," as the lightest number of the evening, gained that approval which is always ready to fall to the lot of attractive frivolity. And yet these gay melodies have a pathos of their own which sometimes surprises strangely. Mr. Hinrichs certainly made the most of the waltz in question, bestowing upon it the full benefit of careful shading, and a wise use of the *tempo rubato*. Wagner's overture to "Rienzi" has fame on its side, and uproar as well. For the sake of the former, the world accepts it; but considered in the light of the latter, it is without recommendation.

Madame Zeiss-Dennis, who contributed two vocal numbers to the programme, appeared first in a recitative and aria from Mozart's "Tito." This lady's voice is of immense power, wide compass, and dramatic quality; but it lacks in sweetness and sympathy, and in the extremes of the high and low registers is piercingly shrill, and raspingly gruff. On these accounts, and by reason of a somewhat exaggerated style, added to a lively rolling of her French "r's," Madame Dennis detracts from her own excellence, which, in an artistic and mechanical sense, is really great. Few singers are able to cope as successfully as she with the demands of such compositions as the aria from "Tito," or the scena and aria from Meyerbeer's "Prophet," which she gave later. Her phrasing, comprehension, and instinctive recognition of the composer's intention and meaning, are all in good taste, and though her singing was not always in tune, and made no appeal to the heart, it was intensely dramatic and forceful, and added largely to the success of the concert.

Of Miss Coursen's recital it may be said that a large and demonstrative audience greeted this vocalist at Dashaway Hall on Tuesday evening, that a programme containing many interesting numbers was presented, and that the details of the entertainment were all well appointed.

Miss Coursen's vocal delivery is so unfortunate in almost every respect that her approaches to musical success are, like angel's visits, few and far between. In all elaborately embellished compositions, such as her second selection—"La bruna gondoletta," by Paganini—her execution is so blurred and faulty as to preclude any possibility of happy results. In ballads, her sustained tones are injudiciously formed, and apt to be untrue, especially in the upper register, while her mannerisms are such as to greatly distract and annoy. Only in a quiet *lied* by Bendel, "Wie berührt mich wundersam," and in the romance from Mignon, "Connais-tu le pays?" could real approval be accorded. These, indeed, were given with a regard to purity, composure, and musical taste, well worthy of commendation. The lady is undoubtedly sincere in her every endeavor; and the fruitlessness of her distorted efforts is really more to be deplored than condemned.

Mr. Albert Friedenthal, pianist, played as his first selection a Chopin "Impromptu," with Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song," in response to a persistent encore. The performance of this gentleman, in these two compositions, is best characterized by the following words from "Macbeth": "A tale . . . full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." To a fair technique, Mr. Friedenthal unites comparative correctness of playing, an apparently good memory (so far as its resources were drawn upon at this time), and a use of the pedal, which was, at least, in refreshing contrast to Mr. Roedel's lavish employment of the same. But so far as his attainments as an artist pretend to go, Mr. Friedenthal can lay claim to little glory. His touch and tone are weak and amateurish, his interpretation is essentially crude, and his style without individuality. In the simple "Gondolier," of Mendelssohn, he was at his best. "Traumerei," "The Mill," and "Lützow's Wild Chase" were valueless, from an artistic point of view; and as for the "improvised" preludes with which Mr. Friedenthal favored his audience, the less said of them the better.

With three Rubinstein songs from Miss Coursen, the recital came to an end.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 11, 1882.

SOCIETY.

The McDowell Reception.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, Thursday, October 12, 1882.—Nothing more amply testifies the great respect and affection entertained for General Irwin McDowell, so long the commander of the Military Division of the Pacific, than the honors which are being bestowed upon him right now, on the eve of his retirement from the active list of the army, by the people of San Francisco and vicinity. And it was very appropriate that the first of what may prove to be a series of brilliant affairs should have been initiated by his brother officers—the officers of the First Artillery, First Cavalry, Eighth Infantry, and staff—for it was through their energy and arrangement that society was indebted, on Wednesday evening last, for a most thoroughly delightful and enjoyable event, and one which will be remembered for a long time by the five hundred ladies and gentlemen present. It has been many a day since the old Occidental has had such a scene within its doors—those precincts made precious by so many magnificent receptions in the days gone by. And I doubt if there was ever a pleasanter company assembled anywhere than that gathered on this occasion to honor the officer, who, aside from his multifarious military duties, had contributed so much to so many times for the social enjoyment of others, and especially during the presence of distinguished strangers within our gates. A glance at the decorations of all of the apartments placed at the disposal of the Committee of Arrangements, betrayed the fact that Generals Kautz and Kelton, Colonels Andrews and Sutherland, Major Wilhelm and Lieutenant Bert, who had had charge of this part of preparation, had artistically and beautifully performed the work entrusted to them—for the floral ornamentation was perfect. The mirrors and mantels were surrounded with beds of the choicest and most aromatic of cut flowers, and ringlets of smilax and other runners were made to enliven all dependent objects. Bunting, of course, was an important auxiliary, and a tasteful display of handsome new flags of each respective arm of our service and veteran banners that had been carried through tempestuous scenes of strife intermingled their folds with each other. The main parlor was used as a reception-room; the dining-room was set apart for the dance; and the halls, tropically lined with palms and other plants, made a grand promenade. The supper was splendid, and well served. The music was excellent, of course, and all the accessories, indeed, harmonized. General McDowell and his party arrived promptly at eight o'clock, and took up a position at the southern end of the reception-room, and soon afterward guests began to arrive in throngs. General and Mrs. McDowell were accompanied by Mrs. General Kautz, Mrs. General Kelton, Colonel Andrews, and Mrs. Colonel Sutherland, who assisted in receiving. All of the officers of the army, nearly, were present, in full uniform, and quite a number of navy and foreign officers and consuls. Dancing commenced at about nine, and was kept up until after midnight. Besides the officers of the army and navy present, there were a great many of our young society people—more than have been together for many a day; and some of the young ladies, as well as many of the married ones, wore lovely costumes.

Among those who were present I saw Mrs. George Atherton, in a remarkably handsome costume of black, with a black lace cap, and Miss Florence Atherton, in a white satin trimmed with Spanish lace; Miss Dora Miller, in a white brocaded silk, embroidered front, corsage cut décolleté, elbow sleeves; Mrs. James V. Coleman, in a conspicuously elegant costume of pink silk, corsage cut low, elbow sleeves trimmed with lace, train *a la princesse*; Miss Belle Eyre, in blue satin, elbow sleeves, trimmed with lace; Miss Minnie Mizner, of Benicia, in pink silk, corsage décolleté and elbow sleeves; Mrs. General Kautz, in an imported dress cut décolleté, a very handsome and conspicuous costume; Mrs. General Kelton, in pearl satin, trimmed with point lace; Miss Bessie Kittle, in blue and brocaded silk; Miss Maggie Gwin, in white; Mrs. Colonel Sutherland, in white brocaded satin; Mrs. Schmiedell, in a marvelously handsome costume of mauve satin, trimmed with Duchesse lace and lilacs; Mrs. Colonel Andrews, in a black satin, trimmed with Chantilly lace; Mrs. McDowell wore a brocaded satin, trimmed with old gold fringe and an overskirt of maroon velvet, court train; Miss George Hammond, in black silk with lace fichu; Mrs. General Stoneman, in a magnificent costume; the Misses Parrott, in short dresses of white satin, trimmed with lace; Madame de Guigné, in black velvet and Chantilly lace.

Of our well-known young ladies and gentlemen present there were:

Miss Matie Peters, the Misses Durbrow, Miss Annie Bradley, Miss Lillie Hasting, Miss Kittle Woods, the Misses Chipman, Miss Mamie Donohue, Miss May Smith, Miss Florence Godley, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Sheda Torbet, Miss Marten, Miss Flora Low, Miss Bahcock, the Misses Blanding, Miss Hubbard, the Misses Adams, Miss Genevieve Wright, Joseph Grant, George Crocker, Harry Tevis, George Page, Eugene Sullivan, Judge Hoffman, Mountford Wilson, Ned Greenway, William V. Alvord, and Harry McDowell; also Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley, Governor and Mrs. Low, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Soutage, Colonel and Mrs. Smedburg, Doctor and Mrs. McNulty, Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, and, as I have stated above, all of the army officers and their ladies, and Pay-Director and Mrs. Schenck, Commander and Mrs. Coffin, Commodore and Mrs. Phelps, Captain and Mrs. Boyd, and others.

To-morrow (Friday) evening, Governor Stanford will entertain the retiring general at dinner, at which a number of gentlemen have been invited to be present. I understand, also, that Commodore and Mrs. Phelps, and other officers of the navy and their ladies, are talking of an entertainment. And there are quite a number of other preparations on the tapis.

T. M.

Notes and Gossip.

General George Stoneman, who has been in the city for the past three or four weeks, returned home a few days ago, but will again visit San Francisco before November. Mrs. Horace Davis and son have been visiting Monterey during the week. Quite a party of young ladies went to Monterey on Saturday last, among whom were Miss M. B. West, Miss M. Bowen, the Misses Kittle, the Misses O'Connor, and Miss Maggie Eyre; also Miss C. C. Jackson, of Oakland. General G. R. Brooke, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Thursday last. Hon. Angus Cameron, United States Senator from Wisconsin, arrived here on Wednesday last. Miss Grace Eldridge will depart on her Eastern and European tour in about three weeks. E. D. Baker, U. S. A., has been at the Baldwin most of the week.

Mrs. Thomas H. Selby leaves again for the East on Wednesday, the first proximo, and will take up a temporary residence in Massachusetts, probably in Boston or Cambridge. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Van Nuys and Mr. and Mrs. Colonel R. S. Baker, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace. General Phineas Banning, of Los Angeles, has returned home. Charles Miller Jr. has gone to Monterey on a short visit. Hugh Tevis has returned from Monterey. Miss Katie Baker, of Oakland, is visiting at St. Helena. General and Mrs. John F. Miller and their daughter, Miss Dora Miller, came down from their country place on Monday last, and are at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. James Edgar Mills, who were married in Sacramento on the fourth instant, and who afterward visited San Francisco and Monterey on their bridal tour, have returned. Mrs. James C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood departed for the East on Sunday last. Mrs. William M. Stewart, who left here for Washington last week, is at present in Denver. Mrs. Commodore Phelps, of the Navy Yard, who has been visiting her friend, Mrs. Harrington, at the Palace, left for home during the week. Lieutenant Lefavor, U. S. N., and wife, are expected to return from their Eastern trip on or about Monday next. Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance departed for the East on or about the first instant, but will return shortly; probably with her sister, Miss May Crittenden, and her aunt, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, who has already left her summer home at Great Barrington for California. Mrs. Dr. C. G. Toland has returned to the Palace for the winter. Mrs. Solomon has lately been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Oates, at Santa Rosa. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Wilcox, who were married in this city last week, and who afterward went to Monterey for a few days, left here on Tuesday last for Portland, Oregon, which city they will make their permanent home. Mrs. John McMullin has arrived in Baltimore, where her youngest daughter, Miss Susie, has been seriously ill. Sir Thomas Hesketh and wife have arrived in New York. Charles F. Powell, U. S. A., is at the Baldwin. Mrs. C. A. Longstreet, of Los Angeles, who has been visiting this city with her sister, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Bancroft are spending a short time in Southern California; they are accompanied by Messrs. E. H. and A. D. Barnes, of New Haven, Conn. Mrs. J. B. Shreve is staying a few days in New York. Mrs. H. L. Dodge is also in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; Mr. Dodge left for New York a few days ago. Judge and Mrs. Field have arrived in Washington. Mrs. E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento, and her daughter, Miss Amy Crocker, have come to San Francisco, with the intention of spending the winter. Evan J. Coleman left here for Louisville on Saturday last, to remain until December. Mrs. J. F. Houghton and her daughter, Miss Fannie Houghton, of Oakland, are at present in Switzerland. Rev. Dr. Platt will return from the East and preach his farewell sermon at Grace Church in a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Langhorne have returned from their bridal tour, and will receive at their residence, on Buchanan Street, on Tuesdays, the 17th and 24th instants. Captain and Mrs. F. A. Whitney, who were so handsomely entertained by the ladies of Angel Island, and by Mrs. Godley in this city, upon their return from their bridal trip some two or three weeks ago, were made the recipients of a splendid reception at the Horton House, San Diego, upon their arrival at that place. Mrs. Irving Scott gave a dancing party to a number of her young friends on Saturday evening last. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Goad, accompanied by their three children and Miss E. Goad, who have been sojourning for some time at Monterey, have returned. General John M. Schofield, accompanied by his family, will arrive in this city from the East to-day, and relieve General McDowell from his command on Monday next. Paymaster Colby, U. S. A., who has been a long time at Mare Island, has been ordered from active service; also Naval Constructor Feaster. Lieutenant W. C. Strong, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Wednesday last. Mrs. N. H. Turner, of Berkeley, returns from the East to-day. Rev. John Hemphill has received and accepted a call from the West Arch Street Presbyterian Church, in Philadelphia. The Rev. Mr. Barrows and family, who have been visiting in the East for the past two months, will soon return. Senator Jones, of Nevada, arrived here a few days ago. Senator Logan, of Illinois, is in Sonora. Miss Alice Gates, who returned home from Sacramento on Tuesday last, was given a party at the residence of Grove Johnson, in that city, on the evening following, at which there were present between twenty and thirty couples of young people. Mrs. George R. Hamilton, of New York, a daughter of James J. Felt, of Sacramento, who came to her old home a few weeks ago to attend a wedding, returned to New York on Monday last. Commodore Schufeldt is at the Hot Sulphur Springs, near Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chapman, who have been in the East most of the time since their youngest daughter married a son of General Grant, nearly two years ago, have returned to this coast and taken up their residence at their old quarters, the Palace. Mrs. W. H. Hill and her daughter, Miss Jennie Hill, formerly of Sacramento, but now of Marin County, are visiting in Los Angeles, where they have a winter residence. On Wednesday evening last Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Crowell gave a party at their residence on Sutter Street in honor of Miss Louise Bee, of San José, which is said to have been a very enjoyable affair. Mrs. George Atherton has returned to Menlo Park. Mr. Edgar Mills and family remain at Menlo all winter. The Eyres and the Adamsons return to the city on the first of November.

Weddings.

A large number of people assembled at the Congregational Church in this city, on Saturday evening last, to witness the marriage of Mr. W. R. Norton, of Los Angeles, and Miss M. E. Hawkins, of Chicago, Illinois, which was solemnized by the Reverend Mr. Noyes, at eight o'clock. The bride wore a costume of pearl satin, princess train, and the customary white veil; her dress was cut low in the neck, and had elbow-sleeves trimmed with Spanish lace; the skirt was draped with sprays of flowers, *au naturel*, and the bride carried a hand-bouquet. After the ceremony a reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Howell, parents of the bride, at their residence, at which there were present quite a number of Los Angeles people, and many of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Howell. On Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. Norton departed for Los Angeles, where they will take up their permanent residence.

On Monday evening last, the 9th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, in Oakland, Mr. Howard P. Langdon, of Astoria, Oregon, and Miss Carrie Hanscom, of Oakland, were married by the Rev. Mr. S. H. Willey. After the marriage and congratulations the bridal couple departed for this city, and have since sailed for Astoria, where Mr. Langdon is engaged in business. The bride is a granddaughter of the late Commodore Isaiah Hanscom, and was very popular with her friends.

The most fashionable wedding of the week was the one which took place at the Church of the Advent, at half past twelve o'clock on Wednesday last, and which made Mr. James Linforth and Miss May A. White husband and wife. Rev. Mr. Githens performed the ceremony. The church had been appropriately decorated with flowers, and presented a very inviting appearance. The ushers were Messrs. B. F. Langland, D. Spearman, and W. Willis. The bride had on a white satin dress and white veil. Her bridesmaids were Miss Hattie White and Miss Carrie Linforth; and the groomsmen were Messrs. Robert White and Walter Linforth. After the ceremony the party were driven to the residence of the bride, on Rincon Hill, where Mr. and Mrs. Linforth received the congratulations of a number of their friends, and where a breakfast followed. The happy couple soon afterward departed on a bridal tour, which will take in many of the delightful places in Southern California. Upon the completion of their tour, Mr. and Mrs. Linforth will go to Arizona, where Mr. L. has some mining interests at present of importance.

The Authors' Carnival.

The preparations for the coming third Carnival are progressing very rapidly, and promise to be completed on the 19th instant, on the evening of which date this festival will be opened with all the pageantry of previous years. The lady managers have received considerable assistance from the outside. The Gas Company has given them reduced rates; the Southern Pacific Railroad Company will run special trains with excursion rates for the benefit of the country towns; A. B. Eckstein has donated tableau fires; and many private citizens have contributed large sums of money. The grand stage will have a width of one hundred feet and a depth of nearly fifty feet. On the main floor the booths will be built underneath and flush with the galleries. The south side of the pavilion will be devoted to floral, bonbon, and refreshment booths, which will be opened behind as well as in front, so that the spectator may look through into the garden. On the north side will be the Louis Seize, Pre-Raphaelite, and Italian booths, which will be the only tableau booths down stairs. In the galleries are the Homer, Silk Culture, Doré, Longfellow, Children's, Jules Verne, Chaucer, Japanese, Southern Plantation, Music, and French booths. Mrs. Buffandeau will have charge of the Louis Seize booth, and those who remember her success in the former two Carnivals anticipate an artistic triumph. The Italian booth, which was under the direction of Mrs. Sanchez last year, will this year be managed by Mrs. Burnham. The Homer booth was directed last year by Mrs. Dr. Oher. That lady is now an invalid, and the sceptre has passed into the hands of Mrs. J. B. Felton and Mrs. Donald McLennan. It is hoped that the exquisite tableau, "Venus Rising from the Sea," which was so notable a feature last year, will be repeated; but if the same lady will not consent, it will be a difficult matter to find another match for Aphrodite in the city. In the Doré booth the various celebrated pictures of this modern master of light and shade will be given. Especial attention will be given to the Biblical scenes. This booth is managed by Mesdames Booth, Greenbaum, and Pew. In the Longfellow booth, under the supervision of Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Detrick, will be presented tableaux from "Miles Standish," "Evangeline," "Hyperion," the "Spanish Student," and others. As in the first carnival, Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues" will be given. The Chaucer booth is under the control of Mrs. Mitchell, and a Shakespearean club of young ladies and gentlemen has volunteered to illustrate "Patient Grisildis" and how "Custance was ymaad a Queene." Mrs. Gilmore has charge of the Japanese garden, in which curios from the Ichi Ban will be sold for the benefit of the societies. This is owing to the generosity of Mr. Fletcher, who also contributes all the tea. An "Old Southern Home" will be presided over by some of the managers of the Old Ladies' Home. The music booth is under the direction of Madame Lyons and Professor Röckel, who have secured the assistance of many prominent artists, including Madame Zeiss-Dennis, the Misses Landesmann, Coursen, Ferrar, Gleeson, and McKenzie, and Messrs. Heyman, Goffie, Parolini, Espinosa, and others. The French booth promises to overtop the others in elaborateness and spectacular effect. The managers are Mesdames Weill, Godart, Gros, Petin, and Lyons, but added to the ability of these ladies are the exquisite taste of Raphael Weill, the artistic eye of Jules Godart, and the experience and executive faculty of the Russian Consul-General Olarovsky. From Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris" will be given four tableaux; from "Lucretia Borgia," the banquet scene; also a picture from "Marie Tudor." From Dumas's "Joseph Balsamo" will be given four tableaux, among which is the celebrated arbor scene, where Cagliostro, by means of a goblet of water, showed the unfortunate Marie Antoinette the representation of her terrible end. Other scenes from the king of romance will be "La Vallière and Louis XIV.," "Marion de Lorme," "Haydée," and "La Reine Margot." From Casimir Delavigne will be given the tableaux of Louis XI. and his court. The Pre-Raphaelite booth is not a surrender to the æsthetic billow which dashed Oscar Wilde upon our shores, but a tribute to the genius of Rossetti, Morris, Millais, and others of the famous brotherhood. Miss Lake has consented to arrange the tableaux, which ensures their accuracy and æsthetic success. The glorious visions from "The Blessed Damozel" of Rossetti, and the spirited picture of Morris's Atalanta stooping to pick up the golden apple, while her swift suitor flies onward to the goal, are among the promised treats. Several of Millais's popular pictures will be represented. Swinburne was a delicate subject, but a select committee of matrons, from a society whose orthodoxy is unquestioned, held a star-chamber inquisition over the fleshly Algernon's complete works. The scene which ensued resembled that which took

place in a French convent several years ago, when the mother superior through mistake introduced among the pious sisterhood a collection of Ludovic Halévy's stories. But notwithstanding a majority condemnation, and a unanimous vote that Villon was a shameless creature, the minority secured for the prophet of unassuaged desires and tangled sentences a hearing, and so a few of the more moral poems will receive attention—such as "The Repentance of Thalassius," which at least has a religiously sounding title. A morning paper and one or two other journals stated that John N. Pomeroy and Mrs. de la Montanya would have charge of the "Milkmaids," and the Washington Irving booths. This was a mistake; Professor Pomeroy will not at present forsake the intricacies of legal lore. Mrs. Pomeroy was the manager which the blundering reporter had in mind. The work is being rapidly pushed forward, and scene-painters and costumers are working under high pressure.

B.

The last royal visit to Vancouver's Island, prior to the present one of the Princess Louise, was made by the Duke of Edinburgh when a middy. The governor, who is the greatest man there, gave a hall in his honor. His daughter, who was the belle of the settlement, having been to school in Portland, Oregon, and wearing flowers in her hair, was directed to give herself airs, which she did effectually, although her mother was a full-blooded Indian squaw and she but once removed. The young middy, dazzled by her pretty looks, went straight up and asked her for the first dance, but the girl, regarding his uniform with contempt, refused the invitation, whispering within his hearing to her companion that her father had told her never to dance with a middy. A little while after the governor's daughter was formally introduced to dance with the prince, when the latter turned to the officer who accompanied him, and said, coolly: "Make an excuse; my mother would never allow me to dance with a squaw." This lady is now the great lady of the island, and is noted for her large-hearted charity and conciliation of the Indian tribes.

Our quondam townsman and former gas-inspector, Henry George, is endeavoring to pose in Ireland in two attitudes—"martyr to Saxon tyranny" and "land reformer." As the iron heel of Saxon power was upon him only some twelve hours, he is not looked upon as a fair specimen of crushed and down-trodden Ireland, and is not exciting nearly as much sympathy as though he had been murdered from behind a hedge. His land-confiscation scheme is making slow progress. No land-owner is yet converted to it; and all the communistic and agrarian knaves who have nothing, and are willing to steal the property of others, were converted to the thieving proposition before Henry George gave them plausible reasons therefor.

Those who have read Trevelyan's "Early Life of Charles James Fox," and other memoirs of that period, will remember numerous references to the profligate Earl of Sandwich, but many persons may have forgotten under what circumstances he invented the combination of bread and meat which bears his name the world over. Sandwich was a member of the Hellfire Club, and played very high. On one occasion, when for twenty-four hours he was too engrossed to leave his seat at the gaming-table, he ordered a waiter, by a happy inspiration, to bring him, from time to time, slices of meat placed between slices of bread. The idea took in the club, and immortalized the Earl of Sandwich.

The Irish Land-League has finally collapsed. The *Irish World* has sent to this fund nearly eight hundred thousand dollars. How much money has been gathered from Irish Americans will probably never be known. It is to be hoped that in San Francisco we shall hear of no more land-league meetings; and that from our laboring poor, Irish political adventurers and Roman Catholic priests will be able to beg no further assistance. The next thing in order will, doubtless, be some scheme of hegging in aid of the starving Irish. It is a curious fact that the *Irish World*, the leading Catholic and Irish paper of America, is owned by a Jew.

The Republican party is virtuous in spots. New York Republicans are indignant at Judge Folger because he accepted a nomination from a convention in which some six seats were held by forged proxies. From San Francisco there were sent to the Republican State Convention more than sixty delegates elected by fraud and violence—elected by the direct manipulation of Estee for Estee; and had it not been for this fraud, Judge Blake would have been the nominee of the Republican party for Governor.

"One of the most distressing social events of the present season," says the Newport correspondent of the *New York World*, "is the town-talk of the hour. A young lady of rare accomplishments received an invitation to dine some time ago. Her hostess noticed that her spirits were excessively buoyant; but did not dream of the true state of affairs until later, when it was found advisable to send her home. She was then almost senseless from the effects of wine."

At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors, Mr. Geo. H. Rice was appointed Fire Commissioner. The appointment is an eminently good one, as Mr. Rice is well known in business circles for sterling integrity, and will discharge the duties of the office quite unbiassed by political or other outside considerations.

During the manoeuvres of the German ironclad squadron in the Baltic last June, a torpedo got mislaid. As soon as the captain of the ironclad *Kronprinz*, to which it belonged, missed it, he offered a reward for its discovery. It is fifteen feet long, weighty in proportion, and at present a terror to navigators.

A book agent had the misfortune to break his leg at a camp-meeting, in Butler, Ga., the other day, and while the sympathizers were gathered around, as two surgeons set the limb, he sold three copies of his book.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

The White Squall in the Mediterranean.

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning;
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploing,
I heard the cabin snoring,
With universal nose.
I could bear the passengers snoring—
I envied their snoring—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze.
So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight
That shone across the deck;
And the binnacle, pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney-neck.
Strange company we harbored;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, unclothed, unharbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray.
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy.
Who did naught but scratch and pray.
Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucers cooking—
Their dirty fingers booking
Their swarming fleas away.
To starboard Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were,
Enormous wide their beaks were,
Their pipes did puff away;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked, and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
Of those small bearded gay.
And so the hours kept tolling;
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave *Iberia* howling,
Before the break of day.
When a squall, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle-dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the rushing water soaked all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers, whose black faces
Peered out of their bed-places.
And the captain he was howling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivering in the squalling;
And the passengers awaking,
Most pitifully shaken.
And the steward jumps up, and bastens
For the necessary basins.
Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and horrified;
And, shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children.
The men sang: "Allah! Allah!
Masallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them, and soused them;
And they called upon the Prophet,
Who thought but little of it.
Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up,
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gabardine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenched
Their dirty hats and wenchies;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stenchies.
Then a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering, cried: "Potz tausend,
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.
And oft we've thought hereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried: "George, some brandy and water!"
And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me.

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

Among all the new fashions that I saw this week, the trimmings for both cloaks and dresses mostly claimed attention. The trimmings now used are admirably adapted for all kinds of combinations. One kind of trimming is called chenille gimp. It can be employed to the wider widths for cloaks, and for dresses in the narrower. It comes in three widths, from two to four and a half inches, and ranges in price from one dollar and seventy-five cents up to three dollars and seventy-five cents. It may be obtained in all colors, although there are different designs in black. This open-work gimp shows a variety of figures, cut out and finished with an edge something like the *soutache* embroidery. Accompanying these gimps are ornaments to match, composed of chenille. They come in large and small designs, to suit the taste of the purchaser. Then there are the ornamented gimps in satin cords of all colors. They run from half an inch to four inches, and are marked all the way from twenty-five cents up to seven dollars and fifty cents. The favorite pattern displays wheels as large as fifty-cent pieces. Others have leaves, among which the grape leaf receives the most favor. There is another new gimp, that very much resembles the last mentioned. It is in crochet work, and is even more expensive. There are also some pretty novelties in fringe, especially the cheville fringe, which makes an exceedingly pretty and appropriate finish for the chenille gimp, and differs very materially from the same-named fringe of last year. This comes at from one to five dollars per yard, mostly in black. The widest is sold principally for cloaks made of expensive material. Another new and handsome heading for this fringe, where the gimp is not used, is one known as the marabout trimming, which looks as though quantities of the marabout feathers had been collected and placed on a satin foundation. This is selling at all the way from sixty cents to four dollars. Among the mourning fringes there are two which particularly caught my eye. One is completely of tape, a quarter of an inch wide and about three and a half inches in length; but the neater and prettier of the two, made also of tape, has each strip covered with little drop-halls of crape. This, I imagine, would look well upon a garment. It is understood that fringe will play a very conspicuous part in the toilettes of the coming winter. As to huttons, large ones seem to give most promise. The small ones are beginning to drop out of favor. I saw many pretty designs, especially in oxidized and carved pearl. The buttons come in two sizes, to correspond—the larger ones intended for the skirt, and those a size smaller for the waist. New trimmings are also shown for the adornment of such things as ties, lambskins, table-covers, etc. They are peculiar tassels, pompons, acorns, and little bunches of drops that look like currants. This work is of chenille, and it comes in the loveliest of tints, such as shell pink, olive, olive bronze, terra-cotta, and charming shades of blue. There are cords to go with them that are rich and beautiful. The style in veiling seems to be at a stand-still, unless it be, perhaps, the "Ermani," or, as it is more apt to be called, the sewing-silk veiling. It is of a thick and close texture, and yet easy to look through. At one store I saw some pretty little affairs which were only produced in the middle of the week. They are handkerchiefs for the neck; and, although of linen, or some such fabric, they have the appearance of something between cashmere and crape. The corner for the back of the neck contains embroidery of tamhour work; the edges of some are scalloped and finished with the same kind of embroidery, while others are hemmed in every delicate tint. The price is one dollar and a quarter a piece. The fichu has grown so in size that it now resembles a shawl, and is generally worn in the Spanish fashion. The latest importation of these are in Spanish and guipure laces, which make a handsome combination, the foundation appearing to be of the guipure and the figures of the Spanish part. The three I saw were marked respectively ten, twenty, and thirty-two dollars. A new necktie has been introduced, of surah satin. The latest fashions in pocket handkerchiefs are those in linen lawn, colored, and ornamented with embroidery, either of a darker shade to correspond, or in contrasting colors. For instance, the lightest shade of blue has an embroidery of a darker shade; a shrimp pink is embroidered in blue or blue or black; a dark blue is embroidered in lighter blue, rose, and lemon colors; red embroidery appears on a terra-cotta; and a pale sea-green has two shades of blue to show it off. In hosiery, the most noticeable variations are the new domino patterns; and the prettiest of these are the light crushed strawberry shade or the terra-cotta squares on a blue ground. The "Sarah Bernhardt" gloves are growing longer every fresh importation, both in dressed and undressed kid. They now reach to the shoulders, being in length equal to twenty or twenty-two huttons. Many of them appear stitched on the back, and are as much sought for as the plain ones. The undressed kid are very much used for evening wear, and come in all shades and tints. They sell for four dollars and a half, and the dressed of the same length sell for four dollars. There are also all the dark shades for street or carriage wear, that are selling at from two dollars up to five dollars a pair. There are silk mits, equal in length to the Bernhardt brand, and of the most delicate shades of silk. In a warm climate they are worn in the street, but here in San Francisco they are left alone, except for evening use. A decided innovation in lace is the "Helvetia," which comes in both black and white, but in no other colors, as most lace does. In pattern it resembles a combination of Spanish and guipure, the mesh being of the guipure and the other part of Spanish lace design. It is intended principally for dress trimmings. This lace comes in four widths, and ranges in price from one dollar up to six dollars. It is something quite new and promises to be much in vogue. It is certainly very showy and very pronounced in appearance. Being so rich in appearance, it can easily be put on plain, and, when placed upon a colored fabric, especially satin, it has the advantage of showing the gloss of the under material very decidedly. In the variety the mesh differs, as in some it is filled in blocks and in others it is in squares. In fact, all heavy meshed lace is much in fashion. The same patterns are beginning to appear in cashmere, which is destined to be much used in the decoration of woolen goods.

October 13, 1882.

H. F.

THE GRANGER CONVENTION.

How Agricultural Wiseacres Lent Themselves to Political Schemers.

The object of the Grangers' Convention was for two specific purposes; viz., to nominate Railroad Commissioners and Judges of the Supreme Court. This is an assumption of one of two things—either the farmers, as a class, have larger interests in railroad management and judicial decisions than any other, or they are possessed of that superior knowledge concerning questions of transportation and law that makes it proper for them to advise in reference to the election of commissioners and judges. These assumptions are both false. Farmers have not so large an interest in transportation as the commercial classes, and they know less about the intricate minutiae of the carrying trade than does the merchant. The farmers, as a class, have less interest in the judiciary than any other, unless it be the manual laborers; and we risk their indignation in remarking that, as a class, they are not comparable in intelligence with several others who of late years have been more distinguished for modesty than they. The fact is, this granger business has been somewhat overdone of late, and we take the liberty to remark that the failure of granger banks, granger insurance companies, cooperative granger warehouses, granger exchanges, stores, and restaurants, is suggestive of the fact that the granger intelligence is not of the highest or most practical order. The failure of the producer to get along without the middleman, ought to suggest to farmers that perhaps it would be well if they would go beyond the farmer class to get some of the material necessary to compose legislative assemblies, constitutional conventions, and political parties. We have great respect for intelligent agriculturists; we have respect for agriculturists who are not intelligent, if they are industrious and honest; but when they undertake to run the world on their own account; to make laws, make constitutions, establish insurance companies and banks, do the business of merchants, control transportation, and choose the judges of the courts, they are simply undertaking what they have not the brains to accomplish.

The first honest granger who rolled up his trousers and waded to the front of the Stockton convention was a liquor-dealer in San Francisco—one Harrison, whose honorable vocation it is to import beer from Milwaukee, and who has quarreled with the railroad company over the cost per carload of his imported swipes. If the farmer must drink whisky, beer, and wine, it ought to suggest itself to these growers of hops, barley, corn, and wheat, and to the growers of vines, that it would be better to encourage their own home productions, than to encourage the brewers of Wisconsin, the distillers of Kentucky, and the importers of French wines, whose productions come in competition with their own industries. Is there any farmer so dull as not to know that he is directly interested in the growth of his own fields? Is there a wheat farmer so obtuse as not to know that high freight charges upon costly articles of imported merchandise enable railroads to export his produce at less rates? Is there any farmer so brainless as not to comprehend the fact that the railroads are the natural and only competitors with ships in the transportation of all produce grown for foreign markets? And does he not understand that the railroad can not monopolize the grain carriage, except by handling it at less rates than by ocean navigation? When Mr. Harrison disclosed his other grievances—viz., that he was not cheerful in paying his bills, and protested against them, and had to be reminded that one-third of his railroad charges were advanced to Eastern roads—even the dullest-minded granger should have dropped upon his motives. "Every little helps," as the old lady said when she emptied her tea-pot into the sea. The farmers' convention was congratulated by this one liquor-dealer, that, by his accession to the convention of grangers, "the merchants and farmers had united;" and "now," says the grandiloquent vender of bottled beer, "now that we have united, it will be a dark, cold, and gloomy day for the railroad." When the three tailors of Tooley Street met and declared that "we, the people of England, do hereby resolve," they doubtless regarded themselves as the embodied wisdom and patriotism of the United Kingdom, and we have no doubt this worthy Mr. Harrison regards himself as did the chivalrous Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, when he set out with squire and Rosinante to redress the wrongs of all the oppressed of Spain.

Perhaps the merchants of San Francisco will not thank this self-appointed champion for the admission that they have been "so ground down by the iron heel of monopoly that they have lost their manhood;" that the merchants are "so cowardly, and have so enslaved themselves, that they dare not come out openly and express their opinions." We do not believe the statement of Mr. Harrison, and we declare that in our opinion it is not true that any considerable number, or any number, of respectable merchants authorized him to say to the farmers in convention that the merchants were in sympathy with a movement which they had not the courage to openly join. Such allies would deserve the contempt of the farmer, as Mr. Harrison deserves the contempt of every merchant, if in his personal contest with the railroad he has misrepresented the merchants. If Mr. Harrison has told the truth, the San Francisco merchants are a set of contemptible cowards. If Mr. Harrison has not told the truth—then Mr. Harrison has not told the truth. The fact is, gentlemen grangers, the merchants have as little to complain of as you have, and they have more sense than you have, because demagogues have not as yet been able to get them into convention to be led by the nose by a set of politicians who lose no opportunity to sneer at "old hay-seed" when they have no longer any use for him. The history of the merchants of San Francisco is in proof that, when occasion demanded, they have assumed responsibilities that make the vindication of their character for courage altogether unnecessary. This whisky granger was applauded for his utterances; but the anti-débris delegates—men fighting for their homes against gravel-sluicers—were denied admission. The complaints of a bottled-beer vender, and of one Patterson, a Mussel Slough prisoner, were allowed to be ventilated; but men fighting against the ruin and desolation that menace their farms and imperil their fortunes, and threaten to drive them penniless from their homes, must be content with a resolution.

The outcome of all this mountain-labor was six blind mice for Railroad Commissioners and Board of Equalization—candidates chosen alternately from the Democratic and Republican tickets, with the exception of John Doyle, Esq. The farmers have not, perhaps, as yet been informed that the Board of Equalization has been knocked into a cocked hat by the decisions of the courts, and all that these "equalizers" are compelled to do is to draw the salaries which the farmers are taxed to pay. For Railroad Commissioners they have chosen W. W. Foote, Democrat, Charles Reed, Republican, and John Doyle, independent. The following absurd, and altogether improper, resolution was passed with few, if any, dissenting voices:

Resolved, That each candidate nominated for the office of Railroad Commissioner be requested to sign the following pledge: I, —, candidate for the office of Railroad Commissioner, pledge my sacred word and honor that I will, if elected to said office, within thirty days after my election, vote for a resolution reducing fares and freights within the limits of the State of California, upon the Southern and Central railroads, at least twenty per cent. upon the rates now charged; I will favor an immediate investigation into the actual cost of said roads, and into the rates of fares and freights, and will vote for such additional reduction as will be fair and just between the railroad corporations and the people.

Resolved, That in the event of any candidate so nominated failing to sign such written pledge and send the same to the chairman of this Convention within ten days, his name shall be taken from the ticket, and another name substituted on the ticket.

When it is reflected that the Railroad Commissioners two are entirely ignorant of the subject-matter they are to consider; when, by all intelligent persons, it is conceded that the regulation of fares and freights is one of the most complex and intricate of business propositions, demanding years of study and years of experience; when it is considered that the office of Railroad Commissioner is a judicial one, and that the "fixing" of the rates of fares and freights "fixes" the value of railroad property, and involves a question in which more than a hundred millions of dollars are at stake, and is liable to interfere with all the important business interests of the Pacific Coast—the intelligent and honest man will appreciate how monstrous is the proposition involved, how base, mean, and dishonorable must have been the demagogues who moved it, and how dense and despicable the ignorance that allowed itself to be used by the designing political knaves who engineered the whole business in the name of a Granger Convention. Such an act as this makes the word "granger" a synonym for both knave and fool.

We can understand the sentiment that resents the oppressions which of seeming necessity attend the administration of great wealth; we can readily believe that great corporations are not innocent of usurpations of power; we are not unmindful of the greed of wealth, and we know something of the insolence of moneyed power; we know that wealth and power are oftentimes abused; but there is no intelligent man, friend or enemy of transportation companies, who does not see that this resolution is the result of vindictive ignorance. Only two railroads are designated for this blind effort at confiscation—the Central and Southern Pacific. Mr. Donohoe's road through Sonoma Valley, the English road up the coast, the narrow-gauge to Santa Cruz, the coast line of steamers, the interior steam lines, are all overlooked, while the commissioners are to pledge in writing their "sacred word and honor" that within "thirty days" they will reduce the fares and freights upon the specified roads twenty per cent. John Doyle and Mr. Reed will not take this pledge, and we do not believe Mr. Foote will. We regard these gentlemen as honorable, and we feel assured that no intelligent man who is honorable will, in order to acquire a judicial office, pledge himself to a specific decision of a question which, at the time of his election and within thirty days thereafter, he will not have had time to consider.

It is probable that there was no owner of land in the Stockton gathering, the value of whose property has not been largely enhanced by railroad building; not one who does not move his produce cheaper now than before the construction of railroads; not one who does not have cheaper fares than when he depended upon other accommodations; not one who does not know that under the operation of business rules, competition, and increasing trade, rates of transportation are constantly decreasing, the tendency at all times being downward. As an illustration: the ruling rates on wheat to San Francisco from Jacinto and points on the upper Sacramento River, before the Oregon Division was completed, were from six to eight dollars per ton. In 1875 the ruling rate from Jacinto was five dollars and fifty cents per ton; in 1876, four dollars and seventy-five cents to three dollars; in 1877, three dollars and twenty-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents. Before the Western Division of the Central Pacific Railroad was completed, the ruling rates of freight between San Francisco and Sacramento were four dollars per ton, weight measurement, and piece freight equivalent to eight to ten dollars per ton dead weight. Just before this portion of the road was completed, freight rates were reduced to two dollars and fifty cents per ton by the Navigation Company, to meet the prospective competition by rail; but as freight was taken at weight and measurement, the rates on general merchandise were at least four times greater than at the present time—the rates now ranging from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents. The original charter maximum of freight per ton per mile was fifteen cents; it was reduced by the company to an average of 2.166 cents per ton per mile in 1881, and will, in time, be further reduced as the traffic increases. The farmer is informed that the railroad pays no taxes, and thus his own rate of taxation is increased. The fact is, the Central and Southern corporations paid two hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars of taxes in the year 1880, the same amount in the year 1881, and this is independent of the State Board assessment, upon which two hundred and forty-six thousand dollars have been paid. From the year 1863 to 1881 the railroads paid five million nine hundred and seventy thousand and one dollar and fifty-eight cents. These figures are from official sources. The building of railroads has not appreciably increased the cost of government, and to the extent of nearly six millions of dollars have the farmer and property-owner been aided in supporting the machinery of government within the last eighteen years. The farmers of Sacramento and Placer have been informed that these counties gave their bonds in aid of the C. P. R. R. They also know, if they are honest enough to remember the fact, that this money has been re-

funded by the purchase of stock, and the counties found a profit in the transaction.

There is an occasional granger who is ignorant enough to think that railroad freights appreciably increase the price of such merchandise as enters into his daily use, and that he has to pay an increased price for goods at the country store, because of exorbitant freights. Let us consider this for a moment. Let us take Summer, on the southern road, three hundred and fourteen miles from San Francisco; the tariff being an average of one dollar and twenty cents for one hundred pounds. The granger who chews plug or navy twist tobacco, at forty cents per pound, pays for its freight one cent and two-tenths of a cent; for an axe, weighing six pounds, and costing two dollars, he pays seven cents; for a pound of tea, soap, soda, saleratus, he pays one cent and a fraction additional; for a dozen linen shirts he pays nine mills; for twelve pairs of cowhide boots five cents and a half; for twenty-two yards of calico, enough to make two dresses for his wife, four mills; for five yards of black silk, broad measure, worth three dollars per yard, he pays at the rate of one mill per yard; for a barrel of whisky, weighing four hundred pounds and retailed at five dollars per gallon, he pays one and two-tenths cents per gallon freight; for kerosene and coal oil he pays one and two-tenths cents a gallon; for coffee, worth forty cents per pound, the freight is one cent and two-tenths additional. We simply suggest these things to the indignant granger, and as a remedy would hint at the propriety of chewing less tobacco and drinking less whisky as a less expensive remedy for existing evils, than to unite with Mr. Harrison, of the firm of Richards & Harrison, whisky dealers, San Francisco, in the getting up of granger conventions in aid of politicians who desire to confiscate property that does not belong to them.

A reduction of freights on this class of goods would be of no benefit to the consumer. The merchant has fixed his prices on the cost of the articles, plus insurance, interest, rents, freights, and the general expense of conducting his business. Any one of these items, if thrown off, would make no difference in the price he must in most cases sell for. In fact, the amount of the reduction would be in fractions, and too small and troublesome to calculate. We would also suggest to the land-owner who is desirous of an increase of population that the railroad is now nearly completed to the Gulf of Mexico; that it opens up a new avenue for European and Southern immigration; and that it is in contemplation by Messrs. Stanford and Crocker to put on a line of ships that shall bear outward cargoes of wheat, and return with men, women, and children to purchase and cultivate the unoccupied lands of our State, to give new energy to our industries, and to give increased values to our property. Let the farmer contemplate these things, and then coax his wife to comb his hair with a three-legged stool for being stupid enough to combine with a set of selfish politicians, and for endeavoring to embarrass an enterprise so important, valuable, and indispensable to himself as is the railroad system of California. We hope our farmer friends will take this scold of ours as kindly as we mean it. We look to the country for honest men in politics; there we look for patriotism and all the virtues. But when we looked to the Granger Convention at Stockton for sense on the railroad question we were woefully disappointed.

The amenities of journalism are not strictly observed in the rural districts of Missouri. The *Marble Hill Reflector* refers to a rival as follows: "The ignorant, contemptible, mean, sneaking, cowardly, self-important, low-flung, dirty, outlandish, back-biting, self-styled 'politician,' dead beat, whisky bloated, backwoods bummer, log-cabin child of misfortune, beer-inflated, big-headed, soft-skulled, overrated swamp angel, who claims to edit the Swamp paper, thinks the editor of the *Reflector* terribly ignorant. Let him look at the twenty-seven mistakes in his last issue; let him remember the 'blatant' in the issue before; and let him not forget that he used 'ardorous' for 'arduous' in a leading local in his issue of August 24. Oh, you dirty whelp; you poor, crawling, creeping viper; you dirty scum of the dirty, stinking, stagnated swamp; you mean, big-jawed, slab-sided, knock-kneed, bow-legged, banded-shanked pup; lost, as you are, to honesty, to principle, to justice, to common decency, do you imagine you can rule God's country—the hills? Go back into the cesspool from which you have crawled, and there remain. Don't come out of your den to abuse respectable people. Go to school, Kelly, and you may learn something yet." Kelly's reply is awaited with interest.

An advertisement in a Philadelphia paper recently called for a partner in a literary enterprise, and among various extraordinary responses was one which, in construction and spelling, is hardly likely to find a counterpart. The writer describes his acquirements in full; among other things, his passion for Goethe, and, above all, for "Faust." Of that he says: "I believe that made me sick; it took such an effect on me that it laid me low, to the crisis of my death, with the yellow jaundies and rheumatism. Which was all owing to me setting night eight hours a day, which made my blood lethargic and liver torpid, and from below my body I was like ice, and above like a phoenix-fire. But the thought, when I layed low, of not being able to finish the rest of Goethe was like sinking into dark Eternity with only half a soul. Just think if you ever read 'Faust' to stop forever in the midst of that super-human piece that fiend *Mefistopholes*. And that only one thought I believe is what saved my life."

A young man in an Illinois town stepped into a church-door a moment one Sunday while the services were going on, and the smart minister saw him, and shouted; "Go out, young man, she is not here." The young man was embarrassed for a moment, and then remembering the several ministerial scandals that were in the courts, he said, loud enough for all to hear him: "Yes, she is, you old duffer; you have got her hid behind the organ, and you want to go home with her yourself." The minister blushed, and said the services would close by singing the doxology.—*Peck's Sun*.

A church in a country village recently circulated a paper among the congregation asking for contributions "for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

SPEEDING A COMING GUEST.

M. de la Baste's Account of the Chateau and Its Effect on Count X.

SCENE I.—*The platform of a railroad station in the country. From first-class carriage enter COUNT X., who is met by young M. DE LA BASTE.*

M. de la Baste—[*taking the traveler's coat and satchel with enthusiasm*].—Glad to see you, old fellow, and they'll be glad to see you up at the chateau. They were getting quite anxious for fear you mightn't come.

Count X.—Anxious? Why, I wrote that I would accept their invitation with pleasure.

M. de la Baste—I know, but they were afraid that you had done it out of politeness; perhaps because they were aware that you are so much in demand in swell society—

Count X. [*modestly*].—Oh, nonsense!

M. de la Baste—That their little place could have but few attractions. It isn't very swell, you know; poor fare, I must say, and the wine is abominable. Stick to cider—the cider is good.

Count X.—You surprise me. De Candy always seemed to me a decided gourmand.

M. de la Baste—So he is, when he dines out. Still, as you have come prepared to rough it, we'll have a jolly time. Only you'd better sleep on the floor; the beds are—if they were only hard and too short I wouldn't mind, but—

Count X.—You amaze me! Madame de Candy seemed to me the model of neatness.

M. de la Baste—Oh, she is, she is! One of the best managers in the country, but she is in love with the gardener, and the housekeeper is jealous, and so things have been neglected this summer. Besides, the poor woman has probably got discouraged trying to do anything with such a tumble-down old harrack.

Count X.—Tumble-down? Why, I thought the chateau of Candy was a show-place!

M. de la Baste—It is imposing and picturesque; still there is so much malaria from the moat that they would like to sell it if they could. Part of the wing our rooms are in blew down last night, but I guess we won't have another such storm this summer.

Count X.—But, hang it all, they should have let a fellow know when—

M. de la Baste—You see, they want to keep up their social position as long as possible, and every guest they can ring in— How long are you going to stay?

Count X.—I had thought of staying a fortnight, but I'll find some excuse for cutting my visit short.

M. de la Baste—But come along. Let me see to your baggage. Candy is at loggerheads with the railroad people—passed a bad hill on them and vowed he hadn't, or something of the kind—and if they knew you were going to the chateau the heggards'd smash one of your trunks, or lose a hat-hox, or something.

Count X.—Oh, thanks! But will there be room for all the luggage in the trap?

M. de la Baste—I guess so. The old shandydan isn't elegant, but it's roomy and solid. I'll shake you up a bit, but that'll give you an appetite for dinner. The horse stumbles a good deal, but the road is all down-hill, so we'll be there in a couple of hours.

Count X.—But, I say, they don't put on much style at the chateau.

M. de la Baste—How can they? But they give us the best they have. Is this your dressing-case? Solid silver tops to the hottles, and so on? Well, don't leave it on your table; put it in your trunk. There have been a good many things lost lately.

Count X.—Bless me! And are Madame de Persil and Nadje Sangolf there?

M. de la Baste—Catch them! They've been there once. They want something more lively than a coterie of snuffy old dowagers that do nothing but play whist. I wouldn't mind it so much if they didn't cheat.

Count X.—Cheat? In Candy's house? He, the one man the club looked up to? The one man that disputed points at cards could be left to?

M. de la Baste—They say he stands in with that old harpy, Madame d'Archoutan, but I don't believe it myself.

Count X.—You are right not to believe it, for Candy is above any such suspicion.

M. de la Baste—I am sure I hope so; but he ought not to give any countenance to such reports by his concealment—his mysterious conduct.

Count X.—Concealment? Mystery? I don't understand.

M. de la Baste—Neither do I; but stories have got out, and there are rumors that the chateau is to be raided by the police. It can't be that he is a counterfeiter. None of the guests can have squealed about money lost at cards. Probably, though, it is only ill feeling against him as a Reactionary; all the peasants round here are Republicans.

Count X.—That must be it! Political malevolence.

M. de la Baste—Precisely; and some of his victims are stirring up the mob to avenge their private injuries. Candy was shot at the other day, and we expect an attack on the chateau some night.

Count X.—But, good heavens, why?

M. de la Baste—Oh, I don't exactly know, but Candy has ruined no end of the peasants by horrowing money of them, and as for women—

Count X.—Women? Candy? Women?

M. de la Baste—Maybe they weren't injured fathers, but only creditors; still, a man doesn't go to dun a fellow with a gun, does he?

Count X.—Bless my soul, this is almost incredible, and I'm no end obliged to you for letting me know—it's friendly! But Candy is innocent—he must be innocent—he ought to have his traducers before the courts—

M. de la Baste—How can he? The minute he did, it would all come out.

Count X.—All come out? What? Candy is a respectable man—not a genius, but a gentleman; his wife is reserved, but clever; their married daughter is dressy, but there is no harm in her, and little Louise—

M. de la Baste—Well, of course you'll find out for yourself; but since you ask me as a friend, it is only right that I should tell you in advance what suspicious facts there are.

They say that that game-keeper Candy shot by accident—the one with the pretty wife—well, never mind; of course it can't be proved that it was murder. I leave it to you, now, if it isn't pushing things to the verge of public scandal for the gardener to tackle the hutler with a spade during dinner time because he thinks the lady of the house is paying too much attention to the hutler? As for Madame de Portefranc, you'll find out all about her when the divorce case comes up next winter—that is, if her husband doesn't commit suicide or kill her and the other fellow before then. And as for Louise—by Jove, sir, I should never have believed it of her—a mere child, just home from the convent, but she is a confirmed dipsomaniac, though the police magistrate—

but he is an enemy of the family—wouldn't accept that plea when he sent her up for shoplifting. But, come along—I've kept you waiting with my gossip. Now that you're posted, you'll enjoy the chateau; it's funnier than Zola.

[Count X. murmurs an inaudible lie about going back to Paris for his umbrella, buys a return ticket, and flies from the accursed spot.]

* * * * *

SCENE II.—*The grand terrace at the chateau. Present—MONSIEUR DE CANDY, his wife, their daughters; MADAME DE PERSIL, the reigning beauty of the season; the PRINCESS SANGOLF, etc., etc. To them enter MONSIEUR DE LA BASTE.*

Omnes.—And where is the count?

M. de la Baste.—Gone back to Paris!! I scared him! [*Loud applause and cries of "Well done, de la Baste!" "Our preserver!" "Saved! Saved!" "Let's have breakfast!" "The ass!" "The idiot!" "I breathe again!" "Hurrah for de la Baste!" Quick Curtain.*—*New York World translation from the French.*

The Same Old Lie.

Four or five of us were enjoying our last pipe for the night in the smoking-room at Craigfalloch. We had had a long day's tramp over the moors, and the conversation lay chiefly between Jack Winstanley and Charley Vane. These two had been at Oxbridge about the same time, and discovered that, though they had never met there, they had a lot of friends in common. Of course, they began telling each other who had gone into the church, who into the civil service, who was dragging out life at an up-country station in India, who had got shot in South Africa, and who had made a fortune in colored yarns.

"Did you know Merton?" asked Winstanley.

"I think I've met him. Wasn't he a St. Bridget's man?"

"Yes; a tall, pale fellow, if you remember, with a straw-colored hat, and a delicate gossamer heard that he never would shave off."

"Rather good family, eh?"

"Dare say. He was a very decent fellow, if he was a little strait-laced. A parson now, of course. Did you ever hear of a visit he once got from 'a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time?'"

"No. Tell us the story."

"Well, Merton was really a good fellow, but he had been brought up at home—coached at the family rectory, you understand? He never got into scrapes like the rest of us, and in fact was the most irreproachable soul you ever saw. One term, Millbank's eldest sister, a mature lady of some thirty summers, came down to stay with some friends near Oxbridge, and the day after her arrival, wishing to give dear William a surprise, she ran over to see him early in the afternoon. Of course, he got a cup of coffee for her, and they were having a pleasant chat in the sitting-room, when the scout comes in with a card, 'Mr. Edward Mandelay.'"

"The gen'man sends his compliments, sir, and hopes it would be convenient for you to see his rooms. He had these rooms, he says, sir, when he was up here fifty years ago, and he has a great fancy to see them again."

"Very natural, very natural, I'm sure. I shall be delighted, Thomas. But, wait a moment. Agatha—"

"Will it look odd for me to be here, dear?"

"Oh, no; but, you see, if the old gentleman sees you here he'll be tempted to sit down and talk, and we shall lose all the morning. Here's the scout's closet. Run in, and I'll bring you a chair. I'll get rid of him as soon as I can."

"The fact is, that Merton was so awfully afraid of being chaffed that he wouldn't have had it come to our ears on any account that a stranger had found him entertaining a lady in his rooms. Agatha was rather shy, and very glad to take refuge in the scout's closet."

"Presently in comes Squire Mandelay. A fine, bluff old fellow, something over seventy, a little shaky on his pins, red face, white mutton-chop whiskers, white hat, check tie—you know the style?"

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Hope I'm not in your way. The scout told you, perhaps, that I used to have these rooms—ah! a good fifty-three years ago—before your father was born, I dare say? Dear me! How time flies! It all looks like yesterday—like yesterday! The same old view into the master's garden. Yes, the same old view. The same old pictures, too; and the old boy got up and tapped the frames; 'and, I declare, the same old sofa! Dear me!'"

"Next, he walked round the room, stopping at the fireplace. 'Same old mantel-piece!' Then he got to the door of the scout's room, and turned the handle."

"Same old— He had just opened the door, when he caught the flutter of a petticoat, and suddenly closed it."

"Ah! says he, shaking his head, 'same old games! same old games!'"

"Sir," gasps Merton, in an awful funk, 'sir, that's my sister! She—that is—'

"Well, I declare! Same old lie! Same old lie!" —*Whitehall Review.*

On the banks of the Kennebec River, a few miles below Bath, Maine, lives an old lady. Years ago she cried so violently when about to be married that it was with difficulty she could be pacified. On being interrogated as to the cause of her great grief, she replied that it made her sad to think she was to live so near the steep bank of the river, where her children would daily be in danger of falling over and being drowned. The lady has now lived there about fifty years and has never had a child.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Mr. Evarts was Secretary of State, he was one of a party who visited the Natural Bridge in Virginia. Of course, the story was told that Washington had once stood there and thrown a silver dollar completely over the bridge. Some of the party pooh-poohed this assertion, but Mr. Evarts gravely rebuked them, saying, "You forget how much farther a dollar went in those days."

"Garçon, the bill." "Here it is, sir." "Ha! what's this! Here's a mistake!" "A mistake, sir! Impossible, sir! Never are allowed to have mistakes, sir. Only one thing there isn't in the house, sir!" "What do you call this but a mistake—you've spelled 'côtelette' 'côtelete.'" "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. I'll rectify that." Takes the bill and quickly writes: "To 1 tea, 15 cents."

"What a methodical fellow you are, Brown," said Filkins, who had stepped into Brown's office during the latter's absence. "Why, what do you mean?" asked Brown, who had just entered. "Mean?" echoed Filkins; "to think that you should lock all your drawers up when you are only going out for five minutes! 'Tisn't likely that anybody would meddle with your papers." "Of course not," replied Brown; "but how did you find out the drawers were locked?" —*Boston Transcript.*

The company happened to be discussing the subject of nocturnal assaults upon unoffending passers-by. "For my part," says Doctor X—, "I was attacked only once in my life. I had been practicing about a year in a town of some importance, and one night I was set upon by four masked men, beaten to a jelly, sir, and left for dead." "Did you never discover the authors of the outrage, doctor?" "Yes, sir; starving undertakers, sir—starving undertakers." —*New York World.*

A grave and dignified D. D., after listening to the recitation of the catechism by a class of children, was asked to make a few remarks to them, whereupon he arose and said: "I desire, my young friends, to express an unqualified approbation of this exercise. I regard the catechism as the most admirable epitome of religious belief extant." The superintendent pulled his sleeve and asked him to explain the word epitome, which he elucidated as follows: "By epitome, children, I mean—that is—it is synonymous with synopsis."

"Never despise small things," soliloquized Robert, as he stooped to pick up a pin: "if I take care of the small things the great things will take care of themselves." Richard, who had passed that way a moment before, saw the pin, but disregarded it. He had not gone far ere his eyes fell on a bright half dollar. Said he to himself: "I think I will gather this in." So he picked it up, and after having bought a whole paper of pins he had quite a sum of money remaining. When Robert arrived where the half-dollar had been, the half-dollar, with the assistance of Richard, had taken care of itself.

Many years ago one of the Parisian theatres came under the management—or at least the proprietorship—of a rich native of the Ottoman Empire, who nevertheless kept a keen eye on the accounts. Among the items of expenditure was one of three francs a week for meat for eight or ten cats kept to protect the canvas scenes, etc., from the ravages of the rats. This item was promptly disavowed by the Turkish proprietor, who wrote upon the margin of the bill the following dilemma: "If the cats eat the rats, wherefore the meat? If they don't, wherefore the cats?" —*Paris Gaulois.*

A rural magistrate is sitting in judgment upon the petty offenders of his haliwick. "What is this case? The old woman is charged with stealing carrots, eh? I fine you one franc. Next case!" The next case is called. "Ha! Well, old woman, you are charged with stealing carrots. Guilty, eh? I fine you one franc." And so on, down a monotonous list, until presently the magistrate loses his temper and yells: "Now, then, you old woman, you! Up for stealing carrots, eh? Oh, I know you! I'll put a stop to this! I fine you one thousand francs, and send you to jail for three years. This thing has got to be stopped!" —*French Joke.*

"I tell you," said Colonel Holcomb, "that smoking is the worst habit that a man can contract. You know I lean very affectionately toward literature, and that I write sketches occasionally. Several days ago I received an order from a literary paper for a story. I was flattered by the compliment, and immediately began work. For years I have been an inveterate smoker, and knew that the effect of tobacco was injurious to my brain, and when I began the story I resolved to quit. I have a strong will, let me remark, but I was surprised at the ease with which I crushed the habit. I wrote with a vigor which I had never felt before, and when night came I went to bed feeling like a hero. I thought of men who struggle with the habit, and smiled when I contemplated my superior strength. The next day I began work again. I wanted to smoke, but I frowned at the desire, and bent my mental energies to the story. I soon conquered the desire, and worked with almost nervous rapidity. Looking up suddenly I saw my meerschaum pipe lying on the mantelpiece. My victory was not complete. 'Ah,' I thought, 'I'll show myself that I am master of the situation,' and, arising, I filled the pipe and placed it on the desk beside me. 'Now I am master,' I mused. 'The enemy is under my very nose and still I resist him. The victory will soon grow commonplace.' I took up the pipe. I would go further. I would light a match and hold it over the tobacco. I took the stem between my teeth and smiled again. Talk about conquering a desire. I struck a match and held it over the pipe." "Well," remarked one of the company, when the Colonel stopped. "I smoked," he continued. "Who's got a match?" —*Arkansas Traveler.*

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY Editor.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

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The Republican party has met with a Waterloo in Ohio. The same causes are at work in California that produced the Ohio result, and it will be a miracle if the entire Democratic ticket, with Stoneman for governor, is not successful in this State. The Republican party has not outlived its usefulness, and the discipline of defeat which it has received in Ohio, and which it is likely to receive in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and California, are not improbable blessings. This year of chastisement may save the presidential election. It may teach Mr. Arthur at Washington, Mr. Conkling of New York, Mr. Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, and the stalwarts everywhere, that the Republican party is not composed exclusively of office-holders and office-seekers, and that horses are not deemed indispensable to its management, or the machine to its existence. It is now being run by place-hunters and place-holders, from the White House at Washington to the lighthouse at the Farallones. There are no national issues. There are no distinctive party issues. In Africa it is said that venomous snakes pile themselves in monuments so interlaced and entangled that their hodies form an impervious truncated cone, with their heads sticking out on all sides. From whatever direction the enemy approaches, it is met with forked and hissing tongues, spitting venom, and is struck with fangs that poison. The Republican party may be likened to this monument of monsters, its official heads reaching out to destroy with the venom of abuse, detraction, vilification, and insult every honest Republican who has not his tail within the pile. In this State, and in every town and village within it, are old and honored Republicans who have done gallant service in the cause, some in humble rank and some in leadership, against whom every viperous tongue of office-holder is now wagging an aggressive, vindictive, and devilish war. It is worth a man's reputation to approach the snakes in convention. Under this kind of selfish leadership the party has lost its courage. Its leaders in this State lack either courage, intelligence, or integrity, and some of the most prominent ones lack all these virtues. Enthusiasm has died out of the rank and file. There has been no Republican meeting held in San Francisco, since Mr. Estee's fraudulent nomination, that has had as many persons attending it as there are Federal, State, and municipal office-holders resident in it. The Republican party, in its cowardice and irresoluteness of purpose, has gone just far enough in the direction of temperance and the Sunday law to antagonize all the liquor interests, without

securing the temperance vote. It has gone just far enough in the direction of Americanism to alarm and alienate all the foreign vote, without securing the American. It has succeeded in placing itself upon such a questionable anti-monopoly platform, and has nominated such candidates, that no man can tell whether they are the friends or enemies of the railroads. There is nothing honest, sincere, or intelligible in platform or campaign. This election is a scramble for office, both in city and State, which appeals to no honorable sentiment, involves no principle, and the result of which, in fact, concerns nobody but the men who are running for office. We shall not be surprised if the entire Democratic ticket in the State and in the city of San Francisco shall be elected. The defeat of Blake for mayor, Brickwedel for Auditor, and the Board of Education, are all within the possibilities of the 7th of November. It will be a melancholy day when the Pope's Democratic Irish shall have secured the political control of this State and city. There are enough Republicans to prevent this, if they will work together in harmony. It is not easy for General Miller, Governor Perkins, or ex-Governor Low to coax us into the corral, when Estee and Bill Higgins stand ready to lasso us and throw us over the fence. They may get all the office expectants to work together, but, fortunately for the Democracy, there are a great many Republicans who won't submit to the machine, who don't care for the horses, and who do not think a Democratic victory is any greater calamity than the continuance of a system that subjects decent people to a machine primary, and a party to the control of Irish hordes. Perhaps it may occur to the stalwarts who surround the throne at Washington, that it is not well to attempt to drive half-breeds from the camp. Perhaps the idea may penetrate them that James G. Blaine can not be exorcised, and that, if he has not the power to become the candidate for the Presidency, he is still Warwick and king-maker, and it may penetrate even the dull intellects of our machine party-rulers in California that an army is not sufficient which contains nothing but officers and musicians.

The Chronicle is nothing if not sensational. It would not be the Chronicle if it were not malignant, vindictive, and dishonest. We recall the time when in defense of the Central Pacific Railroad it was an earnest champion. When the Goat Island contest was pending, that journal was foremost in advocating Goat Island as the proper place to receive and distribute merchandise and passengers. Mr. Charles de Young used then to inform the writer of this that he was not paid for his advocacy, and that his zeal for the railroad was because he sincerely believed that the interests of the city of San Francisco and the State of California were identical with the interests of the railroad corporations. At that time the Bulletin and Call were both as earnest in opposition to Goat Island being the railroad terminus, and as bitter and vindictive against Stanford & Co., as they are now in opposition to the Spring Valley Water Company, Wehh Howard, Mr. Newlands, and everybody else connected with the company. Their methods of warfare are not dissimilar now against the water company to what they were once against the railroad. We know that the Call and Bulletin were then entirely disinterested in the matter of the ten millions of dollars of bonds which San Francisco was to issue for the St. Louis road, and we know these journals were paid nothing by the railroad companies for the sudden and altogether miraculous conversion and friendship to the railroads, because they have said so, and because they have libeled the Chronicle for asserting to the contrary. We are equally at a loss to account for the present enmity of the Chronicle toward the railroads as for the Bulletin's and Call's friendly attitude. We remember when the Chronicle denounced daily the water company. We can not now explain why it is so friendly. We remember the Alta California's frenzied denunciation of the Dutch Flat wagon-road. The purpose of this writing is not, however, to explain newspaper motives, nor account for newspaper tergiversations, but to suggest to each individual reader that he must take with some grains of salt the statements and opinions of all journals—weekly or daily, friendly or hostile—when they comment on any of the great corporations. Unseen agencies are at work. Unseen interests are exerting influence on every side. And it is only asserting that newspaper men are human when we declare that one and all are working for their own interests. The same motives that control Messrs. Fitch, Pickering, De Young, and MacCrellish, are at work with Charles Wehh Howard, Mr. Sharon, and Peter Donahue. Governor Stanford and his associates are no more selfish, mercenary, or tyrannical than the same amount of wealth and power would make the most liberal writer of the most liberal journal in America. There is not a pawnbroker in all the land more anxious for coin than Michael de Young. Even Colonel Jackson, of the Post, is not above the love of lucre. The Record-Union supports the railroad. The Bulletin and Call oppose the water company. The Chronicle abuses the railroads. The Alta advertises the auction houses. The Exchange quotes stocks. The political journals advocate their respective parties. The Examiner is Democratic; the Post Republican. The religious journals

advocate the creeds of their churches, and all of them to advance the pecuniary interest of the proprietor. A journal is printed from no higher standpoint than that of personal interest. The journalistic writer is governed by no other or higher motive than impels the lawyer, the physician, the preacher, the scientist, or the literary man. The world works for pay. There are exceptions—most rare—where the Gospel is preached without compensation. There are cases—most rare—where lawyers and doctors work without hire. There are cases—not so rare—where scientific and literary men work for the love of it, or for the after fame. There are unselfish journals, supported for an idea; but they are as rare as water-works erected for the distribution of free water, or railroads for the transportation of freight or passengers without cost.

These thoughts are suggested by the sudden expression of aroused and indignant virtue over Judge Allen's decision in reference to the press. We have often, while in the theatre, observed that the loudest and most clamorous approval of a patriotic or virtuous expression comes from the gallery gods; the most eloquent advocates of labor are those who do not work; an unsuspected harlot is loudest in her denunciation of the crime of concupiscence in a detected erring sister; and we are uncharitable enough to helieve, and sufficiently daring to assert, that the loudest blasts of indignant hypocrisy will come from that portion of the press which is the paid advocate of some business interests. We do not know that the Bulletin ever sold itself for coin, but we do know that it has made sudden turns around short corners upon questions in which there was money. We do not know that the Call had any mercenary views when it encouraged the Sand-lot to burn the city, that it might get the small advertisements of the class that was engaged in the riot. We do not know that anybody ever paid the Chronicle for anything, but it wears the good clothes and smiling face of one who has not resisted temptation and been paid for it. We do not know that the Alta ever borrowed money it did not pay, or begged money it did not earn. We do not know that the Sacramento Record-Union ever received an honorarium that it did not confess by a printed admission. We do not know that the Post or Exchange ever received a dollar for promoting any special interest, or that the Examiner was ever subsidized, or that any of the lesser journals have ever received any money for printing or refusing to print. We do not know that the gravel-miner, the League of Freedom, the temperance organizations, Claus Spreckels, or the churches have ever contributed a dollar to any newspaper, and of our own personal knowledge we know of but eight dollars ever paid by any political party, national, State, or city central committee, to any journal, and that was for an advertisement. Nor do we regard all this as of much importance, nor do we regard it as anybody's business to know these things. We judge of a clergyman, and we estimate the sincerity of his motives, by the earnestness of his teachings and the purity of his private life. We form our opinion of lawyer, doctor, or actor by his work, without inquiring as to his fee, retainer, or salary. The journal should be estimated for what it contains, and for the strength and logic of its arguments. Is it right or wrong on public questions? Is it courageous or cowardly? Is it just or otherwise? May it be read with safety by the young? Does it address itself to the reason and intelligence of the old? Is it honest, sincere, clean, and honorable? Is it to be relied upon in its statements of facts? Is it patriotic? Does it favor good government? Does it uphold the law? Does it endeavor to guard property and protect individual rights? If it is doing good in the country; if it is oftener right than wrong; if, in striking the balance, it is accomplishing more of good than evil—then it may be endured. If it is a fawning sycophant; if it is cowardly, mercenary, and insincere; if it is vindictive, passionate, and resentful, unmindful of personal interests or feelings; if it is sensational, nasty, and immoral, pandering to morbid and criminal appetites; if it stands in awe of power, whether that be the power of corporate wealth or the power of the brutal mob; if it is an institution accomplishing more of evil than good—then it is thus estimated, and thus rated, independently of the men who own it or write for it, or the motive that controls it.

Whenever the temperance question shall be emancipated from the control of preachers and teetotalers, fanatics and fools, and turned over to statesmen and publicists, and practical, sensible men, who will consider it as the great question of political economy, the sooner it will make progress in a healthful and practical direction. We were more than pleased when the Prohibition Convention turned out its forty half-temperance parsons, and determined to let itself no longer be managed by people who pray one way and vote another, who think temperance a question to be considered at Wednesday evening prayer-meetings and not at the polls, and who prate of it as a moral and not a political question. It is no more a moral question—this one of regulating the alcohol traffic by law—than it is to prohibit crime by law. The man, woman, or parson who says that temperance ought not to be carried into politics, is no friend of the temperance cause.

If we can carry police and sanitary regulations into politics, why not the regulation of the alcohol traffic? We fear these hair-splitting and praying moralists, and question either their sincerity or their sense. The liquor traffic is the most important and the most serious question that to-day challenges the attention of government. It is the great evil of civilization, and it can be no longer ignored by the great political parties or monopolized by those who profess religion. The wicked outside world that takes a little "for the stomach's sake" offers itself as an ally in this temperance crusade, and if its services are not accepted, it will step to the front, and let the non-combatant moral suasionists retire behind their batteries of Quaker guns. The *New York Tribune*, which is neither pious nor teetotal, says: "Directly and indirectly, this country spends in the liquor traffic every year a sum exceeding half the national debt. The cost of that traffic to the country, direct and indirect, is greater than the profit of all its capital not invested in real estate. It costs every year more than our whole civil service, our army, our navy, our Congress, including the river and harbor and pension bills, our wasteful local governments, and all national, State, county, and local debts, besides all the schools in the country. In fact, this nation pays more for liquor than for every function of every kind of government. How is a question of that size to be put aside with a sneer?" The *Sacramento Record-Union* says: "The consumption of ale and beer last year was about 15,000,000 barrels, the cost of which to the consumers was not less than \$480,000,000. The consumption of whisky last year was about 70,000,000 gallons, the cost of which to the consumers was not less than \$303,000,000. Add a moderate estimate for wines, and it will be seen that the American people must have spent for drinks in that one year to exceed \$800,000,000; and the entire sum raised by taxes of all kinds—national, State, county, city, town, and school district—is stated on the authority of the census bureau to be not more than \$700,000,000. Thus it appears that at a very moderate estimate the country spends upon drink at least \$100,000,000 more than the whole system of government costs, including education, police, and everything else." The question of regulating the liquor traffic is a question for taxpayers. Every person who owns property in this State is interested in subjecting this business to the control of just and reasonable laws. The prohibition party is a step in the right direction. It is ultra and radical; all reformers who are in earnest are radical and ultra. All reformers are apt to be fanatical. Peter the Hermit, who preached the redemption of the holy sepulchre from the infidel Saracen, was a fanatic. Savonarola, who would have reformed the church of the middle ages, was mad as a March hare. John Brown, who struck the first blow at American slavery, was crazy as a bed-bug. There are serious questions to be considered after temperance gets into politics. The important, and indeed the only, consideration is to first get it there. Upon this ground all can unite. Then will come up a hundred matters of detail about saloons, and whom to license, if anybody. When the prohibition question shall confront the vine-growing industry of this State, then the prohibitionists and total-abstainers will be compelled to demonstrate that it is for the best interest of all the people that grapes shall not be made into wine by fermentation, nor into brandy by distillation. In the meantime statistics are in order to demonstrate the magnitude of this dreadful curse. A very thorough inquiry has been made in Massachusetts by the bureau of statistics, under authority from the Legislature, and the conclusion reached is that eighty-four per cent. of all the crime and criminal expenditure in that State is attributable directly to the use of liquor. The *Record-Union* estimates that "five per cent. of all the able-bodied men in the country are incapacitated for continuous work, or made paupers, by the same evil, and that by this means a sum of \$200,000,000 is lost annually to production. Here, then, we have a definite loss of \$1,000,000,000 annually caused by the liquor traffic, and yet we have only so far dealt with considerations which are capable of being represented by statistics. Above and beyond all such mere money losses must be reckoned the appalling aggregate of misery which the abuse of intoxicants produces. This can not be measured by dollars and cents, but it represents a most insidious, far-reaching, and dreadful evil." Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, says that four-fifths of the crime that comes into court results from drink, for which the Queen's subjects pay over five hundred million dollars a year. Labor unions, trade leagues, loan societies, savings banks, and all the other devices in aid of workingmen and women known to organized society, are insignificant when we consider this question of alcoholic drink. The time has come when the politician standing at the bar to drink his morning dram, the gentleman over his after-dinner wine, the property-owner who pays the taxes, and the farmer who grows grain to malt, corn to distill, and grapes to press, must consider all these things as politico-economical ones that well-ordered governments can no longer ignore. Another reason why "temperance" must be carried into politics is the fact that "whisky" is already in politics. The whisky-dealer, the saloon-keeper, the lager-vender, and the distiller and brewer, have combined together

under the inapt name of "League of Freedom" to rule the politics of this State. They run primaries, control conventions, dictate platforms, elect law-makers, choose judges and executive officers, and keep the industrious tax-paying and property-owning portion of the community at work to support them in idleness, and to maintain in prisons, asylums, poor-houses, and hospitals the criminals, paupers, and unfortunates whom by their infamous and criminal business they create. This is a good year to lay the foundations of a temperance party in California. It is an off-year in politics. Votes are not lost that are this year thrown away. It is a good year to vote for Doctor McDonald for Governor. It is a good year for a show of hands. When Governor Stanford first ran as a Republican candidate, he received less than twelve thousand votes. Two years thereafter he was elected Governor by a majority over all over candidates. This is the year of roll-call, and if Doctor McDonald shall not be elected Governor of California, or Jackson Temple and Anson Bronson be made Judges of the Supreme Court, or James McM. Shafter be chosen as member of Congress from the San Francisco District, and other most respectable gentlemen who are on the Prohibition ticket be not rewarded with office, no honest man will have cause to regret that he stood on an honest, manly platform, and by his vote protested against fraudulent and criminal practices at primary elections and in convention, and asserted himself as the champion of temperance reform.

The Pope's Democratic Irish in Municipal Convention assembled is composed of one hundred and fifty-four statesmen. One hundred and sixteen are Romanists, ninety-three are Irish born, thirteen are Irish-American, thirty-two are saloon-keepers, bar-tenders, or corner-grocers, thirty-eight are deputies in public offices. All want offices for selves or friends. Not one in five pays any tax. Not one in ten pays any considerable tax, and there is not a representative real-estate owner, leading merchant, manufacturer, or professional man in the lot. Chris Buckley, Irish, and Johnny Murphy, Irish-American, run the machine. The leading statesmen of the convention bear the following names—to be read aloud with proper emphasis: J. J. Boyle, J. T. Burns, Edward Caserly, T. P. Corrigan, J. J. Casey, James Duffy, J. T. Donovan, Frank E. Doran, Con Keefe, James McLarkey, James J. Murphy, Thomas L. Murray, R. McDonald, E. A. O'Connor, Dan Somerville, M. J. Aherne, Michael Cannavan, E. F. Coyle, John Cronin, W. E. Dunan, T. Farrell, R. H. Fitzgerald, Thomas J. Glynn, John Heaney, J. Hanrahan, Thomas Martin, — McCormick, Frank McDonald, P. Murphy, Robert O'Neill, A. Shehan, Morris Sullivan, J. Cobine, C. Deleharty, Thomas Dowling, James Devaney, William Foran, Michael Foley, Daniel Lenahan, Joseph Linehan, James McDermott, Charles McCourtney, Jeremiah Moriarty, James Reavey, J. J. Ryan, John Shehan, Thomas Brady, Thomas Cristal, Patrick Creighton, T. B. Cunningham, John Devlin, John Devauney, L. Dunn, John Dower, P. Enright, John Eagan, John Fagan, J. M. Farrell, Edward Holihan, John Krehling, William Kilday, James Mooney, J. T. Murphy, John Noonan, T. H. McCann, C. O. O'Connor, Edward Riley, M. Scanlon, L. J. Welsh, Robert Bragg, Henry Casey, Hugh Crummev, B. Carlin, T. Callan, William E. Connelly, E. B. Deady, J. M. Donlon, Michael Harrington, O. Kilcullin, Patrick Kelly, Patrick Kelly (2), T. F. Lowney, Henry McGuire, M. McCaffery, John Maholy, J. H. McGinney, J. McCarthy, E. H. McAuliff, Dan Moriarty, C. McFadden, Philip Maguire, Patrick Maxwell, James C. Nealon, Timothy Nunan, William Ryan, John Reddan, M. I. Sullivan, John Whelen, S. C. Walsh. The first act of these nominating statesmen is to provide from the ranks of the party a County Committee, chosen with reference to their ability and political standing, to which is entrusted the management of party offices in the city and county of San Francisco. This position demands men of the best character and highest intelligence and judgment. The following are their names—to be read aloud with proper emphasis: Charles Calahan, M. McCarthy, David Levy, T. B. Corrigan, William Burke, Patrick Sullivan, John J. Kenny, Christopher H. Buckley, Samuel Newman, Max H. Fay, James J. Flaherty, Michael Leman, Michael J. Kelly, John Welch, J. Rafferty, James Buchanan, John Flynn, S. J. Burke, James O'Neil, Thomas F. Egan, Samuel Shear, Jeremiah McCarthy, M. J. McDonald, Samuel McKee, Dennis Sheehan, Phil F. Krause, T. O'Brien, John J. Cunningham, Con O'Connor, James R. Corrigan, E. F. McKittrick, J. J. Flynn, John Conless, John O'Neil, Joseph Quinne, John Farrell, Phil Reilly, Thomas Sewell, Hugh Crummev, A. J. Donovan, Charles A. Hughes, John Whalen, Jno. T. Fogarty. The nominations for State Senators and members of Assembly from San Francisco, are as follows—to be read aloud with proper emphasis: Timothy McCarthy, Jeremiah J. Harrigan, John Dougherty, Martin Kelley, William Cronan, Frank J. Sullivan, Timothy H. Murphy, Thomas Barry, James Callahan, James J. Flinn, Patrick Plover, and T. McDonald. At the time of going to press the nominations for the Senate and Assembly are not complete, but will be chosen from among the following prominent candidates—whose names are to be read aloud with proper emphasis:

Michael O'Connor, Timothy Sullivan, Hugh J. Mohun, James Callaghan, Thomas Barry, Edward Mahony, E. J. O'Connor, M. J. O'Brian, C. H. McGrevey, T. P. O'Brian, J. J. Sullivan, M. McPike, Robert Cochran, Michael O'Connor, J. J. O'Flinn, Patrick Gilhooley, Patrick O'Rafferty, Patrick McMulligan, John Brown, William Jones, and Thomas Smith. Brown, Jones, and Smith will probably withdraw, as their names are suspicious of an objectionable nationality and unsound religious opinions. Further comments upon the ticket must be reserved till our next issue. We expressly disavow any intention to question the right of the Pope's Democratic Irish to run the Democratic ticket and to nominate themselves to office. Without these statesmen there would be no Democratic party in America.

The Democratic nominations may seem a surprise to those who do not know the inner workings of the party machines in San Francisco. The Superintendent of Schools and the Board of Education are a seeming concession to the anti-Catholic sentiment of the community. The whole is a cunning device of Jesuitry. Nearly all of the thirteen gentlemen nominated are either Romanists or of intimate Roman Catholic connection, by birth, marriage, or association. It is curious if accidental. The Board of Supervisors are fairly comparable, and in some respects superior, to the Republican nominees. From the two tickets an excellent twelve could be chosen. Washington Bartlett for mayor is a concession by the machine to the *Bulletin*. It would not be generous to withhold the admission that all offices held by Mr. Bartlett have been intelligently and honestly administered, and that his life in San Francisco for thirty years justifies entire confidence in him as a municipal servant in event of his election. The hoofs and tail of the machine serpent is, and will be, exhibited in the nominations for Senators and members of Assembly, and in the offices of County Clerk, Assessor, Sheriff, and Superintendent of Streets. This is where the patronage comes in. It will be less embarrassing to discuss these nominations when the ticket is completed and may be considered as a whole. The defeat of Wise is a slap in the face for the Chivalry. It is a rap on his political nob by the Irish shillalah, and we are glad of it.

The Hon. James McM. Shafter is nominated by the temperance party for Congress in the San Francisco district. This is the best nomination made by any party anywhere in the State for Congress. There is no Congressional district in the United States demanding a higher order of talent to fitly represent it. There is no Congressional district demanding such peculiar legislation as this city. There is no district that has ever been worse represented. While millions of money have been appropriated from the treasury of the general government for harbors, rivers, and aids to commerce, not a dollar has ever yet been secured for the harbor of San Francisco. Oakland harbor has had hundreds of thousands of dollars. Every sluggish stream is straightened. Snags are taken from navigable creeks. The coast, the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, Petaluma Creek, and Wilmington harbor all have had, and can have, money for their improvement and protection. San Francisco gets nothing, and can get nothing, because her member of Congress has been a nobody. Mr. Shafter would take his rank in the House of Representatives among its foremost and leading members. He would honor our city and honor our State by his learning, his eloquence, and his ability as a statesman and law-maker. It would be creditable if our citizens could rise above party, and secure for their representative in Congress so able a man as Mr. James McM. Shafter is acknowledged to be.

Some very young Republicans in the Eleventh Ward have organized themselves into a party club. Little Master Zion seems to be the prize infant of this political baby show. He introduced a series of anti-monopoly resolutions upon railroads and sugar. The resolutions are inelegant in language, impudent in tone, and inexact in statement. Zion ought to be spanked. There is no objection to the little boys having their playmates come up from San José in their little capes and caps, and having a procession with music, torches, and and bonfires, but they should ask their parents to write their resolutions.

Mr. Estee met with another disappointment at the meeting of the State Grange, at Stockton. His friends were confident of his endorsement by that body. Not only did he not get it, but a resolution of sympathy with the prohibition movement was passed—i. e., prohibition of the sale of alcoholic drinks on legal holidays. This includes Sundays, election days, Fourth of July, Christmas, New Year's, Washington's birthday, and such special holidays as the Governor may direct.

The Ohio defeat seems to us at this distance to be attributable to two causes: An administration war against the Blaine-Garfield wing of the party, and the temperance question. Stalwartism and beer.

VANITY FAIR.

A grand ball was given the other day at a fashionable watering-place on the French coast, to finish the bathing season and also to serve as a sort of farewell before the dispersion of the peculiar society for which the place is celebrated. Much curiosity has been excited by the wording of the invitations to this ball. They have been distributed also with great mystery. The card bore the simple words, "*Bal non costume*," with the address and date fixed for the festival. Many of the representatives of golden youth, who had received invitations, sped leagues innumerable by rail in order to be present at the *fête*, the designation of which seemed so mysterious and incomprehensible. The secret was well kept by the initiated, and when the villa, all brilliantly illuminated, appeared in sight, no outward solution of the mystery was visible. The visitor was ushered through the little garden to the hall, where, on entering, he was rather taken aback by the mode of his reception. At the hall door stood, on one side, the bathing man, and on the other the bathing woman of *baigneur* and *baigneuse*, in the weather-worn costume peculiar to their calling; and as the *invité* entered, attired in full dress evening attire, he was seized by the *baigneur*, and compelled to exchange his dress for the bathing costume worn by the *habitués*. There was nothing improper nor objectionable in the transformation—the white flannel drawers and knitted jersey, the former loose and wide, confined at the waist by a broad, red woolen sash—but the ease and *sans gêne* it inspired became conspicuous the moment the ball-room was entered. Here the ladies, who had been let into the secret of the ball, were rivaling each other in the *luxe* and elegance of their bathing attire, and the effect of the short tunic and loose drawers, in every variety of bright-colored stuffs, with the feet and legs encased in pink fleshing, to imitate the bared limbs of real bathers, was picturesque to the highest degree. The arms were bare to the shoulders, and the variety of styles adopted for the bead-dress excited the greatest interest. There was the bathing cap adorned with tufts of feathers, and the scarlet handkerchiefs à la Bordelaise, and the lace fancheon, and the resille in tinted shells—all placed jauntily on the hair, which fell, in its golden or ebony richness, over the shoulders. The effect of this assemblage was peculiar, as the costume in no way affected an attempt at disguise. The ladies who had come unprovided with a bathing dress were furnished, by the bathman at the door, with the white or blue flannel costume made upon the model of those hired out by the bathing-women belonging to the place. Needless to say that the ball went off with the greatest *entrain* and hilarity, and this marine *fête* will be long remembered by the *habitués* of the most fashionable of all the French seaside resorts.

It is said, says an Eastern journal, that theatre parties are to be the very exact thing this season, but that no party will be of the "too-too" shade without a supper *after* the performance. This supper must be given at a restaurant and not at a private residence. The supper must be ordered in advance, and served in a private room directly upon the arrival of the company, all of whom will be seated at one table. A supper of a large party, scattered about in the public room of a restaurant at the small tables, is voted bad form. These parties must never occur on Saturday night, principally to escape the risk of touching upon Sunday while eating and drinking. The supper is to be near the theatre, the ladies and gentlemen walking to the restaurant if the weather is pleasant, the carriages awaiting them at the door. This provision, it is supposed, will prevent a useless delay. Another idea is to have the party photographed by the electric light, but this will not be permissible on theatre nights, as it would keep them too late.

One of the latest novelties in ladies' shoes, remarks the *Hour*, combines two different colors in kid or morocco. When the tip of the shoe is of fawn-colored leather, the heel is of black, and *vice versa*. The shoe is cut very low on the instep, displaying the stocking to the best advantage. A strap of fawn-colored leather encircles the ankle, attached by a silver buckle with glittering points. Out-door costumes for autumnal wear in the country are made of Scotch tartan, with gaiters to match, which protect the feet from dust and morning dew. Steel crescents of various shades of brown and blue are worn on hats. A green felt, trimmed at one side with a huge bow of black velvet, attached by a steel crescent, is very effective. To make the bosc of the present moment conform to the occupation of its wearer seems to have been the study of the past summer. A lady who proposes to pass the day in fishing believes that she can angle with far greater success should her hose be impressed with the device of a sportive gudgeon or a pliant eel. When the amusement, on the contrary, is hunting, foxes' tails or boars' heads are the proper emblems, worked in colored silk. The idle members of society who spend their days in luxurious frivolity provide themselves with hose covered with myriads of butterflies hovering over a golden ladder which reposes on the instep. One lady incurred the severe criticism of her more logical companions by making a defiant display of a pair of pearl-gray stockings adorned with scenes from the life of an acrobat. When not dangling from a scarlet trapeze in green and yellow tights, the athlete in question was bounding over six-barred gates in a costume composed of every color in the rainbow. The true meaning of these wonderful stockings could never be divined, although the most brilliant wits of the day were occupied in unraveling the mystery. A new invention, which has been recently found useful in France for the hunting season, will scarcely be adopted in this country. Each huntsman is provided with a little memorandum-book in which he enters the amount of game slain by his own dexterous hand. Every species of game—bears, wolves, and birds—are represented in the book by a little sketch at the head of each leaf.

"It is now the fashion in France," says Labouchère, "for a great many young women to go out shooting with their husbands. For the benefit of my lady readers, I give the following description of the costumes worn by some of them: The Duchesse de Chartres and Comtesse de Paris wear blue serge sailor dresses with glazed sailor hats. The Comtesse Potocka wears a cloth jacket of some light color, trimmed

with gold braid, and short skirt of darker hue. The Duchesse de Talleyrand, *née* Castellane, wears a very simple short dress, a waterproof over it, and a billycock hat. Queen Pia of Portugal, wears a jacket and short skirt of moss-colored cloth, white waistcoat, and boots reaching to the knees."

In Louisville, says *Progress*, the fashionable envelopes for ladies' letters are very large. The style is said to have been invented by a Louisville belle. It will not be imitated elsewhere—first, because the average woman has a natural liking for a small sheet of note-paper and accompanying envelope, and, secondly, because fashions do not start in Louisville.

There is no place, says a correspondent of the Boston *Gazette*, with the possible exception of the now famous Garden of Eden, that is capable of giving such expansiveness to a desperate flirtation as Mount Desert—except, as I said, the Garden of Eden, because I have always had a suspicion that Adam and Eve went about as far in a desperate flirtation as well conducted people could, without getting themselves talked about. Still, I suppose that if you take everything into consideration they are partly to be excused. Yes, at Mount Desert, what you can't venture to do under the gauzy veil of a desperate flirtation—well, it isn't worth doing. You can spend eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in one another's company, and if you are not too delicate in your conception of those same proprieties I have mentioned before, you can utilize another hour. You can breakfast together, dine together, sup together; you can pass the morning together, the afternoon together, the evening together, in the parlor, in the woods, in the ball-room—and it's only a desperate flirtation. Did I say "evening together"? Yes, indeed; and when the evening is pretty well gone, you can go out in a boat, row to some remote island, and pass half the night together, and some of the morning—and it will only be a desperate flirtation. On the hall steps you may hug, kiss, and squeeze—and it is only a desperate flirtation. If you go yacbing, girls, by moonlight, you may talk love—and, what is better, act it, if you are only careful not to thrust it in people's faces, and you will be laughed at as merely desperate flirts. You may go, boys, and spend the day in the beautiful groves, so thick as to be almost impenetrable, with some fair-breasted companion in a flannel dress and a Pompeian red grosvener, eat æsthetic sandwiches with her, and drink champagne, and vary the proceedings with an occasional draught such as that Adonis fool was forced to quaff from Venus's coral lips; and when you have passed the day in a manner about as near as may suit your fancy or hers, like that in which they say it used to be the wont of Dido and Æneas, or Héloïse and Abelard, you may come home arm in arm, tell your friends that you have been off studying the flora of the neighborhood, or discussing some of the fallacies of the Neo-Kantian school—and it will only be regarded as a desperate flirtation, that's all. Anyway, it doesn't matter so much in this world what you do; it's what people talk about. And that is the reason, I suppose—to revert to that venerable instance I cited before—that Adam and Eve carried the thing so far they didn't need to care what people said.

The very latest is to adorn the paws of the pug with silver bangles, and to conceal his neck with an imitation linen collar turned down at the corners and fastened with a stud. Pugs of this decorated description are often seen in Regent Street, London, carried on the arm of a strapping footman, while his mistress is in some shop making purchases. It is difficult to say which deserves the most praise for affording the public so edifying a spectacle.

The London *Figaro* feels badly because the American minister monopolizes the attention of the Grand Turk: General Wallace, the American Minister, is as much in favor as ever with his imperial majesty. A few days ago he presented his new "letters of credence" as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Porte, and last night a dinner was given in his honor at Yildiz. Mrs. Wallace was also invited, as well as Messrs. Heap and Gargulio, the Consul-General and the chief dragoman. It is very seldom now that a lady is invited to the imperial table. Lady Dufferin has not yet received such an attention, although the ambassador has sat out several state dinners at Yildiz. As a big Turk remarked to a correspondent, in reference to Lord Dufferin's sudden flight to the islands: "Your Elchee, in telling the Porte that he was going away for several days, and that they might send for him if he were really wanted, is paying the Palace out for the slights showered on his wife in this dining business, and the cavalier treatment he met with on first arriving at Constantinople."

If dancing be one of the qualifications of an ambassador, then is Lord Dufferin one of the best fitted men in that respect for a diplomatic career. He is the most indefatigable dancer in a ball-room, and he invariably selects as his partners young and pretty ladies. "Do you know why I was so popular in Canada?" says his lordship. "I'll tell you. I made a point of dancing with every pretty girl I came across, and lifting my hat to every well-dressed person."

The fishwife's poke is the novelty for little girls' wear. Mrs. Langtry has achieved glory already. A sweet cracker—biscuit, she would call it in England—has been named for her by a gallant American manufacturer of that dry edible, and will be known henceforth as the Langtry cracker. Street costumes are either very gay or very sober. A great deal of red will be worn by little people. Mrs. Langtry has done Rosalind, and they delighted the bald heads. They voted them the most shapely since poor Neilson—Copper shades with electric blue; strawberry red with rife green, and brown with green, are the contrasts of color favored for autumn toilets. The newest fans are of flat feathers, in all shades, with a bird's head in the centre. Tan-colored, long-wristed, loose gloves are the first favorites of fashion. Young persons are emulating Diogenes by going about with diminutive lanterns hanging in their ears. The Princess of Wales is made responsible for a great deal that is *outré* and abominable in the fashions, but she must be demented to countenance this yellow lace.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Captain Mansana" is the title of the latest volume of stories that Professor R. B. Anderson has translated from the Norse of Björnsterne Björnson. It contains two other stories also—"The Railroad and the Churchyard," and "Dust." The title story was written in 1873, just after the author's Italian trip. The second story is one written in his younger days, while the third appeared in a Norwegian magazine in February of this year. It is interesting to note in this connection that Björnson has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first appearance in print. The present volume is the last of this writer's shorter stories, and only one long one remains untranslated, "*Magnhild*," which will shortly appear, and close this series. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

The latest number of the "Round Robin Series" is "Doctor Ben." It is a well written description of life in a mad-house—not the old-fashioned mad-house of "Valentine Vox" or "Very Hard Cash," but a "sanitarium," managed by a physician of sterling character. The plot is simple, and hinges upon a maiden's faithfulness. Ben Hollins, the hero, meets with an accident that affects his brain on the eve of his marriage to Betty Hartley. He wanders about the village in harmless madness. Thomas Macrae, the villain, endeavors to win Betty's love. But she vows that she will remain faithful to her betrothed. Macrae, to further his plans, has Ben abducted to Doctor Patterson's institute for the insane. This proves to be the best thing for Ben, for the doctor cures him, and he is enabled to marry his sweetheart. Meanwhile Macrae meets with a fitting and violent death. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

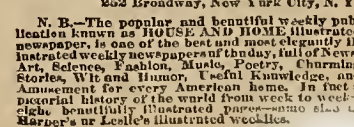
Mr. R. E. Thompson has taken great care in the preparation of his work on "Political Economy," of which the third edition now appears. He has consulted many authorities, both ancient and modern, and quotes freely from various authors. His object is twofold: first, to serve the purposes of those who desire to investigate the subject, but have not the time nor opportunity for deep research; and secondly, as a textbook for schools and colleges, where teachers desire to elucidate the science with reference to the national policy of our government. Mr. Thompson is a believer in protection as opposed to free-trade. He does not attempt—like the free-traders—to reason from imaginary propositions and advance impracticable theories, but gives plain statements of historical facts, and then allows them to speak for themselves. He not only shows the advantage of protection, as prevalent among the ancients and also in the past eighteen centuries, but also convinces the reader, by a review of the English and French commerce and trade for the past three decades, of the losses and financial embarrassments into which their free-trade advocates have led them. The volume is by no means heavy, and will prove readable to the veriest novice. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

"Sylvie's Betrothed," by Henry Gréville, has just been translated from the French by Mary N. Sherwood. It is a rather clever story, and is exceptionally well translated. It relates the sorrows of four persons—two women and two men. Sylvie, the heroine, falls in love with her godfather, M. Clermont, a man of forty. He is extremely fond of his wife, and is in turn much loved by her. Sylvie's suitor, Jacques, is a protégé of Madame Clermont. Sylvie and Jacques become engaged, but Sylvie, although loving him after a fashion, has too strong a passion for M. Clermont, who, being thrown into her company to a great extent, finally reciprocates. Sylvie is frightened at this, and repels him. A mutual confession ensues in which the two decide to subdue their love. Meantime the same thing has happened to M. Clermont's neglected wife and Sylvie's neglected lover. These two have a similar dénouement; an explanation is made, and they come to the same conclusion. But this condition of affairs is suddenly altered by the husband and wife reviving their old affection for each other with redoubled ardor. Sylvie suddenly finds that she has never loved any one but Jacques; who, for his part, says that Sylvie holds his undivided heart. Thus everything ends happily. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co.; for sale by Bancroft; price, 75 cents.

Miscellany: The first article of a series on the American poets has been prepared by Monsieur Léo Quesnel for the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève Suisse*. Its subject is Longfellow. Monsieur Erckmann, the well known literary partner of Monsieur Chatrian, has only just recovered from a most serious and alarming illness. The printing of the British Museum catalogue, which has been discussed for nearly half a century, has at last begun, but at the rate which the government is providing for the work the whole catalogue will not be in print for forty years. The value of such a complete catalogue can not easily be estimated. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich sailed for home on September 26th, from Liverpool, aboard the *Servia*. Longfellow, it is reported, was never fully satisfied with his tragedy of "Michael Angelo," which is shortly to be published. The Boston correspondent of the *American Booklet* says that the poet conceived the idea of writing the tragedy eight years ago, on the occasion of the fourth centennial of the sculptor's birth. A little volume of "Aphorisms" has been translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister, from the German of Marie, Fisihray von Ebner, Eschenbach, and published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Some of the most interesting letters in the forthcoming volume of Emerson's correspondence are from the pen of John Sterling.

Monsieur Turgeneff is much better—the happy change in his health being attributed in part to the generous use of milk. He no longer needs hypodermic injections. He is engaged upon a short story, and has lately written to the Pushkin society that he expects to be able to attend their proposed reunion at St. Petersburg. The English "Folk-Lore Society" has now published three volumes of their "Records"—"Notes on Folk-Lore of Northern Counties of England and the Borders," by William Henderson; "Aubrey: Remains of Gentilism and Judaism," edited by James Britten, F. L. S.; "Notes on Folk-Lore of Northeast Scotland," by the Reverend Walter Gregor. Many ladies are members of the society, which also includes Professor Max Müller, Mr. Lang, and Mr. Ralston.

Announcements: George Macdonald is writing a new novel. The subjects of the essays in his forthcoming volume, "Orts," are as follows: "The Imagination: its Functions and its Culture," "A Sketch of Individual Development," "St. George's Day, 1564," "The Art of Shakespeare, as Revealed by Himself," "The Elder Hamlet," "On Polish," "Browning's 'Christmas Eve,'" "Essays on Some of the Forms of Literature," "The History and Heroes of Medicine," "Wordsworth's Poetry," "True Christian Ministering," "Shelley," "A Sermon." Those who do not care to look at the dictionary may like to know that the word "Orts" means "fragments," and that it has been used by Milton. The "Legend of 1804," the sketch which Mr. Thomas Hardy has written for *Harper's Christmas*, deals with the story that in that year Napoleon made a midnight reconnaissance at Dover preparatory to an invasion of England. Mr. Hardy describes an English fisher-lad as going to sleep on the shore, and waking to hear in the darkness near him the muffled voices of Napoleon and his companions. Mr. Austin Dobson is engaged in writing a preface and making selections from Herrick's poems for the beautiful volume which the Harpers intend to publish. Many of Herrick's verses besides those illustrated so charmingly by Mr. Abbey will be included in this American tribute to the English poet of a former day. Mr. Russell, the author of that delightful story of the ocean, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," has been writing another entitled "The Sea-Queen." The Harpers will publish it during the winter. Mr. George Augustus Sala is preparing a volume on "Living London," with illustrations made by himself. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has contributed to *Harper's Christmas* a story of the early days of New England, entitled "A Widow." Miss McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks"—which has, by the way, reached its twelfth thousand—has written a new novel. She has given it the felicitous title of "Tow-Head: The Story of a Girl's Life," and it will soon be published by A. Williams & Co.



A TALK ON SOCIETY.

A very good authority has said: "Whatever is, is right," and though one may fall to arguing as hotly as one may on politics, religion, or social ethics, one is generally forced to conclude that the thing is as near right as it can be made to be under existing circumstances. "Are you going to the hall this evening?" I asked Jack, and was startled at the slangy sound the words had as they innocently left my lips. I almost expected the usual queue of idiotic response; but Jack contented himself with an embellished and most explicit negative; and then he launched forth upon the follies, and foibles, and hollowness of society. He does this upon the occasion of every leading social event throughout the winter. He is also given to eloquence of this sort whenever news comes from the watering places in the summer. Take the year round, and the growing years stacked upon each other, and he may be said to have expounded his views very thoroughly, yet society moves along the even tenor of its way without upheaval. This is disconcerting to Jack, but inevitable. "After all," cries Jack, with clinching emphasis, after I have unsuccessfully reverted to the subject of the hall, "after all, what is society?"

"Society," I remark, quietly but perspicuously, "is the generic name for that class of people who, by reason of an excess of brains or money, or a lucky accident of birth, are upon the top stratum."

"An excess of money, yes; and the accident of birth, yes; but I will not admit to the excess of brains."

"My dear Jack," I say, kindly, "don't be stupid. What you say is merely the echo of the cry of the masses. Nowhere are brains so popular as in society. Wealth, and birth, and all, bow down before them. When the author has written his successful book, when the artist has painted his great picture, when the poet has sung an appealing song, and the sculptor chiseled his masterpiece, the doors of society the most exclusive are thrown wide open to him. He is the lion of the hour."

"So is the rich man, when he has accumulated his millions."

"And so he should be," I retort; "it does not require any great depth of intellect to remain poor, nor is there anything very meritorious in it."

"My dear Betsy," says Jack, somewhat loftily, "you are wandering wide of the subject. I do not object to the elements that compose society. It is its manners and feelings and exactions that I object to."

"What are its manners, Jack?"

"Well, a—cultivated artificiality, a certain veneer," says Jack, not quite readily.

"Ah, Jack," I say, "do not cry out against our veneer. In a state of nature we are unbecomingly. In a state of nature we punch our neighbor's head if we are angry, and do him harm if we simply dislike him, and when we are pleased we manifest it with a stupid, leering grin, a degree more odious than natural anger. The soft, high treble of a cultivated woman is your veneer; the deep-toned hillingsgate of the fish-woman is nature. Compare the gentle chasing smile on the lips of a high-bred woman with the wide, stationary grin of the first Digger squaw you see at a railroad station. Compare the cordial yet dignified reserve of a drawing-room greeting with the suspicion and coldness you would find in a strange wigwam."

"Your argument, madam, has little weight, since it flies to such extremes. I don't propose to go prowling around wigwams to find a state of nature. There may be some of it left outside the trammeling thongs of society."

"That's quite an imposing phrase, Jack, but will you tell me just where the trammeling thongs are bound? You know in democratic America we have not two directories, as in England, where he who runs may read who is outside the pale and who is inside."

"At all events, they are not at the edge of good manners," speaks Jack, "and yet, after all, I believe it is not exactly the manners of society that I object to. I think perhaps the hollow and unreal feelings are what make me most aggressive, and loth to be one of the charmed circle."

"What feelings, Jack?"

"Well, Betsy, it gives a man a kind of a stranded, lonely feeling when he is in one of these glittering throngs to know that, if he dropped out of it by violence or disaster, the gap which he left would be filled suddenly and completely, and never a sigh given to him."

"Ah, Jack," I say, "great and good men have been dropping out of their places from time immemorial, and there has been but a ripple to signify their loss, for there is no one whose place can not be taken."

"Thanks for the implied disparity," says Jack, politely; "all the same my melancholy thought is sure to obtrude itself when I am in the glittering halls of pleasure."

"And will you give no one credit for more feeling than shows upon the surface of society, Jack? We are all of one clay, whether we are in society or out of it, and you will always find one in your glittering throng ready to serve you, if need be, as readily in their dress-coats as if they were in blue shirts and huckskin trappings, out on the frontier. These well-dressed, well-bred, pleasure-seeking people are not standing about in grim, unsatisfactory stone-heartedness, saying under their breaths the prayer of Ape-mantus:

"Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust a man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends if I should need 'em. Amen."

"Perhaps you are right, Betsy. After all, a man is not going to walk up to you at a brilliant ball, and offer to go on your bond if you should need him, or to secure your nomination for a political office without its costing you a penny."

"Perhaps, after all, Jack, it is not the hollowness that you object to."

"Well, no, Betsy; upon the whole I think it is its exactions that would gild me most."

"What are its exactions, Jack?"

"Oh, party calls, and dress suits, and that sort of thing," spoke Jack, without an instant's hesitation. "Ah, Jack," I said, "there comes the truth at last. You don't mind the glittering throngs, and the

lights, and the flowers, and the music, and the pretty girls, and the handsome matrons, and the pretty veneer, if you were not obliged to induce yourself into a dress coat. I will make up your unsettled mind for you. It is merely the physical discomfort of it that you object to, Jack, for you are a man."

"Then you will acknowledge its discomfort, Betsy? That's the first admission I have had from you."

"Ah, yes, Jack; so much I will allow, for its discomfort is unspeakable. To get into the swim is to be at once infected with a moral malaria, unless, indeed, one be a leader; and even the leaders do not sleep upon thornless rose pillows. There is a never-ending rush and hurry, with never a pause by the wayside for a hit of rest; a ceaseless striving to catch up with something—one never knows quite what. A constant going nowhere; a nervous tension, which makes life a rack after the first flush of youth is past. It is easy to understand the delight of a young girl in her first season, or her second, or her third. Her pulses, bounding with youth and health, keep time naturally with the throbbing music and tripping feet. It is all fairy-land, through whose haze she peeps at the mystic future, and it is all new. But what charm has the scene for the gray-haired matron, surely grown weary with the ceaseless round—and in all the world there is nothing more monotonous than the round of pleasure. It is nothing but a constant meeting of the same people, a constant exchange of the same rapid commonplaces. And yet what is one to do? It would be a little alarming to be approached by some one in the ball-room, and asked if one accepted the Trinity as Beecher does, without analysis, or a state of future punishment as mental, and according to the laws of moral sensibility."

"Stop to breathe, Betsy. Do you know that you are contemplating society entirely from a hall-room standpoint? There is more in it than that."

"I take the ball-room, Jack, merely because it is the parade-ground of society, and it is after all the heart and the end of it all. Why do people submit unshrinkingly to the inexorable demands of society's routine, before which even physical infirmity will not give way, but to be in at the ball, not to be left out when the magic pasteboard is distributed, to be hid with the dear five hundred? People will drag themselves to a ball who must first stimulate themselves with cordials to keep up. I have seen them there with racking headaches, and toothaches, and what not else. Why were they there, Jack? There could not have been either pleasure or comfort. Now, tell me, what was the underlying motive?"

"My dear girl, does it not occur to you that you have boldly switched over on to my side of the argument? I started in to rail against society, and I propose to have my rail out. If you will kindly take your position on your original pedestal I will resume my argument. The woman with the headache, and the toothache, and the hachache, went to the hall to put in an appearance, lest some one would think she was not invited."

"That's what I was about to say, Jack."

"But that is what you have no right to be about to say, madam. Please argue on your own side."

"But I am ready to say something on either side, Jack. I have pleas to put in both ways."

"Then all we have been saying amounts to nothing."

"Absolutely nothing. The world will go on as before, and society will not take in a reef in its sails for us. Shall we go the ball, Jack?"

"Well, a—yes; we might as well go and look on for a while."

"And will you call all the dancing men popinjays, and all the pretty girls snips, and all the pretty married women flirts, and think no one has any sense but that fringe of miserable human beings who hang around the edge of the room waiting for their wives and daughters to go home?"

"Yes, my dear; I shall do all these things. I don't care a tinker's expetive for going, unless I can be miserable with perfect comfort to myself."

"Very well, then, Jack, you shall do as you like; but why, since it is all hollow, and void, and unsatisfying, why should two humble people plunge themselves into such a vortex? Why do we not withdraw from this wicked world, and be happy hermits?"

"My dear, we are neither rich enough nor great enough to afford to be hermits comfortably and respectably."

"And when we are rich and great, Jack, shall we become hermits?"

"When we are rich and great, Betsy, we shall go the way of all weak flesh, and become leaders of society."

BETSY B.

CCL.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, October 15.

Tomato Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Baked (rab.
Broiled Beefsteak, à la Bordelaise. Potato Croquettes.
Baked Bell-peppers. Stewed Tomatoes.
Roast Mallard Ducks. Vegetable Salad.
Chocolate Bavarian Cream and Raspberries.
Apples, Pears, Oranges, Plums, Peaches, Figs, and Grapes.

CHOCOLATE BAVARIAN CREAM.—One pint of cream, one cupful of milk, half a cupful of sugar, one ounce of chocolate, half a package of gelatine. Soak the gelatine in half a cupful of the milk. Whip the cream to a stiff froth. Scrape the chocolate, and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar to it. Put into a small frying-pan with one tablespoonful of hot water. Stir over a hot fire until smooth and glossy. Have the remaining half cupful of milk boiling. Stir the chocolate into it, and add the gelatine; strain into a tin basin and add the sugar. Place the basin in a pan of ice water, and beat the mixture until it begins to thicken; then add the whipped cream, and when well mixed turn into a mould. Serve, when hard, with whipped cream.

Obscure Intimations.

"Home-making"—Accepted. Will shortly appear.

"Demona."—You say that since your story was objected to by the Virtue and Morality Editor you are practicing, with some old Argonauts for samples, how to say the most wicked things imaginable, in the most innocent manner possible. Well, being a woman, Demona, you will probably succeed. That portion of your letter in which you took up the cudgels for Zulano has been submitted to him. Yet it only brought a wan smile to his features, which smile at once flickered and faded away. He says he is a Crushed and Blighted Being.—The name of the book you desire is "Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases."

"Vanity"—Accepted. Will shortly appear.

"The Two Gensdarmes"—A strong story in portions, but too prolix. Declined; MS. awaits your disposal.

"To L. K."—Declined. Send it to Lulu, young man, send it to Lulu. She'll tell you it's *real nice*. So it is.

THE DEATH OF AN ACTRESS.

Only a few months ago a beautiful Russian actress dawned on the Paris stage. She was ravishingly beautiful, and soon became the *maitresse en titre* of the young and dissipated Duc de Morny. He promised to marry her when he was old enough to force his mother's consent, and she believed his falsehoods. He soon began to weary of her, and went on a trip, ostensibly to Russia, but really to dance attendance on a Rothschild heiress at Homburg, whose hand and fortune he wished to secure. The trusting Russian girl suddenly learned the truth, and on his return sought an interview. She came at midnight to his palace, and was denied admission, in accordance with his previous orders. The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune thus describes the ensuing tragedy: "She took out her revolver, held it cocked, and resolutely passed on. The servants above did not attempt to repulse her. On his return the duke found her in his smoking-room, quietly reading. He and she chatted gayly into the small hours of the morning. It was 2 o'clock when he said to her, carelessly: 'By the by, I am going back to Russia to shoot with Prince Demidoff. I shall stay there some time.' 'Do I go with you?' 'No; your doing so would be incompatible with your engagements at the Français. You have a difficult part to learn, and all future success will depend on the manner in which you acquit yourself in it.' He went into his bath-room. When he was in the bath, Mademoiselle Feyghine came behind him, handed him his cigarette, and said: 'I'm going away; good-night,' took his head in both her hands and kissed him on the forehead. In a mirror he saw her take something in the adjoining room out of her pocket. Then he heard a detonation, and saw her (in the glass) fall. He jumped up and rushed to her side. He saw that she was wounded in the chest and vomiting blood. At about five o'clock surgical aid was obtained. As the position of the ball was extremely awkward, it was determined not to try to extract it. When the duke, who remained aloof, heard that his mistress could not be removed, he looked at himself in the glass and said: 'Why, I appear twenty years older than I did to-day. This will never do. I must not let myself be worried any more. Should anything untoward occur, send word to the Duchesse de Sesto [his mother] with whom I am going to stay. If Mademoiselle Feyghine dies here, let her corpse be taken away directly, and let the place be well cleaned. But, above all things, don't let her die without fetching a priest.' These instructions given to the butler, the most Christian duke got himself shampooed by a valet to keep out an eczema. When the operation was got through with he muffled up, got into a heated carriage, and went to his mother's. The state of Mademoiselle Feyghine meanwhile became more alarming. In the thirty hours during which her splendid constitution fought with death she expressed intense desire to see the duke, and was grieved when she found he had quitted the house. A Catholic priest came. Mademoiselle Feyghine told him she was not of his flock. She was a Jewess, but had been received as a child into the Greek Church. Just before her death she fell into a comatose state and frothed at the mouth. The fair face was contracted and disfigured by suffering. The moment the last breath was drawn a stretcher was fetched in pursuance to the duke's orders, and the corpse, hidden under a sheet of black glazed calico, was taken away from Monsieur de Morny's residence to the actress's villa. Her body was laid out on a bed painted blue and white, and tapestried with chintz. The hair, which was bright blonde and curly, was unfurnished by the Sisters of Charity who came in to lay out the body and watch by it. They placed the head on a lace-edged pillow and garlanded the coverlet with tea-roses. No trace of beauty remained. The eyes were encircled with dark, bistrous rings. The old deaf cook, not to be at the trouble of watching a hell she could not hear, threw wide open the doors of the house. Any one who was moved by curiosity to enter might do so. When the duke ascertained that Mademoiselle Feyghine's aunt would not bear the cost of the interment, he sent his butler to arrange for the funeral. At first the orders were to go on cheap sides, but they were ultimately rescinded and a second-class hearse and twelve mourning coaches were ordered. Gunzberg, the Russian financier, Jeanne Graniér, Perrin of the Français, Got, and some actresses sent magnificent floral crowns and crosses. A crowd went to look at the body in the little villa. Messrs. Cook, the excursion agents, took their 'lot' of stolid, staring cockneys. There were four *chairs à banc* laden with them. Young ladies of McCall's Mission and of the Salvation Army also slipped in to gaze on the corpse, and to 'improve the occasion.' How oddly Parisian! Christian obsequies were given at the Greek Church, a doctor having certified the madness of *la suicidée*. De Morny, with crape on his hat, and flanked by the Princes Murat and De Sagan, attended the funeral. The three walked in a line behind Perrin, who, as manager of the Français, was chief mourner. 'We three widowers,' the cynical young duke was heard to say. He wanted to excuse himself in the eyes of the population of Paris by dishonoring the memory of the poor lighted widow of the Russian steppes. It is stated that he will fulfill next week his engagement to go and shoot with Prince Demidoff. All the fast young men of rank envy the duke. They count it a prodigious feather in his cap for the beautiful young actress, in despair at being forsaken by him, to have committed suicide. He has been interviewed by some journalists, and gave an account of the suicide, which does not tally with the statement he made before the police commissary. His latest version proves him a wretched creature, eaten up with vanity and skilled in the art of prevarication. The duke denies (forgetting the depositions of his servants) that Mademoiselle Feyghine forced her way up on Sunday night to his rooms pistol in hand. She was, he says, in the habit of making love to him with him, as he was with her. This is true; but the rest is not. Monsieur de Morny also told the interviewer that he wanted to give the ill-starred actress an expensive funeral, but was advised not by the Greek ecclesiastical of the Rue Dame. The pope of the Russian church says that he was asked to celebrate the obsequies in the cheapest manner possible, and that Mademoiselle Feyghine must have been insane indeed to have killed herself for a De Morny. She should have been contented with spitting in his face." The young duke is not the sort of man most women admire. He is a pale, tow-haired, emotionless, smirking fop, with little force of character, and less personal magnetism. He has hitherto possessed two claims to distinction—an abhorred name, and a washstand set (basin, pitcher, sponge-bowl, soap-dish, brush-box, perfume-flask, tumbler, and hand-mirror,) all of solid silver. To these he has now

added a third and greatest—the death of La Feyghine—on which he plumes himself with ostentatious exultation. He only regrets that the doctors did not extract the fatal bullet, that he might have it mounted on a breast-pin to wear as a trophy of his conquest, and it is said that he has offered a reward to any grave-robber who will secure it for him.

Interior Decorations.

NOW THAT THE DECORATIVE ART is so interesting the minds of all classes, any suggestions on the subject can not fail to be welcome to those who are building and who are furnishing up a home. And right here one might justly recommend a call at Blum's rooms, in Thurlow Block, No. 126 Kearny Street. This is the only place that we know of in the city where everything of the decorative description may be found, and where the interior of a home may be made comfortable and beautiful with the least trouble to the purchaser, who simply gives an idea of what he desires, and what price he is willing to pay, and this firm conducts the rest of the affair. Light, size, and character of a room are the main conditions for colors and forms used for its fitting up, and it is very important that the carpet, color and style of walls and ceiling, as well as curtains and principal pieces of furniture, be selected at one time. To make such a selection judiciously requires not only natural taste, but also study and experience, owing to the fact that carpets, damasks, and especially wall-paper, when in combination, assume a very different effect from what one would expect when seen in the piece. Consequently, it requires one who is able to judge of these things, that no error may occur. The choicest selections of tapestries, covering goods, lace curtains, Persian rugs, plushes, Lincrusta-Walton, Chinese and Japanese leathers for covering walls, wood carpeting, stained glass, and in fact all that is required for this work, are furnished by Mr. Blum.

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MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company. Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California. Location of works,
Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the 17th day of October, 1882, an assess-
ment (No. 27) of One Dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately,
in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Wednesday, the fifteenth (15th) day of November,
1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public
auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on
Tuesday, the fifth (5th) day of December, 1882, to pay the
delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising
and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. McCOV, Secretary,
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
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everything is marked in plain figures.
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THUNDER POWDER COMPANY.—
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California; location of works, Alameda County, California.
Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following de-
scribed stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on
the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set
opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as fol-
lows:

Name.	Cert. No.	Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	3	5	\$2 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	37	10,000	4,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	73	200	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	74	300	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	4	5	not issued 2 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	5	995	do 398 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	6	6	do 2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	7	995	do 398 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	8	5	do 2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	9	2,495	do 995 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	10	5	do 2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	11	995	do 398 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	12	5	do 2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	13	2,495	do 998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee.....	14	1,000	do 400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee.....	15	2,000	do 800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	16	1,000	do 400 00
M. Baldrige, Trustee.....	17	1,500	not issued 600 00
Fredk. Lux, Trustee.....	18	1,000	do 400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee.....	19	2,000	do 800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee.....	20	1,000	do 400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee.....	22	500	do 200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee.....	23	500	do 200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee.....	24	1,000	do 400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee.....	25	2,000	do 800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee.....	26	500	not issued 200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee.....	27	300	do 210 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	28	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	29	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	30	1,000	do 400 00
L. C. Kelly, Trustee.....	31	1,000	do 400 00
Chas. S. Neal, Trustee.....	32	5	do 2 00
Wm. F. Flick, Trustee.....	33	5	do 2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins, Trustee.....	34	5	do 2 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	35	5	do 2 00
Benj. Teal, Trustee.....	36	5	do 2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	52	1,000	do 400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	53	1,000	do 400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	54	1,000	do 400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	55	1,000	do 400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	56	1,000	not issued 400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee.....	57	3,000	do 1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee.....	58	3,000	do 1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee.....	59	1,000	do 400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee.....	61	500	do 200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	62	500	do 200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee.....	63	200	do 80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	64	100	do 40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee.....	65	50	do 20 00
S. E. Herriman, Trustee.....	66	50	do 20 00
A. P. Bouton, Trustee.....	67	50	not issued 20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee.....	68	250	do 100 00
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee.....	80	250	do 100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee.....	81	250	do 100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	85	1,000	do 400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee.....	103	500	do 200 00
Jas. S. Forteous, Trustee.....	110	500	do 200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee.....	104	100	do 40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board
of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so
many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be neces-
sary will be sold at public auction at the company's office,
No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, Cali-
fornia, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the
hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent
assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and
expenses of the sale. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the sixteenth (16th)
day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Serious Jar.

If Jem is the same as Jim,
And G sounds the same as J,
Then between a Gem, and Jem,
What is the difference, pray?

We read about Gem Jars,
Jars made for holding jam;
Then, are these Gem jars Jim jam jars?
(Be calm, my mind, be calm.)

Jim-jars is a modified way
Of saying delirium trem;
And the jars of a fit of the "blues,"
Why, nothing can equal them.

So after the name at once,
Lest discussion should wax hot,
And call the Gem Jar, instead,
The James Preserving Pot.

But if folks are opposed to this,
As many doubtless are,
Then let the jar have its name in full,
As the Jim Jem Gem Jar.

—Mantical Liar.

Romance and Reality.

Do you remember, dearest Jane,
That bygone day in June
We strolled adown your father's lane
One halmy afternoon?
And how we on a rustic seat,
Reclined among the flowers,
And there in conversation sweet
Passed some ecstatic hours,
Until the weary sun had found
His usual western hunk—
And how that blasted bench broke down,
And sprawled us both, kerchunk?
—Homer Magee.

Her Chin.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in.
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair;
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.
—Nora Perry.

An Old Club Squib.

If any man loves comfort, and has little cash to buy it, he
Should get into a crowded club—a most select society—
While solitude and mutton-cutlets serve infelix uxor,
he
May have his club, like Hercules, and revel there in luxury.
Yes, clubs knock taverns on the head. E'en Hatchett's can't demolish 'em.
Joy grieves to see their magnitude, and Long's longs to abolish 'em.
The Inns are out. Hotels for single men scarce keep alive on it.
While none but houses that are in a family way thrive on it.
There's first the Athenæum Club; so wise, there's not a man of it
That has not sense enough for six—in fact, that is the plan of it.
The very waiters answer you with eloquence Socratic.
And always place the knives and forks in order mathematical.
Then opposite the mental club you'll find the regimental one—
A meeting made of men of war, and yet a very gentle one.
If uniform good living please your palate, here's excess of it.
Especially at private dinners, when they make a mess of it.
E'en Isis has a house in town, and Cam abandons her city;
The Master now hangs out at the United University.
In common room she gave a rout (a novel freak to hit upon)
Where Masters gave the Mistresses of Arts no chairs to sit upon.
The Union Club is quite superb; its best apartment daily is
The lounge of lawyers, doctors, merchants, beaux, cum multis aliis.
At half-past six the joint concern for eighteen pence is given up.
Half-pints of port are sent in ketchup bottles to enliven you.
The Travelers are in Pall Mall, and smoke cigars so cozily,
And dream they climb the highest Alps or rove the Plains of Mosel.
The world for them has nothing new, they have explored all parts of it,
And now they are club-footed, and they sit and look at charts of it.
The Orientals, homeward bound, now seek their club much sallower,
And while they eat green fat they find their own fat growing yellower.
Their soup is made more savory, till bile to shadows dwindles 'em,
And neither Moore nor Savory with Seidlitz draughts rekindles 'em.
Then there are clubs where persons Parliamentary preponderate,
And clubs for men upon the turf (I wonder they aren't under it).
Clubs where the winning ways of sharper folks pervert the use of clubs,
Where knaves will make subscribers cry, "Egad, this is the deuce of clubs!"
For country squires the only club in London now is Poodle's, sirs,
The Crookford Club for playful men, the Alfred Club for noodles, sirs;
These are the stages which all men propose to play their parts upon,
For clubs are what the Londoners have clearly set their hearts upon.
—Theodore Hook.



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Its effects are as wonderful and satisfactory as ever.
It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.
It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.
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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 10) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-sixth day of October, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 14th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 9) of twenty-five cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Eighteenth day of October, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 8th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, Oct. 3, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 34) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was declared, payable on Monday, October 16, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close Oct. 10, 1882, at 3 P. M.

JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Oct. 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 46, of twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Thursday, October 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

E. R. THOMASON, Plaintiff, Superior Court, Department No. 10.
vs. PATRICK WARD, Defendant, Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale.
No. 62.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 10, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 23d day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein E. R. Thomason, the above named plaintiff obtained a judgment and decree of lien and sale against Patrick Ward, defendant, on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 13th day of September, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book 1, of said court, at page 376, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Henry Street, distant one hundred feet easterly from the northeasterly corner of Henry and Castro streets; thence easterly along said line of Henry Street, twenty-six feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and fifteen feet; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-six feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and fifteen feet to the point of commencement. Being designated on said Assessment and Diagram as Lot No. 2.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, October 7, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
J. C. BATES, Attorney for Plaintiff.
October 7, 14, 21, 28.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TIMOTHY NUNAN, Plaintiff, Superior Court, Department No. 3.
vs. SAM SING et al., Defendants, Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure.
No. 6027.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein Timothy Nunan, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against Sam Sing, Sam Sing, and War Foo, defendants, on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book 2, of said court, at page 178, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the northerly corner of Clay Street and Waverly Place; running thence westerly along the northerly line of Clay Street thirty-nine (39) feet and one and a quarter (1 1/4) inches, more or less, to the east line of Cochran's building; thence at right angles northerly thirty-six (36) feet four and a quarter (4 1/4) inches; thence at right angles easterly thirty-nine (39) feet one and a quarter (1 1/4) inches, more or less, to the west line of Waverly Place; and thence southerly, along said line of Waverly Place, thirty-six (36) feet four and a quarter (4 1/4) inches to place of beginning. Being part of lot No. 57 of the 50-vara lot survey.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 23d day of October, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, September 30, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
SAWYER & BALL, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
September 30, October 7, 14, 21.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—EXECUTION.

J. BOAS, Plaintiff, Justice's Court, No. 13,091.
vs. CONRAD HEROLD, et al., Execution.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Execution issued out of the Justice's Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the 7th day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein J. Boas, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against Conrad Herold, defendant, on the 3d day of August, A. D. 1882, for the sum of \$299.50, lawful money of the United States, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Conrad Herold, had on the 7th day of September, 1882, the day on which the hereinafter described property was duly levied upon in the above entitled cause, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Conrad Herold, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing on the southeasterly line of Welch Street, at a point distant 40 feet southwesterly from the southerly corner of Welch and Zoe streets; thence at right angles southeasterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southwesterly 20 feet; thence at right angles southeasterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southwesterly 20 feet; thence at right angles northwesterly 80 feet, to the southeasterly line of Welch Street; and thence at right angles northeasterly along said southeasterly line of Welch Street 40 feet to the place of beginning. Being part of 100-vara lot No. 163.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 16th day of OCTOBER, 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Conrad Herold, had on the 7th day of September, 1882, the day on which the above property was duly levied upon, as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above described property, to the highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
JOS. ROSENTHAL, Atty for Plff.
SAN FRANCISCO, September 23, 1882.
27-30-7-14

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Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 50
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 17.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 21, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE COMET.

Its Orbit, Periodicity, Identity, Constitution, and Probable End.

The eccentric visitor to our planetary domain which is now flaming in the eastern heavens before daybreak presents features of peculiar interest, not only to astronomers, but also to the public at large. So much conflicting testimony has been produced from so many sources regarding its direction, its rate of motion, and its identity with comets which have previously approached the sun, that it is a matter of difficulty for the public mind to convince itself upon these matters; and it is fain to fall back, in a helpless sort of way, upon the ancient *mot*, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Still, it is hardly fair to astronomers to expect that they shall compute the elements of a comet's orbit with perfect accuracy from a few initial observations, (though theoretically this can be done,) for the reason that their calculations must be based upon the hypothesis that such orbit is parabolic, and corrections must subsequently be made if it be afterward found to be elliptical. In the present instance, the weight of authority favors an elliptical orbit, with a period of between eight and nine years. Still, even this hypothesis must be accepted *cum grano salis*, since upon its heels comes the question, what has this comet been doing during its back periods, that it has not been seen, and its identity fixed and recognized?

Let us proceed to examine into what is fairly presumable regarding (1) the orbit, (2) the periodicity, (3) the identity, (4) the constitution of this comet, and so arrive at some reasonable conclusion regarding it.

(1) The orbit. Comets move in orbits of three classes, answering to the conic sections of the ellipse, the parabola, and the hyperbola. Those which move in an ellipse return to the centre of attraction at definite intervals, dependent upon the nature of the ellipse; while those which move in parabolic and hyperbolic curves swing off into space, moving ever onward till they fall within the attraction of some other sun.

In order to make the orbit of the present comet easily comprehensible, reference may be had to the accompanying diagrams.

Fig. 1 gives an idea of the inclination of the comet's orbit to the plane of the earth's orbit. The inclination has been



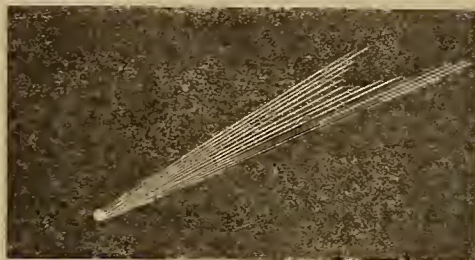
FIG. 1.

variously estimated at from 17° to 26° ; but either is sufficient to send the comet far south of the plane of the ecliptic, and therefore preclude the possibility of its coming in contact with the earth. In both diagrams, *E* represents the position of the earth in its orbit, *S* the position of the sun, and *C* the projection of the comet's orbit upon space, and its relation to the earth's orbit, whether viewed as in Fig. 1, longitudinally, or laterally, as in Fig. 2. The positions of the comet, on both sides of its perihelion, are indicated in the figures, its motion being retrograde—i. e., proceeding from left to right in the diagram; or from southeast to southwest, as compared with the course of the earth in its orbit. There is no longer any doubt that this is the same body discovered by Mr. Cruls at Rio Janeiro, on September 11th, when it apparently occupied its left-hand positions in the diagrams. On or about the 17th of September it passed its perihelion point, or point of nearest approach to the sun, when it commenced its return journey into space, occupying at the present time, approximately, the right-hand positions indicated in the diagrams. Its perihelion distance is surprisingly small, there being only one comet—that of 1843—which is recorded as having passed within so close a distance to the sun. This distance is estimated at 800,000 miles from the centre of the solar sphere; or, taking the sun's diameter at 880,000 miles, less than half that distance from its exterior surface.

(2) Its periodicity, or the time it takes to execute one revolution. Here again we are not yet justified in approaching a definite conclusion, though the conditions of observation are now so favorable that such conclusion will certainly be reached before the wanderer recedes beyond astronomical ken. There seems to be no doubt that its orbit is an ellipse of comparatively circumscribed limits, though this very fact renders the absence of previous record most mysterious, and leads us to the very important, and perhaps the most interesting, consideration of all—namely,

(3) The question of identity. When comets are found to move in the same plane and along the same curves, and to approach the sun to nearly the same distance at perihelion, it is very strong evidence of their identity. When their general appearance is similar the testimony is strengthened, and when we consider the vast number of these wandering bodies, and the countless variations of path and inclination in which they are free to move, it seems well nigh impossible that any two which fulfill the same conditions should not be

actually identical. The present comet has been found to resemble two other recorded comets—those of 1843 and 1880—so closely in its path and perihelion distance that several eminent astronomers, including Professor Boss, of Albany, and Richard A. Procter, have been forced to the conclusion that these three several comets are identical. But in admitting this fact we are at once brought face to face with some apparently irreconcilable incongruities. From 1843 to 1880 gives us a period of thirty-seven years, which, if the hypothesis is available, falls at one bound to somewhat over two years. There are only two ways of reconciling this inconsistency. The first is to suppose that this comet has made several intermediate returns to our system between the first-mentioned two dates, but that, owing to our position in space at the time of such returns, its advent was unknown to us. This is a plausible solution of the difficulty, as there is



THE COMET OF 1882.

no doubt the vast majority of comets do approach the sun and wheel back again into space without ever becoming visible to our gaze. A comet approaching the sun from the opposite quarter of the heavens to that which the earth occupies at the time of such approach would have its perihelion fall between us and the sun, and its hither and backward course would fall within the influence of the solar rays. It is, therefore, only necessary to suppose that each intermediate return was made under such conditions. Still, this would not satisfactorily account for the lack of records of previous appearances, for it is stretching the privileges of accident too much to suppose that all the previous returns of this comet were made in like manner.

The other hypothesis on which this comet could be identified with those of 1880 and 1843, demands that its periodicity be growing shorter in a startling ratio of geometrical progression. Nor is this theory so inconceivable as at first sight it may appear. A body which approaches the sun so closely as does this comet must do so at the expense of its centrifugal energy. At each successive approach the centripetal attraction is intensified, and thus it leaves the neighborhood of its dominator at a more acute angle of orbit. The initial impetus and direction thus given exert an effect over the entire orbit, and this effect is discernible in a shorter and more speedy return on each successive occasion. The orbit of a comet under such conditions would not form an ellipse, but a succession of ever-narrowing eccentric spirals, as shown by the diagram in Fig. 3. Here the dark interior circle *S* at the right hand represents the sun, *P* the perihelion point of the comet, and the spiral path of the comet's orbit follows the direction of the arrows.

This hypothesis is perfectly tenable, and is endorsed by some of our most eminent and broad-minded physicists. There is, of course, but one termination to a comet with a path like this; namely, absorption into the body of the sun.

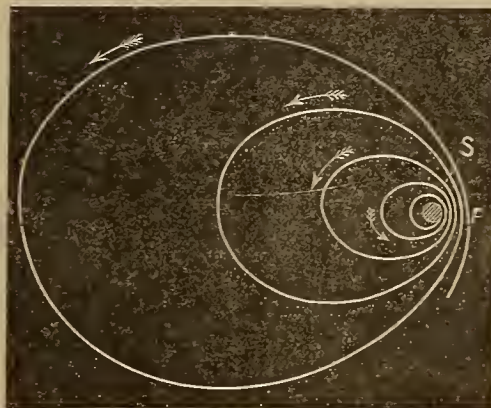


FIG. 3.

At some point in its progress, at or near perihelion, it will encounter a resistance in the sun's atmosphere, which even its estimated speed of three hundred and seventy miles a second—nearly ten times as great as that of our earth—will be unable to withstand, and it will sink within the atmosphere or luminous envelope of our flaming centre never to appear again. A consideration of what the probable result of such a catastrophe would be brings us to

(4) The constitution of the comet. This is a subject still involved in mystery, and one which has baffled even the investigations of the spectroscope. Most comets consist of two elements or factors, one denser, called the nucleus, the other rarer, known as the train or tail. Encke's comet, a small body of short periodicity, is an exception to this rule, and merely appears as a luminous nebulous hall without either nucleus or tail, but the first mentioned conditions are most commonly fulfilled in kind, though displaying as great eccentricity in form as in orbit. The most generally approved theory of cometary constitution is that these bodies consist of metallic and gaseous elements, identical with those which exist in all known spheres throughout space. There is no reason for doubting—nay, there is every reason for affirming—this theory of cometary composition. The spectroscope gives us the known lines of several elements, and everything points to the conclusion that the nucleus, at all events, of a comet consists of metals and gases in a state of high volatilization. What may be the constitution of the train or tail, admits of much greater latitude for speculation. It is natural to infer that a close approach to the sun at perihelion should make the elements composing the nucleus glow with a fierce incandescence, since it is the nucleus which possesses a certain solidity, else it could not possess the *momentum* necessary to carry it beyond the attractive influence of the sun. But it is not so clear that the ethereal matter composing the train should be rendered luminous to its utmost extremity while near the sun, and should lose its radiance thereafter, on any recognised hypothesis of dynamics or light. That this matter, whatever be its composition, is extremely tenuous, has been proved by the fact that stars shine through its mass without loss of brilliancy.

The suggestive circumstance, that this train usually points directly away from the sun, in a straight, or nearly straight, line, has led to the inference that the nucleus may act somewhat like the convex lens of a magic lantern, and project the light of the sun upon an ulterior atmosphere surrounding the nucleus. It must be confessed that it is easier to conceive of a semi-transparent convex nucleus obeying a recognised law of optics, and projecting a conical shaft of light upon a receiving ground of atmosphere, than to conceive of a shaft of luminous vapor 10,000,000 miles long, (as the train of the present comet at least is,) sweeping through a nearly semi-circular arc, the dimensions of which arc would give—allowing a speed of 370 miles a second for the nucleus while



FIG. 2.

rounding the sun for the space of four hours—the enormous speed for the extremity of the train of 32,000,000 miles in the same time, or 8,000,000 an hour, 133,333 a minute, or 2,222 miles a second. It is easier, we repeat, to conceive of a shaft of light being projected upon different portions of a nebulous atmosphere surrounding a comet at all points, than to conceive of a tenuous body sweeping round through space at a speed which would disintegrate any forms of matter of which we have any experience. Nor does the fact that comets have been observed with two or more tails, and with tails curved in every possible direction, militate against the soundness of such a theory, for a nucleus whose component parts were of varying degrees of density would refract the solar beams unequally, and give rise to such trains, or projections of light. Varying density of the nebulous envelope itself would produce the same result. This hypothesis will also explain naturally the diminished radiance of the train as it recedes from the solar influence, and its decrease in length, which is not so easily accountable on the grounds of the increasing obliquity which it presents to us, as it is by the rapid condensation of the nebulous medium which reflects the sun's rays; since there is reason to believe that comets only become luminous and incandescent, and their nebulous envelopes correspondingly rare and extended, while close to the sun, while at the aphelion of their orbits they are probably nothing else than spheres of chilled metals and gases traveling sluggishly on through the cheerless blackness of a thousand-fold Arctic night.

It is extremely difficult to divine the result of such a catastrophe as the precipitation of a comet upon the sun, or a collision with our planet. The dynamical effect of such events simply depends upon the density, mass, momentum, and composition of the comet. The momentum of the comet at perihelion is such that, were its nucleus composed of solid material, the shock of precipitation upon the sun would engender such an amount of frictional heat as would be felt to the utmost limits of the solar system. There is every reason, however, to suppose that cometary matter at perihelion is so volatile and rare that it would sink into the vast solar furnace without any appreciable augmentation of our central fire. It has even been scientifically suggested that hundreds of comets fall annually into the sun, and go to repair the waste arising from the constant radiation of heat and light into space. A collision with our planet, however, would depend for its results—admitting the gaseous nature of a comet—upon

the nature of the gases which composed it. It is perfectly admissible to conceive of a comet whose principal element was hydrogen, combining with the oxygen of our atmosphere, and precipitating upon our surface such devastating floods of water as it would be impossible for the higher forms of animal and vegetable life to withstand; or of one composed of nitrogen, whose contact would destroy all life from the face of the planet; or, say, carbonic acid, which would have an equivalent effect; or a still larger proportion of hydrogen, which would refuse to combine with our atmosphere in the proportions H_2O , but would doom us to a fiery death. In short, the possibilities for injury are as boundless as the chances for any such casualty are infinitesimal.

The diagram on the preceding page gives a fair idea of the appearance of our celestial visitor during the past few days. Those who have not yet seen the flaming shaft can do so to advantage, in the southeast, on any clear morning for another week, from 2:30 A. M. till daybreak.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

Just now, says the *Figaro*, speaking of the Egyptian war, by the best available route the London dailies have to pay seven shillings and twopence per word for their telegrams. The lowest average of the daily papers is one thousand pounds per week; and the *Standard* account is probably much higher. Newspaper correspondents can not telegraph in "skeleton" from the seat of war. Even in full their messages are likely to be supervised; while a "skeleton" telegraph would stand no chance. In the ordinary way, "A great battle is about to be fought at Jericho. The general has gone to the front with the brigade of guards," would figure across the wires as "great battle—directly—Jericho—general gone with guards," thirteen words being saved out of twenty-two. But in Egypt, except from certain leading centres, this is impossible. Even taking the "skeletons" with the full telegrams, a column of leaded messages in a daily paper averages from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds. Had the Egyptian war lasted a year, the total sum spent, altogether extra from ordinary expenses, would have amounted to upward of fifty thousand pounds. War is a benefit to a rising paper which needs to make its name, but it is a dead loss to an established journal. Newspaper managers have refused to send some of the best of their long-winded men, and have preferred to rely for their war telegrams on correspondents who possess not only enterprise but business tact. The leading provincial dailies arrange with the London dailies for "first editions." In Scotland both the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Scotsman* send engines along the line between Glasgow and Edinburgh very early in the morning. The *Glasgow Herald* has the sight of all the *Standard* telegrams as they come in at night, the *Scotsman* of all the telegrams in the *Daily Telegraph*. These are quoted to the various newspapers, but large sums are paid annually for an early view of the telegrams.

"The publication of a new volume of sketches by Mark Twain," says the *Liverpool Courier*, "reminds us once more of the great vogue which such works have obtained in England during the last few years. We say of a joke: 'How thoroughly American!' but that is because we rarely, if ever, stay to reflect upon the extent to which what is most individual in Yankee humorists has already been anticipated by our own writers. At the same time it will be distinguished from English, as a whole, by the presence of certain qualities in such a ratio as to make Yankee fun distinctly recognizable. And among these qualities is that of irony. Another peculiarity of Yankee humorists is their affectation of extreme simplicity. Yet another peculiarity of American comic writers is in the grimness of many of their jokes. Here, in England, we are careful to draw the line at a certain point, some subjects being altogether exempted from the play of wit and humor. We endeavor to amuse ourselves, as the poet has it, 'within the limits of becoming mirth,' and any writer is severely censured who oversteps what we regard as the boundaries of good taste. In America, apparently, they have no such boundaries. Undoubtedly this distance of American humorists from the centre of good breeding is one reason why they are, on the whole, less acceptable in England than they used to be."

A young student of Jena, who had been reading Darwin's works, found that they raised religious doubts in his mind. They could not fail to do that, provided their philosophy had gained control over him. Accordingly the young man wrote to the late Mr. Darwin, who replied as follows: "Sir, I am very busy, and am an old man in delicate health, and have not time to answer your questions fully, even assuming that they are capable of being answered at all. Science and Christ have nothing to do with each other, except in as far as the habit of scientific investigation makes a man cautious about accepting any proofs. As far as I am concerned, I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made. With regard to a future life, every one must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities. Wishing you well, I remain your obedient servant, Charles Darwin."

"I often cross the street to avoid meeting a man," says Mr. Beecher; "not because I have anything against him, but simply because I do not feel like speaking to him. I suppose all men are this way." Yes, nearly all men are this way, Mr. Beecher, retorts the *Arkansas Traveler*; and we are glad that you have mentioned the subject, for it gives us a chance to agree with a great man. We sometimes cross the street and climb a fence to avoid meeting a man, not because we have anything against him, but because he has something against us—a bill, Mr. Beecher.

Intermarriage between whites and blacks is a penitentiary offense in Texas, and those who break the law usually take care that there shall be no evidence of any ceremony. But Eldred, a Dallas lawyer, made a public wedding on taking a mulatto for a wife, and in consequence is now in jail awaiting trial.

A sad-eyed man, says Bill Nye, the other night fell out of his bed into the aisle of a Pullman car and skinned his knee. He now claims that he was lame from his berth. When he passes Carbon he will be hung by request.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Yanked to Eternity.

Once, when a section crew came down the mountain on the South Park road from Alpine Tunnel to Buena Vista, a very singular thing occurred. Riding down a mountain on a push-car, descending at the rate of over two hundred feet to the mile, means utter destruction unless the brake is on. The section crew referred to got on at Hancock, with their honked and glowing bides as full of arsenic and rain-water as they could possibly hold. Being recklessly drunk they enjoyed the accelerated velocity of the car wonderfully, until the section boss lost the brake off the car, and then there was a slight feeling of anxiety. The car at last acquired a velocity like that of a young and frolicsome hob-tailed comet turned loose in space. The boys began to get nervous at last, and asked each other what should be done. There seemed to be absolutely nothing to do but to shoot onward into the golden presently. All at once the section boss thought of something. He was drunk, but the deadly peril of the moment suggested an idea. There was a rope on the car which would do to tie to something heavy and cast off as an anchor. It was decided to tie it to some one of the crew and cast him loose in order to save the lives of those who remained. It was a glorious opportunity. It was a heroic thing to do. George O'Malley, the section boss, said that he was willing that Patsy McBride should snatch the laurels from outrageous fortune and bind them on his brow, but Mr. McBride said he didn't care much for the encomiums of the world. He hadn't lost any encomiums, and didn't want to trade his brains for two dollars' worth of damaged laurels. Every one declined. All seemed willing to go down into history without any ten-line local, and wanted some one else to get the effulgence. Finally, it was decided that a man by the name of Christian Christianson was the man to tie to. He had the asthma anyhow, and life wasn't much of an object to him; so they said that although he declined, he must take the nomination, as he was in the hands of his friends. So they tied the rope around Christian and cast anchor.

The car slowed up, and at last stopped still. The plan had succeeded. Five happy wives greeted their husbands that night as they returned from the jaws of destruction. Christian Christianson did not return. He will never entirely return. He has done so partially, of course, but there are still missing fragments of him, and it looks as though he must have lost his life.—Bill Nye.

A Head on Him.

At the recent veteran's reunion in Chicago was Theo. R. Davis, the artist of *Harper's Weekly*, who was all through the war. There was one of the Chicago veterans who sometimes took in a little too much wet stuff, and who was a little excitable when full. The visiting, the music, the marching, the cheering, and the excitement of the reunion, had made him feel quite excited, and he wanted to fight his battles over again, but the boys kept him quiet, and finally got him to bed, and soon he slept like a log. The boys were in the room telling stories, when some one called attention to the sleeping comrade, and in a second an idea occurred to Davis, the artist. He went to his room and got his water-color paint, and brushes, and some court-plaster. Pretty soon the artist was at work with his soft camel's-hair brushes. He first painted two black eyes, then he painted a swelling on one cheek, and on the forehead he painted what looked as though a sledge-hammer had smashed in the skull, and left the brain oozing out. Then the artist took some strips of court-plaster, and stuck one across the painted broken nose, another across the mouth, sealing both lips, and the boys stood back to look at the stricken man, and wait for the court-plaster to dry. The boys got a strange veteran from Oshkosh to personate a doctor. After a little the sleeper began to wake up, and one of his friends took a seat by his bedside, took hold of his pulse, and as he opened his eyes the friend said: "Now don't exert yourself, and don't try to talk. The doctor says you will be all right if you remain quiet." The victim of the joke opened his eyes, and was going to ask was the matter, when he found his mouth beld together by court-plaster, and his voice sounded like that of a man with a hare-lip asking some one to go to the devil. By this time one of the jokers was having trouble to keep from laughing, so he put a handkerchief to his face, sobbed, and said: "My God, boys, this is horrible!" At this point the Oshkosh villain said, hopefully: "Don't be discouraged, my boy; we will pull you through, if you do not get excited. I have cured worse cases." Then he took a pair of scissors and cut the court plaster that held the lips together, and said: "There, how do you feel now? Don't talk much, but don't you feel relieved?" The victim looked at the doctor, and at the boys who were picturesquely standing around the bed, and said: "Doc, for God's sake, what has happened to me?" The doctor told him to be quiet, and then whispered to him: "You have had the worst fight that a man ever bad and lived. A man attacked you on Wells Street, with a view of robbing you, and you defended yourself, but it was a hard struggle. Mr. Drury, please band me that hand-glass. There, you can see for yourself. There is a contusion of the brain, the eyes are discolored, and I thought your jaw was broken, but as you can talk I guess it is only fractured. Don't talk." The victim took a long look at himself, and the first thing he said was: "Is the other fellow alive?" It was all the boys could do to keep from bursting, but they kept sober faces, and the doctor said the other fellow was alive, but he was the worst used up man he ever sewed up. He said one arm was broken, and one eye gouged out, and his face looked as if a pile-driver had struck him. The victim smiled a satisfied smile as he heard how he had whipped the other fellow, and then the boys asked him if he had any message to send home. He took the mirror and looked at himself again, and then said: "Telegraph for my wife." That was too much, and the boys roared, and the doctor tore off the court plaster from his nose, another fellow brought a wet towel and the paint was washed off, and when he was clean the boys handed him the mirror, and he looked at himself again, and then he saw it was a joke, and he wanted to kill some of them.—Peck's Sun.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Kossuth recently celebrated the eighty-first anniversary of his birth, and the thirty-third of his condemnation to death as a traitor.

Before leaving Russia for Central Asia General Tcherniaeff made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Skoheloff, and placed above it a superb silver image of Saint Michael, the dead chieftain's patron saint. In life the two generals were rivals, but, withal, great admirers of each other.

Among the well known Americans who were recently assembled at Mr. Osgood's dinner party in London, Bret Harte was, according to M. D. Conway, the only one who looked at all English. All the others bore an impress of nationality, making a strong contrast between them and any similar gathering of Englishmen.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, arrived at Lishon recently in excellent health. He had, he said, penetrated three hundred miles beyond Vivi, and established fifteen trading stations. At first the natives were hostile, but soon became so friendly that the men at the trading stations now required no weapons to insure their safety.

The great deer forest of Blackmount, in Argyllshire, the property of Lord Breadalhand, which extends over ninety thousand acres, has been suhlet by the lessee, Lord Dudley, to Mr. A. Gibbs, who rented it during the season of 1880. Mr. Gibbs pays three thousand five hundred pounds for three months; but Lord Dudley's rent is nearly five thousand pounds.

The venerable Marshal Canrobert lives in a small bouse in Paris, in the Rue de Marignan. It is plainly furnished; for, like most French soldiers, he is careless of luxury, and pays little attention to the fine arts. The marshal, now seventy-three years old, is a man of medium size, with curly gray hair, a snowy beard, a high, intellectual forehead, and keen, brilliant eyes.

Commander Gorrings's rooms in the old University Building, facing Washington Park, are the same as were formerly occupied by Theodore Winthrop. And it is stated that the gentleman who posed for the character of Deusdeath in "Cecil Dreame," which was written by Winthrop while living in this picturesquely gloomy old building, is still the occupant of sumptuously furnished apartments under the same roof.

Meissonier reminds one of some of the personifications of rivers in which the ancients delighted to display their artistic skill. His body is small and slight, but surmounted by a massive, patriarchal head, with long waving locks of snowy white hair, and a beard that bangs like a snow-wreath over his chest. His eyes are bright and sparkling, and he has an inspired air, as though listening to sweet music to which all other ears are deaf.

When Cetawayo was photographed in London, it was bard work to impress upon him the necessity of remaining still during the focusing and arranging of accessories; and, in a pleasant way, when his likeness had been taken, he placed the artist in the chair from which he himself had just been released, and waved to the attendants to operate upon him, as some sort of retribution for the duress, short as it was, that he had suffered in his own person.

Sir Bernard Burke, the well-known Irish herald, has frequently been asked, "What is the surname of the children of Queen Victoria?" and he says: "I feel persuaded that the royal house of Saxe-Coburg has no surname. When the adoption of surnames became general, the ancestors of that illustrious race were kings, and needed no other designation than the Christian name added to the royal title." The Plantagenets and the Tudors were in quite other case, and the sobriquet of the former originated their surname.

The latest bit of legal sensational news is that Sergeant Ballantine has been asked to go out to Egypt to defend Arabi Pasha. As the learned sergeant is now in his sixty-eighth year, he would certainly exhibit great enterprise if he went to the land of the Sphinx to plead on behalf of the Egyptian leader. It will be remembered that some years ago this distinguished English harrier went out to India to defend the Guicowar of Baroda, and received on that occasion an enormous fee for his services, a large portion of which he dropped at Monaco on his way home.

"In the café on the Place Morny," writes a Deauville, France, correspondent, "Henri Rochefort sits surrounded by his friends. He is full of anecdote. That verve and ready wit which made a name for him under the empire have not been dulled, and he has the same vein of sarcasm as when Villemessant, of the *Figaro*, took the young clerk from the Hôtel de Ville on his staff, and made the Tuileries laugh at the jokes cracked at the expense of the Imperial Court. Now and then he pulls out a stump of pencil and a notebook to jot down some passing thought, some happy idea, or some nickname which will cling to his political opponent, as the sobriquet of 'serpent à lunettes' did to M. Thiers."

The uncle of Sir Garnet Wolseley's great-grandfather was the Colonel Wolseley who, in the old "No Popery" days, gained the battle of Newtownbutler, and caused the Mayor of Scarborough to be well tossed in a blanket in the marketplace for making a speech in favor of King James. When Sir Garnet Wolseley was young he was a good deal of a fop in Dublin, as was the Duke of Wellington in his youth, and he used to drive a drag with his brothers daily into Dyer's repository, now the family seat, near Dublin. He then wore long curls. Time has worked much change. He is now spare, lantern-jawed, with short gray hair, and a blonde moustache. In the field he wears a yellow sun-helmet, wound about with a handkerchief of check; his red coat is open at the chest, and spotted with many stains of grease; he has a variegated cravat, a woolen shirt of a loud pattern, gray-checked trousers, yellow riding-boots and spurs, an opera-glass, with a yellow case and strap, and yellow revolver-belt with cartridge-case; yellow gauntlets, a violet pocket-handkerchief stuck in his red coat, a gigantic pair of dark-blue spectacles, and in his hand he flourishes a fan to keep off the flies.

THOUGHTS FROM THACKERAY.

Those who are gone, you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true; they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon you, and you will be no more seen.—*Roundabout Papers.*

Proud of his newly acquired knowledge of the art of exhausting the contents of an egg, the well known little boy of the apologue rushed to impart his knowledge to his grandmother, who had been for many years familiar with the process which the child had just discovered. Which of us has not met with some such instructors? I know men who are ready to step forward and teach Taglioni how to dance, Tom Sayers how to box, or the Chevalier Bayard how to be a gentleman. We most of us know such men, and undergo, from time to time, the ineffable benefit of their patronage.—*Philip.*

Ah! fiends and tortures! a gentleman may cease to love, but does he like a woman to cease to love him? People carry on ever so long for fear of that declaration that all is over. No confession is more dismal to make. The sun of love has set. We sit in the dark—I mean you, dear madam, and Corydon, or I and Amaryllis—uncomfortably, with nothing more to say to one another; with the night-dew falling, and risk of catching cold, drearily contemplating the fading west, with “the cold remains of lustre gone, of fire long passed away.” Sink, fire of love! Rise, gentle moon, and mists of chilly evening. And, my good Madam Amaryllis, let us go home to some tea and a fire.—*Philip.*

Now, say people quarrel and make it up; or don't make it up, but wear a smirking face to society, and call each other “my dear,” and “my love,” and smooth over their countenances before John, who enters with the coals as they are barking and hitting, or announces the dinner as they are tearing each other's eyes out? Suppose a woman is ever so miserable, and yet smiles, and doesn't show her grief? “Quite right,” say her prudent friends, and her husband's relations above all. “My dear, you have too much propriety to exhibit your grief before the world, or, above all, before the darling children.” So to lie is your duty—to lie to your friends, to yourself you can, to your children.—*Newcomes.*

Gentlemen are rarer personages than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal, manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circle, and have shot into the very centre and hull's-eye of the fashion; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make out his list.—*Vanity Fair.*

When a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every person connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself about the footman; he runs on errands for the daughters; he gives advice and lends money to the young son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories which would make him break out in yawns were they uttered by anyone but papa; he drinks sweet port wine, for which he would curse the steward and the whole committee of a club; he hears even with the cantankerous old maiden aunt; he heats time when darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano; and smiles when wicked, lively little Bohhy upsets the coffee over his shirt.—*Virginians.*

Love in some passionate and romantic dispositions never regards consequences or measures accommodation. Who has not experienced that frame of mind; what thrifty wife has not seen and lamented her husband in that condition, when, with rather a heightened color and a deuce-may-care smile on his face, he comes home and announces that he has asked twenty people to dinner next Saturday? He doesn't know whom exactly; and he does know the dining-room will only hold sixteen. Never mind! Two of the prettiest girls can sit upon young gentlemen's knees; others won't come; there's sure to be plenty! In the intoxication of love people venture upon this dangerous sort of housekeeping; they don't calculate the resources of their dining-table, or those inevitable hutchers' and fishmongers' hills which will be brought to the ghastly housekeeper at the beginning of the month.—*Virginians.*

Has it ever happened to you to leave a card at that house—that house which was once THE house—almost your own; where you were ever welcome; where the kindest hand was ready to grasp yours, the brightest eye to greet you? And now your friendship has dwindled away to a little bit of pasteboard, shed once a year, and poor, dear Mrs. Jones (it is with J. you have quarreled) still calls on the ladies of our family, and slips her husband's ticket upon the hall table. Oh, life and time, that it should have come to this! Oh, rascals powers! Do you recall the time when Arabella Thompson was Arabella Briggs? You call and talk *fadaises* to her (at first she is rather nervous, and has the children) you talk rain and fine weather—the last novel—the ext party. Thompson in the city? Yes, Mr. Thompson is in the city. He's pretty well, thank you. Ah! daggers, spears, and poisons, has it come to this? You are talking about the weather, and another man's health, and another man's children, of which she is mother, to her? Time was the weather was all a burning sunshine, in which you and she asked; or if clouds gathered, and a storm fell, such a glorious rainbow haloed round you, such delicious tears fell and refreshed you, that the storm was more ravishing than the calm. And now another man's children are sitting on her knee—their mother's knee—and once a year Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson request the honor of Mr. Brown's company at dinner; and once a year you read in the *Times*: In Nursery Street, the wife of J. Thompson, Esq., of a son. To come to the once-loved one's door, and find the doorknocker tied up with a white kid glove, is humiliating—say that you will, it is humiliating.—*Philip.*

A ROMISH RUSE.

We print the following translations from the archives now at Washington of some letters from a Roman Catholic priest to the government of Mexico, in the year 1845, for two purposes: first, that we may show what a narrow escape California had from becoming a second Ireland; and, second, to again illustrate that Romish priests do meddle themselves with politics of all countries where they may be located. This correspondence of the Reverend Father Eugenio MacNamara was brought out in a congressional investigation, of which General Lewis Cass, of Michigan, was chairman. The letters are in Spanish. Translated they read as follows:

I, Eugenio MacNamara, Catholic priest and apostolic missionary, take the liberty of transmitting to your excellency some reflections on a subject which at this time attracts much public attention. I allude to the expectations and actual condition of Upper California. It does not require the gift of prophecy to foresee that, within a little time, this fertile country will cease to be an integral part of this Republic, unless some prompt and efficacious measures be adopted to restrain foreign rapacity. The immediate question that presents itself is, What are the speediest and most secure means of avoiding such a calamity? The unanimous voice of the country responds, Colonization. The second question is, Where shall we find all the colonists who possess all the necessary qualities for an object so desirable? Certainly not in Mexico, and as little in all its dependencies, which are so thinly peopled. We have then naturally to recur to Europe, which abounds with an excess of population. What people of this ancient continent is best calculated for the end of colonization, best adapted to the religion, character, and temperament of the inhabitants of Mexico? Emphatically I answer the Irish; they are devout Catholics, moral, industrious, sober, and brave. For this reason I propose, with the aid and approbation of your excellency to carry forward this project, to place in Upper California a colony of Irish Catholics. I have a triple object in making this proposition. I wish in the first place to advance the cause of Catholicism. In the second, to contribute to the happiness of my countrymen. Thirdly, I desire to put an obstacle in the way of further usurpations on the part of an irreligious and anti-Catholic nation. I therefore propose to your excellency that there be conceded to me an extent of territory on the coast of Upper California, for the purposes I have indicated. I would prefer, with the permission of your excellency, to place the first colony on the Bay of San Francisco. Your excellency will agree with me that this will be a proper step, when it is remembered that the Americans have possession of Bodega, a port abandoned by the Russians, situated a little to the north of San Francisco. I should bring for the beginning one thousand families; afterward, should it appear well to your excellency, I would establish a second colony near Monterey, and a third at Santa Barbara. By these means the entire coast (by which most danger is to be expected) would be completely secured against invasions and pillages of foreigners. For each family that I bring I will require the land that composes one sitio de ganado mayor (a square league, containing four thousand four hundred and twenty-eight acres) to be given free of all cost; likewise that the children of the colonists, when they marry, shall receive a half sitio as a nuptial gift. There are other points of less importance, which I do not touch upon now, as they can be discussed to more advantage hereafter.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your excellency's most obedient servant,
EUGENIO MACNAMARA.
To the Most Excellent Señor President of the Republic of Mexico.

A second letter, also without date, contains the following:

Your excellency will excuse me that I take the liberty to further demonstrate that no time ought to be lost in this important affair, if it is to be realized, since your excellency knows well enough that we are surrounded by an artful and base enemy, who loses no means, however low, to possess himself of the best territory of the country, and who abhors to the death its race and its religion. If the means I propose be not speedily adopted, your excellency may be assured that, before another year, the Californias will form a part of the American nation. Their Catholic institutions will become a prey of the Methodist wolves, and the whole country will be inundated with the cruel invaders. While I propose the means of repelling them, my propositions ought to be the more admissible as I have no personal interest in the affair, save the progress of the holy religion of God, and the happiness of my countrymen. As for the fidelity and adhesion of these to the Mexican Government I answer with my life; and according as may be drawn a sufficient number of colonists, at least ten thousand men, I am of opinion, and may assure with certainty, that this number will be sufficient to repel, at the same time, the secret intrigues and the open attacks of the American usurpers.

EUGENIO MACNAMARA, Apos. Miss.
To the Most Excellent Señor President of the Republic of Mexico.

In a third letter, dated July 1, 1846, Father MacNamara wrote to the head of the department of California at Santa Barbara, announcing that he had obtained the above-named grant, and that he was prepared to contract for the immigration of two thousand Catholic Irish families, industrious and sober, numbering in all about ten thousand souls. He solicited the said governor of the department to adjudicate to him “in ownership the land selected between the river San Joaquin from its source to its mouth and the Sierra Nevada; the limits between the river Cosumne on the north, and on the south the extremity of the Tulares in the neighborhood of San Gabriel.” Thereupon follows a document issued by the governor, conceding the lands for the colonization of Irish families, “with the reservation of the approval of the supreme national government.” In connection with the same testimony, is a letter from Archibald H. Gillespie, Captain U. S. Marine Corps, dated Washington, February 4, 1848, in which he gives his own personal experiences as a special messenger of our Government to Colonel Fremont, in the spring and summer of 1846.

In the course of his letter he says:

About June 30th I learned that the Junta which was to have assembled at Santa Barbara on the 15th of June, and which had been planned and arranged by and through the agency of Mr. Forbes, the British vice-consul, and an Irish Catholic priest of the name of MacNamara, had been prevented from assembling in consequence of the rising of the settlers under Colonel Fremont. This Junta was proposed for the purpose of asking the protection of England, and giving an immense tract of land in the valley of the San Joaquin for the settlement of ten thousand Irishmen, to be brought to California under the protection of MacNamara.

All this intrigue was broken up by the timely and prompt operations of the settlers under Colonel Fremont. The flag of the United States was hoisted at Sutter's Fort at sunrise, July 11th. Fortunately that flag has never been hauled down. We congratulate ourselves upon an escape from what might have been the condition of this country if this clerical conspiracy against the “honest and artful” American had succeeded, and the country had not been invaded by the “cruel Methodist wolves.” The “holy religion of God” would have warred upon all other religions. Freedom of worship and freedom of conscience would not have been permitted, and California would not to-day have been under the flag of the republic of the United States. There would to-day have been a union of church with state; the church directing the administration of civil justice, education subordinate to priestly teachings, and California's population would be an ignorant, bigoted, unprogressive, priest-ridden community.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two men paused before the serpent-house in a zoological garden and contemplated the hoar-constrictor. “I say,” said the first man, “what's that insect tied himself up in a knot for like that?” “Oh,” replied his companion, in a superior manner, “I suppose he wanted to remind himself of something when he woke up.”

Hearing a noise at night, Jones descends with a lighted candle, and discovers a hurglar escaping with a full sack. “Hallo!” he cries; “come back, you!” “Eh, what?” returns the hurglar. “Ah yes, the silver candlestick. Permit me.” He takes it from the hand of the astonished Jones, and puts it in his bag. “Ten thousand thanks. Have I forgotten anything else?”

An English north country paper frowns upon the known ambition of the mayor of its town to be made a knight for his distinguished services in receiving royalty, and narrates for the benefit of the aspirant this anecdote: When Mr. Adam Black, the Edinburgh publisher, was sounded on the subject of receiving knighthood, he said: “Nae, nae; it wadna dee. You see,” he added, “if a boy cam into ma shop and said ‘a ha’peth o’ slate-pencils, Sir Adam,’ it wadna sound weel.”

Commodore Vanderhilt had contracted so inveterate a habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand, that once, asking a friend he had invited to dinner if he would take venison, and receiving what he deemed an evasive reply, “Thank you, I am going to take hoiled chicken,” the commodore sharply retorted: “That, sir, is no answer to my question; I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say ‘yes’ or ‘no’ without prevarication.”

A letter, written by Prosper Mérimée during his Eastern travels in 1841, has just been unearthed, which contains a compliment by a Turkish pasha to the press. “Great invention, newspaper!” said the pasha to his visitor; “they afford an excellent way to pass the time.” “But you Orientals have the pipe, which is infinitely superior.” “I don't know about that,” answered the pasha. “You see, when you smoke, sometimes it inspires you with gloomy thoughts, whereas, when you read the French newspapers, you never find anything to think about at all!”

A postoffice agent was inspecting the office at Iron Rod, Montana, which consisted of a saloon, a postoffice room, and a faro bank. A hard-looking case emptied the mail bag on the floor, the crowd overhauling the letters, registered and all, selecting what they wanted, and the rest were dumped into a candle-box. “Where's the postmaster?” asked the agent of the bar-tender. “Out mining.” “Where is the assistant-postmaster?” “Gone to Hell's Cañon; and, by thunder, Bill Jones has got to run this office next week—it's his turn.” The government official demanded the keys of the office. The bar-tender coolly took the candle-box from the bar, placed it on the floor, and gave it a kick, sending it out of the door, saying: “There's your postoffice; and now git.” The agent says: “Knowing the custom of the country, I lost no time in following this advice, and got.” This is why the postoffice at Iron Rod was discontinued.

Not many years ago there lived in New Haven a rough, honest sea-captain, who, after accumulating a handsome fortune on the water, retired to dry land to enjoy his money, and the reputation of an eccentric, care-for-nothing old fellow. He was a strong churchman; and it one day fell to his lot to drive the clergyman of his parish to the graveyard, in a funeral procession. As the cortege was wending its way in solemn slowness to the place of sepulture, the captain and parson in the van, the captain espied a clam-peddler, and, stopping his horse, he sung out in a gruff voice: “Jim, what do you ask for clams?” “Twenty-five cents a peck,” says Jim. “Well,” said the captain, “take a peck down to my house.” “But, cap'n, I rather think it will be worth three shillings to carry them so far.” “Go to h—ll!” exclaimed the captain; “what do you mean by stopping a funeral? Get up, Bill!” and the procession moved on.

“Sinc” Barnes tells a racy story of his experience at Santa Monica, in the *Carson Appeal*: “I was down in that section a few months ago,” said “Sinc,” “and pretty nearly hustled when I fell in with Jones, the senator, and told him my condition. He fell right up ahead of the situation and told me he could give me a job. ‘I want a lot of men to keep in the water all day to show visitors how delightful surf-bathing is. You see these people from the East have acquired a sort of prejudice against the Pacific Ocean, and I want to counteract the feeling. I want you to boss eight men and keep 'em tumbling around in the billows, the sport of the laughing sea, in striped costumes—men who can run out on the beach every ten minutes and tell how warm the water is.’ Well, I caught the idea, and agreed to furnish the crowd for twenty dollars a day, and we closed the bargain. I hired eight men at one dollar a head to bathe there all the afternoon, and I pocketed the balance. On the second day they struck for two dollars more, because the water was so cold. I tried to explain about the trade winds and harvest-moon tide, but they wanted the money all the same. Then three quit, but Jones didn't miss 'em, and I kept even financially. Then two froze to death right on the beach, and I had to get a coroner's jury to find a verdict from over-heating in the water. The balance of the gang left, and I had to go it alone. I got so injured to the cold that I could rush out of the water, skip up to the English tourists and tell 'em it was just lovely, and keep my teeth still all the while. I got my twenty dollars every night, and spent it all for warm drinks. Then I quit, as my constitution was giving way. When I left he had eight Irishmen off the railroad doing the bathing for the hotel, and they had fire going all the while back of some rocks, where the men could warm up between swims. That is a great climate down there.”

THE NAHL COLLECTION.

It is within the memory and actual experience of many among us to picture to ourselves the wide-spread undulations of shifting sands, and scrubby vegetation, and forlorn, desert-like appearance of the spot whereon to day our city stands. Powerful incentives brought rapid changes; prosperity made comforts a necessity; commerce welded its powerful influence, and swift facilities for intercourse grew up all about us, and spread their tendrils into the remotest corners; huts, and tents, and cabins were the seeds from which grew the solid buildings of the merchants, and the palaces of our upper tandom, and the multitude of handsome houses which dot our hills. The crudities of interior embellishments were quickly supplanted by tasteful arrangements, and many an art treasure has found a home in San Francisco. And now we are to have an exhibition of "old masters." Raphael, and Giorgione, and Rubens, and Correggio, and Coppel, and Guido Reni, and Titian, and Rembrandt, and Van de Velde, and Van Dyck, and Ribera will be there, and the breath of their imagination will thrill our souls, and three centuries of endeavor to present the beautiful in its most attractive form will adorn the walls of the Art Association—an institution which has not yet attained to the age of twelve years. This is indeed precocious. Are there, then, already men and women among us who can love the ineffable sweetness half hidden by the grime and must of centuries, and who will gaze in rapt attention upon the gentle spirit of devotion that limned inspired humanity so that it became deified? Have we artists and art-lovers among us who will feed greedily upon every line of the dead masters, and drink the delicious draught of inspiration from the ever-bubbling fountain of beauty? It is not impossible. The growth of the mind has kept step with the development of coarser matter, and California has reared and raised many a name whose sound insures respect in other climes.

So, then, let us hail this strange visitor as an honored guest, and improve the rare opportunity of paying homage at the shrine of genius while that shrine is brought to our door. The quality of the collection itself is of that nature that it appeals to the perception of the trained artist rather than to the general taste; yet it contains enough of real beauty, regardless of satisfying the seeker after mannerisms, and schools, and handling, and treatment, to enlist the sympathies and engross the interest of any one outside the pale of the arts. None can look upon the "Danse d'Amours," by Raphael, without admiring the simple correctness of outline, the graceful pose, the life-like action and soulful expressions of the faces of that bevy of romping children. The picture is remarkably well preserved and proves the esteem in which it has been held by the different owners through whose hands it has passed since the year 1520, when the master-hand, stilled in death, left that work to be completed by one of Raphael's best pupils, Parmigianino. Though this circumstance may impair the money value of that work, the intrinsic worth of that charming conception must always gain for it the rank of a *chef d'œuvre*. Then we have a Donato Creti of the latter part of the seventeenth century, full of color and excellent in design—a feast for the eye; a Coppel representing that prince of good fellows, Democritus; a jovial face, which puts one in better humor with all the world; a truly artistic execution of a very happy motive, which affects one like a humorous chapter from Thackeray. The art-student will find a source of delight in an original etching of the same subject by Coppel himself. An allegorical picture, supposed to be a replica of the great painting by Rubens, now in the Pinakothek, at Munich, representing Minerva protecting Peace and Plenty from approaching War, is a delightful display of color and texture, and is sure to elicit the admiration of every beholder.

Nos. 13 and 14, two little gems from the collection of the Duc d'Orléans, are by Oudry, a painstaking artist, whose reputation for that class of work was almost unsurpassed in the beginning of the eighteenth century, represent two sets of dogs, whose action is an excellent satire upon covetous aggression. The portraits of the founder of this collection and his spouse are not merely interesting because they familiarize the features of an artist of renown and an enthusiastic collector of art-treasures, but are both remarkably good proofs of Tischbein's best quality as a portrait painter. The more recent additions to the collection by the different members of the Nahl family are equally interesting; aside from the faithful copies from originals by the great masters, of which there are, notably, the "Venus and Cupid," after Correggio, by J. W. Nahl; the "Florentine Madonna," after Raphael; "Æneas and Dido," after Guérin; "The Massacre of the Mamelukes," after Horace Vernet, by the same artist—there are a number of highly original works by John Augustus Nahl Jr., which will not fail to meet with the warm appreciation of artists and laymen alike. "Hector's Parting from Andromache," of which there is also a sepia-drawing by the same artist, is a thoroughly classic study. The "Origin of the Red Rose" is exquisite in its flesh-tints; and, without particularizing any further the many good works which will be of general interest, it can be truly said that the collection, as a whole, will prove both enjoyable and profitable to the general public. Now, as to its value to the art-student. Those who feel an irrepressible desire to express their æsthetic ideas in poetic form, those who strive by touches of nature to sound the chord of human sympathy, that faithful, brave little band of true artists who aspire to be worthy of being counted as fellows with them, will hail the advent of this collection as the greedy would a treasure-trove.

The pleasure of scanning the original, impulsive sketches, the first outlines of beautiful ideas, the crude embryos of masterly conceptions by the hands of Raphael or Murillo, Correggio or Andreas del Sarto, by such great ones as Leonardo da Vinci and Parmigianino, by Poussin and Nicolas Berghen, all of whom are there represented, is only surpassed by gazing upon the finished work by the same master-hands. And in view of the rare opportunity granted only to the favored few to ramble amid the wealth of European galleries, this opportunity to see so much that is good in art, a collection which is really excellent in parts, will no doubt meet with an enthusiastic appreciation by artists and art-students. Particularly noteworthy in that respect is the "Dying Cato," by Ribera—a subject so graphically repre-

sented that it would chill the layman's desire for acquisition, but a work of art which is simply priceless as such; the drawing, the color, and the handling are equally excellent and worthy of the most attentive study. Some still-life by Cornelius Lillienbert, although considerably darkened by age, will amply repay a careful scrutiny.

Landscapes, a branch of art wherein the modern school surpasses the old masters, by a few examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools in this collection exemplify the treatment and conception of some of the masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and will prove highly interesting to the student. A sketch in oil, by Rubens, of a Magdalen, is worthy of the closest attention, and numerous other works, which will probably escape the cursory glance of the ordinary sight-seer, will be thoroughly enjoyable to the artist or art-lover. The collection contains, besides, a wealth of original copperplate prints too numerous and too uniformly excellent to be especially enumerated, which will prove a source of delight to the appreciative observer.

Mr. H. W. Arthur Nahl, to whom that collection has come as an heirloom through four generations of ancestors, a number of whom have earned a well-deserved reputation as artists, is to be highly commended for the laudable spirit which actuates the exhibit in this city, which he regards as his home and the place of all places which recognized his talents. The Art Association, under whose auspices, and for the benefit of which, this exhibition has been arranged, deserves the encouragement of our citizens, and it is to be hoped that this important step in the path of its progress may meet with splendid success. M. TAUBLES.

SOCIETY.

Banquet to General Barrios.

On Tuesday evening last, a dinner was given at the Union Club, by Mr. Frederick L. Barreda, in honor of His Excellency, President Barrios, of the Republic of Guatemala. About forty gentlemen sat down to the table, which was very artistically decorated with flowers and flags. The menu is worthy of being given *in extenso*:

Huitres de l'Est. Potages—Reine; Consommé à la Deslignac. Hors d'Œuvres—Salade de crevettes; Anchois; Olives. Poissons—Trite saumonée, à la Hollandaise; Maquereau, à la maître d'hôtel. Relevé—Filet de bœuf, à l'Andalouse. Entrées—Suprême de volaille, à la Richelieu; Grouse à la Cussy. Pices Froides—Pâté de gibier, à l'Alsacienne. Légumes—Artichauts, à l'Italienne; Petits pois, à la Française; Haricots verts. Punch à la Crêole. Rôtis—Selle de mouton; Bécassine Anglaise. Salades. Entremets Sucrés—Nesselrode pudding; Pyramide de Nougat. Dessert. Café. Liqueurs.

It was remarked that but very few of the number of army officers present appeared in uniform. Such an oversight, upon an occasion intended to honor a high official, the president of a republic whose functions are both civil and military, must have been regretted by the host, as well as observed by his distinguished guest. The peculiar squeamishness too frequently exhibited in this particular, ought not to blind our professional military gentlemen to the fact that there are social occasions when a uniform is not only expected, but eminently in order, and its absence an impropriety almost as absurd as would be their appearance disguised as Arabi Pasha, Dick Deadeye, or as the Apollo Belvedere. Among those who assisted were the following: Ex-Governor Leland Stanford, Major-General McDowell, Mr. Peter Donahue, General Kautz, Mr. C. W. Howard, General Caxton, Mr. H. B. Williams, Consul Booker, Colonel Sullivan, Mr. Henry Barroilhet, Mr. L. P. Parrott, Major Darling, Mr. Evan P. Coleman, General Kelton, Mr. Wm. Babcock, Captain Humphrey, Mr. F. F. Barreda, Captain Payson, Commodore Phelps, F. W. Macondray, Major Rathbone, and Doctor George Chismore.

Reception to General Schofield.

The complimentary reception and entertainments given to Major-General McDowell, the late commander of the Military Division of the Pacific, upon his retirement, are now being rapidly followed by others in honor of his successor, Major-General Schofield. The first was a delightful reception given by General and Mrs. Kelton on Thursday afternoon, at their residence at the Presidio, when those in attendance were presented to General and Mrs. Schofield, and Mr. and Miss Schofield. As it was intended to be rather a military family gathering, invitations were limited to the sons and daughters of Mars; they were present in full force. In such competent hands, with the tasteful and elegant toilettes of the ladies—all of whom were more than usually charming—the bright uniforms, the handsome display of floral decorations, and the urbanity of the host and hostess, it is needless to add that the affair was extremely brilliant, and thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated.

The society gentlemen of San Francisco, embodying many of its most prominent citizens, had arranged, in honor of Major-General McDowell, upon his retiring from the command of the Military Department of the Pacific, and his successor, Major-General Schofield, a grand entertainment to be given at the Palace Hotel. The unexpected departure of General McDowell for the East defeated the affair, and it is indefinitely postponed. This is to be regretted, as it would have been exceptionally elegant, and because there are so many civilians who were anxious to reciprocate for the many social favors they have received at the hands of General and Mrs. McDowell. General McDowell's retirement is a source of regret to all his California friends, not only because of his generous hospitalities to its citizens, but because of his entertainments and attentions so often extended to such distinguished persons as visited us from the Eastern States and from foreign countries—persons who, from their official positions, were entitled to something more than the hospitable recognition of private individuals. General McDowell's wealth, intelligence, and official position gave him the opportunity and ability to do gracefully and well that which would have been embarrassing to any of our occupied and busy citizens. We are glad to learn that the McDowells will permanently remain residents of California.

Truxton Beale visits his parents in Washington for two months, leaving early in the week. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Reis entertain their friends socially on Thursday evening at their new residence, corner of Gough and Sacramento Streets. It is to be a very elegant affair.

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mrs. John McMullin returned from Baltimore with her daughter Susie, *via* the southern route, on Sunday last. Mrs. Lillie Coit came down to the city from Larkmead on Wednesday last, but not to remain permanently. Senator Miller and family came down again from their country home yesterday, and are at the Palace. Mrs. W. W. Hollister, of Santa Barbara, is visiting in San Francisco. H. L. Dodge, who left here two weeks ago for the East, was at the Astor House, New York, on Saturday last, and will soon leave that city with Mrs. Dodge for San Francisco. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, is at the Grand Central Hotel, New York. Mrs. John McMullin and daughters will return to their California Street home from their San Joaquin place on or about the first of November. H. P. Wakelee is at the Hoffman House, New York. Hon. John B. Clarke, member of Congress from Missouri, arrived here on Tuesday last. Charles Seymour, Consul to Canton, and family, arrived here from Wisconsin on Wednesday last. Mrs. M. C. Baker and Miss L. K. Baker, of San José, have been at the Grand during the week. Lieutenant-Commander George E. Ide, U. S. N., has been a guest at the Occidental during the week. Major Poole, U. S. A., and family, arrived here from the East on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Pool have taken up their residence at the Occidental for the winter. Miss Sue Wilkins, of Colusa, has been visiting in the city during the week. Miss Lizzie Hull will leave here for a winter sojourn in New York on or about the first of November. Mrs. Kinsey and her son, who have been spending a few days at Pacific Congress Springs, have returned. Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Boruck, and Miss Fannie Boruck, are rambling in Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. Langhorne gave their first reception after their return from their bridal tour at their residence on Buchanan Street, on Tuesday last. Lieutenant Kingsbury, U. S. A., who has been in this city quite a while on leave, has returned to Arizona. Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Linforth, who were married at the Church of the Advent in this city on Wednesday, the eleventh instant, and who went to Monterey on a bridal tour, have returned. Paymaster H. C. Machette, and Assistant Paymaster Willis B. Wilcox, U. S. N., leave here to-day for the Asiatic station. Mrs. W. W. Stow has returned from her Eastern visit. Miss Nellie Trowbridge has returned from Menlo Park. Major E. D. Baker, U. S. A., left here for Portland, Oregon, on Saturday last. Colonel James M. Barney has returned to the city. Miss Kitty Waters, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in this city. Captain Haskell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Haskell, and Mrs. Fourgeaud, have returned from Arizona, and are at the Grand. Mrs. Mary Bishop, of Belmont, is visiting Mrs. Colonel Fry. Major Canby, U. S. A., is at the Occidental. Ex-Senator Platt, of New York, has been visiting Palo Alto. Mrs. Judge Hunt is visiting friends in Marin County. Miss Nonie Smith, who has been visiting in San José, has returned. Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle went to Monterey on Saturday last. Mrs. Captain R. L. Whiting has returned from the East. Miss Minnie Hammond, who has been visiting in Oakland, has returned. Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Ainsworth and Mr. and Mrs. A. Baird have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mervin Donahue, who has lately become a yachtsman, gave his first marine party on Saturday last, which included a sail and lunch; the ladies were Miss Belle Wallace, Miss Mamie Donahue, the Misses McNally, and Mrs. Burke, accompanied by such jolly tars as William Wallace, Peter Donahue, and Mr. Burke. An informal dance took place at Angel Island on Saturday afternoon last. Mrs. Robert Graves and Miss Slade returned from the East on Thursday last. George M. Willard, U. S. A., and Mrs. Willard, arrived here from the East on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. David Brown have returned to their town house for the winter. Mrs. General Nelson A. Miles, who was at the Palace with her husband two or three weeks ago, on her way from Vancouver Barracks to Washington, has concluded to spend the winter at the National Capital, with her parents, General and Mrs. Sherman. Passed Assistant-Surgeon R. X. Urquhart, U. S. N., has been detached from the receiving-ship *Independence*, and ordered to duty at the Navy Yard, Mare Island. Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone returned from the country early during the week, and have taken up their permanent residence at No. 1321 Sutter Street, above Van Ness Avenue. Miss Allie Hawes has been visiting at the Navy Yard during the week. Miss M. B. West and Miss Maggie Eyre returned from Monterey on Monday last; also Miss C. C. Jackson, of Oakland. George W. Coffin, U. S. N., went to Monterey on Monday last, to remain a few days. Mr. and Mrs. John S. Barrett, of Oakland, are spending a few days at Monterey. W. E. Brown left for New York on Wednesday last, to remain away a month or six weeks. Mrs. Captain Brown and daughter, of Alameda, are visiting in Los Angeles. Mr. Ernest A. Leigh and Miss Ella M. Lees, daughter of Captain Lees, will be married on Thursday evening next, the 26th instant, at nine o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 1022 Pine Street. Some time in November is fixed for the wedding of Lieutenant Warring, of the navy, and Miss Lutie Cole, second daughter of Senator and Mrs. Cole, of Los Angeles County. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meinecke, after a long stay at Monterey, have returned. The Misses L. and M. O'Connor have also returned from Monterey. Mrs. J. H. Carroll, of Sacramento, who has lately been visiting friends at Menlo Park, returned home on Monday last. Governor I. M. Kapena, Hawaiian envoy to Japan, leaves to-day on the *City of Peking*. On last Monday evening, Consul Severance entertained him at dinner, at his Octavia Street residence, together with Hon. M. Kaulukou, the Japanese Consul Yanagiya and wife, J. Mott Smith and wife, and Miss Aldrich. On Tuesday evening, Mr. W. F. Babcock gave a dinner to Governor Kapena, when there were present, among others, Hon. Wm. Alvord, ex-Governor Low, Colonel Claus Spreckels, A. B. Forbes, J. Mott Smith, and Consul Severance. General Schofield, who arrived here on Saturday last, with his family, was called on by General McDowell, who formally transferred his command to the former the following day. General Schofield has taken up his residence at Black Point, and General McDowell has moved into his new residence, on Van Ness Avenue. The *Wachusett* arrived on Wednesday last. S. W. Holliday returned from the East on Thursday last.

HOME-MAKING ON THE COAST.

Advice on the Application of Decorative Art to California Houses.

"What will you do in California where there are no bric-à-brac auctions, or old furniture to pick up?—and art furnishing is a pleasure for rich folks," asked a friend of sympathetic tastes the day my face was set for the Pacific. In truth, a pang shot through me at the thought of old houses on the South Shore and Quincyward not yet ransacked for colonial furniture, and of two or three old ladies whose demise, shortly expected, would leave stores of rich old India porcelain and creamy Spode-ware to fall into the hands of collectors. Were there to be no more idle holidays spent in the dim, dusty chaos of second-hand shops, rewarded by some bits of Sinas or Black Forest carving?—a music-rack or cabinet-guard in open work of ferns and birds, bought for a few shillings because of some trifling flaw which a sharp knife would repair in an evening?—or a pair of Hankin plates which would just make up the set gathered in the same way from half a dozen directions?—or a quaint piece of Renaissance furniture gone to rack, but canable with clamps and polish of resetting and reviving in envied elegance? To think of leaving that punch-bowl, brought from Holland by a wealthy captain to Falmouth on the Cape-Cape Cod, of course—a bowl of translucent porcelain, glowing with such colors as we only see in royal Worcester nowadays, its frilled, shell-like edges and deep gilding fit to ravish the soul of a china fancier; and that George II. secretary in black oak, with pineapple finials each side the classic front—pieces I have had my eye upon for three years, till the dealer should consent to my price, as he was sure to finally; all of which chances were to be relinquished if I went to have my lungs repaired on the Pacific Slope.

What balm to my collective soul was the sight of the Indian china in the San Francisco shop-windows! The Navajo rugs at Santa Fé and the San Domingo pueblo pottery had tempted the spare silver out of our pockets, and kept our faculties for acquisition from rusting. At Los Angeles we had heard praises of the Indian treasures with which Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's rooms were filled, and saw some lovely Oriental china in private hands, but everything in the shops was of lively newness and factory finish. Why will dealers bring, and people insist on buying the horrible, machine-carved side-boards and bedsteads, with high, bold-crested head-boards in awful curves of bastard Renaissance origin from the brain of an over-worked pattern-monger in Michigan workshops, when the low French panels with fretted tops are so much more fashionable and in better taste? Why will they select Brussels in hard Japanesque panels before library ingrain in soft olive, dull blue and pink, or geranium pink and maroon, studied from the borders of royal tapestries, and twice as expensive as Brussels, or half as cheap, according as you buy triple-weave English carpeting, fine as suiting, that will outwear generations, or the home-made Lowell or Bromley ingrain, of similar design, and both in the best taste? The halls and parlors of ordinary houses are dull with olive, stone-color, and dark red wall-papers, just as the French designers give us joyous clusters of blues, dull pink geraniums, and meadow grasses, or the purple and bronze of changing vines, and bouquets of blush and cream roses in dim, lovely tints for our home walls. Depend upon it, the Japanese, those sensitive, subtle aesthetes of nature, have the right idea of home interiors, for which everything they design is ray and cheerful, while rich, oppressive color goes for shrines and palatial halls. These citrine and dark red rooms depress our spirits with their fashionable gloom. Mr. Morris, in England, the French artists before him, and the Associated Artists of New York, have by practice and education of eye reached the same verdict, that neither dark nor very light surroundings content the senses, which require plenty of soft light without glare, with hues of tender color in the furnishings, and richer shades of the same asserted in cornice and relieving. The blues of mist deepening to cornflower tints, the warm dull tone of grain-fields, the sun's own color, the greens of vine and bough, softened by the downy surface of maturity, or their paler underlinings, or the kindly dust—if nothing else offers to subdue the harshness of deep green—mauve-violet haze and rose-washes of dawn, all these are about us in the wide world out of doors, and their delightful ghosts should follow us within, taking the change of different light and atmosphere. The eye does not weary of skillfully toned color and correct form, any more than the ear tires of those magical Spanish and gypsy airs which are the soul of bewitching melody. One seldom cares to change the furnishing of a room when taste has done its perfect work, and this content, and the care born of it, give one's meubles a longer lease of life. So it is economical and good policy to have things in the truest taste, which is not a matter of money in all cases.

Experience teaches the saving wisdom of furnishing everywhere in native and accessible belongings. These cabinet woods are in supply, with inlaid floors, paneled wainscots, and polished single panel doors, and light and ample furniture of ash, beech, or cherry. In the southwest States, New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona, where fine stone abounds, stone and concrete should apply everywhere, from pavements and balustrades to chimney-pieces, hall seats, windowledges, and dressers. Mantels of serpentine and jasper, onyx slabs for window-casings and cabinets, with inlays of silver or copper alloys, and beading of native turquoise, only fit for such work, should gratify the taste for luxury, and stone surroundings would prove more acceptable in the long summer heats of Tucson and Santa Fé than wood-work and upholstery. When the resources of the country are developed, the tileries of the San Juan and Rio Grande will rival those of Valencia, which furnish Newport and New York entrance halls with floors and borders of tiles from the works extant since the time of the Moors, who established them in Spain. The fragments of tile and glazed pottery, which strew the ground about the ruined cities of the San Juan in New Mexico, are of a quality to compare with Etruscan and antique majolicas in brilliance and depth of color, and in richness of the glaze. Material for the most superb enamels and wares exists inexhaustibly in the fields of Arizona and her sister territories, and I expect to live to see house-walls lined and ceiled with clean, delicate tile-work as cheap and abundant as lath and plaster, which will

vanish with adobe roofs. Adobe walls deserve a good word said for them, as they are warm in winter, cool in summer, substantial and pleasant in a homely way and it is to be hoped never will go out of existence for the common class of dwellings. One only needs to compare the stuccoed walls of the Spanish adobes at Monterey with their graceful southern roofs of curved tiles, their deep window-seats and doorways, with the thin, smart Yankee cottages going up near by, perky, limited, pretentious, and certain to be in twenty years more decrepit than the old adobes of the palmy days of '46. A Spanish adobe house, with well-finished walls and ventilating roof of the old curved tile, is more beautiful in an artistic sense, both suited to the climate and scenery, than the poky English cottage set up on stilts, where the price of lumber makes itself felt in contracted inches, and the spirit of trade-unions in the rough finish of casings under very thin paint. The adobe houses want wider windows with awnings, instead of the porch-roofs which throw the rooms into the shade, and cut off the sunlight, which is the great luxury of the California climate and essential to health. They make up for this lack in their low walls, which almost do away with stairs, and relieve the señoras of that sharp penance which the Yankee woman's three to four-story house entails in going up and down stairs continually, and which more than any other cause breaks her health, ruins her temper, and makes her thin and wretched-looking while young. Yet with land in plenty, by the thousand acres, the West must vacantly follow the idiocy of the East in planning stilted houses, albeit there is no dampness in the soil to dread, no valuing lots at a fortune the front foot. The well-to-do farmer thinks he has not done the right thing by his family unless he puts up a tall frame house on piles, and with attics to give all his children, servants, and women-folk the privilege of climbing three flights of stairs, indoors and out, twenty times a day; and the nabob no sooner sells his mines at a profit than he hastens to pile his walls heavenward, as if a hundred stairs to climb were the perquisites of wealth.

Why can not these people take lesson by the taste of the modern wealthy English, whose Mexican cottages, straying in one story with verandas canopied with vines, are the acme of fashionable aristocratic pleasure-houses along the Thames, and whose Tudor-gothic mansions, rarely rising above a modest second story, are the most beautiful of ancestral homes. Tenement houses must rise ten stories high, to make the most for their owners; but surely the test of a rich man's residence is the ease of living he can afford at any cost of ground. The newest houses East by the best architects are beginning to show the influence of such considerations. A man lives longer, other things being equal, if he does not force himself to carry his hundred and seventy-five pounds up and down twenty feet of steep incline a dozen times a day. He might as well take so many turns at hod-carrying. Ideas filter through people's heads slowly on matters of health, and it will be ten years before they can believe that a nerve-exhausted, heart-diseased, spine-affected generation will probably live longer, and certainly live easier, on a level than by lifting their own weights up-stairs. Perhaps you will agree that there is no end to the pretty and original style of fitting rooms possible in San Francisco, with the wares of the Orient and Mexico at command.

Where the dust flies as it does in this country, one may give thanks to find fine matting at twenty-five and thirty cents a yard. If you had to pay eighty-five cents a yard, as they do on the other side of the continent, you might condescend to use them; for there is nothing prettier in simple furnishings than a check, red, white, and olive matting, with redwood floor bare for fifteen inches all around, and polished with shellac until it is deep and rich-bued as mahogany. A redwood wainscot gives a rich tone to a room, with a pinky gray wall above it; but do not mix woods, as the custom is—laurel, cherry, ebony, and ash—till the beauty of each is lost. A redwood beading of the darkest kind, with one dull line of gold below, would be a bandsome finish at the ceiling; and then on the pinky gray wall, what? A large Japanese paper panel, or two, joined from floor to ceiling, with pink carbuncle, or scarlet crape ends for empty corners, and the space left for pictures, cabinets, or china. One lightest of corners, however, must be reserved for those wide shelves which are safest and best to display china—one velvet-covered shelf grouped with East Indian majolica, deep-plum and indigo bowls and flasks set off by Benares brass trays and flagons; above that, gay Oriental china, not set out piece by piece, all in a row, but massed in confusion of bright color and gilding—for three or four ordinary pieces have a good effect together, when they are not at all interesting singly; above that group the beautiful shells from the Gulf, a pink murex between large green and silver snail-shells—salmon and black, rose and buff—all the deepest enamel and tinting which porcelain essays in vain. A Pompadour might have a passion for ornamenting her cabinet with these beauties of the Nereids. See against that sea-green piece of Shanghai silk, draped on the pinkish wall, the old rococo mirror found in a Market Street shop, its dead gilding retouched, and small oval brackets round it bearing the choicest pearl and silver shells, alternately with blood-red coral and fine sea-fans. You might think the whole a sea-nymph's toilet, barring the gold comb. And each side of a lovely painting, in flat frame of satin-gold, are branching brackets for Indian bowls, of California ferns, the choicest *cheilanthus gracilis* and maiden bair. An oval mirror hung across an inner corner of the room has its golden sconces at the side rising out of a base of fern with loveliest effect. The furniture is a bamboo lounge, with Chinese embroidered cushions, and foot-cover of blood-red silk, lightly embroidered in shades of deep-red, with tassels at the corners; and those carved India chairs fit for a church, with white, scarlet, and gold embroideries across the backs; that seraglio cushion in the window, made out of a cashmere shawl, with cashmere and silver tassels; and two or three swinging chairs, with soft purple cushions tied on seat and back; a screen of open-work wood before the fire, which California evenings excuse for purely decorative effect, it would seem; a painted screen, lovely with white bloom-roses and purple bell-flowers shutting off the library-table in one corner, which serves also for tea, as you see by the Kaga service on the deep-lace towel thrown across one end. We have specimens—what house in California has not?—but they are not strung out on the mantel, or set in square boxes on shelves, but gathered in a

little velvet-lined, mirror-backed, hanging cabinet of lacquer with irregular shelves, where the big piece of peacock ore and pale amethyst quartz, the rough nugget of gold and the azurite, the granite full of garnets, and the blue agate, the crystallized silver, the blood red stone from the Colorado River, the crystal vase of Pescadero pebbles, and block of Mexican onyx, relieve each other in color and sparkle. Everything for use is the secret of showing rarities well; accordingly, rose quartz lies on the writing-table for a paper-weight, a superb agate is hollowed for an inkstand, rough crystals, flecked with gold, receive slender gold-plated vases too slight to stand alone, a great polished abalone hangs by silver chains from a bracket for a catch-all, the straight cloisonné vases are filled with *pot-pourri*, and a white shell, on a gilt tripod holds confectionery.

Push aside the heavy Navajo rug, which deadens all noise the other side of the library door—Navajo weaving in dark blue and red, fine as Kabyle curtains in the best qualities, answering many artistic needs in the way of drapery. Coarser rugs joined form a handsome oriental-looking carpet in deep shades, which, with portières and sofa-covers *en suite*, richly relieve the fittings of laurel, ebony, and silver. What is the use of sending across the water for Smyrna and Arabic hangings when the fine Navajo rugs, in texture and color, compare with eastern work, a hundred dollars' worth of merino wool going to make a single blanket? The furniture was made, under protest, by an Oakland mechanic, by days' work, under the eye of the library-owner, the English chairs with square frames, grooved, and relieved with ebony stained sides, and dull silver four-foils and bosses—the dwarf bookcase and mantle to match. What, I ask you, is the use of living in the richest natural country on the hemisphere, unless polished woods, rich metals and stones are to be of use? Quantities of San Domingo and Fort Wingate pottery, of graceful shape and decoration, exquisite Alaska carving in black, polished slate, and Indian curios, fill the shelves each side of the mantel, tufted with feather work and crested with quiver and arrows. Fine pueblo baskets, woven to hold water, are filled with roses bedded in damp sponge. A great chair has a soft rug, lined with red silk, thrown over it—imagine the luxury of sinking into its folds. The windows are screened with thin green and crimson silk across the lower half; above the curtains of écarlate lace are festooned pale, embroidered headings. Kingston? No; but Moquis *mantas*, wrought in red and blue figures on unbleached twill—the work much better than anything from the Decorative Society. It has been wonderful diversion, devising and combining things for these rooms; but it has been vastly less expensive than buying commonplace Eastern furniture, and the effect—well, it is not commonplace.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 17, 1882.

S. D. P.

Mr. Frederick Yates has just returned to this city from Europe, and has opened a studio at 417 Montgomery Street, in Morse's old place. He has brought with him many paintings, etchings, and engravings, from Paris, where he spent two years under the instruction of Bonnat, the celebrated French artist. Mr. Yates chose Bonnat's atelier because of the high place which that painter occupies as master of "life" studies. Besides Paris, he visited other European cities, making sketches and studies of celebrated works of art. Mr. Yates had the honor of seeing one of his paintings in the last Paris Salon, which was an acknowledgment of worth, since only about twenty per cent. of the candidates gained the right to exhibit their paintings. This picture is now at his studio, and attracts much attention. It is entitled "The Mouse-Trap," and is well worth the encomiums bestowed upon it in Paris. He also does excellent work in etching, and improved every opportunity in that line while in Europe. Mr. Yates will shortly open a "life-class" in a studio adjoining his own, where he will take a limited number of pupils under his tutelage.

A sharp shock of earthquake took place Friday morning at a quarter past two o'clock. When it is considered that there were earthquakes in 1854, 1857, and 1859—in October; that the great earthquake of 1865 was in October; that in 1868 there were six shocks during the last nine days of October, by one of which much property was destroyed and some lives lost, both here and across the bay; that there were two earthquakes in 1872—in October; that there was one in 1875—in October; that there was a *temblor* in 1881—in October; when we consider, too, that there is a comet flashing in the southeastern sky, "importing change of time and state;" when we consider that by the electrical theory of earthquakes the comet may not be unconnected with our shake-up; when we consider that it is still ten days to the end of the month, and that we are all miserable sinners—when we consider all these things, it behooves us to break off abruptly, lest somebody believe them, or believe that we do.

Owing to the departure of two of its members, the Board of Directors of the Bohemian Club has been reconstituted. Mr. Eugene Dewey, the Vice-President, is about to take up his residence in New York City for an indefinite period. Mr. Edward W. Reuling starts for Europe in a few days, to remain a number of months. Horace P. Fletcher has been elected Director, *vice* Dewey, resigned. J. D. Redding has been elected Director, *vice* Reuling, resigned. The Board as at present constituted stands: President, Paul Neumann; Vice-President, Jerome A. Hart; Treasurer, Charles Josse-lyn; Secretary, T. H. Robertson. Directors—A. J. Moulder, Virgil Williams, Horace P. Fletcher, Joseph D. Redding, and J. R. Grismer.

The *Californian* for November opens with an article by Alfred Wheeler, entitled "A Contemporary of Washington." Mary W. Glascock is the author of a story, "Miss Vesta's Prodigal." "Evil Literature," is an attack by C. H. Shinn against evil literature, in which he denounces some modern novelists. One of the most interesting papers is on "Sir Gavan Duffy," by John Manning.

The Nahl collection will be placed on view next Tuesday evening, at the rooms of the Art Association, for members only. The affair will take the form of the usual art exhibitions, a string-band being in attendance. The next collection will be thrown open to the public at the rates of admission.

YORKER'S PARD.

"I'll go a hundred."

"I'll see your hundred and raise you five."

Mr. Ned Wade hesitated a moment, then slowly pushed forward two stacks of double-eagles, and called for a sight.

Mr. Jack Howland leisurely closed and returned his dainty penknife to his vest pocket, picked up his cards from the table, and tossed four queens and an ace into the pot. The crowd pushed forward to see his opponent's play. It was a disappointing one. Wade threw his cards, face down, upon his adversary's, pushed his chair back, and proceeded to carefully select and light a cigar, while Mr. Howland deftly sorted the eagles and double-eagles into symmetrical piles, until the pot was empty.

Said pot had contained all Mr. Ned Wade's material wealth. No sign of this embarrassing fact was evident in his face, as, with a cool nod to his opponent, he lazily arose and sauntered away. A few comments, such as, "Sandy cuss!" "Grit to the ends of his hair!" "You bet your life," etc., followed him; but a new victim of Mr. Howland's *finesse* had at once dropped into the vacant place, and absorbed the interest of the crowd anew. Wade, making for the door, slowly eluded his way through the dense crowd which filled the saloon. A hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned, and met the gaze of a rough, bearded specimen of the genus "prospector." Wade was a Kentuckian, and had all a Kentuckian's pride. The man's familiarity ruffled him. He haughtily drew away from the rough hand which lay not unkindly on his shoulder. The stranger seemed slightly abashed, and his suggestion that they should "irrigate" was advanced with a timidity absurdly out of keeping with his decidedly aggressive appearance.

"Thanks, no," was Wade's brief reply, as he moved away. Recovering from the shock of so decided a refusal, the miner slowly followed him, and together they emerged upon the long porch which skirted the front of the saloon. The night was dark and damp. The wind blew cool from the yellow waters of the Klamath, which rolled sullenly along the base of the precipitous range which towered above Happy Camp. The change from the hot, fetid atmosphere of the saloon was delicious. Wade drew a half-dozen quick, full breaths of the sweet air, and then, resuming his cigar, sauntered down to the end of the porch farthest from the noise and hustle which came faintly through the walls, and, leaning against a pillar, gave himself up to meditation. His privacy was soon invaded. The miner had exhumed a battered pipe of incalculable age and filled it from a huckskin pouch of very questionable purity, had dexterously lighted it with flint and steel, and, thus prepared, advanced upon the enemy. He planted his battery alongside of an adjacent pillar, cut off retreat by assuming an inclined attitude which brought his broad back against the post, and one huge foot against the side of the house. A half-dozen vigorous puffs, and then:

"I say, stranger!"

No reply from the enemy. More blank cartridges of smoke from the attack, and then:

"O stranger!"

"Well?" quick and sharp.

"Strapped, ain't yer?"

Profound disgust, expressed by emphatic silence, follows this shot. The attack proceeds to toss a few shells into the enemy's works, regardless of results:

"I'll het my hoots that yer flat broke; that yer wouldn't pan out a color to the hocket." Then, waxing confidential: "Pard, yer thought yer was a little horse at poker—didn't you? Yer's science to the beels of yer hoots, but yer didn't hold the pictures. Why, bless ye, pard, that Howland is a poker sharp, and he is a holy terror—now you hear me? Why, he knows a pack of cards better'n you know yer mother. A sandier man on a bluff, nor a purtier dealer off'n the bottom of a pack, never shuffled the pasteboards. He'll stock 'em quicker'n you can cut 'em, and give you any lay-out he likes, and heat it by one card every time. Oh, you hear me; he's a terror, an' don't yer forgit it!" Again followed a volley of blank cartridges, and the attack was enveloped in the smoke of his own batteries. The enemy was evidently securely entrenched and uninjured, for not a shot replied. The attack was somewhat disconcerted, but not repulsed. Settling more securely in his own position, he renewed his bombardment.

"Pard, I'll allow that yer a handy cuss, and don't stand no bluffin'; but yer played on the squar, an' that coyote cleaned you to the limit of your pile, or I'm eternally fooled. Now, if yer are down to hard-pan, an' ain't got no dust cached no whar, yer're like to find it purty barren diggin' in a camp like this; seein', as I reckon, yer ain't no miner, an' like as not don't know a rocker from a rifle-bar. I'll allow, I like your grit, an' I think yer a white man; so, if yer want a grub-stake any time, I'm your man. Yorker's my name, an' my har is up the river a couple o' mile. Anybody'll tell you whar it is. That's what I want to say to you." Then, with a snap, as silence still reigned in the enemy's camp: "That's my offer, and you can take it or leave it, an' he damned to yer!"

The enemy was roused at last. Confusion followed this shot.

"I don't know why in the devil you take such an interest in my affairs," said Wade, with a short laugh; "but I assure you that I appreciate your kindness, and if I need assistance at any time I will take your offer gladly. But, candidly, I think that I can take care of myself, even though I don't know a what-do-you-call-it from a rifle. At all events, I'll give it a trial. Much obliged to you, all the same. Good-night." And Wade stepped off the porch and sauntered away into the darkness.

"O pard! Let's irrigate," called Yorker, after the retreating figure.

"Thanks; not to-night," came back from the gloom.

"Well, I'm damned! Twice in one evenin'," exclaimed Yorker, sorrowfully, as he reloaded his pipe. "Queer cuss! Regular tenderfoot, but sand to his hat. Guess I'll liquor an' make a break for the ranch," which he did a half-hour later.

It was early fall when Wade "struck" Happy Camp. The rainy season, which in northern California begins in November, had not yet set in. Indian Creek was down, and the

miners on it and smaller affluents of the Klamath were idle from lack of water. Decidedly, it was a bad time for a "tenderfoot" to make a living. Excepting a few bars along the Klamath, no ground was being worked. Wade acquired an extended and a minute knowledge of the topography of the camp and its environs in his search for a claim. This was all he did acquire. All old claims were represented, and no unstaked ground existed adjacent to the water supply. A month after his interview with Yorker, Wade found the condition of his affairs at least interesting. All superfluities upon which money could be raised had been applied to that end. His revolver still remained; but when it became a question of food *vs.* a possible need of the weapon, the latter consideration was swallowed by the former, and Wade lived for a week luxuriously upon the result. He was not accustomed to roughing it, and had yet to learn to eke out a day's subsistence to a week's. One morning he awoke to a new sensation—that of being "flat broke." At first he failed to grasp the situation. Breakfast, always a light meal with him, was not much missed. But when no breakfast was supplemented with no dinner and no supper, the intense reality of being "strapped" dawned upon him. Of course, he could have had a meal for the asking; a thousand, for that matter. There was not a miner in camp who would have refused him his share of bacon and black coffee. But his pride was not broken if his hank was, and he would not beg. Doubtless he was a fool, but the fact remains that at the end of two days he was rather weak from fasting. The morning of the third he started for Yorker's bar. He had sought work at other bars along the river, but had found them full-handed. The same pride which had kept him from good food had also deterred him from seeking the man whom he had so indifferently treated some weeks before. Still, when a man has fasted—well, you know that fasting is accepted as a salutary remedy for pride.

Wade had traveled the narrow, hilly trail to Yorker's bar before, but he had never found it the pull it was that day. He would have blushed to admit how long he was in making those two miles. Two miles? Two hundred! However, he finally got to the point on the trail opposite the bar, and sat down on the rocky margin of the river, and looked across the yellow water to Yorker's cabin.

"Devilish queer that a man should choose such a ledge as that for a building site," thought Wade.

Well, it was queer. The ledge referred to was a projection from the face of a cliff, which rose almost abruptly from the river's edge. It was more properly a bench, some hundred yards long, twenty yards wide, and twenty feet above the water, reached only by a rocky trail leading from a bar which jutted into the river lower down and constituted Yorker's claim. Neither bar nor ledge was accessible from that side of the Klamath. Above and below huge rocks rose from the rushing river, forming the horns of the crescent in which the bar and ledge lay. "Yorker's Ranch," some local wit had dubbed the cabin, possibly owing to the existence of a diminutive garden upon the ledge, in which scratched and floundered a few chickens, maintained at an expense truly exorbitant, when one contemplates the result in eggs. Yorker had been classified as a "queer cuss" long before Wade's advent, and enjoyed that immunity from intrusion which usually attaches to "queer cusses" in the West. Much of this was possibly due to the fact that he held the only means of communication with this fortress—a dug-out canoe. This Wade saw drawn up on the bar below the ledge. Yorker was not in sight, but the singular appearance and disappearance of a shovel from the howels of the earth, and the clatter of falling gravel upon the howlers, already piled in symmetrical lines along the bars, gave evidence of his being in that vicinity. The river rolled wide and deep between them, but the air was still, and a voice reverberating from the cliff opposite was plainly heard; hence Wade's hail of "O Yorker!" was promptly answered by the resurrection of the individual addressed. Clampering over the howlers, Yorker made his way to the water's edge, whence, after an inquiring scrutiny of the invader, he quickly embarked in his dug-out. Working his way up stream in slack water for a hundred yards or so he suddenly shot out into the current, and, maintaining a diagonal course, deftly landed almost at Wade's feet. "Pard, I'm glad to see yer, cussed if I ain't; shake!" and Yorker held out his clay-stained hand, frankly.

"Yorker, I have come for that grub-stake," abruptly said Wade, taking his proffered hand.

"Wall, pard, yer do look kinder worked out an' abandoned," and Yorker looked into the thin face with its hungry eyes pityingly, and then turned away, muttering as he drew the canoe nearer shore: "Lots of sand yet, but a mighty holler stomach, I'll bet my life." Then to Wade: "Crawl in, pard, and set straight and stidy for'ard."

A few minutes later both men stood on the bar. Silently Yorker led the way to the cabin, and going at once to a small locker produced a flask of whisky and two small tin cups. Placing these on the table, he pushed the bottle toward Wade with a doubtful expression on his face, which, however, cleared away like mist in the sunshine when Ned poured a generous portion of the liquor into his cup. Filling his own, Yorker nodded courteously to his companion, and with a brief "my regards," swallowed the contents at a draught. Wade drank more leisurely. He felt the need of some stimulant, and the fiery liquor thrilled through his veins, infusing delicious warmth.

"Purty good hug-juice, that; eh, pard?" said Yorker, dashing the amber drops off his grizzled moustache.

"Excellent! Where did you get it? Not at the camp?"

"Bet yer sweet life I didn't. That came from Yreka at an ounce a gallon. Load her up again; it's as mild as milk and wouldn't faze an infant."

"Thanks; not just now," and Wade sank upon one of the rough stools, and, leaning lazily back against the logs, listlessly watched Yorker's hurried preparations for dinner. He did not feel equal to assisting. A delicious languor pervaded his frame. Even the sight of the food in preparation did not excite him as it would have done an hour before. Yorker, with a rare delicacy, refrained from conversation, but pushed the dinner with all speed. Placing the table in such a position that Wade need not move, he soon spread upon it the simple food.

"Now, then, pard, slide inter the grub, such as it is. Have some salt-horse?" and he pushed the tin of meat toward his companion. Wade helped himself languidly, ate a

few mouthfuls, and then laid down his knife and fork. An unconquerable drowsiness overcame him. He could not resist it. His head sank upon his chest, and he slept. Yorker paused in the act of pouring some dense black fluid in his companion's cup. Coffee-pot suspended, he gazed at Wade with blank astonishment. Then the light dawned upon him.

"Wall, I'm blessed if it ain't the hug-juice! Yorker, you are a cussed fool, for a fact, to give a man liquids when he ain't had no grub for the Lord only knows how long. I say, pard! O pard!" and he leaned over and shook the sleeping man gently, but without effect.

"He's floored for a fact. Wall, I am an idjoot," and, with remorseful tenderness, he carried the victim of misplaced kindness to a bunk, and, covering him with a blanket, resumed his meal in silence. Wade turned uneasily on his hard bed, and seemed for an instant about to rouse; but the fumes of the liquor reassured his power, and he once more lay still, breathing heavily. Yorker stole softly out of the cabin, and mechanically filling and lighting his pipe, paced up and down the ledge.

The sun was sinking behind the ragged crests of the Siskiyou, tipping the pines with silvery fire, when Yorker, knocking the ashes from his pipe, ceased his walk, and paused at the cabin. All was quiet. Wade still slept; but quietly now. The fire smoldered in the rough howler fire-place. Yorker entered quietly, and, tossing some splinters of pitch-pine upon the embers, added some hark, and by the glow of the flame, which at once sprang up, he again studied his companion's face. Turning away, he once more left the cabin. "Salt-horse is too heavy grub for a tenderfoot in his fix," muttered he, as he rounded the corner of the hut. He paused, and affectionately contemplated his little brood of feathered companions, regretfully remarking: "One of you roosters has got to pass in your checks. Banty, I reckon you're the unfortunate," and Banty was.

When Wade awoke, an hour later, he found Yorker smoking his pipe in the glow of the fire, while the murmur of the river stole softly in from the twilight which seemed to stop at the door.

He sat up dizzily. Yorker laid down his pipe, and advanced with a cup of smoking, black coffee.

"Pard, I'll admit that the hug-juice was soothin' in its effects; but take a good swallow or two of this yer truck, and mebbey yer head'll feel better." Wade drank the contents of the cup at a draught. Then he rose and walked unsteadily to a seat near the fire, and wearily rested his head upon his hand.

"Rather shaky on yer pins, pard. Yer need a little stiffenin', I reckon. Try some soup," and with pardonable pride Yorker produced from the Dutch oven a pan of fragrant broth—the tangible essence of the unfortunate Banty. Wade ate it eagerly, while Yorker smoked, and contemplated him complacently.

"Taste good, pard?"

"Delicious! Best I ever ate."

"Wall, it oughter. Banty was a gamy little cuss," remarked Yorker, simply. "I reckon yer aint heen livin' very high since I saw yer last," he continued, refilling his pipe and settling himself more at ease.

"Well, not very," and Wade flushed, and laughed dryly.

"Kinder tough diggin' in a camp that's idle." Then crossing one leg over the other and nursing one foot, Yorker continued, colloquially: "I remember the summer of '59 down in Sacramento."

"Were you in Sacramento in the fall of '59?" Wade interrupted, eagerly.

A slight pause, and then very quietly: "Yes, pard; I was."

"It seems an absurd question to ask, Yorker, but did you know a man named Wade there—Charley Wade?"

Another pause, and then: "Wall, yes, pard; I did. Friend of yours?"

"Why, he is my brother!" exclaimed Wade, excitedly. "This is the first news I have had of him since that fall, four years ago. Did you know him well? Have you any idea where he went to—where he is now?"

Yorker moved his chair back into the shadow. His voice was husky, and he cleared his voice nervously.

"Yes, pard; I knew Charley Wade well. 'Kentuck' we used to call him. So he was your brother?" with a strange emphasis upon the verb.

"Was? Yes; and is, I hope," returned Wade, lightly.

"Tell me all that you know about him, Yorker," and he eagerly leaned toward the man in the shadow. Yorker rose and leaned against the rough chimney. The flickering flame cast strange shadows upon his face. It looked older and more wan; but it might have been the changeful light.

"Pard," said he, softly, at last, "pard, I'd rather know where he is than to have to tell yer this; for pard, old man, yer brother's dead."

"Dead! Charley dead!" cried Wade, springing to his feet.

"Yes, pard; died in Sacramento in '59," answered Yorker, sadly.

Wade sank into his seat again. His weakness overcame him, and, resting his face in his hands, he sobbed pitifully. Yorker stole softly out into the night, and once more paced up and down the ledge. What sad memories came to these two men during the hour which followed will never be known. When Yorker again entered the cabin, Wade had recovered his tranquillity, and sat gazing at the dying fire. Yorker sat down, and smoked sympathetically in silence.

"Yorker, can you tell me how he died?" asked Wade, in a low tone, at last.

"Pard, I wasn't with him; but—but it was a—fever as took him, I was told. He was well cared for, an' they gave him a boss lay-out, and planted him in the purtiest spot they could stake out in the boneyard. Likewise, he had a *hiyou* signboard, with 'Kentuck, a white man,' painted on it in black an' gilt. He was a white man, an' don't you forgit it." Then Yorker said no more, nor did Wade.

"Well, Yorker, what arrangement can I make with you?" said Wade, the next day, as the two men sat over their breakfast. "I want to get a few hundred, and then, I reckon, I'll get back to Kentucky and the old folks."

"Why, pard, you'll locate right here, an' work this har with me, an' we'll divide the dust," said Yorker, simply, as if the

possibility of any other arrangement had never presented itself.

"Well, but that isn't at all fair to you, Yorker, and"—
"Hold on, pard," interrupted Yorker, quietly. "I asks yer pardon, pard, for speakin' of him; but your brother helped me out of a hole, an' set me on my pins, when I couldn't show a color. He was a white man, an' my friend, an' you are his brother, pard. Half my pile is yours, so long as you'll spread yer blankets an' camp with me." Then with a sudden pathetic touch of pleading in his voice, as Wade seemed undecided still: "Pard, gimme a show to make up yer loss to yer a little. He was my friend, and never went back on me when I was down on my luck."

Wade held out his hand, and grasped Yorker's warmly. There was a tacit acceptance in the act. He could not say much, nor did Yorker seem to expect more. That Yorker should have taken as a partner in his claim "a damned tenderfoot," as the miners generically, and not vindictively, described Wade, caused a passing ripple of surprise in the camp. Yorker's reputation for sociability was not an enviable one. He had systematically repelled all advances toward intimacy, and one bibulous and persistent prospector, who insisted upon drinking with him one evening, found himself in a very discomposd condition under a card-table, and with no personal attractiveness—to speak of—left. To his reputation as a hard hitter was added that of being very quick with his "gun." Hence, he maintained his exclusiveness with passable ease.

Yorker and his "pard" were seldom seen in the camp. A flume had to be set, a dip-wheel and China-pump to be placed, and raffle-blocks and poles to be cut; and it was only by the steady labor that the partners succeeded in getting affairs in proper shape before the rainy season was upon them.

The excitement of mining took full possession of Wade. The ground worked proved to be unusually rich. Two nuggets of exceptional size and beauty added renewed enthusiasm, and Yorker found it almost impossible to keep his companion down to reasonable working hours. The result may be anticipated readily. The long hours spent in water which chilled in spite of rubber suits, the irregular meals, the restless sleep, the feverish excitement, all told on a frame unused to such strains. Slight shooting pains began to manifest themselves in the supple joints. Yorker looked grave and begged Wade to rest—to get a substitute and run out to Yreka for a month. Wade laughed at his fears, and, with the blind confidence of youth in its physical powers, hurried on to his fate.

It came upon him quickly. One night he awoke with racking pains in every part of his frame. He could not move without excruciating agony. He was in the clutches of inflammatory rheumatism. Yorker applied the few alleviative remedies he had been quietly collecting for a month past, but with little success. By morning, Wade was raving in delirium. By a passing miner Yorker sent to the camp for assistance in nursing the sick man. By night, Wade's condition was pitiable in the extreme.

Thirty miles up the river, at Hamburg Bar, was a physician who had gained a local reputation in the treatment of this dread disease. It was just dusk and raining fast, when Yorker suddenly rose from his seat by the sick man's bunk, and said, abruptly: "Boys, I'm goin' to Hamburg for the saw-bones. Klamath Jack's just in from Sailor Diggins, an' I can get his cayuse. Will be back by noon to-morrow if I can make the rifle. Yer can't do much but keep him in his bunk, and keep the flannels wet with that doctor's stuff. So long!" and taking his oilskin coat from its peg he passed out into the night.

The river was running full, and now and then some huge black object came rushing down the flood and shot by into the gloom. One touch from those fallen pines meant sure destruction to the frail canoe and its occupant. But a cool head guided the craft, and soon Yorker was plodding heavily along the sodden trail leading to Klamath Jack's rancherie.

By the time the cayuse was saddled a pall of blackness had settled upon the region. Bad enough in the broad light of day, the trail to Hamburg Bar was beset by fearful risks when wrapped in the gloom of a stormy night. But no thought of waiting for day found refuge in Yorker's mind. The agonized face, the delirious ravings of his friend, were clinging to him with terrible distinctness as he threw himself heavily into the deep saddle, exclaiming: "We'll go through or bust, old gal! G'long, you beast!" and digging his spurs into the beast's ribs, they dashed away from the rancherie.

It was well for them that the cayuse had traveled the trail through day and night until each turn and twist, each hill and level, each crumbling foothold and overhanging rock were mapped in the convolutions of her brain, and instinct did what man's reason would have failed in doing. Now, dashing along with apparent recklessness, brushing the rain in showers from off the bushes which swept them on either side; now, pausing and slowly creeping along some almost unseen ledge, while from far below rose the roar and hiss of the angry river; now, plunging into some rushing affluent swollen to a torrent by the steadily falling rain; and on, on, mud-splashed, rain-soaked, struggled horse and man till the blackness of night gave way to the ghostly gray of dawn. Then the trail descended suddenly for the last time, and, widening to a road, swept into the town lying in ghostly silence. With jingling spurs and creaking saddle Yorker rode heavily up the deserted street. Pausing before the corral of the only hotel in camp he sought an unused stall in the barn, and loosening the cinch of the saddle, removed the bridle from his tired animal's foam-flecked mouth, and then wearily proceeded to rub down the smoking flanks and mud-stained limbs. The cayuse contentedly munched the coarse hay before her. Finally, removing the heavy saddle, Yorker, by deft touch, examined the beast's back. Rubbing it with the sleeve of his rough coat, he said, cheerfully: "All right, old gal! You're the boss cayuse;" and with a hearty slap of commendation, which the tough little beast bore stoically, he left the stable.

Making his way at once to the doctor's cabit, Yorker thundered on the door. It was quickly opened, and a brief colloquy ensued.

"In two hours, then," finally said Yorker.

"All right. Will meet you at the hotel," and the door closed.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

OLD FAVORITES.

By the Alma River.

Willie, fold your little hands;
Let it drop—that "soldier" toy;
Look where father's picture stands—
Father, that here kissed his boy
Not a month since—father kind,
Who this night may (never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear)—
Cry out loud, that He may hear
Who is God of battles—cry,
"God keep father safe this day
By the Alma River!"

Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk;
Right of nations, trampled creed,
Chance-poised victory's bloody work;
Any flag if the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sevastopol!
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, whatever it be,
Where he stands—no other word—
Stands—God sure the child's prayers heard—
Near the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringin' in the town to-day;
That's for victory. No knell swells
For the many swept away—
Hundreds, thousands. Let us weep.
We, who need not—just to keep
Reason clear in thought and brain
Till the morning comes again;
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and—fell
By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child;
Poor the bed is—poor and hard;
But thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home;
Or, beneath the starry dome,
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he huries—Willie, mark!—
Where he buries those who died
Fighting—fighting at his side—
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep;
God will help us, O my boy!
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those great placards in the street,
That for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes—Child, say that prayer
Once again—a different one—
Say, "O God! thy will be done
By the Alma River."
—Dinah Maria Mulock.

The Children.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To hid me good-night and he kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last—
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go—
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes.
Oh, those truant from home and from heaven!
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would hound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily hended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old home in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are hrought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says: "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To hid me good-night, and be kissed.
—Charles M. Dickinson.

THE TROTTING-HORSE REPORTER.

He Discourses on Croquet.

"Editor in?"

"No," replied the horse reporter to the person asking the question—a young man with a tablespoon-hat and a you-may-kiss-me-but-don't-you-tell-papa moustache, who stood in the doorway.

"Well, of course, you know," said the young man, "very likely it wouldn't be absolutely necessary for me to see the really and truly editor about this matter that I wanted to have settled. It's a question to be answered, you know. It is a real hard question, you know, and a good many of our set have tried awfully to settle it, but we can't. I never saw such a provoking thing in all my life, and last night I was talking with my room-mate about it, and we got real angry, and it looked once as if we should strike each other. I wouldn't have had a row with Cholly for anything, you know, because we have been in the same store for nearly three years now, and when he was promoted to the ribbon counter he always spoke to me just the same as when we were both in the threads, you know."

"Yes, I know," said the horse reporter; "but what is your question?"

"Well, you see, some people are playing croquet, and a rover is driven up close to the home-stake. Now, another man he is dead on the ball, but, having a stroke, plays on the rover and forces it against the stake. Now, I say the rover is dead, and the other fellows they say it isn't, and we've been having an awful time about it, and"—

"Yes; you told me that before. Our croquet editor is away on his vacation. He spends it in the Asylum for Feeble-minded People, getting pointers from the inmates; but like enough I can fix this thing for you."

"Oh, that's jolly! Have a cigarette?"

"No; thank you. I am over nine years old. But about the croquet matter. You say the rover is close to the stake?"

"Yes."

"And the next player knocks it against the stake?"

"Yes."

"And then the player after him claims that the rover is dead?"

"Yes; that's it; and they can't agree."

"Well," said the horse reporter, "I should say that the man who got the first knock-down ought to win."

"But they don't knock each other down. They don't quarrel at all."

"Then the fairies are indeed kind to the dry-goods clerk, and I can only say that your best plan is to disguise yourself with a cigar and ride down in the elevator."

Also on Dissipation.

"I want to see an editor," said a slim young man, as he opened the door yesterday afternoon.

"If it's anything about a delightful reception was held last Thursday evening at the residence of our well-known fellow-citizen John Smith, or Miss Beatrice Perkins will spend the autumn at Mukwanago, you'll have to take it into the other room," said the horse-reporter, "because the society editor is out editing a chicken-fight this afternoon, and the orders are to turn all the social gruel over to the janitor. To-morrow is window-cleaning day."

"I came up to see," said the young man, "whether one of the editors would have any objection to giving me some advice on a matter in which I am deeply interested."

"You're in love, aren't you?" asked the horse reporter.

"I know you are, anyhow," he continued, without giving the visitor a chance to answer. "There is a sort of nervous, hesitating, cat-found-in-the-wrong-back-yard air about your actions that gives you away at once. What's the trouble? Girl gone back on you?"

"I think not," replied the young man; "I can not believe that any one has usurped my place in her affections."

"You mustn't have such a Boston way of talking," said the horse reporter, "or we shan't be able to get along well. How's the old man? Have you corralled him?"

"Do you mean the young lady's father?" asked the visitor, with a look of mild astonishment.

"Certainly I do," responded the reporter. "How do you loom up in the parental horizon?"

"The father of the young lady does not object to me. I hardly think you understand the matter," said the young man. "My trouble is that the young lady does not seem fitted to become the wife of a man who wants a helpmeet. She doesn't seem to have any practical ideas."

"Sort of a girly girl, isn't she?" said the horse reporter; "always talking about the ideality of the ideal, and all such mush as that, and wants to know if the silvered pencilings of moonlight among the verdure-clad trees are not weirdly beautiful. I've seen that kind. They're daisies—to keep away from."

"I think you have the right idea," replied the visitor, "although your style of expressing it is somewhat crude."

"It's a pretty tough case," said the admirer of Maud S. "These girls that are so eternally æsthetic are generally first-class feeders though—I've noticed that. The silvery moonbeams never seem to take away their appetite. I guess you'd better try the reckless-dissipation racket—that ought to fetch her. This is the way: The next time you call on Myrtle, or whatever her name is, you want to plant yourself on the sofa with a sort of weary, man-been-reading-a-Milwaukee-paper look, and put your hand up to your forehead. Then when she asks what's the matter, you say that her manner of late has been so cold that it must be that she does not love you, and that the thought of losing her was so maddening that you have been indulging in reckless dissipation. If she doesn't sling herself around some then, and say that she will never, never leave you, and how could you ever doubt her love, and all that, I'm no judge."

"I will act on your suggestion," said the visitor, taking up his kiss-me-quick-before-I-go hat, and looking out in a friendly way over the high-water collar. "How much dissipation to you think I ought to indulge in to produce the proper effect?"

"Well," replied the horse reporter, "I should imagine that if you were to play about two games of billiards and drink a strong lemonade, it would constitute for you the wildest of a debauch."—Chicago Tribune.

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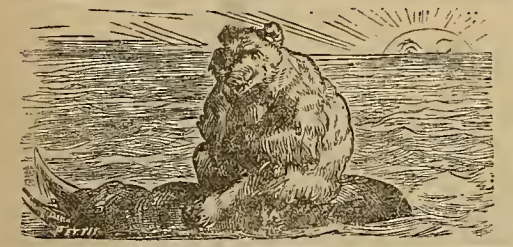
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The strength of the McDonald vote is variously estimated from ten to thirty thousand. No one thinks it will be less than ten, while many enthusiastic temperance people place it beyond the larger figure. The reasons for this confidence are thus stated: There are twenty-two thousand Good Templars, of whom ten thousand seven hundred and fifty are adult male voters; in the other temperance organizations—"Home Protectionists," "Bands of Hope," "Christian Alliances, etc.—there are large numbers of earnest temperance men; the religious organizations, Protestant and Catholic, will contribute votes from conscientious convictions of religious duty; many who are not teetotalers or prohibitionists will encourage a movement which will, in their judgment, reduce their taxes; many who are tipplers, unable to resist appetites for intoxicating drink, will vote for prohibition as an aid to reform; while many temperate drinkers are willing to aid a movement which will end in some rational mode of regulating and controlling the manufacture, sale, and use of alcoholic drink. There are large numbers of Republicans who are indifferent to the success of Mr. Estee because of his questionable relations toward the corporations, the debris, and Sunday-law questions; many who resent his former defections from the Republican party, and many who resent his questionable practices in securing his nomination, and are indignant toward him for his alliance with the Irish ward bosses who ran the machine in San Francisco from Peter Hopkins's bar-room and the Mint Saloon. The temperance people, like all enthusiasts, have entered with zeal upon their first political campaign. They are perfecting local organizations in all the counties of the State. They are calling mass meetings in every direction. They are establishing organs, sending out speakers, and scattering documents on every side. Money is abundant—abundant, because the class of people composing the temperance party demand no compensation for votes, and do not have to be rallied around a beer-barrel and whisky-keg. Doctor McDonald expects to get more votes than Mr. Estee, and James McM. Shafter will give Paul Neumann a lively contest in this district for Congress. The temperance vote renders the election of Mr. Estee quite impossible, and makes the election of General Stoneman quite certain. This emancipates Republicans from the embarrassment of thinking that they will throw their votes away upon McDonald. The defeat of Mr. Estee is now conceded by all intelligent politicians; and, while it may not be possible to elect McDonald, each vote cast for him is the expression at the ballot-box of an individual opinion in favor of substantial reform, and is a protest against the methods which Mr. Estee has used in advancing his political interests. Every vote cast for McDonald goes to lay the solid foundation of a new American party, that shall have the courage to make itself felt in the future. Thirty thousand votes cast for the temperance candidate this year will bring both parties to them. Both parties will ask their

support, and both parties will bid for their votes the promise of healthful and needed legislation upon the alcoholic traffic.

The municipal conventions have ended their labors. The Republicans have waded through the deep waters of many tribulations to pastures that are green with the promises of success. The Pope's Democratic Irish, which has, like the hog, crawled so often through the party fence, now finds itself still grunting by the barren road-side. Some of the Democratic nominations are excellent ones, but what can be said in defense of the fact that Catholic Irish so largely preponderate? What explanation can be given for the monstrous and anomalous fact that in four Senatorial Districts there are nine Roman Irish, one Scandinavian, and not an American, German, Protestant, or man of other nationality and religion on the ticket? What apology can be made for the fact that of four Superior Judges, all are Irish or Irish-American and Roman Catholics? What is the explanation that any fair-minded, honorable Irish Catholic Democrat and gentleman can make, when the whole Democratic municipal ticket is analyzed and the following facts are encountered: More than a hundred Irish were in the Convention—two-thirds of the whole body; in the County Committee, four-fifths are Irish, and all of one religion. For State Senators are Timothy McCarthy, Jeremiah Harrigan, John Dougherty, Martin Kelly, William Cronan, F. J. Sullivan, Edward Keating, T. K. Nelson, and Jeremiah Lynch. For members of Assembly are Thomas Barry, James Callaghan, James Flinn, Patrick Plover, Tim McDonald, Peter Whalen, Thomas Healy, Bernard Rawle, Dr. Levenson, Michael O'Connor, Dennis H. Bibb, Cornelius A. Hughes, Thomas H. Murphy, E. J. O'Connor, O. Pardow, Van Getz, and McShaeffer. For Superior Judges are Dennis Toohey, James Coffee, James McGuire, F. M. Clough. For Justices are Pennie, Wolfe, Young, and Dunne. For School Directors, a majority belong to a church that denounces our schools as godless, and declares it a sin to educate children in schools other than parochial. We could stand Pat Dunn for Controller, and Pat Connelly for Sheriff, but, in the name of God, must we have only Irish-born Romanists to make our laws, and Irish-born judges to expound them? While we would avoid charging any one of our Democratic legislators or judges with immoral or vicious lives, with ignorance, bigotry, poverty, or drunkenness, we demand of each of our readers that for himself he institute the proper inquiries as to the habits, the morals, and fitness of these men to make and interpret our laws. We demand of respectable Democrats—native and foreign-born—to answer, on their consciences, if these things are endurable. Let us conceive Jos. Hoge, Samuel Wilson, Hall McAllister, Messrs. Garber, Thornton, Greathouse, Bergin, Hammond, Heydenfelt, and other lawyers, expounding the law to Clough, McGuire, and Toohey. Toohey—yesterday a land-league orator; the day before a salaried writer upon an obscure country journal, a political adventurer, without legal learning or the discipline of a trained legal education; to-morrow clothed in judicial ermine—to adjudicate upon the lives and property of his fellow-citizens. These things are monstrous and unendurable. They menace the safety of our republican institutions. If freedom be worth preserving, let every intelligent and honorable citizen—Democratic and Republican, Roman Catholic and Protestant, foreign and native-born—protest at the electoral urn against this prostitution of republican government. The Republican Municipal Convention has, after awful birth-pains, been delivered of a ticket that is fairly representative of the respectable, intelligent property interests of our city. We have a right to be grateful to those attending physicians who, though called late to the party bedside, thus happily saved to the world mother and child. Mother and child are both doing well, and, unless assaulted with more than ordinarily severe infantile diseases between now and November, we have no doubt the Republican infant will pull through. It has been very hard on the old man of the *Bulletin*, who worked the machine, and we shall not regret if he dies. The bosses all look thin, and we are dreadfully anxious that they do not recover. The Republican party will never be itself, and be never again restored to its normal condition of health, strength, and honest, manly vigor, till it has buried all this vile mob of political suckers who have drained its very life-blood. The sooner it is rid of them the better. We wish in conscience that we could say what we think of some most excellent nominees on the Democratic ticket. We wish we could vote for them; but, unfortunately, they are in such awful bad company that we must content ourselves with Dr. McDonald for Governor, and, with here and there an exception, a straight Republican city ticket. This is written before the Republican Supervisors are named. Unless the Republicans make exceptionally good nominations for the Board of Supervisors we shall indulge ourselves with the luxury of voting for several Democrats; among others, John Shirley, from the Third Ward; Henley Smith, from the Fifth Ward; Fleet Strother, from the Eighth Ward; and Herman Ranken, from the Tenth Ward.

The compliment paid to Doctor R. H. McDonald, in making him the candidate of the Prohibition party, was a very

great one. Its personal value is far higher than the nomination of General Stoneman after a struggle of many ballots or the triumph of Mr. Estee's well-arranged machine. Doctor McDonald stands as the representative of a principle, a sentiment, and a reform. He is the leader of a band of men governed by high and honorable motives. He is the standard-bearer of an army of earnest men, on the eve of an important contest. To-morrow is for him and his cause in California an Austerlitz or a Waterloo. It will be as he makes it. If, in sordid cowardice, he sits in his bank, to make and save dollars through this coming month of battle-days, he will deserve the contempt of all brave men who mean business. His place is at the head of his army; his purse its commissariat. He should visit in person each division and headquarters of his forces. He should personally inspect his out-posts. He should in person plant his picket-guard, and throw out his line of skirmishers. Prayers don't win political victories. Providence is always with the heavy artillery and the quick-flying batteries. No gun kills that is not shot. God helps those who help themselves. We write this in hopes to inspire Doctor McDonald, and every man on the Prohibition ticket, and every man who believes in the regulation of the alcoholic traffic, to put forth their best exertions. A national convention of alcoholic traffickers has just been held in Chicago. The League of Freedom in California is fighting like a black cat in a dark corner for the last of its nine worthless lives. The temperance people are fighting against organization, money, and party intrigue. They are fighting for the law under the banner of the law, for the valley farmer and his home against the gravel-slucier, for the poor man's Sabbath and the Christian's day of worship against the greed of capital and the plottings of the alcoholic fiend, for property and its rights against the agrarian and communistic robber who would interfere with what he does not own, and the political adventurer who would steal that which he has not the genius or industry to honestly acquire. Let no man be ashamed of his candidacy or his cause, or for a moment indulge the idle thought that in voting for McDonald he is throwing away his vote. Let no temperance man undertake to set up his opinion that there is another and a better way, or a later and a better day, to strike this blow than now. Every vote is an added stone to the barricade over which the whisky army must fight its way. Let no preacher attempt to pray around his duty, for he can't fool Saint Peter with his quaker guns. If every temperance man will vote, he will be surprised at the result in November.

The Reverend M. C. Briggs—too late for our use—sends us a communication too long for our space. It is so uncommonly good that we feel a sincere regret that we can not print it. We make it a rule never to allow a good thing to be lost, simply because it is severe on ourself. The doctor defends the Jesuitical doctrine of choosing the least of evils when the one is inevitable, and this is his apology for deserting an opportunity to vote for a principle—viz., prohibition—and vote for an evil—viz., Estee. This is the kind of impracticable goodness that has hindered the temperance cause, and will hold it in check till the whisky influence is strong enough to murder it. The Christian denominations and their clergymen have been praying for temperance reform ever since the writer's grandfather was a boy. We simply ask them to make the experiment of aiding God with their votes. Try the ballot just once, and if it fail, we will stipulate that the prayers may go on till the angel Gabriel blows his ultimate horn. The following hit, which the doctor gets in, so fairly above the belt, although it is cuttngly severe, is too good to be lost:

Pardon this unintended length, and indulge me in a single paragraph more. You facetiously represent the editor of the *Argonaut* as passing smilingly in at heaven's gate, and helping himself to harp and stool. Even in dreams men will "talk of what runs in their head." Helping yourself to what does not belong to you does not appear to have been so unfamiliar a thought as to startle you in the least. In death, the whole scene of slipping in, etc., appears genuinely characteristic.

"But, oh, it was a dream."

Pardon me if I meekly suggest that none enter there by proxy. Perhaps both of us had best adopt Josh Billings's wise advice, never to prophesy till after the event transpires. But if "dreams are to be interpreted by contraries," and positions should get transposed in that future state, it will afford me a melancholy pleasure to bring you water, if I may, for the sturdy blows you have struck for the right in the past, and, let me hope, the not less trenchant thrusts you will yet give for temperance and a true Americanism, ere either of us shall interview St. Peter at the Gate.

M. C. BRIGGS.

Mr. J. P. Dunn, now Democratic candidate for State Comptroller, was once Auditor of San Francisco. During his term of office he imported all his own and his wife's relations from Ireland, and pensioned them upon our treasury, as follows:

Himself.....	\$8,000
His brother.....	2,400
His sister.....	1,498
His cousin.....	3,000
His other cousin.....	1,038
His brother-in-law.....	1,310
One more cousin.....	3,000
Just one more cousin.....	1,312

Making a total for the Dunn family of \$23,596. If Duon is elected State Comptroller, we may regard the State Treasury as an Irish immigration fund for all the mendicant Duns in all Ireland, from the Cove of Cork to the Giant's Causeway.

There is a false impression abroad in our community in reference to the Central Pacific Railroad corporation, in this: that the corporators have been the beneficiaries of the Government to the extent of nearly thirty millions of dollars in money, to the extent of millions of acres of valuable lands, and that they are indebted to the State of California, to San Francisco, Sacramento, and Placer counties, for large gifts and subsidies; that these lands and moneyed gifts and credits in aid of the railroad enterprise place the railroad builders in an attitude toward the people other than a business one; that they hold somehow the relation of trustees toward the General Government, and are holding some undefined relation toward the people that places upon them at least the moral obligation to transport passengers and merchandise at such rates as the community shall be content with, and to do business upon other than business principles. This impression is a false one. It is not founded upon facts, and the sooner the business community is disabused of this false impression the better it will be for it. We shall not in this article undertake to discuss the moral attitude which these or any other corporations hold toward the people. We are not concerned with the moral question, and are not holding the position of father-confessor or conscience-keeper to those who own and control the Central Pacific Railroad property. We will in this writing consider the practical and financial relations which exist between the Central Pacific Railroad owners and the community in which and for whom they have undertaken to do business. These relations are to a degree exceptional, and grew out of exceptional conditions, but in no sense do they alter the business relations which exist between the roads and the people. If Mr. John T. Doyle, who is the most intelligent and fairest representative of a class that has gone crazy over a false idea, would disabuse himself of the conceit that he is Don Quixote, and the railroad company the windmill; if he would dismount from his Rosinante and make Samuel Seabough descend from his ass for a consultation; if they each would ask the other: In what respect has the railroad injured us?—in what particular has it failed in its obligation to the people of whom we are a part?—what money has it had from city, county, State, or General Government whose taxes we are compelled to pay, for which it has not rendered a fair and just equivalent?—what contract has it ever entered into with government or individual that it has not honorably kept?—what has it ever done that has injured the State of California, where it is located, or the city of San Francisco, where it terminates?—what is it doing or threatening to do that imperils these interests, or in any sense threatens to be prejudicial to the future welfare of city or State?—if these two gentlemen would look upon the railroad as a place to grind corn, and not as an enchanted castle; if they could be made to regard it as a practical business enterprise engaged in the transportation of passengers and merchandise for the mutual benefit of the parties interested, and not as a political factor which they have a right to drag into the arena of politics for the benefit of knaves and demagogues—then they would seem at least to be more rational and disinterested than they now appear to be. If they would admit the benefits which have already been wrought in this State by the existence of its railroads, confess the good they have done, and fairly acknowledge what has been accomplished, instead of this continual jeremiad of woes, which, through the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, they continually pour out, they would appear more honest. They would encourage immigration and do much to improve the business of the community, if they would get themselves into the Pandora's box of evils and shut the lid down over themselves. Two such never-ending scolds, with the unceasing din of unfounded complaints and false accusations, with such demagogues as Estee, Foote, and Sumner, are sufficient to keep the community in a ferment which works only evil. The truth is, and it is recognized by every honest man of sense, that the Central Pacific Railroad has accomplished more for the advancement of this State than all other causes combined. The men who conceived and consummated this project of a transcontinental railroad have done more to develop this State than any hundred other men who have ever done business in it. Ours was an isolated position on this almost unoccupied coast. We, who were the pioneers, who had dared the perils of a hazardous journey to reach it, who appreciated its beauties of climate, its variety of productions, its wealth of mines, forests, fisheries, and quarries, its commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing possibilities, and who for nearly twenty years had lived in exile from Eastern homes, scarcely dared to hope that the time would come in our lives when so magnificent an achievement as a transcontinental railroad would be consummated. Messrs. Stanford, Edward and Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, and Huntington, all of Sacramento, men of daring and enterprise, though not of large fortunes, were bold enough to harness themselves to the accomplishment of this great work. At this time the project was one of stupendous dimensions. It challenged the best efforts of the most courageous men. It required nerve of the stoutest kind. Its cost was estimated into millions, that only governments could afford to expend. As an engineering experiment, it challenged the boldest confidence. As a busi-

ness enterprise, it was looked upon as one of doubtful success. The frontier of civilization was then the western side of the valley of the Mississippi. Between this fringe of western pioneers and California's adventurers, and between the settled farm-lands and the occupied ranchos, there stretched a great wilderness of desolation. The Rocky Mountains reached down with their eastern and western slopes as grazing grounds for the wild herds. In the Sierra, the miner and the grizzly bear contended for supremacy. Nevada had not disclosed her silver wealth, nor Colorado her golden treasures. The city of Great Salt Lake was but a rural village. Denver was unoccupied, and along the route of towns, thriving villages, and farm lands, where corn now grows and cattle thrive, there was broad desolation, broken only by the savage Indian and the wild beasts of mountain and plain. These men had the courage to attempt the realization of California's dream. The war came, and the nation demanded the construction of a railroad as a war necessity. Statesmen saw in the coming time the prudence of binding the Union together with bands of iron. The political economist considered the necessity of a railroad for the future use of the Government in the transportation of its troops, its munitions of war, and its mails. The Government, for reasons of its own, desired this work to be done. California wanted it. Mr. Stanford, the two Crockers, and Messrs. Hopkins and Huntington undertook to accomplish the work, and entered upon the enterprise. To obtain the charter was an easy task. It was had for the asking. To obtain the money necessary to build it, these parties asked certain advances by those municipal governments in California whose interests were to be promoted, and asked of the General Government a loan of its credit and a gift of certain lands along the line of the road whose values would be advanced by its construction; and in consideration thereof agreed to build a railroad, to carry mails, and transport troops and munitions of war. All this was a matter of contract. It was a bargain between the Government and individuals. The individuals were to build a railroad, much needed for public convenience, and the Government, under certain conditions, was to issue its bonds, which were to be security upon the road when built. These were to be issued only in sections as the road was built, the corporation to pay the principal of the bonds at maturity with interest. This contract was entered into fairly, openly, and understandingly by the Congress of the United States, with responsible citizens who had the brains, the resolution, and the nerve to perform what they agreed to perform. The road has been built. All the contracts and obligations have been kept by the builders. The Government of the United States has never advanced, expended, laid out, or in any manner lost, one single dollar in this great national enterprise. It has advanced and risked its credit by the issue of some twenty-seven millions of dollars in Government bonds, and not one cent of interest upon this vast sum of money has ever been in default. For the full payment of both principal and interest the Government has ample security. These bonds, when the Government first began to issue them, were at a very low price. The first bonds were sold at forty cents on the dollar, netting the railroad builders here thirty-eight cents in gold coin. As the railroad progressed, and the war was drawing to a conclusion, the price of bonds advanced, till the last issue was quoted as salable at ninety cents on the dollar. The average cost realized by the corporate builders of the Central Pacific Railroad was seventy cents on the dollar. For these bonds so used and sold the company obtained money to go on with the work. The bonds bear six per cent. interest per annum. This interest is now being paid by the company, and is equivalent to eight per cent. per annum upon one of the largest advances ever made by a government to an individual firm for the accomplishment of a public work. We know of no other instance in the financial history of any government in modern times, where so large a credit given to individuals has been so honorably protected and so promptly and conscientiously met. In the dealings between the corporation and the Government there have been differences of opinion, and there have been lawsuits; but whenever an adjudication has been had, and a decree rendered by a judicial tribunal, the company has yielded to the decision, and performed all the requirements of the judgment of the court. It was Government credit, undoubtedly, that made it possible for these men to successfully accomplish so great a work; but this credit was obtained at a tremendous cost. The bonds sold for an average of seventy cents on the dollar, and the company is now paying eight per cent. per annum for the money thus obtained, and will continue to do this until the thirty years shall have expired. Money is now worth less than four per cent. per annum for large amounts with Government guaranty. This road was completed more than six years in advance of the time contracted for, and it has answered the full expectations of the wise and prudent statesmen who, in a time of war, had the courage to provide for the future a great national highway.

In declaring that the railroad corporation has complied with all its agreements entered into with the Government, we are not unmindful of the controversy and litigation over

the Thurman Bill. This matter is concluded; but is still the subject of misrepresentation by journals and individuals who have ulterior objects to accomplish by such falsifications. An editorial in the *Chronicle* of September 27th, criticising the "Railroad Tax Decision," says, in speaking of the Central Pacific Railroad Company: "They will claim that under the Thurman Act the Federal Government has an interest in their gross receipts, and that therefore the State can not tax them—i. e., the gross receipts. It is true they have not observed the Thurman Act, but they will set up 'the objection all the same.'" There frequently appears in the daily press a statement of similar effect to this, so that it is probably believed by nearly all but the writers of the editorials themselves. If they know anything about the act in question, or its history, they must know that it is not true that the Thurman Act has not been observed by the railroad companies. It has been, and is, observed promptly, and to the letter. By the original acts of Congress, aiding the construction of the Pacific railroads with a loan of United States bonds, it was agreed that the bonds and interest should be repaid by the annual payment of five per cent. of the net earnings of the road, and one-half of the amount received for transportation of United States mails, troops, and property. By the Thurman Act, of May 7, 1878, (20 Stat., 56,) the railroad companies were required to pay twenty-five per cent. of their net earnings into the United States treasury, thus arbitrarily changing the terms of the contract, and requiring the payment of a debt before it became due. Upon the trial of the constitutionality of the act three judges dissented from the finding of the court. The change made by the Government, violating the terms of its agreement with the railroads, was a part of the Granger movement of the time against railroads. The terms of the Thurman Act are commented upon by Mr. Justice Strong in his dissenting opinion, as follows: "No one can deny that they materially change the contract of loan and borrowing previously existing between the Government and the railroad companies, and change it at the will of the creditor alone. Nor can it be denied that they impose upon the debtors new and onerous burdens that they never agreed to assume." Such is the Thurman Act in its nature. It was, however, decided to be in harmony with the constitution, and has since been executed to the letter. The annual report for 1881, to the Secretary of the Interior, signed by Joseph K. McCammon, United States Commissioner of Railroads, says (p. 7): "The general books of the Central Pacific Railroad Company in San Francisco, California, have been examined and compared with statements sent to this office. . . . It is gratifying to state that free access has been granted by all these roads to their books and accounts, which are kept in good business-like order, and in such form that an expert accountant would find no great difficulty in ascertaining the true condition of the financial affairs of the companies." On pages 9 and 10 the condition of the accounts between the railroads and the Government, under the Thurman Act, is stated, from which I quote: "The cash payments which have been required from the companies, in addition to the retention of the entire compensation for services, are as follow: Central Pacific, one million two hundred and three thousand one hundred and fourteen dollars and fifty-three cents. . . . The Central Pacific has deposited the above amount of one million two hundred and three thousand one hundred and fourteen dollars and fifty-three cents in the Treasury." This report (the last yet published) is but a statement of the relations existing between the Pacific railroads and the Government, and if examined will show that every obligation due the Government under the Thurman or any other act has been promptly fulfilled. In the annual report of the Central Pacific Railroad for the year 1881, on page 5, the president of the company states that: "The amounts as found due the Government by the United States Commissioner of Railroads, under the various acts of Congress, have all been promptly paid by the company into the United States Treasury." Then follows a statement of the accounts, showing the annual payment for 1881 to have been one million thirty-eight thousand nine hundred and thirty-five dollars and twenty-four cents.

It may not be inappropriate here to observe that we have but little respect for that class of Pacific statesmen who were intent upon so interpreting the contract, and so legislating, that the burden of paying this debt should have been thrown upon this generation. We can not appreciate the motive of Pacific Coast men who complain that Government should have aided this enterprise. Men from Maine or Florida might criticise congressional legislation in aid of the construction of the road; but most assuredly such carping was not appropriate to a Californian. It indicates a narrow and jealous mind. We now consider the fact that San Francisco, having the opportunity, and having agreed to subscribe six hundred thousand dollars to the stock, repudiated the contract; and, having fought the proposition in law, compromised by paying four hundred thousand dollars, of which only a part went to the Central Pacific Railroad, this four hundred thousand dollars San Francisco received, in the advance of its property, its increase.

wealth, and its increased population, the value of a hundred millions of dollars. Four hundred thousand dollars would not construct one-tenth part of the edifices built by railroad men to adorn our city. It would not pay a fraction of the cost of grading and filling the land around the Mission slough. Whatever complaints other localities and other communities have to make against the Central and Southern Pacific railroad corporations, the city and citizens of San Francisco have none. As the terminal point of the roads, it has been largely benefited. If other places have been avoided by the road builder, all roads have led to San Francisco, and every mile of main and branch has contributed to our prosperity and growth. If there has been discrimination on freight or passengers, it has been in our favor. If wrongs have been done to other localities, they have been done in our interest. If the State of Nevada, or the merchants of Reno, have just cause of complaint, the State of California and the merchants of San Francisco have no such cause. Those peddlers of merchandise, those journalists, politicians, and grumblers, who have aired their complaints on the rostrum or in the newspaper, each and every one of them, without exception, have been controlled by some personal and selfish motive. That these men have crawled to the top, and made their clamor seem to be the public voice, is not creditable to a city that owes so much as does San Francisco to its railroad builders. The Goat Island scare illustrates to what absurd extremes a vicious press and unprincipled demagogues may lead a brainless mob. This island, lying within our jurisdiction, in easy access to our water front, midway between San Francisco and Oakland, in the very highway of commerce, at the entrance of our Golden Gate, was sought by the railroad corporation for the point of the receipt and distribution of their business. They would have spent millions of money, and anchored the commerce of ocean and continent in the very heart of our city. It was defeated through a passionate and vindictive opposition that now, in looking back upon, we find difficult to explain. Railroad business has gone to an inconvenient suburb, to which every merchant must pay for hauling his goods. The wheat trade, with its vast warehousing accommodations, has gone to Port Costa, Oakland, Vallejo, and elsewhere, while San Francisco has lost an expenditure of millions within its jurisdiction, and allowed a magnificent depot on made-land to be erected and become taxable at Oakland. Then the railroad asked that upon its own lands in Mission Bay it be allowed to so arrange the streets that it could fill them with solid earth, and upon this created land build their shops, depots, and warehouses. After a bill had passed the Legislature allowing this indispensable change, Governor Irwin, in obedience to that senseless clamor that demagogues never fail to listen to, and in fear of that vote of which all small politicians stand in awe, vetoed the bill, and to-day the Mission Bay is a useless, unsightly, and stinking pond within our city limits, where there might be solid land, where trains could be made up, warehouses built, and business be done, if it were not for the prejudice and the senseless, blind, and passionate opposition that is the growth of the teachings of such men as John T. Doyle, such journals as the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, and such political demagogues as Estee, Sumner, and Foote. Placer and Sacramento counties gave certain donations in aid of the road—not donations, but subscriptions to the stock of the company. These counties have sold their stock, made money by the transaction, and pocketed a profit. Their taxable wealth has been largely increased. The great stagnant puddle in Sacramento, where frogs and Chinese washermen flourished, has been filled. An elegant depot has been constructed, great workshops erected, two thousand mechanics kept busy, and yet there are Placerville-ians and villains in Sacramento who still grumble and find fault with the only element of life that flows through their else dead channels of business. The State paid interest for twenty years on \$1,500,000, but all this argument of favors rendered, gifts made, and subsidies given is answered by this statement: *In no one single year, since the completion of the road, has the company, and the roads under its control, paid in taxes a less sum than all the aids it received by donations from counties and the State.* The road has been of incalculable benefit to the State. It has saved millions annually to the General Government. It has added to the wealth, population, prosperity, and comfort of our State and all its parts. It has encouraged and drawn to our port the commerce of India, of the Pacific Isles, the Australian continent, and the Mexican and South American coasts. The roads are well and cheaply constructed. They are ably administered. There is no system of roads of equal length upon this continent that is more economically managed, or where passengers and freight are more comfortably, safely, and cheaply transported. Upon the same length of roads in New England freight and passengers are not more cheaply carried. The road was built under most adverse conditions. When the time is considered, and the character of the country across which these roads are built, with its mountains and deserts, the construction seems a miracle of enterprising achievement. Sacramento, as the base of construction, was away from supplies. Railroad material was to be brought around the Horn, or, as in some instances, at great expense, across the isthmus. Two locomotives, coming by way of Panama, cost the company \$165,000. They are now built at Sacramento at a cost of \$8,000 each. Three hundred miles of iron was brought across the Isthmus at four cents per pound freight. It cost one hundred and twenty dollars a ton to deliver, and then it was pushed to the front. Such freights now cost fifteen dollars per ton. When the road was completed it had a bonded debt of some \$30,000,000, and a floating debt of nearly \$10,000,000. It was a great and daring work, splendidly pushed, and successfully accomplished. It is a monument to the enterprise, courage, and genius of its promoters. It is the pioneer of other roads. It was begun under difficulties, when railroad millions had not become familiar words, and when railroads could not command unlimited credit. The Government aided with its credit, and the corporation has paid its debt, protected its credit, lived up to its contracts, and has honorably and honestly fulfilled all its obligations. It has paid its taxes to the extent of \$5,970,001 58. It is still prosecuting its work in the construction of other roads—the Southern Pacific Railroad to the Gulf of Mexico, the road east from Mojave, and the road north to Oregon. With such a record in the past, with its busy

present, and with its promising future, how contemptible and mean seem this small, snarling band of grumbling malcontents, who are hissing in stump speech and printed column at the only live enterprise that is now at work upon our coast. Mr. John T. Doyle rides at ease over the road from country-seat to business office, and writes interminable diatribes against an institution that makes his *otium cum dignitate* with vine and fig-tree possible. Estee has taken up the hobby of opposition to the railroads, whose servant he has formerly been. On his part it is calculating, dishonest, and inconsistent demagogism. And from out the political grass on all sides we hear the chirp, rattle, and snap of the small snakes who hope to attain the distinction of undeserved notice by the strength of their vociferation against railroads—not railroads in general—not Peter Donahue's railroad, belonging to a Democrat and an Irishman—but the Central and Pacific roads, belonging to native-born Americans and Republicans.

"These men make too much money," says this organized band of political malcontents and journalistic frauds. The appeal is to the selfish, that, because they make money, they should reduce fares and freights. We do not think they are making too much money, nor would we be mean enough to institute this inquiry so long as all their profits are being expended in the construction of other roads, all of which are necessary to the system of which San Francisco is happily the terminus and centre. The "American Annual Cyclopaedia," of 1879, says: "The gross earnings of the Central Pacific in 1877 were \$16,000,000; operating expenses, \$7,744,418; other expenses, such as interest, taxes, miscellaneous, and legal expenses, discount on currency, leased railroads, etc., \$7,288,186," leaving an amount too small to declare dividends, and this was subject to the still further deduction of \$1,200,000 under the Thurman act. This is the showing of 1877, when no dividends were paid. For the year 1881, as per the annual report of the company, the operating expenses were nearly \$14,000,000; interest, \$3,500,000; taxes, general and legal expenses, engineering, land department, etc., amounted to nearly a million more; dividends \$3,556,530, leaving a balance of \$1,337,227—not a very large surplus of earnings upon a property worth \$150,000,000, and which has a funded debt of \$54,276,500, a floating debt of nearly \$5,000,000, and owes the government \$27,855,680. These amounts seem large to editors, attorneys, importers of Milwaukee beer, machine politicians, and mendicants in search of office in which to earn their daily bread and hourly cocktails. That these railroads pay their taxes upon all their property assessed by the officials in which their property is located, is admitted. It has an assessed value of \$36,000,000 upon which they pay, and upon which the corporations have paid in round numbers, \$6,000,000. The only part of their property upon which they have refused to pay, and properly refused, and which refusal is sustained by the United States courts—Judges Field and Sawyer sitting—is the franchise, the roadway, the rails and rolling-stock, assessed by an illegal State Board for an excessive amount—a board which refused a deduction for mortgages as is by the law accredited to all property in like condition. When this vicious clamor shall cease, and reason resume its sway; when demagogues shall have been driven to the obscurity whence they emerged; when the small-minded politician shall find it unprofitable to agitate against railroads; when the business men of the community shall be permitted to make business arrangements on business principles between themselves and the common carriers; when the courts and the law shall be the tribunals to which are referred all controversies between merchants and railroad men; when the roads shall be permitted to withdraw from politics, and be free from blackmailers and lobbyists—the sooner will all disputes and disagreements be reconciled and settled upon a basis mutually advantageous to railroads and to the communities in which they are doing business.

Autumn: The rain has cleared the heavens. The hills are sharply defined and realistic. The harvest moon appeared last month, according to tradition. The roads are now clean and tolerably smooth. The country is more enjoyable in October than in June. The early rains have started the young grass. The meadows and lowland pastures are already green. The early rains have made October a beautiful month. Autumn in the forest is better than spring. Then there is a suggestion of abounding life. There are rank growths. There is a riot of nature. In the autumn there is an unbroken serenity. The growth of the year is accomplished. The watering-places are deserted, except by a few who remain behind. All the country is still and restful.—*Extracts from the Autumn Editorial of the San Francisco Evening Bulletin for October 17, 1882.*

It will surprise many Englishmen, says the London *Figaro*, to learn that during the past twelve months American newspapers were received in this country per post at the average rate of rather more than twenty-eight thousand a day. Seeing how seldom an American paper is seen out of London, the fact that England absorbs ten millions or so annually seems well nigh incredible.

A Calcutta gentleman, Babu Lok Nath Ghose, has conceived the idea of compiling a "Peerage and Landed Gentry" for India. He proposes to give the genealogy and family history of all the native chiefs, great and small, and also some account of the many native gentlemen upon whom the honorific distinctions have been conferred by the British Government.

"Moody in Paris!" exclaims the *Christian Intelligencer*—"The Paris of Clovis, and Louis Quatorze, and Napoleon III.; of Abelard, and Voltaire, and Eugene Sue; of Mirabeau, and Philip Egalité, and the Commune; of Richelieu, and Coligny, and McAll; of the Bastille, the barricades, and the Bois de Boulogne."

Victor de Lesseps, son of his father, tells of this performance of his father: "But my august father was not wanting to the occasion. He had round his neck a false collar of English make. He did not hesitate for a moment. He tore it off, and danced on it. This was his response to the insolence of the invader."

LITERARY NOTES.

A lately issued work is entitled "Extracts from the Writings of Thackeray." The contents of this volume have been chosen with great care, and consist chiefly of philosophical and reflective passages, including some few poems. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann, 208 Montgomery Street; price, \$1.75.

"What is Bright's Disease?" is by Seth Pancoast, M. D., of Philadelphia. The author discusses the question of the curability of this dread evil, and comes to the conclusion that it may be cured, even after the kidneys are seriously disorganized, provided the inflammation is removed, and the energy of the organic nervous system reestablished. Published and for sale by the author.

"The Cleverdale Mystery" has attracted considerable attention in the East. It is very timely, considering the present crisis in New York. It discusses the political and infamous system of "bossism," and, while dealing with no recognizable party, shows up the corruption and darker sides of the matter. Woven in between is an agreeable love story, which serves to add to the interest. It is written by W. A. Wilkins, editor of the *Whitehall* (N. Y.) *Times*, who is said to have had an extended experience in the scenes which he describes. Published by Ford, Howard, & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Les Recreations Philologiques, for October first, has arrived. It contains among other articles notes on the translation of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and "Alice in Wonderland," besides the explanation of a number of French idioms and their relationship to corresponding English phrases. Edited by Dr. L. Sauveur, 83 North Main Street, New York; price, \$2 per year.—*Le Français* for October is at hand, and contains among other articles "L'Education des Femmes au XVIIe Siècle," by Mademoiselle De Scudéry, and the usual discussion of French words and phrases. The translation of "Marjory Daw" is still continued. Edited by Jules Lévy, 17 Story Street, Cambridge, Mass.; price, \$1.50 for nine months.

Juvenile readers never seem to tire of reading about the "Bodley Children," concerning whom Horace E. Scudder has already written five large volumes. But now a new series of delights is opened to them in "The Bodley Grandchildren," the first volume of which is just out, entitled "Their Journey Through Holland." The Bodleys are supposed to have grown up and to have children of their own. After devoting some time to the study of their ancestry in New York, they decide to take the children to Holland, and there let them study the habits and haunts of their Dutch forefathers in connection with American history. This they do, and the book describes their experience. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

"The San Francisco Argonaut," says the *Critic*, "challenges our statement 'that most of Mr. Howell's titles are taken from Shakespeare.' 'Gives some examples,' it says. As it is the province of the *Critic* to enlighten the unilluminated, and as Shakespeare's plays and the Cowden-Clarke Concordance are presumably inaccessible to the *Argonaut*, we willingly grant its request." And then the *Critic* kindly tells us that "The Undiscovered Country" is from "Hamlet," "A Foregone Conclusion" is from "Othello," and "A Modern Instance" is from "As You Like It." All of this, strange as it may seem, we know. What we "challenged" was the *Critic's* statement that "most of Mr. Howell's titles are from Shakespeare." This we doubted, and asked in a humble—a Pacific Coast manner, so to speak—for examples. We have received them. But still we are not convinced that most of Mr. Howell's titles are from Shakespeare, for here is a list of his works: "Venetian Life," "Italian Journeys," "A Fearful Responsibility," "Suburban Sketches," "Their Wedding Journey," "Dr. Breen's Practice," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Lady of the Aroostook," "Poems," "Out of the Question," "The Parlor Car," "Choice Autobiography," "A Foregone Conclusion," "The Undiscovered Country," and "A Modern Instance." They foot up fifteen, and only the last three are from Shakespeare. As for "Out of the Question" being taken from Shakespeare, it might with as much reason be said to be taken from anywhere else—from an old almanac or from the *Critic*, for instance.

Announcements: A new novel by Miss Laffan, authoress of "Hogan, M. P.," is shortly to appear, and is looked forward to with considerable interest in Ireland, where she is regarded now as filling the place Lady Morgan once held—of national novelist.—The new story which the author of "Cape Cod Folks" is about to publish deals with life in a New England village, and her characters do not this time wear real names.—Mr. Aldrich's novels have been translated into French, German, Dutch, and Swedish; "yet he has never got a penny for them," Mr. Conway says, "except a small sum from London, and a substantial one from Tauchnitz."—The book on Corea which Mr. Griffin has written, and the Scribners are about to publish, does for that little known country, it is said, what Wallace's work does for Russia. It is exhaustive, as far as it is now possible to be. It gives the latest particulars in regard to Korean life, wars, and national affairs, having been brought down to include the recent events.—Mr. Julian Hawthorne intends, it is reported, to present for public inspection photographed pages of the forthcoming romance which it has been declared is not his father's work.—Mrs. Oliphant's loving and poetic sketch of the wanderings of a "Little Pilgrim" after death is to be published in book form by Roberts Brothers. Mrs. Oliphant, it is well known abroad, is a strong believer in the doctrines of Spiritualism, as are many English men and women distinguished for rank or for literary service. Not the least notable are Queen Victoria and Mr. Tennyson.

Miscellany: The scene of Mr. Howell's story, "A Modern Instance," is in Fryeburg, Maine, the old town in which Daniel Webster once taught school for three hundred and fifty dollars a year.—The *Academy* notices that the reprints by Messrs. Harper of the "English Men of Letters," cost twelve and a-half cents more than the English originals.—Mr. W. M. Laffan has gone to live in London as the literary representative of the Harpers. Mr. Laffan is the brother of Miss May Laffan, the clever author of "Hogan, M. P.," and "The Honorable Miss Ferrard"—novels which give a clearer idea of Irish life and character than can be found elsewhere.—The late Doctor Fussy knew little of any modern literature, which, as he used to say, was after his time. With Tennyson and the various late schools of poetry which flourished during the last generation, he was almost, if not wholly, unacquainted. To Sir Walter Scott he remained faithful to the last, and knew him as Lamb knew Shakespeare.—The fact that "Lorna Doone," Mr. Blackmore's most popular novel, is to be honored with an *édition de luxe* (making the twenty-first edition published) serves to recall to the editor of the London *Figaro* "the circumstance that the MS. of the tale in question was sent to, and rejected by, several publishers (the number was four, I think) before it at last found an appreciative reader in Mr. Sampson Low Jr." He liked the story much, and published it with readiness; but it looked for a long time as though his less appreciative brethren had been well advised in their refusal of "Lorna"; for it is an admitted fact that in its three-volume form the novel was a loss. This, in many instances, would have been the end of it; but Messrs. Low resolved to give it another trial, and so published a six-shilling edition. The result we all know. Slowly but surely the novel was read and talked of, and now its twenty-first edition is to assume the form of a gorgeous volume, the illustrations of which are taken from water-colors painted and presented to the author by a devoted literary admirer. Mr. Blackmore, by the way, when at home, is a market-gardener as well as a novelist, and is passionately devoted to the practical operations pertaining to the former calling. If rumor is correct, Mr. Blackmore meditates a long visit to the neighborhood of Pembroke, it being his intention to make that picturesque and interesting locality the scene of a coming novel. And it is always his practice, I may add, before writing a story, to acquaint himself by a stay, extending over many months if necessary, in the neighborhood in which he lays the scenes of his story.

OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"Lilian."—So you want to know "the name of the young gentleman whose poem to 'L. K.' was mentioned in last week's 'Obscure Intimations,' do you? Come now, Lilian, it wouldn't be a fair shake, now you know it wouldn't. We don't mind telling you, however, that it was addressed to a Lulu, and not to a Lilian. Perhaps he is a giddy thing, and is running two rackets, but still we wouldn't give anybody away—not even a poet. N. B.—We have confiscated your stamp.

"To the Comet of 1882," L.—Your lines are not as backneyed as Shakespeare's. But then that is the only merit they have. And what do you want a comet to speak for? Why is its "silence painful to the world"? A comet can't speak. According to Webster it is "a hairy star, moving in an eccentric orbit." Were it to begin to speak, it would be pushing eccentricity to the verge of madness.

"H." Tombstone, Arizona.—That story about the Lord's Prayer and "now I lay me," may be new in Tombstone, son, but it has been heard elsewhere. It was dug up out of the sub-carboniferous stratum of the Paleozoic age. If you could send us something from the Aztec, now, there would be some chance for it. People would have forgotten it.

"F. K. U."—We think an article of the kind you indicate would be extremely interesting. We would be pleased to publish it.

"On Michael Angelo's Statue, etc."—Accepted. Will shortly appear.

"Gus," Ukiah—"What I Know About Girls." An unexpected pressure of ads. on our columns prevents us from printing your production in its perfection. We give a few excerpts however:

What I Know About Girls: Girls are beautiful creatures. There are all sorts of girls. Some thick, some thin, and some neither thick nor thin. Girls and sofas are associated in the minds of most men with their happiest hours. Often you will see even staid old married men gaze on the sofa and fall into a reverie, and how pleasant it is then to see the smiles come and go on their faces, as from the dim chambers of their brains those pleasant memories come trooping back to them. Some girls, so delicate that they can not wash dishes, will dance all night and be quite fresh in the morning, and then you will see dear creatures, who are like a fiddle—they never sound sweet except with a beau. The girl of to-day does not blush much. The fact is that her complexion has been buried long ago, and when a blush finds its way to the surface, why is it like the second filling of the tea-pot? Because it's very weak.

This is very good. But, Gus, why is your MS. like a girl's blush? Ah, you sly rascal. We knew you'd guess it.

The individual who sent us a copy of Mrs. Mullock's poem, "Alma River," requesting its publication, will find it in the "Old Favorites."

"S. S."—If you have heard that we "make it a rule to decline all work from amateurs," you have not heard aright. Anything we consider good, (and available in other respects,) we accept, regardless of the writer's experience. It is true that editors are frequently biased by extrinsic considerations. If MS. is so evidently from an amateur that it is written on both sides of the paper with a stubby lead-pencil, or on the pasty side of a poster with a pointed stick, an editor sometimes feels a slight prejudice against the MS. and a strong one against the author. If it be done up in a tight roll so that it has to be flattened out by a sad-eyed editor sitting thereupon, he sometimes sits upon the sender. But never mind, S. S. We were all amateurs once. Horace Greeley was. So were we.

The following note has been sent us:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You would confer a favor on many of your numerous readers by publishing the text of the letter sent by Pope Pius IX. to Cardinal McCloskey, some three years ago, in which the head of the Roman church advocated the abolition of public schools in the United States. SAN FRANCISCO, October 17, 1882. T. P.

Does any one of our readers possess a copy of the document in question?

The publishers, Messrs. J. K. Gill & Co., Portland, Or., have sent us a copy of their "English-Chinook and Chinook-English Dictionary," for which they will please accept our thanks. It has been referred for review to that member of the staff who has made a study of the Chinook language and literature. He is now engaged in translating that grand epic beginning:

"Klat-a-wa me-si-ka Kó-pa le-bál o-coke ten-as-po-lak-ly."

"Not-wake o-coke ten-as-po-lak-ly."

"Kloshe ten-as-po-lak-ly."

"A Subscriber" writes as follows:

Will you print, or can you give me the words of a poem by Charles Dickens. I can only give the first line:

"When the lessons and tasks are all ended."

If you will print this among your "Old Favorites," you will greatly oblige me.—P. S.—What has become of Zulano? Is he going to die because somebody complained at his sneering? Let us hear from him again, and often.

The poem you ask for is called "The Children." It is not by Charles Dickens, but by Charles M. Dickinson. It is our impression that Dickens wrote but one poem—"The Ivy Green."—Zulano will probably reappear when we have more space to spare. Up to the election we shall be a little pressed by purely political matters. After that we shall have room for more love-stories, more weak poetry, more poor jokes, and more Zulano.

The only surviving daughter of the famous Emperor Souloque will arrive in Paris very shortly, says London *Times*. She calls herself simply Madame Lubin, having married a Frenchman on whom Souloque, gracefully bestowed the title of Duc de Pétionville, but who was wise enough to keep to his own name of Lubin. When Souloque reigned as Emperor of Otobiti, under his official name of Faustine I., about the year 1852, he surrounded himself with a galaxy of peers of his own making, whose titles seemed to have been taken from some Drury Lane pantomime. There were the Dukes of Lemonade and of Marmalade, Count Number Two, the Prince of Sweethearts, etc. Speaking of Souloque, he wisied one day for some ornamental plates to adorn the bushes of the grenadiers of his body guard, and a too facetious French dealer sent him a whole consignment of these head-dresses decorated with the labels taken from disused boxes of preserves; so that when Souloque proudly passed his troops in review before a stranger, the new-comer read, with intense amusement, on the bearskin caps, the following inscriptions: "Sardines, X— & Co.," "preserved ginger," "first-rate lobster!"

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References—Dr. L. C. Lane, San Francisco, Dr. G. A. Shurtleff, Stockton, Sup't State Insane Asylum.

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pieces of CHOICE SELECTED MUSIC. We will send three of these splendid Violins for \$3 or six for \$15. HUNDREDS of these Violins have been retailed at \$5.00 to \$12.00 each and as a speculation is worthy of special attention. Among the hundreds of testimonials received we print a few. "The Ole Bull Violin is indeed a bargain. Cash enclosed for three more. L. B. WALKER, Union, N. H." "Violin received. It is all you claim for it and more too. Shall want another soon. W. B. HILL, St. Joe, Mo." Please send at once another Ole Bull Violin. Sold the one I had for \$5.00. J. D. SPOFF, Atlanta, Ga. Send money by Registered Letter or Post Office money order. Catalogue of Musical Instruments Free. Send all orders to WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

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DRAMA.

What can they have been doing to "Van, the Virginian," which, when it came to town before, was such a cleverly constructed and interesting play? The new dénouement is more satisfactory, but a lot of unwelcome changes have been made, difficult to locate unless one be thoroughly familiar with the play as it stood, but felt indefinitely by one who has once enjoyed it, throughout the entire performance.

Every one knows the familiar newspaper tale of the traveler going home from the war, who stops at a wayside forge to have his horse shod, and recognizes in the blacksmith's wife, as she gives him a glass of water, his own wife, to whose welcoming arms he has been hastening. Bartley Campbell constructed a very pretty play out of so much material. The newspaper left him at the cardinal situation of the play with a new Enoch Arden upon his hands, to do with him as he liked. It would never have done to leave him with a great heart in his bosom, like Enoch's, the brave fisherman, who,

"the dead man come to life, beheld
Hers, yet not his—upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, and peace, and happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful;
And him, that other reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love.
Then he—though Miriam Lane had told him all—
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry
Which, in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth."

So he went out upon the waste and fell upon his knees, and prayed for heaven to give him strength "not to tell her, never to let her know."

A man is very apt to act that way in a poem, but in hard prose he is more likely to be like Mr. Richard Calvert, the returning husband in Mr. Bartley Campbell's play. Mr. Bartley Campbell equipped Mr. Calvert with a singularly unlovely disposition, of which a snarling, ugly temper is the chief component part. The actor who played the rôle this week saw fit to add to these charms a make-up as extraordinary as it was unbecoming. He first stained himself a deep Pompeian red. Pompeian red is a very correct color in these decorative days, either upon the walls of a room or the roof of a house, but as it has not yet come in in complexions, the effect may be said to have been a trifle bizarre. His hirsute adornments were of dense Egyptian blackness, and consisted of a painfully defined rim of tufted beard, and a lowering bang of Puie thickness. A pair of pale rolling eyes and a hoarse voice contributed to the unexampled ferocity of his appearance, and when he loomed upon the peaceful scene the audience seemed to be in a state of hazy uncertainty as to whether he were a very funny bad man, or a very heavy villain, and only cut the Gordian knot by alternating and taking him now one way and now the other, as the spirit moved them. This spirit of tactlessness in the air had the effect to somewhat dampen the pathos of Van, the Virginian. If memory serve, there is a moment in the old play when the sympathy turns to Calvert; when he tells of how he languished in the Southern prison for his northern home and for his waiting wife, it did cross the mind of the audience that the man had some rights; but, in the new version, he is simply a black fiend whose intrusion every one resents, and whom every one wishes well out of the way. Artistically, this is a mistake. It is the nicely balanced difficulty which excites interest to its highest tension. Who ever knows how to choose between Enoch Arden and Philip Ray? For when Philip "hears the life-long hunger in his heart," one wishes that he could have had his Annie; and when the strong, heroic soul of Enoch keeps him silent, one almost wishes that Philip might have a little shipwreck of his own. But in Van, every one is for Van. The big, brave, curly fellow wins all hearts, partly because the play is written that way, and partly because Frank Mayo is the only actor in his troupe. And yet he suffers from his own bad judgment in surrounding himself with such a group of hopeless incapables. Everything is awry, except, perhaps, pretty Miss Clancy, who plays Kate Vernon infinitely better than she does Elinor Vaughn. In point of fact, it must be that she plays the first act with a shade too much feeling. Her woe over the death of Richard Calvert seems to have been heavily overdone when that individual stalks upon the scene after his resurrection. A Virginia walk-around would have been a fitter expression of feeling under the circumstances, but as it would have been neither dramatic nor conventional, perhaps it was as well it was left out.

Mrs. Calvert-Vernon's rhetorical flourishes must have been rather petrifying to both her husbands; for, whether in the forge, the tavern, or in that anomalous ménage wherein her husband attempts to brain her with a gilt reception-chair, she expresses herself with a finished elegance and completeness of speech which would do credit to the principal of a seminary, while neither of her encumbrances is distinguished for well-rounded periods.

Van is the rough, tender, honest hero, whom one always expects of Frank Mayo, and always finds; and Kate is a nice little woman to sit upon a man's hearthstone and make him happy, with perhaps an exaggerated sense of duty in a country where there is a convenient Indiana, but a very proper amount of spirit when her supercilious husband begins to reduce her to proper submission with the parlor furniture. But for the rest of the troupe, where can they have been hurrowed from? Even the child is uninteresting, and a good three years older than she ought to be; for people always will go into a sort of primitive mathematics in a theatre when they are holdly challenged with such perplexities. And, according to all the rules of arithmetic, an investigating group of us settled it that this child antedated the Van episode by about three years.

We fell to wondering how old Father Calvert maintained himself; for he stood about in speculative attitudes, during the progress of scenes in which he was greatly interested, with a long whip in his hand, and

did not remove his hat even in the gorgeous atmosphere of the Calvert drawing-room, where gilt reception-chairs and bronzes abounded. He looked like a cattle-drover; but cattle-drovers do not keep mansions full of gilt chairs, and the gilt chairs in such a play should be accounted for. The unities of the drama demand it.

As a side issue, a pair of ingenious young lovers have been thrown in. As an evidence that they are not strictly amateurs, they wear blonde wigs. All ingenious stage-lovers take refuge under a blonde wig. The importance which this article of wear has assumed upon the stage can not be over-estimated. A manager might as well try to run his theatre without gas, as without a proper supply of blonde hair. It is the beautifier of the plain, the rejuvenator of the aged and wrinkled, the sign manual of comedy, the necessity of hurlesque, the regalia of the ingénue.

Charles Fechter wore it because Hamlet was a Dane; the first burlscuers, because they played Ixion, and the gods and goddesses of high Olympus were fair of skin and yellow of hair, according to the Greek mythology; Lady Audley wore it because a dozen years ago the blonde female villain was a daring innovation.

These lesser people must wear it because, so far as one can see, it is the one and only step in their profession which they have learned.

It is only when people are high up the ladder that they dare to disdain it, for Modjeska played Juliet, when she was here, in two long dark braids of her own hair; and she was almost passé, then, for she had a great son, sixteen years of age, always with her, of whom she was very proud and fond. Yet who ever saw a lovelier Juliet, excepting always the radiant, peerless Neilson, who was the "one entire and perfect chrysolite" in this one part at least.

To return to my ingenious lovers, who had a very strawy effect when they put their heads together. They were backed by yet another pair, for love-making seemed to go through Van's household like a pleasant contagion—if such things be. I have a wild, weird idea that comedy was the idea these two also intended to convey. Mr. Gingle's comedy consisted in an abbreviated pair of trousers, a nose frescoed with Vesuvian red, and an airiness of manner which seemed the result of a metaphysical force-pump. The chubby little soubrette has nothing to recommend her but a pair of bright eyes and a steadfast determination to do the very best she knows how.

But, alas, in the theatre this will not go for much until she does know how. In fact, this pretty play, what between injudicious revision and indifferent acting, has been severely mangled. An idyl, the bills call it, and it is a simple home-spun story; a play strong in dramatic construction they promised it, and it has been weakened; a great cast, and it was so small it was downright funny; magnificent scenery, and we have a forge and a homely little parlor; wondrous realistic effects, a lot of white cotton on the wheels leaning up against the smithy. The bills are less elaborate in their promise for next week, and there will, perhaps, by consequence, be more fulfillment, for they say nothing more than that we are to have the romantic drama, "The Isle of St. Tropez." It was as a romantic actor that Frank Mayo first became known to fame, but his popularity in his new line, to which a certain magnetism of his own has contributed quite as much as any elaborate art in his acting, will not permit him easily to drift back into his old groove. St. Tropez! The name has a ring of the olden time, when Davy Crockett was unknown, and Raphael, and Claude, and all the brotherhood were familiar heroes. BETSY B.

CCLT.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, October 22.

Clam Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Sweetbreads, larded and stewed.
Boiled Onions, Egg-plant, Sweet Potatoes.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly Sauce.
Boiled Ham, Lettuce, French Dressing.
Lemon Pie.

Apples, Figs, Peaches, Pears, Oranges, and Grapes.
SWEETBREADS, LARDERED AND STEWED.—Take three fine sweetbreads and parboil them for five minutes. The water must be boiling when they are put in. Plunge them immediately into very cold salt and water. Let them lie in this five minutes, wipe them dry, and lay them upon a cool dish until perfectly cold. Lard them closely with strips of salt pork; sew them gently in a cup of thick, rich veal gravy, for twenty-five minutes; add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, a small pinch of cayenne pepper, and, if needed, a little salt. Lay the sweetbreads in order on a flat dish; pour the gravy over them, and garnish with lemon laid in the triangle spaces left between three-cornered bits of fried toast.

A pleasant addition to this dish is force-meat balls of chopped beef, or veal very finely minced, and worked to a paste with lard; boiled yolk of egg, a little crumbed bread, a spoonful or two of butter. Season very highly, work in the yolk of a raw egg, and make into balls about a little larger than olives. Flour these, and lay on a floured plate, so as not to touch one another; set in a quick oven until they are firm, and hissing hot. Garnish the dish with them instead of sliced lemon, and pour the hot gravy over them and the toast as well as the sweetbreads. Place an outer circle of parsley as a garnish to all.

If fine weather this afternoon, a band will play in the Park, beginning at one o'clock. There have been four of the open-air concerts noticed in the *Argonaut* of a month ago. The last was given on Wednesday afternoon. It is now proposed to have them twice a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays, when the weather permits. The band numbers only twelve instruments, but, for its size, is effective and plays well together. At any rate, it is a good beginning of what ought to become a feature of musical pleasure-giving in this city.

Mr. W. C. Morrow, whose exciting stories, written from time to time for the *Argonaut* and other periodicals, have created much interest, has in press a novel, entitled "Blood-Money." It deals with a vital social problem, and those who have seen it predict for it great success.

Carl Formes left on Thursday for the East, accompanied by four pupils, whom he intends to introduce to the New York public—Misses Gleason, Mahoney, McLellan, and Greenwood.

A St. Louis railroad conductor awoke to find that he had overslept, and that his train had gone without him. He at once killed himself with a pistol.

The Bert-Palmer Dramatic Company, under the management of Ben Teal, left for Portland on last Wednesday morning.

—DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, fleas, roaches, bedbugs, lice.

—KEDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, BEST FAMILY SALVE in the world, and excellent for stable use. 25 cts.

—MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN THE world, 826 Market Street. (Phelan Block).

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5

—HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC BELTS, AND appliances for the cure of nervous, painful, and debilitating diseases. Pamphlets, with full particulars, free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC COMPANY, 513 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

—SKINNY MEN, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores wealth and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. \$1. at druggists.

—SCARCELY ANY DISEASE TO WHICH HUMAN beings are subjected is so thoroughly discouraging as Fever and Ague. The periodical return of alternate chills, fever, and sweating, is terribly depressing, Ayer's Ague Cure is the only remedy known which is certain to cure permanently, by expelling the malarial poison which produces the disease. It does this surely, and leaves no ill effect upon the system.

—MUSICAL BOXES, PAILLARD & Co., 23 Dupont Street. Repairing done. Prices low.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL remember that the place to buy colognes, perfume, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

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of the celebrated
NAHL GALLERY
(from Cassel, Germany)
of the works of the
OLD MASTERS
of Italy, Germany, Spain,
the Netherlands, and France,
at the rooms of the
S. F. ART ASSOCIATION
(430 Pine Street.)
Begin'g Wednesday, Oct. 25th.
DAY AND EVENING.
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

AUTHORS' CARNIVAL.
THIRD GRAND FÊTE OF NATIONS
For the Benefit of the
SIX CHARITIES,
Commencing on
MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23,
And closing November 4th.
TWELVE EVENINGS.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Grand March by all the participants will commence promptly at 8. Closes at 11.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Double Season Ticket, admitting gentleman and lady, or two ladies.....\$5.00
Single Season Ticket, admitting one person.....3.00
General Admission......50
Children......25

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ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES
235 KERNY ST.
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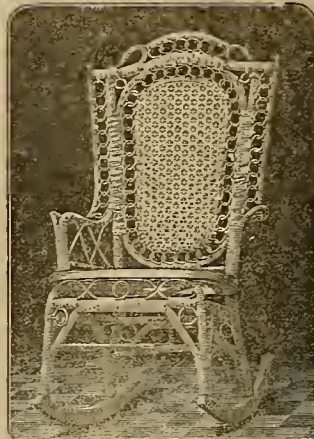
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LEAVING THE CITY.
FURNITURE, TRUNKS, PIANOS,
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SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE
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ELEGANT NOVELTIES in STATIONERY and CARDS preparing for the Holidays at

DOXEY'S
No. 23 DUPONT STREET, S. F.

[Department No. 7.]
SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, Plaintiff,
vs.
JAMES DALY, ET AL., Defendants.
Superior Court.
No. 22,921.
(Late 4th District Court.)
ALIAS EXECUTION.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN
Alias Execution issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, where the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against James Daly and Michael Hawkins, defendants, on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1879, for the sum of Six Thousand (\$6,000.00) Dollars, lawful money of the United States, which amount is entitled to a credit of \$2,788.18 made on two former executions, with interest thereon and 0.5%, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendants, James Daly and Michael Hawkins, had on the sixteenth day of October, 1882, the day upon which the hereinafter described property was levied upon in the above entitled case, or which they may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the names of James Daly, Michael Hawkins, John O. Kane, and A. J. Moon, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Broadway Street, 96 3-12 feet easterly from Baker Street; thence running westerly along said line of Broadway Street 96 3-12 feet to the easterly line of Baker Street; thence running northerly along said line of Baker Street 136 feet; thence easterly parallel with Broadway Street 61 5-12 feet; and thence southeasterly to the point of beginning.
Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 13th day of NOVEMBER, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendants, James Daly and Michael Hawkins, had on the 16th day of October, 1882, the day on which the above property was levied upon, as aforesaid, and which they may have subsequently acquired in and to the above described property, to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
TAMM & TOBIN, Att'ys for Plt.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 21, 1882.
21-254-11

PROHIBITION HOME PROTECTION
TICKET.

For Governor,
Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.

For Lieutenant-Governor,
William Sims, of Yolo County.

For Secretary of State,
M. C. Winchester, of Sutter County.

For State Controller,
Harvey W. Rice, of Alameda.

For State Treasurer,
J. B. Mullen, of Butte County.

For Attorney-General,
Will D. Gould, of Los Angeles.

For Surveyor-General,
E. K. Hill, of Marysville.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction,
R. A. Grant, of Woodland.

For Clerk of Supreme Court,
William Crowhurst, of San Francisco.

For Justices of Supreme Court,
Anson Branson, of Los Angeles,
Jackson Temple, of Santa Rosa.

For Members of Congress,
At Large—A. B. Hotchkiss, of San Diego.
JESSE YARNELL, of Los Angeles.
First District—JAMES MCM. SHAFER, San Francisco.
Second District—J. L. COLES, of Tuolumne County.
Third District—H. S. GRAVES, of Sutter County.
Fourth District—M. V. WRIGHT, of San Bernardino.

For State Board of Equalization,
1.—H. H. LUSE, of San Francisco.
2.—F. McD. GREEN, of San Joaquin.
3.—CHARLES D. GREEN, of Yolo County.

For Railroad Commissioners,
1.—HOWARD ANDREWS, of Sonoma.
2.—HIRAM CUMMINGS, of San Francisco.
3.—A. D. BOREN, of San Bernardino.

State Central Committee.
First District—Col. G. Babcock, C. H. Peterson.
Second District—Rev. Geo. Morris, Rev. W. C. Stewart.
Third District—Rev. E. Cohenhour, G. W. Frazer.
Fourth District—Rev. F. M. Featherston, Rev. N. W. Motheral.

At Large—Mrs. Emily P. Stevens, of San Francisco.
C. W. Pedlar, of Santa Clara.
Capt. A. D. Wood, of San Francisco.
Hon. Joel Russell, of Haywards.
Rev. M. V. Wright, of Riverside.
President—Capt. A. D. Wood.
Secretary—Rev. Geo. Morris.
P. O. Box 2337, San Francisco.

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Regular Republican Nominee
FOR ASSESSOR.

COLUMBUS BARTLETT,
Regular Republican Candidate for
SUPERIOR JUDGE.

DAVID WILDER,
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FOR SUPERVISOR, TENTH WARD.

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FOR CONGRESS,
From the First District,
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We have just received the finest line of French Mantel and Traveling Clocks in Bronze, Gilt Bronze and Enamel, ever exhibited in the city; also a choice selection of Fans and Opera-glasses, together with our already new and elegant stock of Diamonds and other Precious Gems, Fine Jewelry, Watches, and Silverware. We invite an inspection of our goods, it being no trouble to show them. Our prices are reasonable, and everything is marked in plain figures.

Visitors are welcome.

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31 DUPONT STREET, just opened with an entire new stock of BOOKS, STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, and FANCY GOODS. An elegant assortment of FANCY STATIONERY, LEATHER GOODS, ALBUMS, etc. Full line KINDERGARTEN MATERIAL.

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Invite the public to visit their

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NEW GOODS
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HAVE INTRODUCED THE LARGEST STOCK OF

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Call and examine them at

336 KEARNY STREET, NEAR PINE.**PACIFIC ROLLING MILL CO.**

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RAILROAD AND MERCHANT IRON

Car and Locomotive Axles and Frames, and Hammered Iron of every description. Rolled Beams, Angle, Channel, and T Iron, Bridge, and Machine Bolts, Lag Screws, Nuts, Washers, etc. Steamboat Shafts, Cranks, Pistons, Connecting Rods, etc., etc. Highest price paid for Scrap Iron.

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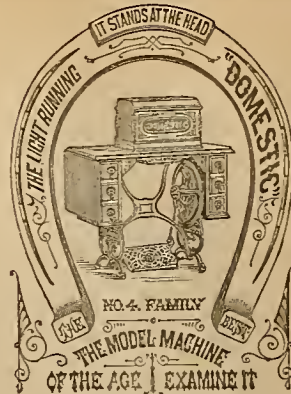
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ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.**MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER**

Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of October, 1882, an assessment (No. 27) of One Dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the fifteenth (15th) day of November, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless paid, rent is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the fifth (5th) day of December, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors, C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of September, 1882, an assessment (No. 10) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-sixth day of October, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors, W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 14th day of September, 1882, an assessment, (No. 9), of twenty-five cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Eighteenth day of October, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 8th day of November, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors, W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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110 MONTGOMERY STREET

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Bell.

When the first faint breeze of morning
Through the window softly blows,
And a gem of dew's adorning
Every violet and rose;

When the lily on the lakelet
Flutters like a frightened dove,
And the batter for the casket
Stands beside the kitchen stove,

And the trees their blossoms sprinkle
On the windlet in the dell,
Then how lovely sounds the tinkle
Of the jolly breakfast-bell. —Puck.

Lines to Walt Whitman.

Being a Plea against the Good Gray Poet's Lawless Paces.

Wherefore scorn the tuneful measure
Like a lout,
Drowning Art's melodious pleasure
In a shout?

As the Menads corymbant
Used to wound
Beauty's eyelids, in their frantic,
Reckless round?

Must not every Muse deny him
For a churl,
Who will hut-ward haste to bid him
From the whirl

Of the rhythmic cadence, speeding
On the dance,
Lads and lasses gayly leading
In its trance?

'Tis not *coram mirum*'s blaring,
Saturnine,
All their senses is ensnaring!

But—the Nine!

—Sam Ward in the World.

Lines to Sam Ward.

Being a Plea against the Lascivious Playing of a Lute.

Therefore, chant the Lydian measures,
Mi, sol, fa,
Man the monkey always treasures,
La di da.

Rare enough the rash intruding
Of the lew,
Swarms the graciul boop-de-dooden,
Doo-dee-doo.

When the heart its longing chaunteth
On the rack,
Is the one thing that it wanteth
Brie à-bra? —Dramatic Times.

Two Letters.

HIS.

My dear Miss: If you'll only be mine,
You shall have, every spring, a new bat;
And we'll live in the cosiest rooms
To be had in the gorgeous new flat.

HERS.

My dear Sir: I don't want to be yours,
Though, of course, I should like the new bat;
Yet I never could make up my mind
To inhabit a flat with a flat.

Couldn't Take a Joke.

I slyly pulled the pins from Nellie's hair,
One summer day, when she and I together
Sat in her sunny parlor, in the rare,
Sweet influence of our California weather.
Down fell its folds, (like Danae's shower of gold
Whipped into finest gossamer—or, rather,
A sheaf of sunshine loosened from the mold
That held its rich luxuriance in tether.)
Over her lissome form in splendor fell
The silken shower on arm, and neck, and shoulder,
A veil so rare, I hesitate to tell
Its wondrous beauty—I being sole beholder.
In awe I stood a moment, when I saw
What I had done. Then, suddenly grown bolder,
Felt fear of naught, ('twas either peace or war!)
And in my arms proceeded to enfold her.
And she? She lifted arm with rarest grace;
Its fellow-member quickly raised to aid it,
And then, with jeweled fingers—slapped my face,
And said, "You wretch, you've snarled my hair;
Now, braid it!" —Percy Vere.

My Photographs.

Here's number one:
A sweet child's face tanned brown by wind and sun;
Unruly curls, and eyes that flash with fun;
My first love-dream, "the sweetest heart" of my youth—
Ah, how I worshiped little winsome Ruth!
Girls grow so fast! I am my father's son,
And step-son of my "number one."

And number two:
Oh, how we loved, and swore by all things blue—
Blue eyes, blue skies—forever to be true!
And did all other foolish things and sweet
Which lovers do—too sacred to repeat.
All that is past; a gentle moneyed Jew
Is owner now of "number two."

And number three:
A vanished summer-time comes back to me;
A country lane, and wood, and trysting-tree.
Fair Jenny Lee, that sunny summer time,
Was one swift spell of sensuous, sumptuous rhyme.
She's known to lame as "Jane Minerva Lee
On Woman's Rights"—my "number three."

And number four:
Ah, let me look upon this face once more!—
The royal, loyal face of "Reine Lenore."
A regal Reine, the loveliest of all queens;
We both were mad when we were in our teens.
She's really huge and happy with Le Gore;
And twins three sets—has "number four."

And number five:
Soft lines and shadings, which at once revive
Dear memories of angel Annie Clive.
Too frail for earth, too pure for mortal love,
Death took her to the better life above.
She ate too many pickles well to thrive,
And so she left me—"number five."

Last, number six:
These piercing eyes my wandering mind transfix,
Bring me down to thoughts of Ellen Dix.
In Dix! our youthful dreams are o'er;
"Ship" is wrecked upon a rocky shore.
Now ye, that I married Ellen Dix—
Or die and—"number six." —Harrison Robertson.

AYER'S AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF OF

Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chills
Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague,
Periodical or Bilious Fever, etc., and
indeed all the affections which
arise from malarious, marsh,
or miasmatic poisons.



Has been widely used during the last
twenty-five years, in the treatment of these
distressing diseases, and with such unvary-
ing success that it has gained the reputa-
tion of being infallible. The shakes, or
chills, once broken by it, do not return,
until the disease is contracted again. This
has made it an accepted remedy, and
trusted specific, for the Fever and Ague of the West, and
the Chills and Fever of the South.

Ayer's Ague Cure eradicates the noxious poison from the
system, and leaves the patient as well as before the attack.
It thoroughly expels the disease, so that no Liver Com-
plaints, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dysentery, or Debility
follow the cure. Indeed, where Disorders of the Liver and
Bowels have occurred from Miasmatic Poison, it removes
the cause of them, and they disappear. Not only is it an
effective cure, but, if taken occasionally by patients ex-
posed to malaria, it will expel the poison and protect them
from attack. Travelers and temporary residents in Fever
and Ague localities are thus enabled to defy the disease.
The General Debility which is so apt to ensue from con-
tinued exposure to Malaria and Miasm, has no speedier
remedy.

For Liver Complaints, it is an excellent remedy.

PREPARED BY

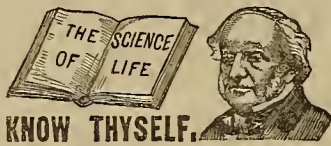
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life may be alleviated and cured. Those who doubt this
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Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Pre-
mature Decline in Man, or Vitality impaired by too close
application to business, may be restored, and manhood re-
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great experience, to whom was awarded a gold and jeweled
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TION.
Is a marvel of art and beauty, warranted to be a better
medical book in every sense than can be obtained elsewhere
for double the price, or the money will be refunded in every
instance.—Author.

N. B.—YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN can save
much time, suffering, and expense by reading the Science
of Life, or conferring with the author, who may be consul-
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Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances TO
MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vital-
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NATURAL APERIENT WATER. János

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER LAXATIVES.

"SPEEDY, SURE, & GENTLE."

Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P. London.

The most certain and comfortable cathar-
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liver or piles.

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For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses

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A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman.

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The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revivifies the drooping spirits, invigorates and
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firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the
eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh
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It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving
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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight
and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex
this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER
will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the
Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of
man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared
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either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form
of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box
for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of
inquiry. Enclose 3¢ stamp. Send for pamphlet.

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LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness,
and torpidity of the liver. 50 cents per box.

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THUNDER POWDER COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,

California; location of works, Alameda County, California.

Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following de-
scribed stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on
the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set
opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as fol-
lows:

Name.	Cert. No.	No. Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee..	37	10,000	\$2 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee..	73	200	4,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee..	74	300	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee..	79	14,995	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee..	87	6,000	5,998 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee..	4	5	2,400 00
W. M. Dodge, Trustee..	6	5	not issued
W. W. Dodge, Trustee..	7	995	398 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee..	8	5	2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee..	9	2,495	398 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee..	10	5	2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee..	11	995	998 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee..	12	5	2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee..	13	2,495	998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee..	14	1,000	400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee..	15	2,000	400 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee..	16	1,000	400 00
M. Baldrige, Trustee..	17	1,000	400 00
Frederick Lux, Trustee..	18	1,000	400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee..	19	2,000	800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee..	20	1,000	400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee..	21	500	200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee..	22	500	200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee..	23	1,000	400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee..	24	2,000	800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee..	25	500	200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee..	26	500	200 00
E. E. Frasier, Trustee..	27	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee..	28	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee..	29	1,000	400 00
L. C. Kelly, Trustee..	30	1,000	400 00
Chas. Neal, Trustee..	31	500	200 00
Wm. F. Flick, Trustee..	32	5	2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins, Trustee..	33	5	2 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee..	34	5	2 00
Benj. Teal, Trustee..	35	5	2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee..	36	5	2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee..	37	1,000	400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee..	38	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee..	39	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee..	40	1,000	400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee..	41	1,000	not issued
F. M. Pixley, Trustee..	42	3,000	1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee..	43	3,000	1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee..	44	1,000	400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee..	45	500	200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee..	46	500	200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee..	47	200	80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee..	48	100	40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee..	49	50	20 00
S. B. Heriman, Trustee..	50	50	20 00
A. P. Patton, Trustee..	51	50	20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee..	52	50	20 00
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee..	53	250	100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee..	54	250	100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee..	55	1,000	400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee..	56	500	200 00
Jas. S. Fortens, Trustee..	57	500	200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee..	58	100	40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board
of Directors made on the fifth day of August, 1882, so
many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary
will be sold at public auction at the company's office,
No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the
hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent
assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and
expenses of the sale.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent
stock is hereby postponed until the thirtieth (30th)
day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors,

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

E. R. THOMASON, Plaintiff,
vs.
PATRICK WARD, Defendant.

Superior Court.
Department No. 10.
No. 622.
Order of Sale and Decree
of Lien and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale issued
out of the Superior Court, Department No. 10, of the
City and County of San Francisco, State of California,
on the 23d day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above
entitled action, wherein E. R. Thomason, the above
named plaintiff obtained a judgment and decree of lien
and sale against Patrick Ward, defendant, on the 5th
day of September, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and
decree was, on the 13th day of September, A. D. 1882, re-
corded in Judgment Book 1, of said court, at page 376, I
am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel
of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County
of San Francisco, State of California, and so bounded and
described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly
line of Henry Street, distant one hundred feet easterly from
the northeasterly corner of Henry and Castro streets;
thence easterly along said line of Henry Street, twenty-six
feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and
fifteen feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred
feet; and thence at a right angle westerly twenty-six
feet; to the point of commencement. Being de-
signed on said Assessment and Diagram as Lot No. 2.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE
THIRTIETH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1882, at
twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City
Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in
obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien and sale,
sell the above described property, or so much thereof as
may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment,
with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder
for gold coin of the United States.
San Francisco, October 7, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

J. C. BATES, Attorney for Plaintiff.

October 7, 14, 21, 28.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TIMOTHY NUNAN, Plaintiff,
vs.
SAM SING et al., Defendants.

Superior Court.
Department No. 3.
No. 6027.
Order of Sale and De-
cree of Foreclosure.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued
out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City
and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the
20th day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled
action, wherein Timothy Nunan, the above-named plaintiff,
obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against
Sam Sing, Sun Sing, and War Fong, defendants, on the 18th
day of September, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and
decree was, on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1882, re-
corded in Judgment Book 2, of said court, at page 178, I
am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel
of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County
of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and de-
scribed as follows:

Beginning at the northwesterly corner of Clay Street and
Waverly Place; running thence westerly along the north-
erly line of Clay Street thirty-nine (39) feet and one and a
quarter (1 1/4) inches, more or less, to the east line of Coch-
rane's building; thence at right angles northerly thirty-six
(36) feet four and a quarter (4 1/4) inches; thence at right
angles easterly thirty-nine (39) feet one and a quarter (1 1/4)
inches, more or less, to the west line of Waverly Place; and
thence southerly, along said line of Waverly Place, thirty-
six (36) feet four and a quarter (4 1/4) inches to place of be-
ginning. Being part of lot No. 57 of the 50-avala lot survey.
Together with all and singular the tenements, heredita-
ments, and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise
appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 23d
day of October, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day,
in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San
Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and de-
cree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so
much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy
said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest
and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.
San Francisco, September 30, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

SAWYER & BALL, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

September 30, October 7, 14, 21.

AUCTIONEERS.

116 Montgomery Street,

Occidental Hotel Block. SAN FRANCISCO

C. P. SHEFFIELD, N. W. SPAULDING, J. PATTERSON

17 and 19 FRENONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

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Fruit Lozenge for

CONSTIPATION,

Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache,

Cerebral Congestion, etc.

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President,
San Francisco,
Cal.

PACIFIC BANK
Established
1863.
Capital Stock
\$1,000,000.00
Surplus **460,800.70**

San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1892.

We take pleasure in presenting for your consideration the following Thirty-eighth Semi-Annual Statement of the condition of this Bank:

RESOURCES.

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,755,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 80

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

This Bank has special facilities for doing all kinds of banking business.

NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER

NO Alum
Flour
Starch
Ammonia
Phosphates
Tartaric Acid

Cream Tartar and Bi-Carb. Soda

NOTHING ELSE

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VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE

320 ACRES.

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE farms in the State for Vineyard or Orchard; situated in the warm belt of Santa Clara County, six miles from Santa Clara, three miles S.E. from Mountain View Station; 50 acres growing vines; soil, gravelly loam; can be plowed at any season of the year; Stevens Creek flows through the entire length four months in the year; easily irrigated; 2½ acres of Orchard in full bearing of choice trees; large house, 8 rooms, hard finished; large new barn with stalls for 16 horses; cow barn and chicken yard; entire place is well fenced; large windmill with 10,000-gallon tank, and water-pipes laid to barn and house. The climate is delightful; large live-oak trees in the yard and scattered over the farm. The land adjoining is being planted in vines, and is said to be the best vineyard land in the State. Trains run to Mountain View four times per day. Lands around sell for \$200 per acre; Vineyards four years old sell for \$200 per acre. Safe, desirable, and profitable investment. The roads are gravelled, and never get muddy. The place is desirable as a country residence. Will exchange for city property, or will sell for all cash, or part cash and the balance at low rates of interest. Stock and implements will be sold with the farm if desired. Inquire of or address

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327 Market Street, San Francisco.

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BLACK AND WHITE.

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LIME FRUIT JUICE SAUCE.

FINEST TABLE SAUCE IN THE MARKET FOR ROAST MEATS, STEAKS, FISH, CURRIES, GAME, ETC., ETC.

We take great pleasure in recommending the above Sauce to the public for not only its wholesomeness, being made from pure MONTSERRAT (W. I. Island) Lime Fruit Juice, but for its delicacy of flavor, which makes it superior to any Sauce ever offered in this market.

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CUMBERLAND COAL,

LEHIGH LUMP and EGG COAL,

AT WHOLESALE.

SEATTLE COAL,

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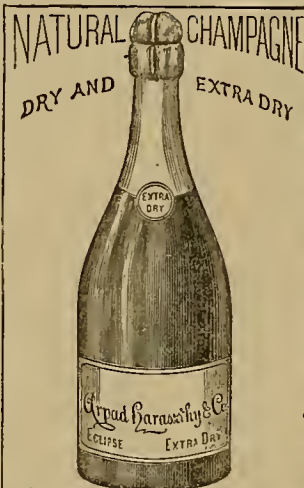
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Classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar
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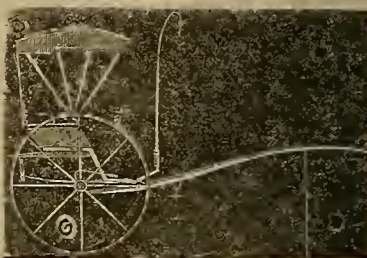


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22 AND 24 GEARY STREET

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The Argonaut is printed with Shattuck & Fletcher's ink.



SAN LEANDRO

VILLAGE CARTS

Manufactured by

JACOB PRICE,

...AT THE...

SAN LEANDRO PLOW WORKS

The above cut is a diminished copy of the working drawing from which my two-wheeled Phaetons are built, and is the first of a series that will appear weekly on this page of the Argonaut, illustrating the various styles in which these popular vehicles are made. They are divided primarily into two classes—the Phaetons, illustrated above, and the Piano Boxes, a cut of one of which will appear next week. Peculiarities in the construction of these make the different styles.

The sudden popularity and large demand for these vehicles have been a source of astonishment to those familiar with the facts, and of embarrassment to myself, as I was not prepared to fill orders one-quarter as fast as they came in. (This trouble, however, exists no longer, as I now have a large force of men, who are daily becoming more familiar with their work, enabling me to fill orders promptly.) This (to me) agreeable state of affairs is due doubtless to several features in their construction, peculiar to my carts alone; but it costs too much to recite them all here, so I confine myself to a few:

First—When requested, I give a written guarantee as follows with each vehicle:

I warrant it to be wholly free from that tedious and annoying bubbling motion common to other two-wheeled vehicles, which tires the occupant and hurts the horse's back, and to ride as smoothly and easily as the best buggy. I think no other responsible maker dare give such a warranty.

Second—My Patent Leveling Device simply perfects two-wheeled vehicles, and makes my Village Carts, in connection with their admirable system of springs and link-hangers, equal in every important respect to a four-wheeled vehicle. The Leveling Device enables the occupant to level the body in a moment, whether a large or small horse is used, and entirely prevents the seat from tipping backward or forward. This advantage is peculiar to this vehicle alone.

Third—The body is independent of the shafts, and can move up and down freely 10 or 12 inches, remaining level while doing so.

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DRINK FALK'S MILWAUKEE BEER.

The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 18.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 28, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

A HOUSE OF SPOOKS.

The Strange Ghosts that a Clergyman's Family had to Harbor.

Early in January, 1879, clerical duty called me into the northwest of England. In the midst of a heavy fall of snow my family and I took possession of the official residence provided for us.

It was an old stone house of one story; roofed, in part with ancient stone slabs, in part with modern slates, and standing in a garden hare of trees. A wide passage ran back from the entrance toward the kitchen, where there were two doors; the one leading into the yard, the other into the larder, which was, in fact, a roomy cellar at the foot of a flight of very old stone steps. The five bed-rooms all opened on a square landing.

My wife has the weak habit of going to "tuck up" her boys after they are in bed. One night their voices sounded so angry that she ran up in haste to see what was wrong. On entering their room she found the two elder boys sitting up in bed, hurling injurious and derisive epithets at some person or persons unknown.

"Let me just find out who you are, and you'll get such a jolly good licking as you'll remember," announced Primus, gazing wrathfully at the ceiling.

"Oh, you blooming idiot! I wish I'd your boots. I'd throw 'em at your head. Be off! I'm taking a sight at you," shouted Secundus, nose and fingers up-turned in the same direction.

"Are you both mad?" inquired the stern maternal voice. "It's that fellow, mother, that I told you about. He's on the roof again. Just listen to the row he makes."

"I've heard no row on the roof," remarked mother, with dignified emphasis, and, having performed the usual ceremony, she departed, and came and told me of the whole affair, concluding with: "I wonder if it can be rats."

"Not a doubt of it."

Next morning the boys were full of their nocturnal visitor, and declared that no sooner had the drawing-room door shut than the scrambling and tramping began again.

"Rats, father! Why, we know the sound of them well enough. And they run between the ceiling and the roof. But these are unmistakable boots, with plenty of hobnails in them, too, on the outside of the roof."

"Come out and have a look," was my reply.

There lay the white marble, smooth and glistening in the sunshine, and untrodden by so much as the foot of a tomcat.

The boys looked at each other in amazement. "I don't care," said Secundus, defiantly; "I shall always believe it was a boy."

That evening, just as we were about to begin prayers, we were all startled by some tremendous blows on the cellar door. My wife, thinking there must be some one at the back door, told Stillwater, the maid, to go and see who could be knocking in that outrageous way.

The girl did not stir. After a moment she said: "It's the cellar door."

"Impossible," said her mistress; "go quickly and see what it is."

We heard the unlocking and relocking of the yard door. When the girl came back she said there was no one there. Presently, while I was reading, there came more hard blows, as if struck by a heavy fist; and unmistakably against the cellar door.

When prayers were ended, we went to make acquaintance with our mysterious captive. On opening the door, there was nothing to be seen but the flight of stone steps.

My wife and I exchanged glances which said very plainly, "A sweetheart." So, as the youth appeared shy, I gave him an encouraging invitation to come forth and show himself. No reply.

"I am determined to know who you are," said I, nobly plunging into the abyss, the boys at my heels. Nothing whatever to be seen, and not a corner in which anything bigger than a mouse could hide. The window? It was tightly closed up for the winter, and was, besides, blocked with snow. I was certainly mystified; but I sent the young ones off to bed with an assurance that wind, in an old house, was capable of making the most extraordinary noises; and, in illustration, we all in turn shook the door; not, however, producing anything like the previous effect.

In the course of the night we were awakened by the agreeable sound of "drip, drip, drip" in one corner of the room. My wife put a basin beneath, with a towel in it, to deaden the sound. Presently, "drip, drip" again, just outside the door, which we always kept open.

"There's a sudden thaw, and we're in for it," said I. "Let's go to sleep. It won't hurt the floor-cloth."

But there was no going to sleep, for the drip came faster than ever, until it increased to a little stream. There were no matches in the room, but I managed to find my bath, and to set it, with a blanket inside it, under the spot whence the sound came. When, at breakfast, I announced the sad news of the sudden thaw, there was a chorus of exclamations: "Why! everything is as hard as iron," etc., etc. The mother, meanwhile, was directing her hand-maiden to dry up the water which had come in during the night. The girl stared. When she came into the room again her mistress asked her

what she had done with the wet blanket. She stared more expressively, and was mute.

"Don't you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am. But there is no wet blanket, and no water to wipe up."

Up stairs went mistress and servant, and in two minutes hack came my wife, looking quite bewildered.

"There's not a trace of water anywhere," said she; "and yet, after you were asleep, I heard it drip fast upon the counterpane, just at my feet."

When Tertius was being tucked up that night he asked: "Who was that person who came and looked at me after I was in bed?"

"Stillwater, I suppose."

"Oh, no! It was an old woman, and she had a funny cap on."

"You dreamed her, dear."

"But I hadn't been to sleep. And I turned my head to the wall, and when I looked for her again she had gone away."

"You must have been half asleep. Now, go to sleep quietly and finish the dream."

The next night Primus began:

"Mother, I wish you would tell that old party not to come into my room without knocking. I had just got into bed, happened to glance across to the drawers, and there she stood, coolly looking at me. I was disgusted and turned my hack upon her. Presently I looked out of the tail of my eye to see what she was doing, but she'd cut."

My wife called to Stillwater, to ask if Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Jones had been in that evening. She was answered that no one had been.

Night after night we were roused by the voice of this or that child. Their mother always went to them, and always found them sleeping peacefully, though, a minute before, there had been sobbing and moaning. It was bitterly cold, and I persuaded her not to go at the first call. Then there was whimpering on the stairs.

One night we had both been lying awake for some time, listening to what seemed like cautious steps, first on the landing and then in our room itself. We tried to persuade ourselves that it might be mice. But no; there were distinct steps, as of a person walking. Yet, though we followed the sound with our eyes, we saw nothing. Suddenly there was a howl of anguish, like the cry of a large animal in pain. It thrilled us with horror, for it came from our daughters' room, though it was not possible for it to be their voices. When we reached their hedsides they were calmly sleeping, and were not even roused by our entrance with the light. I made quiet observations next day, both inside and outside of the house.

"If you please, ma'am, may I have my sister to sleep with me?" said Stillwater to her mistress.

"Are you afraid to sleep alone?"

"No, I'm not afraid."

"Then why do you wish it?"

No answer; only a very earnest look.

"Why, Stillwater, you look as if you had seen a ghost," said her mistress, laughingly.

"Yes, ma'am, I have," she replied, very quietly.

"And what did it look like?"

"Like Mrs. X—, the lady who used to live here, just as she was of afternoons. She had on the same sort of cap she always wore, and the same dress and white apron. I lay still and looked at her, and then I sat up and looked at her hard, and presently I could not see her."

"It was no doubt a dream, and you will probably never have such another."

"No, I am sure it was not a dream. Besides, I have seen her twice before, when I was walking about. One afternoon, toward dusk, she came and looked at me through the window. I wondered how she could be there, and I looked at her for a good little time."

"And then?"

"And then she was not there. And I went to the window and looked out, but she was gone."

"What was the use of going to the window, when you knew she was dead?"

"I don't know. She looked just as if she was alive. The other time I was kneeling down on the rug, making your fire burn up. She passed straight before me."

"Oh, nonsense! She would have set fire to her clothes."

"It was not a fancy, either of the times, ma'am. I did see her; I did, indeed. I hope you will believe me."

"Yes, I quite believe that you think you saw Mrs. X—. You may have your sister to sleep with you."

Now, it is not a pleasant thing for any man, still less for one of my profession, to confess that he has felt "creepy" on account of certain inexplicable sounds. But, as this is a perfectly true account, I am compelled to acknowledge that it happened to me again and again, during the time of my dwelling in the Old Lodge. And I also declare that my wife and I were perfectly well in health, and that we had never before been the victims of similar terrors. Furthermore, though we spoke of the noises, we at first abstained from mentioning our sensations to each other.

After an hour's sleep I would be aroused, as if at the command of some person, unseen indeed, but certainly in the room. Then a small something, say a marble, would be gently dropped, more than once, on the carpet close at my

hedsides, sometimes on the floorcloth just outside the open door. Then the marble would be gently rolled on the boards of the room and up against the skirting board.

It was an immense relief when, one night, we encountered each other's eyes as we lay listening, and both made a clean breast of our terrors. Yes, nothing short of that word will do. We agree that the first sufferer shall wake the other. But my wife found it not always possible to carry out this determination.

"What did you hear?" I asked her once.

"The chest of drawers was dragged over the floor," she replied. "I am thankful you spoke to me, for I have for some time been trying to wake you, but was not allowed. In fact, I have been kept perfectly motionless."

I had heard precisely the same sound, yet the drawers did not appear to have been actually moved. The sounds were so distinct that we always connected them with some special article. Now it was a chair, or the towel-horse, that was moved. Now it was the loud snapping of a thick stick in the hall. Now it was a violent blow on the hall table, struck as if with my own walking-stick, which I remembered to have left there, and which I found there in the morning. Once, the heaviest hook on my writing-table appeared to be dropped, as if from the height of a man, on the floorcloth in the hall. Then a smaller one. I always myself shut the doors of the rooms leading into the hall.

Of course, I tried in every way to account for the mystery; but, after a time, I could only resign myself to lie awake and wonder. The nights were bitterly cold. On one occasion, when there had been a persistent dropping of nuts in a corner of the room, I jumped up, in desperation, and beld the light close to the spot. In a second, the sound was behind me. I whisked round, hut—tapping to right of me, tapping to left of me, tapping in every direction, without a moment's intermission. No sooner did I look toward one spot than the dropping of nuts was at the other end of the room. It was as if some mischievous elf were enjoying himself at my expense.

Our boys had gone to spend a day or two with some friends; and their mother, not liking the look of the empty room, had closed the door in passing, giving it a push to make sure that it was fast. That night we heard the door shut with a tremendous bang. Even had it been left open there was no wind to move it.

It was not only during the night that the noises were heard. For instance: I was reading by the fading afternoon light, when a chair on the other side of the room seemed to move from its place, so that I instinctively turned my head to see who had entered the room. Again, I was about to go down the cellar steps, in the afternoon, when I heard a heavy pickling pan dragged along the stone floor below. I quite thought some one was down there; but, as usual, there was no one to be seen, and the pan was in its place.

At eleven o'clock A. M. my wife and Still were on the landing. The girl was telling her mistress that she had heard Mrs. X—'s voice the evening before. Her mistress told her she was giving way to fancies.

"But Mary Jones heard it, too. She had just brought in the eggs, and stood listening to the singing in the drawing-room. Then I heard Mrs. X—'s angry voice again, on the stairs, and Mary said: 'Who's shouting?' I said I didn't know. And she said: 'It must be missis. Lor! how angry she is to holler like that. Doesn't she like 'em to sing?'"

"In an old house like this," began my wife, "there may be many noises caused by—"

Suddenly a noise as if a shower of small pieces of the ceiling came down sharply on the floor-cloth, caused mistress and maid to start back in a fright, and, involuntarily, to look up. There was not a crack to be seen. Then the two pairs of eyes searched the floor in every direction, their owners cautiously standing within the shelter of two doorways. Not a morsel of any kind could they discover.

"What was that, ma'am?" inquired Stillwater, fixing her sleepy gaze on her mistress.

"I can not tell," was the only reply that occurred to that intelligent lady.

One morning the post brought me orders to "move on." Instead of grumbling I hailed them with delight; for we seldom got a decent night's rest, and my wife's nerves were beginning to be weakened by the constant strain upon them.

The Old Lodge had been for years in the charge of a highly respectable old lady, with the drawbacks of being somewhat misanthropical and very avaricious.

I am perfectly aware of the ridicule with which stories of this nature are generally received. I can only repeat that I have related an absolutely true experience, for which I am utterly unable to account. I have no theory on the subject. I have always felt a strong distaste for so-called spiritualism. I perceive the inconsequence and even childishness of my story; and yet it will always remain, to the story-teller, a serious fact.

* * * * *

[The editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, from which the above is taken, is in possession of the name of the author of this singular narrative, and of the place at which it happened, and states that he has every reason to be satisfied of the entire good faith of the writer, a clergyman of the Church of England.]

THE JERSEY LILY'S ROSALIND.

How Mrs. Langtry Disappointed the Golden Youth in London.

One of the chief events of the fortnight has been the appearance of Mrs. Langtry as Rosalind, in "As You Like It," at the Imperial Theatre. The fact that England was on the eve of losing her Jersey Lily to America for six months lent an additional attractiveness—were any needed—to the "hose and doublet" side of the character, when portrayed by the famous beauty, and many were the runs up to town for a day or two undertaken by gentlemen, both young and old, who were never known before to express a desire to pass a night in London from August to December. Various were the excuses offered and reasons given for the unseasonable sojourn in the metropolis. The expected return of the Household Cavalry and Guards from Egypt, and the ardent wish to be on hand to "welcome the fellows back, you know," furnished the avowed motive in the majority of instances, while by a coincidence of dates, as curious as it was fortunate for his royal highness, was the Prince of Wales enabled to come down all the way from Abergeldie, to be present at the funeral of the late Dean of Windsor, on the very day of the evening on which Mrs. Langtry made her first bow as Rosalind before the London public. Therefore was the audience on the first night as marked for its quality in the boxes and stalls as for its quantity in the gallery and pit. The Prince of Wales didn't let it get out that he was going, but everybody knew he would be there all the same; and though not a word has been said in the papers about his being there, it was not a difficult matter to recognize his well-known face and figure, much as he may have contrived to keep it concealed behind the box curtains. With him was Lord "Charlie" Beresford, the young hero of Alexandria, who had that morning arrived from Egypt, Lord Suffield and Colonel Teesdale, of his suite. In the stalls were the old Duke of Beaufort, who is still as great a young buck about town as he was thirty odd years ago; the young Duke of Portland, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Shrewsbury, the Marquis of Huntly, (who seems to be regaining his foothold in society despite his escapades), and many other lesser lights in the peerage's fashionable galaxy. In fact, it was about the sort of audience that Nelly Farren, at the Gaiety, or Florence St. John, at the Avenue, might have longed for at the top of the season, but one which neither have ever yet achieved.

Everybody knows that the interest of the play does not really begin till the action takes place amid the green boughs, the wooded glades, and the mossy carpet of the Forest of Arden. Never, perhaps, was less interest shown than on the present occasion. Men talked together in whispers, the stalls quizzed the boxes through their eye-glasses, and the boxes quizzed the stalls, while old Adam whined through his dreary plaint, and, as the wrestling went on, several stifled yawns were perceptible almost to the verge of being audible. But as the ringing up of the curtain on the forest scene of the act drew near, it was curious to note the hush of expectancy that hovered over the half-poised loggnettes all over the house, and that told but too plainly to be mistaken wherein lay the attractiveness of the character to the men, from the Prince down. Something more than mere idle female curiosity, too, showed itself in the anxious faces and stretched necks of the ladies when the cue for the entrance of Rosalind (as Ganymede) was given.

But, alas! as Rosalind's familiar words, "O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!" spoken by Mrs. Langtry in her sweetest tone, partly in the wings, ushered her upon the scene, there was an audible sigh of disappointment from pit to dome that was almost ludicrous, while the sly twinkle in Rosalind's eye told how thoroughly she enjoyed a situation which her natural spirit of humor as well as native womanly modesty had suggested to her the planning of. Never had there been a Rosalind costumed so. Doublet there was, no doubt, if a long, tunic-shaped blouse, reaching well down to the ankles, could be called one, while the hose—little more of which was disclosed to view than is shown in the rustic dress of Hester Grazebrook—consisted of a pair of brown silk stockings.

For the combined forces of the *jeunesse dorée* and the *vieuxlards* of the London "Crutch and Toothpick" brigade, whose recollections of Neilson led them to expect a more extensive exhibit of tight-clad limbs, and who had come with such intent, it was, perhaps, one of the best sells they have been subjected to for many a long day, and people bave not stopped laughing over it yet. How the part was played had been a minor consideration, but now it was all there was to consider; and though from a certain point of view, and with people of a certain cast of thought, the character in Mrs. Langtry's hands might be deemed to have lost much, if not the greater part, of its attractiveness by her non-observance of the traditional, though none the less indelicate costume, she is entitled to all credit for the possession of the womanly delicacy which dictated and the independence of character which carried out, when everybody supposed her only too willing to do the reverse, her determination that, unlike the great actresses whom she is advised to copy, and who have preceded her in the part, she would not sully the portrayal of one of Shakespeare's most refined heroines by the display of personal charms at other times hidden, and for the exhibition of which the character of Rosalind is too often employed as a means by ladies of the theatrical profession. To such Mrs. Langtry has taught a lesson and set an example by which they might well profit.

As to her acting of the part, it may be said, despite the harsh criticisms which most of the papers have indulged in, that, considering her experience, it was quite wonderful. Its very straying away from the stereotyped models, which the critics complain of, gave it a breezy freshness of its own, as enjoyable to the Helen-Terry-surfeited looker-on as it was censurable in the eyes of the critic enamored of stage traditions and conventionalities. It is true, one could not once forget it was Mrs. Langtry playing Rosalind. But that is hardly to be wondered at. Her face and form are too firmly fixed upon the popular retina to ever let them be mistaken for any one else's. Unlike the common run of actresses, she was famous ere she went on the stage; besides, her conception of the character (unlike that of Helen Faucit, England's greatest traditional Rosalind) is in the spirit of comedy, and

the same airs and graces, pretty ways and winning smiles, which have always enhanced her natural beauty in real life, were observable in her portrayal of Rosalind on the stage. She acted, in fact, as though she regarded her life in the Forest of Arden as a huge practical joke.

The performance was not wanting in incidents not set down in the text. When Mrs. Langtry spoke the passage: "Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose?" a voice in the gallery called out: "Put 'em on." Again, in the epilogue, when she said: "Were I a woman, I would kiss as many of you—" and then paused for a moment; the hiatus was quickly filled up by a stentorian "Oh, take us all in!" from the back benches of the pit. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Langtry is as great a favorite with the London theatre-going public as she is, or rather was, in society, the theatrical critics of the London press to the contrary notwithstanding. There is the same subtle charm of expression, pose, and manner on the stage as in the drawing-room, the same magnetism of fascinating *ensemble* that unconsciously draws back the eye of the beholder from its wanderings elsewhere. As on the stage, where her simple appearance holds the attention of the audience, and she has but to stand and be looked at to as effectually "fill the stage" as the years of study and rigid adherence to tradition of other actresses enables them to do in their most intense scenes of powerful domestic interest, so will hundreds of men and women tell you that while in a ball-room with her in her society days, you couldn't help keeping on looking at her, and following her with your eyes whichever way she would turn. As an illustration of her peculiar power in this respect, I will give you an instance which I know to be a fact.

The Earl of Ducie, though a married man, is what is known in common parlance as a "woman-hater." When Mrs. Langtry's fame as a popular beauty was at its height in London, and her name and doings were on every tongue, he went so far in his expressions of disapproval of what he termed the popular craze as to declare he would neither willingly go to a ball where she was to be present, nor be introduced to her should chance throw him into her company. Now, it so happened that dining one evening at Lord Sherborne's, there was a dance after dinner, as is frequently the custom during the season, to which about twenty or thirty friends besides those constituting the dinner-party had been invited—among them Mrs. Langtry. Coming into the drawing-room to join the ladies with the other gentlemen, after the port and claret had taken their customary double tour around the table, Lord Ducie, before he knew it, found himself face to face with the Jersey Lily. Setting his teeth hard, he was turning to go, when Lady Sherborne, who saw the action and determined to punish him for his all but rudeness, quickly advanced, and ere his lordship could realize what she was doing, introduced him. Of course, he had to stop and say something. He had intended to slip away after a minute or two. But he didn't. People who knew his opinions were surprised to see him linger on as the minutes flew by, talking away in his happiest mood. The minutes lengthened into hours, and—well, to make a long story short, his lordship never left the dreaded beauty's side the entire evening, except when he had to relinquish his position to the partners who claimed her for a dance, and ever since has he been one of her stanchest and truest friends and admirers. And yet, people who were there, and watched the little incident, say she didn't go in the least out of her way to be agreeable to him, but just looked at and talked to him as she does to everybody else.

One can not but think when a woman's negative powers of fascination are such, what must her positive efforts be when she chooses to exert them. It is well, therefore, that young New York should be on their guard, for soon will she be among them, as she sails next week. She is looking forward to her American tour with anticipations of much pleasure. To use her own words, she says: "I am sure I shall like the Americans, they are so much more generous and courteous than the English. They seem to me to resemble the French in politeness, and that is why I like them, I suppose." To the young men of America who lost their heads and hearts over Neilson, and the old boys, too—for, if report speaks true, there were a few maiden ones among the graybeards—I would say, beware! Neilson wasn't a circumstance to Mrs. Langtry, and don't find it out too late. As the engagement is for a six-months' tour, it is more than probable that it will take in San Francisco. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, October 7th, 1882.

It is a common fallacy among the general public, says *Chambers's Journal*, that it must be a very difficult matter to find news to fill each day's paper. So far from this being the case, the ingenuity of editors and sub-editors is continually on the stretch to find space for even a selection of the most important news at their disposal. In the office of a leading daily newspaper there is often more matter thrown into the waste-basket, or struck out of manuscripts, than would suffice to fill the paper; while interesting telegrams, for which not only the post-office, but the correspondents who have sent them, will have to be paid, are consigned to the same receptacle almost every night, simply because it is impossible to find a corner for them. The calculations of the editor, moreover, are liable to be upset in a hundred different ways. Some great crisis, storm, crime, or disaster occurs, or an important debate suddenly arises in Parliament, or some great man dies, or there is an extraordinary and unexpected influx of advertisements—perhaps a combination of these—and all the arrangements of the office are correspondingly disturbed.

The æsthetic movement has more than once furnished a theme for the dramatist; it has now found an historian. The author of the work which professes to set æstheticism—now, since the departure of Oscar Wilde, rather moribund in London—once more on its legs is Mr. Walter Hamilton, a young gentleman who appears to be more "utterly utter" than the renowned Oscar himself. He abuses Du Maurier and Robert Buchanan in forcible terms, and maintains that there is no such thing as literary or artistic taste outside the charmed circle of æsthetes. Mr. Hamilton is himself a resident in the unæsthetic neighborhood of Clapham, sacred to cockneys, and never before remarkable for devotion to fine art.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Fontenelle had a brother, an abbot, who loved good wine. A gentleman asked him one day: "What is your brother doing?" "My brother," said he; "he is a priest." "Has he a living?" "No." "How does he employ himself?" "He says mass in the morning." "And in the evening?" "In the evening," rejoins Fontenelle, "he don't know what he says."

Thomas McWhirter, of San Antonio, Texas, was lately the hero of an experience which he would, no doubt, be glad to keep secret. Becoming somewhat heated with work about his yard, he took off his coat and laid it across the fence, without considering the proximity of his robust and resolute goat. Presently he turned around, and beheld the coat in the mud, and the goat on the roof of the chicken-coop joyously munching what looked precisely like the red morocco pocketbook in which Mr. McWhirter had placed two thousand dollars in government bonds. The thought of a four-dollar goat eating a two-thousand-dollar breakfast almost drove him crazy. The goat saw blood in his eye, and ran, with McWhirter in pursuit. At last the animal was caught, killed, and dissected, but almost the only thing not found in her capacious stomach were the bonds. They were safe at home, in the pocket of another coat.

A minister, says the *New York World*, whom a needy politician has bored for an office, at last sends him a positive refusal and incloses a note for five hundred francs, in case the applicant should have any unexpected expenses to meet. Next day he receives a letter couched in the following indignant terms:

SIR: I sought an opportunity of serving my beloved country in some capacity, no matter how humble. I did not come cringing to you for alms. You can insult my poverty. You can not purchase my independence. I send you back your bank-note, which you must have meant for somebody else.

The minister whistles in mingled admiration and surprise, then looks on the floor to see if the bank-note spurned by the patriot had fallen out of the letter when he opened it. He can not find the enclosure, and that for the best of reasons—it had never been enclosed. However, the writer had shown the letter to a dozen people before mailing it, so his Spartan integrity was fully established, and the minister's attempt to disprove the return of the money was very justly regarded as a rascally attempt to destroy the character of the man he had failed to corrupt.

Two Alsatian farmers had attended a "Kirchweih," or "wake," as we should say. One was about to walk home and the other to drive home, when the latter offered his neighbor a seat in his wagon. It was somewhat late, and both had drunk pretty freely of a local wine more remarkable for its strength than for its flavor. The sky was intensely clear, and the two men sat silent for some time gazing at the stars, and apparently absorbed in their contemplation of the splendor of nature. At last one gave the other a thrust, and observed: "Sepp, I will tell thee all I want—just one *matt* (meadow) as big as the firmament over yonder." "And I," returned Sepp, "will tell thee all I want—just as many cows and sheep as there are blinking stars up there." "Thou *dummer teufel*," observed his friend, "what could a man do with so many cows and sheep? The world would never grow fodder enough for them all." "Ay, that may be," said the other, with a shrewd look, "but I should drive them into thy big meadow." "That thou should'st never do, Sepp; not a hoof of anybody else's cattle should tread upon it." Sepp declared that he should contest the dog-in-the-manger claims of his neighbor, asserting that heaven belonged to everybody, and that a pasture as big as heaven would be a gigantic common. The two men, who were usually the best of friends, passed from words to blows in their absurd vindication of the rights of property on one side and the privilege of trespass on the other. The conflict ended by the owner of the wagon being knocked out of his own vehicle. This led to a complaint before a local court, and the ridiculous conversation in the cart at midnight was solemnly reproduced as part of the evidence.

Father Stimson, an aged Kansas parson, owned a good horse, but the keeping of the beast was somewhat of a drain on the dominie's pocket, and he was in the habit of dropping a hint to his parishioners once in a while that a little hay would be acceptable. One day a church member asked him to bring Mrs. Stimson to dinner. "Certainly," said Father Stimson; "and, as it's haying time, I guess I'll put some hay on the wagon when I go back home." "All right, father," replied the church member; "but bring a one-horse wagon." Father Stimson took his wife to dinner in a wagon with an ample hayrick that would hold a haystack. "See here," said the parishioner, as he helped Mrs. Stimson out of the hayrick, "you said you were going to bring a one-horse wagon, and now you've appeared with the most capacious hay apparatus I ever saw." "Oh, I've brought the one-horse wagon," said Father Stimson; "but the hayrick—that's a two-horse hayrick." He drove away after dinner with twenty-two hundred pounds of hay. Parson Stimson was the first to use gospel-tents in the West. He put them up himself. A fellow who passed him one morning as he was hard at work on his tent, called to him in a loud voice: "Hallo, there! Are you going to have a circus?" "Yes," said the parson, continuing his work without looking up; "and I'm looking for a baboon. Don't you want to hire yourself to me?" The parson was chaplain in the Ninth New York Cavalry in the war. The colonel was fond of leading the soldiers through deep puddles at the regular drill, and the chaplain one day rode around the puddle, and thereby fell out of the regular order. The colonel noticed it, and at the close of the drill, when the officers came together, said, with a sneer: "If Chaplain Stimson is afraid to ride through muddy water for fear of soiling his clothing, I will carry him across the puddles myself." "Thank you," the chaplain said; "but as the Government provides horses, I don't see any reason why I should ride on a jackass."

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

By Charles Dudley Warner.

In an estimate of the prospects of England one must take into account the recent marked changes in the social condition. Mr. Escott has an instructive chapter on this in his excellent book on England. He notices that the English character is losing its insularity, is more accessible to foreign influences, and is adopting foreign, especially French, modes of living. Country life is losing its charm; domestic life is changed; people live in "flats" more and more, and the idea of home is not what it was; marriage is not exactly what it was; the increased free and independent relations of the sexes are somewhat demoralizing; women are a little intoxicated with their newly acquired freedom; social scandals are more frequent. What are the symptoms of decay in England? Unless the accumulation of wealth is a symptom of decay, I do not see many. I look at the people themselves. It seems to me that never in their history were they more full of vigor. See what travelers, explorers, adventurers they are. See what sportsmen, in every part of the globe, how much they endure, and how hale and jolly they are—women as well as men. The race, certainly, has not decayed. And look at letters. It may be said that this is not the age of pure literature—and I'm sure I hope the English patent for producing machine novels will not be infringed—but the English language was never before written so vigorously, so clearly, and to such purpose. Art also keeps pace with luxury, and shows abundant promise for the future. For myself, I like to see the English sort of civilization spreading over the world, rather than the Russian or the French. I hope England will hang on to the East, and not give it over to the havoc of squabbling tribes, with a dozen religions and five hundred dialects, or to the military despotism of an empire whose morality is only matched by the superstition of its religion. The relations of England and the United States are naturally of the first interest to us. Our love and our hatred have always been that of true relatives. For three-quarters of a century our *amour propre* was constantly kept raw by the most supercilious patronage. During the past decade, when the quality of England's regard has become more and more a matter of indifference to us, we have been the subject of a more intelligent curiosity, of increased respect, accompanied with a desire to understand us. In the diplomatic scale Washington still ranks below the Sublime Porte, but this anomaly is due to tradition, and does not represent England's real estimate of the status of the republic. There is, and must be, a good deal of selfishness mingled in our friendship—patriotism itself being a form of selfishness—but our ideas of civilization so nearly coincide, and we have so many common aspirations for humanity, that we must draw nearer together, notwithstanding old grudges and present differences in social structure. Our intercourse is likely to be closer, our business relations will become more inseparable. I can conceive of nothing so lamentable for the progress of the world as a quarrel between these two English-speaking people. But, in one respect, we are likely to diverge. I refer to literature. In that, assimilation is neither probable nor desirable. We were brought up on the literature of England; our first efforts were imitations of it; we were criticised—we criticised ourselves—on its standards. We compared every new aspirant in letters to some English writer. We were patted on the back if we resembled the English models; we were stared at or sneered at if we did not. When we began to produce something that was the product of our own soil and our own social conditions, it was still judged by the old standards; or, if it was too original for that, it was only accepted because it was curious or bizarre, interesting for its oddity. The criticism that we received for our best was evidently founded on such indifference or toleration that it was galling. At first we were surprised; then we were grieved; then we were indignant. We have long ago ceased to be either surprised, grieved, or indignant at anything the English critics say of us. We know that since "Gulliver" there has been no piece of original humor produced in England equal to "Knickerbocker's New York;" that not in this century has any English writer equaled the wit and the satire of the "Biglow Papers." We used to be irritated at what we called the snobishness of the English critics of a certain school; we are so no longer, for we see that its criticism is only the result of ignorance—simply of inability to understand. And we the more readily pardon it, because of the inability we have to understand English conditions, and the English dialect, which has more and more diverged from the language as it was at the time of the separation. We have so constantly read English literature, and kept ourselves so well informed of their social life, as it is exhibited in novels and essays, that we are not so much in the dark with regard to them as they are with regard to us; still we are more and more bothered by the insular dialect. I do not propose to criticise it; it is our misfortune, perhaps our fault, that we do not understand it; and I only refer to it to say that we should not be too hard on the *Saturday Review* critic when he is complaining of the American dialect in the English that Mr. Howells writes. How can the Englishman be expected to come into sympathy with the fiction that has New England for its subject, when he is ignorant of the whole background on which it is set; when all the social conditions are an enigma to him; when, if he has, historically, some conception of Puritan society, he can not have a glimmer of comprehension of the subtle modifications and changes it has undergone in a century? When he visits America and sees it, it is a puzzle to him. How, then, can he be expected to comprehend it when it is depicted to the life in books? No; we must expect a continual divergence in our literatures. And it is best that there should be. There can be no development of a nation's literature worth anything that is not on its own lines, out of its native materials. We must not expect that the English will understand the literature that expresses our national life, character, conditions, any better than they understand that of the French or of the Germans. And, on our part, the day has come when we receive their literary efforts with the same respectful desire to be pleased with them, that we give to like their dress and their speech.—*Century Magazine for November.*

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Bride's Toilette.

(The Conciergerie, 1793.)

"Dame! how the moments go,
And the bride is not ready!
Call all her tiring-maids—
Paul, Jean, and Thédie.
Is this your robe, my dear?
Faith, but she's steady!
The bridegroom is blessed who gets
Such a brave lady.

"Pardi! that throat is fair;
How he will kiss it!
Here is your kerchief, girl;
Did you not miss it?
Quick! Don these little shoes,
White as your foot is.
Ho, Jean, Saint Guillotine
Loves these fine beauties!

"Now these long locks must go—
Monsieur is waiting;
Short is the hour he gives
To wooing and mating.
Thédie, you fool, the shears!—
Time this was ended.
Down falls the golden hair,
Once lovingly tended.

So from her prison doors
Forth went the lady;
Silent the bridegroom stood,
Not a sound made he.
Oh, but he clasped her close!—
'Twas a brave lover.

"Dance, dance La Carmagnole!
The bridal is over!"
—E. M. Hutchinson, in *November Harper*.

Faith's Fortitude.

With but a sail and bank of fragile oars,
And only stars to guide their aimless aim,
The ancient Northmen crossed the seas, and came
Triumphant to our sunny unknown shores.
It was the legends of these dauntless rowers—
Vague legends giving no man place or name—
Which kindled in Columbus' breast, like flame,
His dream of western lands of boundless stores.
Such ocean lies around our little life,
Trackless, and deeper than our fathoms run;
We, brave, launch out, and steer by sails or sun;
Of fiercest storms we take the brunt and strife;
To later voyagers our wrecks are rife
With good, long after all our pain is done.

The ignorant Sepoy soldiers, when they saw
The pontoon bridges tossing frail and light
Upon deep waters rushing swift and white,
Marched on them, tranquil, with no doubting awe;
Their faith and fine obedience had no flaw.
But, halting, terror-stricken at the sight,
The elephants, immovable from fright,
Refused to cross. By dull material law
Their clumsy instinct reckoned and was bound.
They would not trust what they had never tried.
So faith, to calm obedience allied,
Transports our souls triumphant over ground
Where reason balks; across abysses wide
And deep, which reason can not span nor sound.

Our selfish hearts rebel and chafe at this;
And take a specious refuge in pretense
Of comprehending God's omnipotence.
Our one sure safety we reject and miss,
When once we make our good the test of His.
His final ends surpass our feeble sense;
His plan is greater than our preference;
Who told us we had any right to bliss?
Our tears are but our arrogant conceit.
Two things that grow and yield the sweetest sweet,
The lolly cocoa-palm and sugar-cane,
As well on waters salt as on fresh rain
Will thrive, and in their sap and fruit complete
No lurking taste of bitter will remain.

H. H. in *November Century*.

Tapestries.

CLEOPATRA AFTER ACTIUM.

Crouched low, at bay; her vesture rent apart;
Ungirt the fair false breast where Antony lay,
Lord over half the world but yesterday;
Her bloodless fingers twined above her beard;
Her tawny hair athwart her brows—a net
Wherein no more shall souls be snared or slain;
Her cheeks like pale blush-roses after rain;
Her cruel lips, like marble, carved and set;
And gray wan eyes, forgetful of their guile,
As through the tangled fringes of their lids,
Lost in some dream of palms and pyramids,
They spy, at last, the hooded worm of Nile.

THE HEADSMAN.

The white-faced priest, thrust back by brawny hands,
Gasps forth, unheard, the remnant of his prayer,
With lifted crucifix. The wistful air
Tugs at her shroud-like mantle where she stands.
Her eyes, which dare not look, for utter fear,
Are bent upon her bruised, unsundered feet;
Almost her waiting heart forgets to beat.
Then, without voice, or tread to fright the ear,
O'er the strewn sand begins to glide and run
A shadow, nameless, stealthy, swift—forecast
By that advancing shape, most dread, and last
That e'er shall come betwixt her and the sun.

SALOME.

Brown folded arms; sleek shoulders, brown and bare;
And bare her lissome ankles, brown and slim;
Her swart brows lowered, and her eyes made dim
Beneath the cloudy ambush of her hair;
Scarlet her tunic, and in threefold strand
Gold lustrous serpents coiled on wrist and throat:
Thus, before Herod—whose dull eyeballs gloat
On her lithe beauty, whilst, on either hand,
His bearded lords stretch eager necks to see—
In the cool dusk of awnings that uplift
To show far palm-trees through a shining rift,
Bows low the dancing maid of Galilee.

—William Young in *November Atlantic*.

THE BAZAARS OF PARIS.

How their Proprietors Spread Nets for the Butterflies of Fashion.

In a few days, says the New York *Sun's* Paris correspondent, the *Gil Blas* newspaper will commence in its feuilleton the publication of Zola's new novel, which is entitled "Au Bonheur des Dames," and in which the author will trace the development of the old-fashioned silk store of "Pot-Bouille" into one of those immense caravansaries, like the Louvre and the Bon Marché, where all the riches of the earth are spread out for the temptation of women. These gigantic and permanent fairs have become a feature—some would say a curse—of Parisian life. On busy days a shop like the Bon Marché will have seventy thousand visitors. The secret of success rests in the coquetry and the cupid of woman. The men—men of genius, if you like—who run these stores, set out with the idea that woman is their prey, and a prey to be taken with any kind of bait. It is curious again to observe with what cynical knowledge of woman's nature the organizers of these bazaars set their traps. Most of them absolutely ignore the men—husbands, fathers, brothers, or lovers. The word "Monsieur" does not exist in their vocabulary. On their invoices, labels, address cards, you always find "Madame." If a man buys things and has them sent home, they arrive addressed to "Madame X." More than ninety per cent. of the customers of these great bazaars are women, and yet the proportion of the employees is ninety per cent. men, and ten per cent. women and girls. Why? Because the big spiders who spin the dazzling web of a dry goods store have remarked that you must have men to coax and conquer women, and to wring out of them all their substance. The more men you have the more women will come to be wheedled out of their money. The women prefer to deal with men. If you ask the women why it is so, they will say that it is because women are jealous of each other. A wealthy lady, for instance, will come and try on a mantle; the shop-girl will throw the mantle over her shoulders, and pirouette before the glass with an air that the wealthy lady will try in vain to attain. Hence irritation on the part of the wealthy lady; sharp words; spiteful rejoinders. Furthermore, some women are so jealous and irritable that a pretty face is enough to make them foam with rage. And so it happens that at present the departments of millinery, corsets, and trying on are alone in the hands of feminine employees. Men preside over the counters of morning-gowns even, and in some of the stores men take the measurements for dresses. Both the men and the women employed in these great stores have a bad reputation. The big spider who runs the web does not trouble himself about the morality of his aids. All he cares about is sale, and to attain this end he wants smart clerks and pretty shop-girls. One of his axioms is: The public likes pleasing faces. For that matter, the big spider has remarked that of the ten per cent. of men who come loafing about his web, at least one-third come simply to ogle the pretty shop-girls, and the big spider has further calculated that out of a hundred of his shop-girls ten are married, ten remain chaste, and the other eighty do not fall under those categories. The number of thefts committed by the public in these big stores is astounding, and the thieves are invariably women, and of all classes of society. In each store feminine thieves are arrested, rarely professionals, but women who have yielded to the permanent temptations of the riches displayed around them. They have arrested by their own police or the police force four or five thieves a day, and they know that at least forty other thieves escape unnoticed. The arrest is a very simple affair. The theft is observed, the lady followed directly into the street, and then the policeman taps her gently on the shoulder and invites her to return. She is led directly into the board-room; an electric bell tinkles in the various departments, and the principals of the establishment arrive. If the culprit denies the theft, one of the shop-girls is called in to undress her. Some of the thieves are handed over to the police, others are simply taxed according to their social position; that is to say, the establishment promises to say nothing about the affair provided the culprit pays a certain sum to the poor. A whole department of the store is devoted to returned goods. An elegant lady will come and choose two bats. "Send them to-morrow morning," she says, "at such an hour, and I will make my choice. If I am not there, let the man leave them and call the next day. I shall certainly keep one." Of course, the lady is absent when the man calls, and when he calls again the next day the lady has changed her mind. The hats are too dear. She will keep neither. The hats are returned without a word. They are not damaged, but slight traces of powder, an agreeable perfume, a slight deformation, show that they have been worn. The explanation is that the lady wanted a fine hat to go to a wedding; so did her friend, and she borrowed two hats, had them sent home and taken back to the shop, and did not pay a penny. Another way in which they take their revenge is at the sideboard and in the writing-rooms of the great stores. The amount of writing paper they use for their love-letters is astounding, and the quantity of syrups and cakes that they absorb free of cost is still more astounding. On grand days, I am told, the Louvre serves out more than one hundred and fifty pints of syrup and three thousand cakes. The women simply fight their way to the sideboard. I will mention, in conclusion, one of the powerful combinations that the big spider of the dry goods store has invented in order to draw the women into his web. It is the periodical exhibition. Each exhibition is prepared months beforehand, and announced by colossal advertising. The order is the same in all the stores. September, the time of the return from the seaside and of preparation for winter, is the month of the carpet fair. The whole store is sacrificed during a fortnight or so to carpets. There are carpets from Asia and carpets from Europe, embroidered silks, old stuffs, velvets, the wreck of past centuries, the *bric-à-brac* of whole countries that have been carefully scoured by the emissaries of the store. In October we have the exhibition of winter mantles and dresses; in November, the furs; in December, toys and presents for the new year; in February, gloves, flowers, lace, and white goods; in March, the summer novelties; in May, curtains and country furniture; in June, straw hats. Finally, in July and August—the dead season, when "all Paris" is in the country—the store takes two months of relative repose.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The Misses Cutter are still visiting at their uncle's in Contra Costa County, but will soon return. Miss Bessie Raymond has returned home. The Misses McMullin will return to the city next week. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Staples have been spending a portion of the present week at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs have also been at Monterey during the present week. Lieutenant and Mrs. Dillingham came down from the Navy Yard Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Baker have returned to Los Angeles. Mrs. Alexander Forbes and Miss Bella Forbes went to Monterey on Saturday last to remain a few days. Eugene Dewey left for the East early in the week, contemplating permanent residence in New York. Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, who have been sojourning in Alameda since May last, have returned to the city for the winter. W. E. Brown arrived in New York on Wednesday last. Mrs. R. B. Woodward, of Oak Knoll, has taken up her residence at the Palace for the winter. S. W. Backus has been at Monterey during the week; also F. W. Sharon. Surgeon G. W. Woods, U. S. N., who was recently detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard, left for the East on Saturday last. Mrs. M. L. Hamilton left for the East on Tuesday last on a visit to her son. Assistant Paymaster Wilcox, U. S. N., left for the Arctic station on Saturday last. Miss Dora Miller has been visiting at the Navy Yard. The San Francisco Yacht Club gave their closing dance of the season on Saturday last; the Pacific Yacht Club have their closing party to-day. Charles Crocker and family have returned to London from their continental trip, and will leave Liverpool for New York on Monday next. Mrs. S. W. Holladay and her daughter are in Paris. Mrs. Colonel Eddy and Miss Eddy are in Madrid. Swiss Consul Berton is shooting canvas-backs at Clear Lake. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bachelder have returned from Monterey. On Thursday evening last, the 26th inst., Mr. Ernest A. Leigh and Miss Ella Lees, daughter of Captain Lees, were married at the residence of the bride's father in this city. Mrs. General McDowell received her friends at her new residence on Van Ness Avenue on Thursday last, and will be "at home" hereafter on Thursdays. Mrs. Judge Sanderson arrived in Paris yesterday; she will soon return with her daughter. Colonel Harney and family, of Menlo Park, will return to this city for the winter on Monday next. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, are at the Grand Central, New York. Miss Tolsen, of the Navy Yard, and Miss Allie Hawes, of this city, who has been visiting Mrs. Lieutenant Richman, at Mare Island, came down from the Yard on Monday evening last, and will return to-morrow. Miss Sprague of Angel Island, and Miss Steele, of San Francisco, are visiting Mrs. Commander Boyd, at the Navy Yard. The *Ranger* leaves the Navy Yard on Wednesday next, and will anchor in the bay in front of the city until the following Friday, and then sail for the lower coast. Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Layman, who have been spending the summer in Alameda, will return to the city in a few days. Mrs. John C. Fall has returned from Wyoming. Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and family, who have been at Monterey since June last, will return to the city next week. Paymaster McDaniel, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Wachusett*. Mrs. M. E. Porter, of Oakland, is visiting Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, accompanied by their vivacious niece, Miss Mollie Dodge, will return from the East on or about the 15th of next month. Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Crocker, who have been in the Eastern States for the past six months, are expected home next week. Mr. and Mrs. William Ward have returned from Monterey. Mrs. Susan Kellogg, of Oakland, has gone East. Mrs. S. J. Taylor, of Alameda, has returned from the East. Mrs. William M. Stewart, after a tarry of a few days at Denver, has arrived in Washington, and is contemplating spending the winter in that city; should she do so, Captain and Mrs. R. C. Hooker will pay Mrs. S. a visit after the holidays. Captain Rodman, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Friday last. Captain Wherry, of General Schofield's staff, is expected here in a few days. General McDowell was given a reception on Thursday evening last by the Associated Veterans of the Mexican war, during which Captain William Blanding read an appropriate address. A delightful party was given by Mrs. Julius Reis, at her new residence corner of Sacramento and Laguna streets, on Thursday evening last, and among the ladies present were a number from Oakland and Mare Island; the apartments set apart for dancing and promenading were tastefully decorated with flowers, and on the whole it was one of the most charming parties of the season.

The Art Association Reception.

On Tuesday evening last the Rooms of the Art Association were thrown open to members and some guests, the occasion being the first exhibition of the Nabl collection. The attendance was very large and fashionable, the rooms being crowded during the evening. A string band was stationed in the Art Rooms, and in the rooms of the Bohemian Club, on the same floor, the large and complete band of the First Artillery, U. S. A., alternated with the strings. A number of the officers of the regiment dined at the Bohemian Club that evening, and the colonel very courteously placed the band at the club's disposition. The rooms were thrown open, and after leaving the art exhibit the guests promenaded through the spacious and elegant quarters of the Bohemian Club. The affair was a most successful one, and was enjoyed by all.

Engagement.

We have the best authority for announcing the engagement of Miss Mary B. Williams, daughter of General Thomas H. Williams, of Oakland, to Mr. Frank S. Johnson, of this city. Both the young people are very well known here and across the bay. The wedding will take place at an early date.

"The Fête of Nations."

When the proposition of "Carnival" was made, as the only means of exciting the public to generous intent, it was with discouragement on every hand; predictions of failure, artistically as well as financially, opposition from the institute directors, disinclination on the part of the former booth-

managers, with their well-hought experience, to participate; no Mr. Locke with his theatrical experience, though questioned executive ability, to superintend; yet, notwithstanding these deterring circumstances, the lady managers have most effectually demonstrated what tenacity of purpose and perseverance can do. While deliberating over these drawbacks, and questioning the advisability of the enterprise, time, which waits for no man, left little opportunity but for immediate action. Out of chaos, things have assumed shape almost magically as did Aladdin's palace, the representation of which is so appropriately included in the programme. After but a little over two weeks of rehearsal and preparation, the looked-for event opened most auspiciously. Although the details of each booth were still not completed, to a casual looker-on it was scarcely a matter of criticism, for, charity being the object both of the effort and of the support, it was but consistent to be charitable. Securing the services of Chief Burke as president was a happy inspiration, for with his more than ordinary executive ability, and his known desire to serve the ladies, he has made more than a presiding officer—a most valuable assistant. Carnivals have been condemned for their tendency toward cultivating among the rising generation theatrical tastes and inclinations; still, it may be said in extenuation, the educational advantages to both participants and lookers-on more than counter-balance the prejudicial result. The building, though smaller than the old one, gives the idea of more space. Also, the interior completion and decoration have a more finished effect, while the grand stage is divested of the former barn-like appearance, upon which anything less than colossal effects were lost. It was a happy suggestion, the arrangement of Bon-bon, Floral, Military, and Executive booths with reference to enhancing the effect of the garden, as well as giving more room in the centre of the building and an unobstructed view of the grand stage. In a brief notice—such only as we have space for—one could hardly single out one booth, to the exclusion of the others, to make mention of. Each has its especial attraction. The French is under the auspices of the French Benevolent Society, with its musical salon, and nightly varied programme—the Café des Champs Elysées, with its foliage and colored lights, almost persuading you into the belief that you are, in fact, in the centre of the French Capital; while on the opposite side of the booth from the salon is a stage devoted to tableau representations of French authors, such as Hugo and Dumas, most artistically superintended by the Russian Consul and R. Weill. The Japanese booth, with its characteristic theatrical performances, and with pretty Japanese girls selling tea and bric-à-brac, is most attractive. The Terra Cotta is a novel feature, and the grouping well done. A very appropriate manner of serving oysters in a cavern by the sea is the Jules Verne Oyster Grotto. One of the most attractive features are the little ones of the Kate Greenaway booth, in their quaint costumes, singing Mother Goose melodies and dancing to music of a hundred years ago, when they should be singing "O, put me in my little bed." The charity for which they appeal meets with a sympathetic response from all. The Chaucer booth, with its "Tabard Inn" and "Canterbury Tales" representations, forms a jolly crowd. The Washington Irving and Longfellow booths deserve especial mention. Then the Doré, with its gorgeous drapery and effects, and beautiful women so suited to Biblical representation. To do Doré justice requires an artistic hand, as it evidently has in its arrangement. The Homer booth, with its classical costumes, lovely women, and brave men, all in a halo of a mythological past, is more than good. The Chinese booth, with its magnificent properties and costumes, so kindly loaned by the Chinese capitalist who recently imported them for the Chinese Theatre, fully demonstrates what the ladies of the Silk Culture Society, under whose auspices it is, could do. The Pre-Raphaelite tableaux are a good imitation of what the artists, Millais, Hunt, Rossetti, and others of that school, have done in art. The Court of Louis Seize is one of the most gorgeous pageants of the Carnival. The number of participants, the brilliant costuming, the number and variety of effects, show what experience and repetition can accomplish. With dancing and social enjoyment, one imagines one's self in the gay court presided over by Marie Antoinette, before the dark hours which followed. The Kenilworth with its Scotch lads and lassies comes next; and lastly, and by no means least, is the Warwick, matronized by the duchess herself, Mrs. Montanya, and assisted by her ladies masquerading as milkmaids. The pretty girls, the nice attentions, and the ice cream, ought to be an attraction to that booth which will aid to swell the coffers of the Carnival fund. The music, under the directorship of Hinrichs, who has postponed the next Philharmonic Concert in consequence, is most excellent, and, irrespective of other allurements, a promenade to the music of such a band, and to exchange courtesies with the friends innumerable one meets, should be inducement enough to add one's mite to the steadily increasing call of charity. Let us suggest, if there be another Carnival—and we hope there will every two years—a change of name, as there has been a gradual departure from the original idea—Authors' Carnival. There has been the introduction of the military, the representations of artists' productions, the pre-Raphaelite, Doré, and terracotta manipulation. Even the musical authors have been made more numerous and more popular. This is no objection, however; for it lends variety, and the public taste is to be catered to in an entertainment of this kind, where the motive is charity.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 26, 1882.

Communicated.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your political editorial in to-day's issue of the *Argonaut*, in which you undertake to name the Democratic nominees in this city for Assemblymen, you give my name as McShaffer, no doubt with a view of producing the impression, with some at least, that I am an Irishman. Had I Irish blood in my veins (my only Celtic blood comes from the Maxwells of Scotland), I should be proud of it, as the history of the world shows I might well be; and were I a Catholic, as I am not, I should be far from ashamed of my religion, for that faith has many of the very best people in the world as its followers. I trace my genealogy in the United States of America for four generations on my father's side, and five generations on my mother's side. My forefathers on both sides were soldiers in the revolution, and I think I may safely claim to be an American. I feel that your love of justice and fair play will cause you to correct the erroneous impression you may have made. Respectfully yours,

SAN FRANCISCO, October 21, 1882.

JOSEPH WESTON SHAVER.

THE CITY OF THE CZARS.

Notes from a Wandering Californian in Moscow.

We have been in this city for the past four days, seeing the many interesting sights and enjoying the most imperial weather. Under the direction of our commissioner—an unfortunate Polish count now compelled to earn his bread—we have attended service in several of the largest and most attractive of the churches of the Kremlin, have breakfasted in genuine Russian style at several of the most noted restaurants, and have conscientiously inspected the Grand Exposition now in progress in this city. Last evening, as we were driving in our droskies on the other side of the river, just at sunset, for the purpose of seeing the gilded domes of the Kremlin illuminated by the splendors of the sinking sun, we learned from our count that the emperor had arrived in Moscow. What a chance, to be here at such a time! I confess that if we had known of the coming of his imperial highness, we would have deferred our visit, as we have not had any special wish to share in the possible embarrassments of the occasion. We count ourselves very fortunate in having had the past four days to devote to the sights of Moscow, and particularly the Exposition, which is to be closed to the public, and reserved for the inspection of the imperial family to-morrow and the day following. It is, however, exceedingly interesting to see the change which, as by enchantment, has swept over this city since yesterday. At early dawn special chiming of the bells ushered in the day. First one great tower and then another gave forth its volume of clangor. Never was there a city with such resources in the way of bell-metal, and if there were any evil spirits in the air, it is to be believed that so much ding-donging of consecrated bronze has ere this well exorcised them. It is reported that the emperor is to attend the grand "Te Deum," at the Church of the Assumption in the Kremlin, at 1:30 P. M. This information has reached to the utmost limits of great dreamy Moscow; as a result, thousands and thousands are filling all the spaces in the vicinity of the fortress as well as all along the route of the procession. Just where the emperor was last night I have not yet heard. It does not matter. He comes to the Kremlin to-day, and from the balcony of our apartments in the Slavianski Bazar Hotel we have a commanding view of the line of march. Already the flags are out and up in all directions. The bunting seems by no means lavish for the occasion. Soldiers stand in unbroken line on either hand and mounted police at regular intervals. Back of these necessary guardians of the imperial safety there is a dense mass of humanity, expectant and patient, and it at least ought to be grateful for the perfect autumn weather that synchronizes with this unexpected holiday.

It is very difficult to speculate as to public sentiment in Russia. Perhaps it is unnecessary. All the world loves a spectacle, and Moscow will feel herself complimented according to the splendor of that event which is now upon us. For ourselves, emperors being somewhat scarce, we shall be glad to see his imperial highness, and so much the more so if it be going to and coming from his coronation. In view of all possible embarrassments, I regard the balcony of a hotel as preferable to the crowded and jostling street. In these days, when presidents are shot and sovereigns are shot at, it is difficult to repress entirely a certain degree of anxiety for the results of a day like this. I have just learned that the first ceremony of to-day is not the "Te Deum" at the Assumption, but a visit of the emperor to the small but greatly venerated Chapel of the Iberian Mother of God, where he is to perform the usual worship and kiss the hand of the celebrated picture of the Virgin of that chapel. Yesterday we paid an undevotional visit to the place, and witnessed the extreme reverence of the populace, who were thronging in crowds to the shrine. From the shrine of the Virgin the emperor proceeds to the Cathedral of the Assumption for the grand "Te Deum," and thence to the imperial palace in the Kremlin, where his majesty holds a great reception, and in which residence he is to remain until the coronation. I am on the watch every moment to see the movement of the crowd, which will indicate the coming of the monarch and his escort. As yet only a humble and exceeding unostentatious water-cart slowly parades up and down the space reserved, and does its acceptable service upon the abundant dust. Ah! There is no mistaking that sound! The multitudinous voice of the populace! We rushed to the balcony just in time to see the emperor and empress pass quickly along in an open Victoria *without guard or escort*, except the single footman, in imperial livery, upon the seat by the side of the driver. The quickly trotting span of dappled greys gave us, however, time to remark the scarlet uniform of the emperor, and the brocaded satin of the empress, with parasol and hat of the same—all in white. Certainly there was nothing lacking as to personal courage in the royal personages passing thus ungarded through the crowded streets, and unquestionably this display of confidence in the affection and loyalty of the people will have the effect of increasing immensely the popularity of the sovereigns. A long line of other carriages followed the imperial equipage, and the greatest enthusiasm greeted the advance of their majesties to the portal of the chapel, where they passed from our view. A few minutes later and we heard the buzzes which resounded again as they passed into the Kremlin. And now the great space between us and the Grand Menage is relieved of its guards and resumes its wonted appearance. The lovely autumn day sheds its hazy light over all, and Moscow is herself again, with an emperor in the Kremlin. Let us hope, for the happiness of a brave man and a beautiful woman, and for the welfare of a vast empire, that the period of mutual confidence and affection between sovereigns and people has at last arrived, and that this propitious day is the symbol of a future alike serene and auspicious.

RICHARD WYLIE.

MOSCOW, September 21, 1882.

If an all-wise and beneficent Being created man, and does not permit a sparrow to fall without his notice, what inference is to be drawn from the fact that He has created and now maintains four hundred millions of Chinese and only five millions of Irish?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We shall be grateful when this political campaign has closed. It has—and unnecessarily so—become an angry and uncomfortable contest. The State and San Francisco has been well governed during the past four and two years. Governor Perkins and all the State officials have, without exception, contributed to give us a most excellent administration. It would have been well that they could each and all have been continued in office. It would have been well if all could have been renominated and reelected. It is the fault of our political system that this condition of things must be interrupted by an entire change. It is the fault of ambitious men and party rings within the Republican party that this opportunity of change was seized upon by them to advance their selfish, ambitious, and mercenary designs.

The city of San Francisco has been exceptionally well governed in its municipal affairs during the past two years. There has been no case of defalcation or abuse of trust. Taxation has been kept within rational bounds. The city has been orderly. The Mayor and Board of Supervisors, differing in opinion upon some matters of detail, have in the main well agreed, and have cooperated in a friendly and courteous manner. Our Sheriff's, County Clerk's, and Recorder's offices have been well administered. Our common schools have flourished. The relations between the authorities and the gas and water corporations, having been fixed by the courts, have been adjusted upon terms that were reasonable, and not unacceptable to the tax-paying people. The election of two years ago had driven the Higgins machine out of the Republican party and into harmless obscurity. If it had not been for the *Bulletin's* personal war against Spring Valley, it would not have entered into an alliance with the bosses which gave the machine new life; we should have been spared this unseemly political wrangle, the officials would have been renominated, and San Francisco would have had the assurance of two years of good government and political repose.

This is no time to regret the existence of laws authorizing too frequent elections, or to shrink from the duty of choosing new officials for State and municipal governments. Nor do we regard the political condition as in any sense serious, as presented by the State campaign. It is only just to say of General Stoneman, and the gentlemen associated with him upon the Democratic ticket, that they are fairly representative of the intelligence and respectability of the State. General Stoneman is a gentleman, educated at West Point, has served his country with distinction, has been for several years in private life and civil employment, was honorably nominated, and has as yet done nothing to evidence that, in event of his election, the interests of the State will suffer. We wish Dunn, candidate for Controller, had fewer poor relations, and that the Honorable Edward Marshall, of Kentucky, was as good a lawyer as he is a blackguard; that Gildea was not Pope's Irish; that W. W. Foote had more political sense; that General Rosecrans did not love the Pope half as much as he has demonstrated that he loves the country; and that Charles Sumner was not a crank. We wish the Democratic platform did not favor selling whisky and lager on Sunday. Still, if the Democratic party is elected, the earth will revolve upon its axis, the sun will give us light and heat, the seasons will, we trust, give us their changes, and the soil its grains, and fruits, and flowers, pretty much as usual.

If the Republican party nominees are elected—and we hope they may be (all except Estee)—the State will continue to be well governed, as it has always been under both Republican and Democratic administrations in the past. We oppose Mr. Estee because of the manner of his nomination, and because there is nothing sincere, genuine, or reliable about him. His whole political life is one of tergiversation, deception, misrepresentation, and intrigue. He is faithful neither to party, to principle, nor to political friends. He is untrue to his promises, and utterly infidel to every pledge that he deems it to be for his interest to avoid or break. He does not know to-day, or he dare not state, whether he is in favor of, or opposed to, closing whisky and beer saloons on Sunday. If he answers in one way or the other, he dare not give his reasons therefor. He dare not say whether he favors the cultivation of the vine in this State and the manufacture of its product into wine or brandy. He dare not state whether he thinks the gravel-sluicer has the right or not to destroy the property of the valley farmer. He is a temperance apostle at Hanford; he is a groggery advocate at San Francisco; he is a Stalwart to Stalwarts, a Half-breed to Dolly Vardens; he is all things to all men; he is on every side of every question; he is Morris M. Estee. He was attorney for Spring Valley, and we should be glad to have him define his position toward that company in an open letter to the *Bulletin*. He was the friend of corporations, other than municipal, in the Constitutional Convention. He is now endeavoring to outbid Foote, Doyle, and Sumner, in demagogism against them. And yet, if elected, the march of the celestial bodies will continue in their grand and harmonious procession; the laws of gravitation, centrifugal and centripetal forces will keep the orbs in their accustomed places; the earth will survive; ocean tides will ebb and flow; the *Mercury* man of San José—the ladies' friend—will be appointed State Printer; Higgins will be in the kitchen cabinet; the *Chronicle* will have the public printing and be the administrative organ, and in four years we shall forget how unhappy we all were in the memorable year of 1882.

Some of us who don't fear the League of Freedom Dutchmen, or the Pope's Democratic Irish; who are not ashamed that we are of American birth; who would not attempt to escape the pains of purgatory by dodging through a priest's ear; who were early Republicans and have been driven out of the party by the latter-day ruffians of the machine, under the direction of Irish bosses; who are not poor enough to steal, and are ashamed to beg; who resent the rule of Irish politicians and think that nine Irish Catholic senators, four Irish Catholic judges, and a majority of Irish-born members of Assembly ought to justify an American party; and who are not admirers of the cowardly policy of the Democrats or

the Republicans who refuse to declare themselves in favor of amending the immigration and naturalization laws, have determined to vote for Doctor McDonald for Governor, and James McM. Shafter for Congress, if the comet does not by a switch of its blazing tail knock us all out of existence before the opening hour of the polls on the 7th day of the coming melancholy November. We are brave enough to dare the consequences of casting an individual vote for an old Republican like Doctor McDonald, whose only public crime in life has been to cure drunkards with Vinegar Bitters, and who has had the manly courage, although a Kentuckian, to have been a member of the Republican party since the days of abolition, and to have been loyal to the Union of his native land all through the dark and dismal days of the civil war. We are brave enough to dare to stand upon a platform, and the only one, that has the courage to uphold the law and abide the decisions of courts in reference to all property; that places corporate wealth, and individual possessions, and personal liberty, under the protection of just and equal laws; that has the courage to declare that the unregulated traffic in alcoholic drink is a crime challenging the attention of all humane people, and demanding legal restraint; that has the courage to attempt to wrest the American Sabbath from the desecration of German fiddlers, lager-beer drinkers, and Irish whisky-bloats; that has the courage to declare that the reasons therefor are that Christians may on Sunday have the opportunity to worship God without being interrupted by the noisy clamors of the worshippers of the drunken god Silenus, or the votaries of King Gambrinus; that is brave enough to declare that the Papal church, pope, priest, or Jesuitical layman shall not lay its prehensile ecclesiastical paw upon one dollar of the school fund, or introduce an *ave*, bead, prayer, sign of the cross, or genuflection into our free public schools. These votes will not make a governor, but they will influence the making of all the governors that shall come after. We shall not win this fight, but we shall dig the trenches, plant the bastions, and build the fortifications behind which other battles shall be fought and won. In our ranks there will be no man wounded, and from the field there will be carried no man dead. The 7th of November will be neither an Austerlitz nor a Waterloo to the prohibition party, but it will be a white day marked in the calendar of reform; and the time will be when every man—especially every Republican—will be proud of the fact that he contributed to the chastisement of a party that had gone astray through cowardice, and had fallen into the leadership of unprincipled party bosses. The same whip of scorpions is now being wielded for the chastisement of the Republican party in Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana.

"Social Life in California."

Under the above heading there appears in the November *Lippincott* an article, which, were it not for a certain heavy earnestness about it, would be taken for a satire, written by a Californian. But it is evidently written by a stranger. Some extracts from it will be entertaining. The writer says:

San Francisco is by no means the social centre of California, nor do Californians so regard it. There are three sets—the Knob (*sic*) Hill and the professional coteries. Knob Hill is geographically exclusive, for one has to be drawn up on an endless-chain street-car. There dwell the bonanza kings and millionaires. When they want to go up or down they drive around a circuitous route; but access to the heart of the city can be had in ten minutes by the cars, which run in trains of two. One of these is open, and in this the seats are placed back to back, giving the occupants a good opportunity to view the palatial residences they are passing. The routine of fashionable life in San Francisco is an early breakfast and drive in the park and to the Cliff House or Woodward's Gardens, an hour or two's shopping at the White House, lunch, visiting, dinners, and a ball, frequently preceded by the theatre or opera.

Woodward's Gardens in San Francisco is not unlike the Jardin des Plantes in Paris in this respect at least—the city never go there. You can find gray-haired Parisians who have never seen the Jardin des Plantes. And the notion of a "drive" to Woodward's fills a San Franciscan with mirth. But our scribe goes on:

Every lady has a reception, and invitations to festivities are easily obtained for strangers visiting the city. Professional circles draw their lines a little closer. Their members entertain hospitably, and one who has a talent for society may easily obtain the *entree*; but wealth, as mere wealth, is ignored.

The fact that "wealth as wealth" is ignored in this city will have the charm of novelty to most of us. The gilding on the calf need not be very thick to make us fall and worship him. But the writer goes on to define the gradations of "our society":

The real centre of California society is at San José, one of the oldest settlements in the State, and a point to which Americans flocked long before they began to settle in San Francisco. All through California one hears San José referred to as the high seat of wealth, culture, and refinement. It is quite an introduction to respect to say of a lady: "Her family came from San José."

This, we must admit, is true. It can not be denied, however, that the aristocracy of San Andreas takes the *pas* of the San José *noblesse*, while to say of any one, "Her family came from Milpitas," stamps her at once as being of the caste of Vere de Vere.

The writer then proceeds to explain the superiority of the bucolic aristocracy:

It is not because there is really more money in the Santa Clara Valley, of which San José is the chief city, than in other sections—indeed, there are very many richer places—but here the capital is anchored. It is in tangible things, like lands and cattle, it has been in families for several generations, and it is accompanied by social and educational advantages. There are not the same fluctuations of family circumstances that are seen elsewhere, and in a perfect climate and amid the luxuries of life the young women of the Santa Clara Valley develop into the most charming specimens of their sex. They escape all the irksomeness of housekeeping, for the Chinese were introduced early, and have become habituated to the routine of living. Another thing that facilitates this comfortable experience is that in the matter of clothing there are no changes of seasons to provide for, and the burden of shopping is lessened in geometrical proportion.

This also can not be gainsayed. The lily-white hands of San José maidens never toy with dirty dishes, nor wrestle with the turbid flap-jack batter. They sit at the window, like Sister Ann, and smile upon the San Francisco drummer; and if he cometh not, they sally forth in phaetons, drive around the railway station, and proceed to mash him from afar. As to the "burden of shopping" being lessened, no unprejudiced observer, after comparing San José and San Francisco girls, can deny that the former do a great deal less of it.

THE NAHL COLLECTION.

II.

A second visit to the rooms of the Art Association reveals many interesting works, which, beside the larger and more conspicuous pictures, become modestly unobtrusive unless the searching glance of the observant visitor coaxes them from their obscurity. Chief among these is a small painting by Thomas Wyck (71), showing the study of a philosopher in the dim half-light peculiar to the Dutch school; the central figure, illuminated by a sheet of strong light breaking through the open casement, looks up from the work whereon he has been engaged, in a startled manner, as he suddenly becomes aware of the presence of Death, who grimly looms behind his armchair. The remarkable treatment of the transparent shadows, the accuracy of drawing and perspective, the intelligent breadth of handling, while they carefully preserve every detail of the mediæval interior, characterize this work as one of the finest examples of that school. No. 65, by Van Ruysdael, belongs to the same epoch in art, and shows a similar treatment as applied to outdoor subjects; it will amply repay a careful study, and will prove particularly interesting to artists. Franz Snyders, one of the greatest and most prolific of still-life and animal painters, whose works grace every prominent gallery in Europe, is represented by but one painting in this collection—No. 67, "Fox and Hound"—but that one is very happily chosen. Though scarcely less than two hundred and fifty years old, the colors in this picture are strong and distinct, bringing out the boldness of handling and conception in refreshing contrast to later, more timid, and generally weaker work of the same class. No. 20, "Lucretia and Tarquin," by Giorgio Barbarelli, is the best illustration in this collection of the true quality of the old masters. The flesh is soft and mellow, with a peculiar life-like glow which modern artists constantly strive for, and seldom attain. Whether this is owing to the rich maturity of the carefully ground pigments, or whether it is due to the superior judgment of selecting the same, or whether the careful "handling" is the cause, the fact remains that the more one contemplates that work the stronger grows the impression of form, of life, of action, of emotion, until the admiration of the work ends in true reverence for the master who wrought it. The expression of mingled fear and loathing in the features of Lucretia does not detract from the charming beauty of her classic profile; the soft contours seem to stiffen with the effort at escape, and the figure leans out of the couch from which it is partly raised, and seems almost to hang out of the frame.

Nos. 10 and 11 are peculiarly mated humors by Gerard de Laivasse. Painted probably at periods widely apart, his career as an artist extending over more than forty-five years, it seems almost as if No. 11 were the caricatured maturity of the first conception. In No. 10 the boy Bacchus is carried upon the back of one of his playmates, the incarnation of innocence and infantile sport, the entire scene lacking but the echo of their laughter to complete the idyl; while beneath, in his "Bacchus appearing to drinkers," the revel and the extravagance, the flush of intoxication, and the coarse ribaldry of a full-fledged orgy are faithfully and graphically represented; Bacchus has exchanged the playmate for a cask of wine, and is astride of the same in anything but a steady or dignified attitude, while the playmates of his youth are changed to first-class guzzlers, and the pure grape of his childhood is transformed into glittering carafes filled with fiery liquor. As an illustration of French art of the latter part of the seventeenth century these two works will prove highly interesting. A Magdalen, evidently a painting belonging to the first years of the sixteenth century, the work of Badile, the teacher of Paul Veronese, has not as good a place as it deserves, but is strong enough to show, even so high above the line, the beauty of its modeling.

No. 30, a Carlo Cignani, represents "The Monks of St. Cajetan converting their monastery into a hospital," and the religious idea, that their charity meets with manifestations of approval by the Deity, is bappily conceived and very well rendered; there are portions of this painting which are masterly in execution, and will prove very gratifying to the student. In the "Stoning of St. Stephen" (No. 53) by Van Laer, the crouching figure in the foreground is particularly impressive and remarkable; and though the picture as a whole is not well composed, there are some single figures that make it well worthy of a careful study. An unquestionably genuine sketch by Rubens, "Samson in combat with the lion," ought to arrest the attention of artists. It is evidently a very hasty memorandum of a great idea; yet one which shows his style and manner distinctively and well.

No. 49, a portrait by Gortzius (about 1580), is an exquisite flesh-painting, but suffers in common with some other works in this collection from the ravages of the would-be restorer, who in this case carried high-lights of flesh color over flesh-tints mellow with age, and thereby marred a really enjoyable work.

But it is outside of the catalogued works that the art-lover finds the most enjoyable objects in this collection. A pencil-sketch of a sleeping infant, by Van Dyke, with a face and attitude full of the sweetest repose, suggested, no doubt, his great picture of the "Holy Family," a first-print of which is found in the same frame. It is interesting to compare the executed work with the sketch, and to miss much of the first inspiration in the elaboration. Two exquisite sketches by Poussin need only be discovered to call forth the liveliest interest of any one in sympathy with art. An original study in red ochre, by Correggio, is so powerful and so full of feeling and beauty that any praise bestowed upon it would sound hollow and inadequate; another sketch by the same hand, executed in sepia, is a wonderful bit of realism conceived in his imagination, and should be studied for its conscientious self-correction outlined upon the same leaf. Two remarkable water-colors, by Eli, both so highly finished that the minutest examination will find them true to nature, and yet so well arranged that they possess the rare quality of making, an excellent ensemble, should not be overlooked. The copies of the friezes of the Pantheon alone are enough to provoke more comment than this space admits, and the case of curios and cameos in the same room would remunerate an hour's observation, not to say anything about the many interesting prints and drawings that crowd that little apartment.

M. TAUBLES.

YORKER'S PARD.

II.

The day had broken and a few stragglers, momentarily increasing in numbers, were making their way to the hotel for their matutinal sustenance—liquid, of course. But few knew or recognized the mud-spashed man who sat with head bowed nearly to his chest. Sleepily the bostler lounged in for an "eye-opener." Yorker roused to give directions regarding some oats for his cayuse, and then sank back again, and, with stolid indifference to the noise steadily increasing about him, dozed till summoned to breakfast.

Eight o'clock saw the two men ride away from the bar. Two o'clock found them by the sick man's side.

"Pretty badly used up," said the doctor, laying his finger gently on the swollen wrist, in which the fevered pulse leaped and surged.

"Doc, cure him and name your figgers. I'll cover it to the limit of my pile."

"I think that I can have him around in a week."

A flash of joy irradiated Yorker's face, and a deep sigh of relief told of the fears which had filled the true heart. Grasping the doctor's hand with painful earnestness, Yorker turned away. The doctor's prediction was not an over-confident one. How could he succeed in so short a time? Briefly, salicylic acid did it. You doubt it? May you never have to prove it. The fact remains that, at the end of a week, Wade was convalescent. The surgeon left at the end of two days.

"Now, understand me, Mr. Wade," said he, upon leaving, "no more mining this season. Quiet and rest, with a trip to Yreka when you feel able to stand so long a journey. Drink very moderately and smoke in proportion. Live well, and keep up your spirits. Good-bye." And he stepped carefully into the canoe Yorker held for him.

Wade followed these directions in all particulars excepting the last—he did not keep up his spirits. It was no easy matter, passing long days of enforced idleness while the rain fell with that apparently eternal persistence, gliding down from the gray mist which spanned the gorge, day after day, till earth and rock, tree and shrub, everything in nature bore that desolate aspect so trying to the cheeriest disposition.

Sitting at the door of the cabin, Wade watched with listless, moody eye the drops as they splashed sullenly into the yellow flood and were whirled away, until he felt almost tempted to plunge in and court oblivion from self. Now and then he would crawl down to the claim and watch the work, at first even trying to do a little himself. But that idea he soon gave up. His efforts were rewarded by such pigmy-like results that shame kept him idle.

Yorker was a bost during those dark days; always cheerful, submitting to the sick man's caprices with a rare patience, which seemed almost to have an element of expiation in it, so guarded and gentle was it; beguiling the long evenings with his many adventures; planning more pleasures for both when the season should have closed, and Wade be able to travel; always on the look-out for some bit of news to interest a sick man's fancy, even giving up his exclusiveness and cultivating men who would be companionable to Wade.

Regularly he set aside Wade's half of the "clean-ups," and the pile grew and grew. Yorker's did not increase in equal ratio, however. Books from Frisco; delicate food to tempt a fickle appetite; softer bedding for a tired frame; a great easy-chair, in which Yorker had never been known to sit; these and many other things appeared quietly and unobtrusively, almost unperceived by Wade, for he had fallen into a morbid state from which it was difficult to rouse him.

So the long winter passed on, and Wade gained slowly in strength, even getting as far as the camp on sunny days. But Yorker was always on hand at dusk, to help him home, and lighten the pull up the hills, and ease the rough descents.

One day in early spring the weather suddenly changed, and a heavy fall of snow whitened the Siskiyou and draped the hills with ermine. The miners on the river bars looked anxious. A sudden melting of the snow would raise all the streams, and the Klamath would "boom." If so, good-bye to work. A sudden rise would flood all diggings, and wash away flumes, wheels, and windmills. Renewed activity took possession of the camp. Immediate steps for a general "clean-up" were taken.

The result of the season was most satisfactory. Wade's share had grown from hundreds, to thousands. He had uttered a protest when the result was made known to him; but Yorker's remonstrances and his own indifference settled the matter quietly.

The two men had decided to start for Yreka, on their way to San Francisco, in a few days. One day Yorker said:

"Pard, I've got everything fixed now—got a boss outfit—and we can up stakes and make a break to-morrow, if yer say so."

"All right, old man, we will make a start to-morrow. Going up to the cabin now? Well, I'll be up in an hour or so," and, with a nod, he sauntered away.

Yorker looked frequently at the sky, as he made his way up the trail. He did not like its appearance. The wind had shifted to the south, and was growing sensibly warmer. Clouds were creeping slowly up over the crest of the range, and the sun shone fitfully. Yorker shook his head, and muttered: "Ought'er lit out a week ago."

It was a task with an element of pain in it for Yorker to put things in shape in his little cabin for an indefinite absence. He lingered over the packing and arranging with an almost womanly care.

Noon came, but Wade did not. Yorker stood at the door, looking across the river and down the trail for the familiar figure. He advanced to the edge of the ledge, and stood watching the yellow water. It was rising rapidly. It was evident from the brushwood, and huge logs, and tree-trunks, which from time to time came sweeping by. A splash of rain fell upon his hand. He looked up quickly, and saw that the sky was dark and lowering. Another drop fell upon his cheek; it was warm, and was followed by others quickly.

"Too late!" muttered Yorker. "I wish the youngster would come. It's like to be hard gittin' over the river afore night."

The rain was falling heavily now, and the wind, which had risen, drove it in sharp, wavering lines across the yellow flood, which grew darker and more turbulent as the hours passed.

"It's been rainin' for all that's out up the river, I'll bet my life. That water never came from this shower. Old Klamath will be a holy terror by mornin', if it keeps up this lick. It's gittin' dark fast. I wish that Wade would come. What in thunder can be a-keepin' him?" and Yorker blew the smoke from his lips impatiently. A faint halloo seemed to answer his query, and, hastening to the edge of the ledge, he could faintly discern a figure on the opposite bank.

"Thank God, it's the boy!" exclaimed he, fervently, and, hastening to the canoe, he pushed off, and with no little difficulty gained the opposite shore.

"I'm glad that you're here, pard. An hour later an' I doubt if I could have made the riffle. The old Klamath is boomin', for a fact."

Wade made no reply, and Yorker, looking at him more closely, saw that his eyes were bright with power and excitement, and his lips had a new expression of firmness and energy about them. He looked older and sterner, and no trace of his recent physical weakness was evident. When the canoe touched the bar, he sprang out, and strode away up the trail with a quick, nervous step. Yorker watched him uneasily, muttering: "What the devil has come to the boy? Reckon he has been at the tarantula-juice."

The river was rising fast, and log, and trunk, and stump followed each other in quick succession. Here and there fragments of flumes, wheels, and cribs showed that the bars above were being rapidly submerged. Now and then some huge tree would dash madly against the ledge, and, sullenly rebounding from the dull shock amid a shower of spray, surge back, and be whirled away in the gloom.

It was quite dark when Yorker entered the cabin. Wade was pacing restlessly to and fro, and looked up quickly, saying: "Is this likely to delay our trip much, Yorker?"

There was something sharp, almost fierce, in his voice, and he paused, anxiously awaiting an answer.

"Wall, pard, I'm afeared we won't git off much under a week," replied Yorker, filling his pipe. Wade scowled blackly, and resumed his restless tramp. Yorker sat down and smoked silently. At length Wade spoke in a voice of repressed excitement: "By heaven, Yorker! I can't remain here idle for a whole week. I must get away somehow. Must, do you hear?"

"Why, pard, what's come to yer? Have yer had a row in camp?" said Yorker, anxiously.

"No; nothing of the kind. By heaven, Yorker! I can hardly tell you what is the matter. I am nearly mad, I believe. It's about Charley," then, with a sudden burst of rage: "My God! to think that he was murdered! Murdered, and yet not avenged. Shot like a dog, and by a man who owed him everything. But I swear, by Almighty God, that I will follow that hound to the ends of the earth, and I will have his life."

"How did yer hear of it, pard?" asked Yorker, huskily. "Met a man to-day, who was in Sacramento at the time, and knew of the whole affair." Then turning suddenly upon his friend, he asked, sharply: "Where were you, Yorker, when Charley died?"

"I—I was sick myself in Sacramento."

"But you must have known something about the affair?"

"Yes, pard. I did know about it."

"You knew about it, and have kept me in ignorance all these months, while that hound still lives? You, a friend of Charley, and you let that black-hearted scoundrel escape your vengeance? My God, what friendship! Curse all such!"

"Pard, perhaps yer ain't altogether got the rights o' that affair," said Yorker, gently.

"Rights? No, by God, I have not; but let me but once meet this Ewing and I will have," returned Wade, with sinister meaning, and going to the locker he poured out a full glass of whisky. Yorker rose hastily. "No more of that stuff to-night, for God's sake, pard!" and he advanced as if to enforce a command. Wade looked him over contemptuously, and deliberately emptied the glass. Yorker flushed and turned away. There was a hardening of the stern lines about his mouth, and something of despair in his eyes as he resumed his seat by the fire. Wade paced the cabin with restless, unsteady stride. The fiery liquor was doing its work rapidly.

"To-morrow I start. Do you what you choose," said he, savagely.

Yorker rose slowly and stood leaning heavily against the stone chimney. He was very pale, and there was a bunted look in his eyes. His voice sounded dry and old as he said, painfully:

"Pard, I will help you to find—this—Ewing. I—I know him—well, and I—I know what he is."

Wade whirled around, and exclaimed:

"Your hand on that, Yorker. I was wrong; forgive me," and he advanced with extended hand. But Yorker shrank from him, and stretched out his arm as if to avert an attack. "Wait, pard," said he, huskily. Then by a supreme effort he drew himself together, and, looking Wade full in the eyes, said, simply: "Pard, I am your Ewing."

Wade suddenly recoiled from him—doubt, dread, rage depicted on his face.

"You? You are the man who killed my brother?"

"God help me! I am."

A flash of sudden fury, of terrible exultation sprang into Wade's eyes. He was wild with rage and liquor.

"Heel yourself!" he exclaimed with deadly earnestness. "Heel yourself, Yorker, for, by God, I'll kill you!"

"Pard, for God's sake, give me time; let me explain," cried Yorker, pleadingly.

"Damn you, heel yourself, you cowardly hound, or I'll shoot you where you stand!" cried Wade, savagely, snatching his revolver. Yorker's pistol was in his hand in an instant. Wade saw the flash of his eyes and fired quickly. Yorker staggered a little, but still stood erect. Wade raised his pistol again, the instinct of self-preservation strong upon him. Yorker stretched out his hand.

"Hold on, pard. You have shot straight. Don't waste good powder." And, tossing his unused weapon upon the bunk, he pressed his hand to his breast and sank into a chair, slipping thence to the ground, where he lay white with agony. Wade was sobered now, but a sense of stern justice had succeeded his wild rage. He advanced and knelt by the wounded man's side. A blood-stained hole in the breast of the blue shirt showed where the bullet had entered.

"Through the lungs," Wade muttered to himself.

"Yes, pard, you've called in my checks, for a fact," murmured Yorker, faintly.

Wade tore up some linen and tried to bandage the wound. The bleeding was slight—fatal sign. Making a pallet on the floor near the fire, he helped Yorker to it; threw some bark on the falling embers, and then gloomily sat down by his companion's side.

His brain was in a whirl. A year seemed to have passed since that morning. Justice! Vengeance! The two words, were burned on his brain. Justice! Yes, he had it; but at what a cost—the death of his friend! Stay, not his friend. The murderer of his brother, and the hard lines settled about the stern mouth once more. Vengeance! Yes, he had avenged his brother, even by the sacrifice of his friend. That he had sacrificed his friend to his sense of duty, seemed to breathe an element of comfort into the horrible reality of his act. He strove to feel that he was but a blind instrument in the hand of an avenging fate. Pitiful fool!

A terrible silence seemed to brood over them as the minutes slipped by. The rain pattered ceaselessly upon the roof, and the river hoarsely murmured in the night.

The wounded man breathed fitfully and moved restlessly. Some assistance must be obtained, and at once. Wade leaned over his companion, and said, gently:

"Yorker, I must go for help. I can not let you die in this cold-blooded manner."

Yorker opened his eyes suddenly. Grasping Wade's hand, he said, eagerly:

"Not yet, oh, not yet, pard. Don't leave me; I've got somethin' to tell yer, pard, if yer'll let me. There aint no one can help me—I'm down to hard-pan an' workin' out fast." Then turning his wan face so that he might watch his companion's, and gently holding his passive hand, he said: "Pard, won't yer let me give you the rights of this unfortunate affair? I'll allow that you've got your rights; but, pard, I want mine." Gloomily resting his head on his disengaged hand, Wade assented, and Yorker continued:

"Pard, I'll allow that yer brother was a white man, an' staked me when I was flat broke an' cleaned out. He took me up in Colorado, in '59, when the Pike's Peak excitement had busted me, and put up the dust to take us both to California. That we went to minin' on the American River, an' struck it rich. We worked for all that was out that season, made our pile, an' cleaned out our claim. Then we made a break for Sacramento, intendin' to have a regular tear so long as the dust held out. We was goin' to Frisco, to take in the town an' show 'em how to live. Well, pard, we struck Sacramento in the fall of '59, an' it was a lively camp and you hear me! Charley an' I was never separated; an', pard, we never had a word which warn't perlit an' kindful. We put the dust in one bag, an' each took his pinch without no countin'.

"Pard, if there was one thing more'n another yer brother staked his pile on, it was his game of poker. I'll allow that he was a terror, an' could clean out most professionals, but that was one man that could go over him invariably. That was me. But, pard, we never had no words about it. The dust always went back into the bag.

"One night—we had both been howlin' for a week, an' was purty nervous—one night Charley had cleaned out a couple of poker sharps, an' was chock full o' pride an' tarantula-juice, an' nothin' would do but I must play him then and thar. I begged off, but he got mad about it, so I took a hand.

"We was both in a bad way, an' I never seed him so on-reasonable afore. Wall, I was rakin' in his slugs, as usual, an' he was gittin' hotter an' more reckless every minit. I wanted to stop, but he wouldn't.

"At last, pard, I had called him on a straight flush, with all his dust in the pot. He seed he was busted, and got white. I had three straights that game, an' at the last one he swore I was playin' a brace on him. Pard, it was just luck; an' I got mad at once, an' called him a liar—as wasn't perlit, I'll allow. Pard, he was allers a quick man with his gun, an' the first thing I knowed I had a bullet in my left breast. I don't know what follered; I was mad with the pain, for I shot him the next minute. He lived two days; an' afore he died he allowed that it was not my fault, an' that he got the drop on me first. I stood trial before the committee, an' was acquitted. Here's the mark of his bullet, pard," added he, simply, and drawing aside his shirt, the depressed scar was plainly visible on the broad chest. "Gimme a little whisky, pard, I—I'm kinder faint."

Wade rose wearily, brought the drink, and administered it gently. His hand lingered on the damp brow and dark hair streaked with gray, and in his eyes was a terrible longing—the birth of remorse.

"Pard," continued Yorker, in a weaker tone, "when I found out that you was Charley's brother I'll allow I ought'er told yer at once what I have told yer. But when I seed how heavy you was struck, an' the bad fix you was in, I thought as how I'd wait a spell, and git you braced up a bit, and in the meantime I thought—I thought I might be able to—to make it up to you—a little—yer loss—seen' as I was the one as had brought it to yer. An', pard, I did try—first, 'cause I felt it was yer right; but after a time, 'cause I loved yer, pard," and the voice sank almost to a sob.

Wade was down on his knees now by the dying man's side. The hot tears ran splashing down on the brave breast he had so cruelly wounded.

"My God, Yorker, you are killing me!" he groaned. "God in heaven, what have I done! Dear old fellow, so brave, so tender, so true. What a horrible return for all your kindness to me—all your tender care?" and, casting himself prone upon the ground, he was convulsed with heart-breaking sobs.

Yorker's rough hand stole out, and rested lovingly upon the soft, fair hair. Its touch seemed to soothe the repentant, remorseful man. He grew calmer, and, moving gently at last, took the caressing hand, and, seating himself by the pallet once more, said in a voice, tremulous still, and at times pitifully tender: "Dear old fellow, God knows how bitterly I regret my terrible haste; how willingly I would lie in your place. If you had only fired first, and saved me this horrible mistake!" and he shuddered.

"I calculated to disable yer, pard; but yer got the drop on me," said Yorker, simply.

"There is no one of your many acts of kindness which does not come back to me now, dear old fellow, and I now

feel the tenderness which prompted them as I never did then. It is a fearful thing to have the weight of all this accumulated care and love come upon me at once. Oh, Yorker! Yorker! what have I done? A lifetime of service could not repay you, and I have killed you!"

"Pard, dear boy, don't take it so rough. If yer can only say honestly that I have in any way made up yer loss to yer, ever so little, I'll not mind this. But, dear boy, I'd kinder hate to leave yer, feelin' as how I'd made a misflicker of the whole business."

"Dear old fellow," said Wade, laying his hand wistfully against the rough, bearded cheek, "no one could have done more to expiate a fault which was no fault. You have been more than a brother to me; for you have been brother and friend."

"Pard, don't say no more. Just let me think o' them words. I'm satisfied," and with closed eyes and a gentle smile on his lips, Yorker lay softly smoothing Wade's hand.

Suddenly the closed eyes opened, and there was an expression of fear in them. The dying man's ears had caught a strange and ominous sound.

"Ned, old man—look at the river—quick; tell me how it stands," he gasped. Wade moved quickly to the door.

"My God, Yorker, it is up to the edge of the ledge. I must see to the boat," and he disappeared in the darkness.

It was a terrible scene which met his view as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom. Out of the darkness above sprang great swirling, toiling waves, which hissed and madly tossed their yellow crests as they rushed by and were suddenly absorbed by the gloom below. Huge stumps with wide-spreading roots plunged heavily on, turning over and over like some creature of destruction abroad in the wild storm which had given them birth. As far as the eye could pierce the gloom, the tossing surface of the yellow flood seemed strewn with weird, indefinable shapes instinct with savage life. Black masses reared majestically above the seething waters, and suddenly sank utterly from view, dragged down by unseen mysterious forces. Over all hung the gloom of a starless heaven from which fell the rain ceaselessly.

The opposite bank was rather imagined than seen. As Wade gazed, awe-struck, on the grand scene before him, a faint, fitful flame gleamed on that unseen shore; then slowly expanding to a broad blaze, cast a lurid glow across the night. Here and there moving objects could be distinguished clustered together. Then Wade knew that their peril was known to the miners. The roar of the waters deadened all ordinary sounds, but a faint cheer told Ned that he was seen. He found the canoe beating dangerously against a rock in the eddy, and drew it carefully upon the ledge. Frail was the chance of escape it offered in that mad swirl of water.

He hastened back to the cabin. Yorker was resting on his elbow. The stamp of death was on his face.

"Yorker, old man, we must get out of this at once," said Wade, hurriedly. "It is one chance in a thousand that we will get through, but we must take that chance. Can you help yourself at all?"

"Pard, I don't need to cross the river—to save my life. I'll pass in my checks soon now—I feel it comin' over me. You must go at once. Don't try to cross in the usual way, or you'll get swamped sure. Let her run down with the current, an' perhaps yer can dodge the logs and make an eddy on the other side. Hurry, lad, yer haven't a moment to lose."

"What!" cried Wade, "leave you here in that cowardly manner! We go together or not at all." And he sat down doggedly by Yorker's side.

"For God's sake, pard, don't throw away your life in that way," exclaimed the dying man, earnestly. "I'm goin' fast, an' couldn't make the riffle any way. Dear old fellow, do go. Think of all the long life yet before you. Don't throw it away just for to stay with a played-out old cuss like me. Good-bye, old fellow, good-bye," pressing the hand he held. Wade bent down quickly and softly touched the pleading lips with his, and went out. The dying eyes followed him with a tender, heart-breaking longing in them, and two tears stole down the wan cheeks.

A shout greeted Wade's appearance upon the ledge, over which the water was creeping in greedy, snaky waves.

The crowd saw the canoe pushed into the river, and held its breath to witness the fearful embarkation. Where was the other partner? What were they waiting for? Why, in God's name, didn't they hurry? Each moment threatened destruction to the frail cabin. The fire flamed luridly. Suddenly a groan burst from the hushed multitude. The canoe was seen to shoot out into the flood, but it was empty, and the solitary figure on the ledge watched it for an instant, and then turned and walked slowly to the cabin and disappeared. Yorker started and gazed anxiously in Wade's face as he reëntered.

"The boat"—began he.

"—is gone," said Wade, quietly resuming his seat.

"Pard, you didn't go an'—", and Yorker paused, and gazed into his friend's white, quiet face. Wade laid his cheek close to the rough beard, and said, softly: "Dear old fellow, I am, oh, so thankful to be saved a life-long remorse and loneliness."

A faint hand-clasp was Yorker's mute reply. The gloom deepened, the fire went out with a hiss, the rain fell sorrowfully, and the dull boom of the flood sounded a dirge for the friends, who, hand clasped in hand, awaited death.

The catastrophe to the canoe had roused the assembled miners to renewed efforts for rescuing the imperiled men. Heavier boats and ropes had been sent for. Many methods had been discussed and abandoned. Each moment was precious now. One inexplicable problem was the theme of every tongue: the strange inactivity of the occupants of the cabin. It was destined soon to be solved.

A daring attempt to cross the river above the bar, attain the cliff which overhung the cabin, and by means of ropes lowered from thence to rescue the men, was about to be made.

The rescuing party were on the point of starting. Grim farewells were being said during the last hurried preparations. The fire had died down, and a heavy shadow concealed the ledge. A dull thud, followed by a rending and crashing, came shudderingly out of the darkness. A great hush fell on the crowd. The fire blazed once more luridly. The yellow flood dashed against the base of the cliff unchecked. The ledge was empty.

October, 1882.

HARRY W. LEAVENS.

VANITY FAIR.

There was a time when the European pilgrim could be instantly known by the cut of her clothes; but these delightful ear-marks can be no longer monopolized by ladies who have crossed the raging main to secure them. The stay-at-home wears as *chic* a toilet, though she pays double what it would cost abroad. The distinction is felt in the pocket; but it is not observed in the street.

This is the sort of costume a young woman wears in France when she pays afternoon visits to the country: The color is blue, in four shades, none of which are bright, and the short, round skirt is trimmed with fifteen narrow frills, each frill being one of the four shades. The bodice is dark at the shoulders and waist; the sash tied at the back is of wide silk ribbon, with shaded stripes, in which the four tints are reproduced. Mademoiselle also wears a Spanish toque, with a bouquet of roses at one side, and a blonde mantilla tied on the bosom and carried to the back, where it is again knotted.

That loveliest of laces, valenciennes, is coming in again for evening wear. Imitation can not reach these new designs for flouncings, one of which is of curled feathers intertwined and crossing each other, and another, as artistic, a series of shells forming the border of the flounce. Seen among new fancy laces is a treatment of raised flowers—a species of appliqué—which is very rich and novel. A fine piece of oriental lace has large raised harebells scattered over it; and another pattern, shaped into a grand Veronese collar, is sprinkled with roses and tiny leaflets.

A lady at White Sulphur Springs is said to have worn a pair of shoes that cost thirty-nine dollars. Her stockings cost ninety dollars. They were black silk, and midway between ankle and knee was a green tree embroidered in silk, and resting on the branches of the tree were brightly-plumed birds, some in the act of flying. On the "bulge" or largest part of the stocking was a huntsman, clad in red shirt and trousers, taking aim at the birds in the tree. Upon the instep was the monogram of the lady wrought in gold letters. Between the knee and the upper part of the stocking were eighteen narrow bands of many varying hues.

Strange are the vagaries of fashion! Among the latest of its freaks is said to be the introduction of "prayer rugs," to be used by fashionable ladies. They have come from the misty East, along with Japanese goods, hashish, attar of roses, and other delectable things, and the aroma of "Araby the Blest" is supposed to cling to them, even when they are bought from an Irish Turk on Broadway. They are described as being similar to those used by the Mohammedans, are usually about three by four feet in size, and can be distinguished by the design, which always represents some large figure at one end, and is pointed at the other. Places are indicated for the hands and knees. Devout women procure the real things from an importer, and, without facing Mecca, bumping their heads on the floor, or removing their shoes and stockings, like the sons of the Prophet, still actually do use them to kneel on while praying. They are said to be a great comfort.

No one who visited Newport this season, says the New York Times, after a few years' absence, could fail to be struck with the astonishing wave of luxury which has rolled over that abode of American fashion. This season there were probably thirty people who had cooks at salaries of from fifty to one hundred dollars a month, and whose monthly expenses for living were not less than five and six thousand dollars. Many of these families have altogether twenty servants, of whom half are men, several being in livery; in fact, the town is alive with smart grooms in buckskin and top-boots. And yet it is not long ago that a lady was almost mobbed in New York for riding with a groom similarly equipped behind her. And even ten years ago very few owners of carriages ventured on anything in the way of livery beyond trousers of what was deemed a "horsey" hue, and a bit of velvet ribbon—a remarkably stupid and inappropriate piece of ornamentation, by the way—around their servants' hats, while there certainly were not five people who drove with two servants on the box.

The New York Herald gives the following regarding gentlemen's fashions for the coming fall and winter: In silk hats, the bell-crown is worn in two heights, both lower than last season, and with heavy, rolling brim. In evening dress suits, the swallow-tail coat is made from black West of England cloth, or fine Wales worsteds. The collar and lapels are cut narrower; the roll is not quite so extended; the skirt a little shorter. Both shawl and notched collars are worn and silk facings are decidedly the choice. The vests are cut to button four buttons, with rolling collars. For demi-dress suits the double-breasted frock-coat, or, as it is sometimes called, the Prince Albert, is used in making morning calls, promenading, and, in some cases, at weddings, especially when the bride is dressed in traveling costume. Very many stylish young men wear colored worsteds made into double-breasted frock-coats. The colors most in demand are browns, grays, and olives. Under the head of walking-coat suits come the single-breasted cutaway coats, one, three, four, and five buttons. The waist remains about the same length, but the skirts are longer than last season. Business suits are also made with the above-mentioned form of coats, but the single-breasted sacque-coat is the most universally worn. All coats outline the figure closely at the back, especially those intended for full and half-dress. The number of buttons is limited to four on most coats. Trousers continue to be cut nearly skin tight, with a tendency to a slight increase in size at no distant day. Vests are cut straight across at the bottom, quite short, single-breasted, and buttoned up high, without collar, or with a small rolling collar. In overcoats the single and double-breasted oversacque, and also single and double-breasted surtouts will be worn. The coat most generally worn will be the single-breasted sacque. The single-breasted surtout, with very long skirt, will take the place of the ulster to a great degree.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A Good Little Boy.

Charles was a little boy who loved his Mother dearly, and whenever she told him anything he was very careful to Obey.

One day in the Spring, when the birds were singing and the buds on the apple-trees were almost ready to burst into beautiful white blossoms, Charles asked his mother for Ten Cents to buy Marbles, for the ground was getting dry, and the other boys were beginning to enjoy their favorite Sport. "You can have the money, my son," said the Mother, "but you must promise me not to play for Keeps, and every night that you can come home and tell me truthfully that you have not disobeyed your Mamma, I will give you a Large Red Apple." And then she kissed him Fondly, and he went gayly away to School.

But before Charles had gone very far he met Thomas Tough, who was a Bad boy. Charles told Thomas about the Ten Cents that his Mother had given him to buy Marbles with, and also told him that he could not play for Keeps unless he was willing to go without the Red Apple.

When Thomas heard this he said: "Give me the Marbles that you are going to buy, and I will play with them for Keeps, and after School is out we will Divide what I have won, for I am a Superior Player. Then you can truthfully tell your Mother that you have not been playing for Keeps, and will receive the Red Apple."

So Charles gave his Marbles to Thomas, and after School was out asked him how many Marbles he had Won.

"I did not Win," replied Thomas; "I struck a Hard Crowd, and lost."

Then Charles was sad, for he was a pretty Tight-Fisted little boy, and began to Cry. But presently he said to Thomas: "You are a naughty boy, and I hate you Very Much."

And then Thomas hit Charles in the Nose, and threw him down in the Dirt, making his new panties look very bad indeed.

So when Charles reached home he told his Papa all about his troubles. When he had finished, his Papa said to him: "You don't know as much as Thompson's Colt, and I am going to take a Crack at you myself."

Then he gave Charles a good Licking, and sent him to bed without any Supper. And when Charles had lain on his Stomach for a while, because he felt more Comfortable that way, he said to himself: "No more Blind Pools for me."

Do you not think he had a Great Head, children? I do. —From "Tales for the Toddlers," by Joseph Medill in Chicago Tribune.

The Trotting-Horse Reporter.

"Want an obituary?"

A rather short man, whose naturally cheerful face wore a look of studied grief that was in strange contrast to the ruddy glow of his cheeks, stood in the doorway.

"Has another old citizen passed away?" inquired the horse reporter. "I never knew one of them to die," he continued; "but every little while a passing away occurs."

"The deceased," said the man in the doorway, "was certainly an old resident; and I may say for purity of—"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say," interrupted the horse reporter. "You were about to remark that, 'for purity of purpose, strict fidelity to the principles that ever guide the man of honor and probity in dealing with his fellow-men, our friend, whose loss we mourn, stood preëminent among his business associates.' Isn't that it?"

"That is certainly the tenor of what I had in mind; but there are other things to be said. He was an aff—"

"You bet he was," said the horse reporter. "I know all about that, too. 'He was an affectionate husband, a kind parent, and nowhere will his loss be more keenly felt than within that hallowed spot where human love is ever strongest, human sorrow ever the most poignant—the sacred precincts of the domestic circle.' Isn't that it?"

"Well, I certainly did intend to say something like that," replied the short man; "but that wasn't all. In the hum—"

"That's right," again interrupted the friend of Maud S. "In the humbler walks of life, our friend who is now no more was often found giving freely of the means with which a kind Providence had endowed him, to alleviate the sufferings of those whom misfortune had ever held within its iron grip. Doesn't that cover what you were going to tell me?"

"Yes," said the short man, "that's something like it. But now that Death—"

"You're right again. 'But now that Death has stilled with his icy breath the heart that such a little time ago was pulsating in the vigor of healthful manhood, and laid prone beneath his irresistible blow the rugged form that had withstood so bravely the assaults of time, there is nothing left to us but a pallid tenement of clay—frail emblem of the proud structure so instinct with life—teaching to all of us, with mournful directness, the sad lesson that in the midst of life we are in Milwaukee—no, in death, I mean—and that this sad event should impress upon us all the necessity of being prepared to meet, with a clear conscience, the summons that calls us away from a life of turmoil and trouble, to one where white-robed Peace stretches forth her broad wings, where sorrow and strife are unknown, and where our departed brother now awaits our coming.' How does that size up with what you were about to remark?"

"Why, that's it exactly," said the visitor, with a sunny smile. "You've got it down pretty fine, haven't you?"

"I should surmise that I had," replied the horse reporter. "I dropped on to this obituary racket early in the action, and if anybody can ring one in on me he can have the bun."

"I guess I won't print the obituary," said the visitor. "The deceased was only a New Jersey man, any how, and they say he never more than half provided for his family, and went to lodge about five nights in the week. Some say he removed to this State from the penitentiary, but I don't know anything about that. He's dead, any how, and dead men can't do anybody much good, can they?"

"Not a great deal," replied the horse reporter.

"Well, so long," said the short man.

"Bon jour," responded the horse reporter. "I don't know what bon jour is, but I heard the literary editor say it other day, and he's far too fly to make any mistake." —Chicago Tribune.

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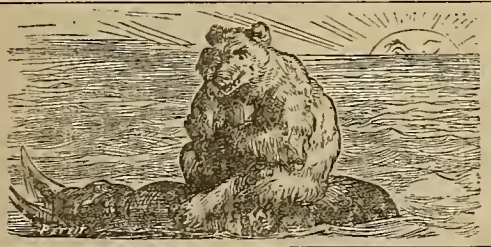
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A few months ago a small quantity of wheat was shipped by the Southern Pacific Railroad, via St. Louis and New Orleans, to Liverpool. We are not advised of the charges for the conveying of wheat, nor are we able to state the probable tariff that will be placed upon wheat transported by rail from California to New Orleans, and thence by ships to England. But this fact should challenge the attention of all wheat-growers in this State: viz, before the road was built seventeen dollars a ton was charged for wheat from San Francisco to Liverpool. Wheat is now carried for nine dollars per ton, and it is believed that when the southern road is completed and in working operation, from the Bay of San Francisco to some convenient shipping point on the Gulf of Mexico, the freight, per ton, of wheat will be reduced to seven dollars. This fact is one that ought to impress every farmer in California, and is an answer, complete and satisfactory, to very much of the misrepresentation that politicians are now indulging in with reference to the management of railroads. To the freight-charges by sea, each farmer was compelled to add the amount that was chargeable against his crop for moving it by rail or other mode of transportation from his farm to San Francisco. When the Southern Pacific road is built and fully equipped; when it shall have secured its own docks, wharves, warehouses, and elevators at some convenient Gulf harbor; and when it shall have made its final arrangement for a fleet of wheat-carrying ships from that port to Liverpool, Bremen, Havre, or elsewhere in Europe—the wheat-grower will have secured for himself a system of transportation that will give him the very best of carrying facilities for his crops, and he will have it transported at the very minimum of cost. When this work—one of the most important of all the railroad enterprises as yet undertaken upon the continent—shall be completed, and the rail comes into active and practical competition with the sea, it will produce a revolution in the State. Not only the wheat-raiser, but the wine-producer, the wool, fruit, and honey-growers, and every one of all our industrious producers of any article for shipment, will feel the direct benefit of the only possible competition that could be provided for them. Not only will their productions be cheaply transported, but the market will be brought to their barn-doors. The small farmer will find a home market which will give him a price for every salable thing grown. In addition to this scheme of carrying outward freights to Europe, it is proposed by the managers of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to so build their ships that the fleet carrying outbound cargoes of wheat and farm produce will be so arranged that they will accommodate immigrants on their return, thus affording the most speedy, safe, and economical mode of direct European immigration. The difficulty of our immigration problem heretofore has been the fact that immigrants landing at Castle Garden have been induced at every step of their westward passage to stop short of California. The great interior west presented its broad and fertile lands as inducements for homes. The immigrant agent besets him at every step. The Eastern railroads are interested that he shall stop along their lines. The Union Pacific was directly interested in the settlement of a vast country tributary to them, so that every possible hindrance was placed in the way of the immigrant destined to California. At every junction along the Union Pacific road, an agent stood ready to offer cheap lands as an inducement for them to make their homes before seeing our State; and when they arrived at our border, the Oregon land-owner was ready to switch them northward to the fertile valley of the Willamette, or the attractive lands of Washington Territory. When this new arrangement is perfected, such cheap through fares will be offered as will give every immigrant an opportunity to see the character of our State before he is compelled, for want of funds to pay excessive railroad charges, to stop short of his destination. We may not fear that the attractive lands of Texas, or the dry plains of New Mexico; or the deserts of New Mexico, will come into serious competitive rivalry with our equable climate, lovely valleys, and broad productive foot-hill lands. And will the Southern Pacific Railroad managers do this thing? When completed, will not some greed of gain or some combination suggestive of avarice come in between the people and their good intentions? We answer with confidence that no such thing will happen. This confidence is begotten of no confidence in railroad builders. We speak from no personal acquaintance with their intentions. We rely upon no promises. We put faith in no moral qualities. We simply declare our belief that these people will carry cheap freights and bring immigrants on easy terms, because it is to their interest so to do. These men are human, like ourselves, just as honest and no more honest than other men, and, in the nature of things, they will take that course that is best for them, and in this particular it is best for them to do that which is best for the producers and best for the land-owners of the State. They will reduce the cost of transportation to the lowest possible rate to secure the carrying trade, and then reach out to get all they can. They will extend branches, side-roads, and feeders, in order that they may stretch their tentacles to the remotest valley and most inaccessible hill-side of our State for business. They own a large area of land—millions of acres. These lands are now worthless to them, because unoccupied and unused. Every acre, or every farm of a hundred and sixty acres, to which the corporation can bring an industrious family, is to it a source of profit. The price obtained for the land, and the cost of bringing an immigrant family to it, is insignificant when compared with the ultimate profit that shall come from transporting the productions of this family to market. There is no institution or industry in this State so intimately connected with, and dependent upon, its general prosperity, as the transportation interests.

We heard a mole-headed politician declare the other day that the railroad people desired to destroy the navigation of the Sacramento River, in order that the railroads might carry the productions of that valley. Governor Stanford would be an idiot if he did not recognize the fact that where sufficient miners' débris is poured into the Sacramento River's channel to destroy its navigation, the overflowing waters will inundate and destroy the valley itself. Its agricultural productiveness would be ruined, and this great, rich valley, that holds a relation to this State similar to that which the fertile valley of the Nile holds to Egypt, would be so utterly destroyed that there would be no produce to transport and no passengers to carry. The railroad interests are in this respect identical with the valley farmer's. When the gravel-sluicer shall, by the pursuit of his destructive, and, because destructive, illegal industry, have destroyed the homes and farms of the Sacramento Valley, he will at the same time have struck a blow at any railroads which shall traverse the section of country injured. There are no two interests so mutually dependent upon each other as agriculture and transportation, and this slickens business is an admirable illustration of this interdependence. It is the interest of farmers to have their productions cheaply carried, and it is the interest of the railroads to carry them so cheaply and so safely that they will increase. This is made evident by the past history of freights in this State. Governor Stanford, in his open letter, said: "The law under which most of the railroad corporations of this State were organized, fixed the maximum rate for freight at fifteen cents per ton per mile, for all classes. Therefore, under the law, a possible average of fifteen cents per ton per mile might have been charged, but the actual average rate obtained by the Central Pacific Railroad during the year 1881 was less than 2.2 cents per ton per mile, or a little less than one-seventh of the possible average obtainable under the law, and this without compul-

sion other than that demanded or suggested by the laws of business. These laws are the only certain, just, and legitimate regulators, and under them the greater part of the products of the country are moved at rates below the average cost of movement. Wheat will probably be moved from San Francisco to New Orleans at the rate of about one-half cent per ton per mile, or at one-fifth of the average charge for the movement of freight on the Central Pacific Railroad during 1881. The railroad finds its reward for the minimum rates of freight in the general development of the country and the stimulus given to production, and after paying the direct expenses consequent upon the movement of these minimum freights, there may be a small balance still to go toward paying the fixed expenses and the general cost of maintenance. And to that extent, these low-priced commodities contribute a share of support toward a means of transportation that is of general benefit to every community. That classification of merchandise is necessary, no intelligent person doubts. The burdens of transportation are to be imposed somewhat in proportion to the value of the articles transported. Each article, as nearly as possible, pays an equal percentage on its own value. This rule inures to the benefit of the farmer. Wheat, barley, and other grains, hops, broom-corn, and other productions that are heavy or bulky, must be classified in the freight schedule somewhat in reference to their value in the markets to which they are destined. If goods were transported solely with reference to their weight and their measurement, and with equal mileage, and could not be carried for long distances under certain conditions at the same or for less rates than charged for shorter distances, the farming community would be the one to suffer. No sensible man would claim for a hundred-pound gold brick, worth twenty thousand dollars, that it should be carried for the same charge that a hundred-pound sack of wheat should pay, worth two dollars, or that a bale of silks should pay no more than a bale of gunny-sacks of the same weight or dimensions. The value of the service is greater in transporting gold or silk than wheat or gunny-bags, and hence the propriety of their greater charge, and this entirely independent of the items of insurance, extra care, etc. The larger tariff placed upon the more costly articles enables the railroads to grade down the charges upon less valuable commodities below the average cost of transportation, and this is where the principle aids the farmer. He pays an additional price because of freight charges upon the luxuries he consumes. He pays for his groceries, clothing, dry goods, liquors, tobacco, and for all goods purchased at the country store a small additional price; but in turn he has his produce—which is all bulky, heavy, and of lesser value—transported at the minimum price. He pays the maximum for the imported pounds he is compelled to buy; he pays the minimum for the exported tons he sells. Governor Stanford has so well stated this that we again quote from his open letter: "To fully illustrate the value to staple articles of production of this principle of classification, suppose four persons, desiring to construct a means of transportation from a common point to a common point, to be possessed of commodities related to each other in value, as iron, copper, silver, and gold. Now, let it be distinctly understood that the means of transportation is common, and that the value of these articles is to reside in their destination. The transportation of iron could not confer as much value upon that commodity as the transportation of copper. Again, the transportation of copper could not confer as much value upon the article transported as the transportation of silver, and this again as the transportation of gold. It follows, therefore, that the value of the service rendered by the transportation of gold—the most costly article used in this illustration—will be as much greater than the transportation of iron as the difference in the value of the two articles brought into comparison at their market point. To charge the iron with a rate of transportation equal to that charged the gold, when the value of the service in transporting the gold is many thousand times greater than that rendered in transporting the iron, would be an unjust discrimination against the iron and in favor of the gold. The principle, then, carried into practical commerce, is that a high rate is placed upon costly articles, and a low rate upon cheap articles, for mutual benefit and a just distribution of burdens." That freights are carried for longer distances—as, for instances, to terminal points—for less or at the same rates charged for shorter distances, Governor Stanford admits, and justifies by the following argument: "Take the wheat of the country, with San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, Red Bluff, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles as shipping points, and New Orleans as the objective point. And here come in the three factors which limit and fix the price that the railroad company shall charge for transportation. The first is development, which applies most strongly in the case of the most remote place, Red Bluff; second, the value of the commodity at New Orleans or its ultimate point of destination, say Liverpool; and last, competition. San Francisco is the chief competitive point, with four hundred and eighty-one miles of transportation more than from Los Angeles. Sacramento, fifty miles farther from the point of destination than Stockton, has as good facilities for reaching San Francisco, the great competi-

itive point, as Stockton has, and will not pay the carrier any greater price than the latter pays, for the reason that the competing advantages are about equal. At Red Bluff the question of development appears more strongly than at either of the other points, and yet feels the influence of both of the other factors. The converse of this proposition is also true as relates to the import commerce to be carried by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The export commerce which will find its outlet at the Gulf ports will be supplemented by an import commerce, and this must necessarily, by the same law of competition, be carried to San Francisco at as low rates as will be charged for like carriage to Los Angeles. Now, the railroad practically has but little voice in the matter, outside of those considerations which fix the price that it shall receive. And here let me say that whenever the railroad accepts less than the maximum allowed by law, it is because of considerations or circumstances that it can not control, but which in themselves fix the price which becomes an established rate. This fact should receive due consideration. Now, it will be seen that, controlled by these circumstances, an equal mileage theory would not apply at all, and nothing can regulate it excepting business laws, unless you deny to the shipper the right of competition, and regulate him in his routes and prices. An attempt to regulate the carrier without regulating the shipper will always be a failure; and again I may say that the only regulation possible is such as business principles or the laws of business permit. When the railroad accepts less for the longer than for the shorter distance, it is because circumstances compel it, and not from choice. Railroads are no more desirous of working for nothing than other enterprises or interests; and it would be as reasonable to suppose that they would voluntarily carry for the longer distance at the same or less rate than for the shorter, when they could obtain more, as to suppose that the laborer would work a day and a half for the same price that he would for one day. The people are not charged more for the shorter distance, but the railroads are compelled to take less for the longer distance, for certain causes over which they have no control—viz., competition, or the relative values of the commodities moved."

If of late we have written somewhat voluminously upon the subject of railroads, it is because the matter has been thrust upon us. The Republican Convention placed the issue improperly in its platform. It embodies a false and cowardly declaration against what we think is the most important interest in California. We are the friends of railroads and railroad men, as we are the friends of everything that advances the best interest of the State, and of every man of enterprise who, by his brain, his wealth, and his energy, contributes to promote its progress. We hate a demagogue, and feel for him an instinctive contempt. We love the people, but despise the mob. We regard the man who toils upon his own acres, and we spit upon the politician who endeavors to deceive him, or who appeals to his prejudice and his lack of information to mislead him. The railroads of California have done everything for the State, and by the State we mean the industrious working-men who own it. This false clamor against railroads is the result of machine politics, corrupt bosses, blackmailing newspapers, cowardice, and crime. It comes from selfish, ambitious, glib demagogues, who think to crawl into office by misrepresentations and lies against the leading business of the State. It is of the first importance that the agricultural interest should be in friendly cooperation with the transportation interest. To this end it is indispensable that there should be a thorough appreciation of their mutual interests and dependencies, and nothing will so largely contribute to this as a thorough knowledge by the farmers of the business principles that must govern the railroad corporations in their relation to the producers. Railroads are interested in increasing to their fullest development the productive capacity of all the lands in the State. They are interested in giving to all the farming lands in California the largest value. They are interested in subdividing lands into small farms. Anything that is calculated to injuriously affect the farming community directly affects the railroad interests, as is illustrated in the controversy between the gravel-miners and the valley farmers. The owners of the Oregon branch of the Central Pacific Railroad are as directly interested in arresting this gravel-slucing outrage as the man who is compelled to stand by and see his farm, and orchard, and home ruined by the spoiler. The same mob of Sand-lot party tricksters and New Constitution makers, that had the hardy impudence to attempt to place the control of railroads and the regulation of fares and freights in the hands of three irresponsible party politicians, had not a single line in the organic law for the protection of the valley farmers. The Republican and Democratic parties, that rivaled each other in their zeal to confiscate railroad property, were too cowardly to utter one word in defense of the farmer's home, threatened by destruction from the gravel-slucers. Mr. Estee, the Republican candidate, after bargainings for the elimination of a resolution from the platform that looked to the recognition of an anti-débris principle, has the criminal audacity to make a secret bargain with the miners, and the cheek to attempt to assert

before the northern farmers that he has not entered into such a criminal compact. Mr. Estee is now upon the stump appealing for the destruction of two great interests, the two leading industries of the State—railroads and farms; and, with the adroitness that always characterizes the unscrupulous and unprincipled politician, he is endeavoring to make the farmer believe that the railroad corporations are inimical to his interests. This brilliant political meteor flames along the great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, with his lambent tail all glowing with indignation against the railroads because of their tyranny and oppression to the persecuted farmers of Mussel Slough, in eloquent sympathy for the oppressed merchants of San Francisco who are compelled to make special contracts, and in denunciation of corporations whose slave, hireling, horn thrall, and paid chattel he was in the Constitutional Convention. Mr. Estee has no word of sympathy for those farmers who are being hurried alive by the greed, avarice, and illegal spoliations of dishonest mining. Mr. Estee is a conscienceless demagogue. He thinks to impose himself upon the people. Obtaining his nomination by fraud and violence, in manipulating the vilest machine that has ever obtained control in the politics of this city, trusting the management of his candidacy to the intrigues of three Irish bosses, he now trusts to his own flippant mendacity and brazen cheek to so misrepresent the true issues of the campaign that he shall slip into office disguised as a Republican. It is industriously whispered in this city that Estee is making immense headway in his campaign in the country by capturing the religious men of the Methodist Church South on his views concerning the Sunday law. His gang are equally zealous here in pledging Estee to entire and thorough sympathy with the League of Freedom, in promising them unlimited freedom to sell whisky on Sunday. It is a campaign of lies, cowardice, and insincerity, and ought not to succeed.

Colonel Grannis is an old, intelligent, and much-respected resident of San Francisco. He is a man of education and independent fortune. He is the agent of large properties, and manages the affairs of several wealthy non-residents. He has a good social position, has filled positions of public trust, and has performed all the duties of citizenship with credit. He is of temperate habits, in the prime of life, has never been a candidate for office, and is not a politician in the sense of being an office-seeker. Some three or four hundred of his fellow-citizens, both Republicans and independent Democrats, assembled in their respective conventions, and without his solicitation, tendered him the nomination for State Senator, and he consented to stand for the election. The ordinary man would say to himself: "These are the conditions that are fairly presumable of intelligent and honest public service, and I will vote for Colonel Grannis." The *Bulletin*, in a column of jesuitical sophistry, and in the face of a promise of support to Colonel Grannis, opposes his election, questions by cowardly implication his integrity, and endeavors to defeat him, because, and only because, Colonel Grannis is the holder of a small interest in the Spring Valley Water Company. It demands of him that he shall not place himself in a position to legislate for the benefit of a corporation in which he is a stockholder. The logical result of such a doctrine of disqualification would render it impossible for any property-owner in the State to become a member of its legislative body. No man interested in taxation upon real or personal property, no one holding real estate or mortgages thereon, no stockholder in business corporations, no man engaged in manufacturing or mechanical industries in the country, no laborer interested in hours of limitation or days of rest, could make laws, because they are all personally interested in the subject-matter of legislation. Such a rule would limit the law-making power to the non-industrial and non-property-owning classes of society. It would turn the politics of the State over to the impecunious political adventurer. The *Bulletin* knows this, knows Colonel Grannis and respects him, and knows that he is an intelligent and honorable man. This opposition to him arises simply from its desire to injure the Spring Valley Water Company. It is another and conclusive proof that, with water on the brain, it is impossible for this—in most other respects—respectable journal to be either honest or sensible upon any matter in which this corporation is involved.

George William Curtis attributes the result of the election in Ohio to the "rum element," and to "Republican discontent with certain Republican tendencies which require for their correction the decisive rebuke of defeat." "Democratic strength has heretofore lain in the alliance of the 'rum element with slavery.'" "Slavery is destroyed; but the rum element clings to it like a poisoned robe. In the end it will be disastrous to that party, because, unless all the assumptions of popular government are wrong, it is sobriety, industry, and intelligence which permanently prevail in a free country. Reform within a party can sometimes be accomplished only by party defeat. As long as a party succeeds by repulsive methods and unworthy agents, it is on the high road to ultimate ruin, and the only way to show that fraud, and trickery, and the corruption of pat-

ronage are fatal to a party is to defeat the party. Great public objects can not be promoted by fraud, trickery, and corruption; and where these forces have obtained control, they must be baffled by defeat, or the party objects themselves are lost." "Every Republican who sustains notorious chicanery, and cheating, and vast extravagance, by sustaining a party which depends upon such cheating and abuse, arrays himself against the purposes of the party. Such a defeat is one of the fortunate proofs which are furnished from time to time of healthy political vigor; of the happy effect that there are enough intelligent and patriotic citizens who regard party as a means, not an end, to show schemers and sharpers and patronage-mongers that in reckoning upon the want of political courage and independence, they are reckoning without their host." Every word of the above is sound sense from eminent Republican authority. It is in every word and line applicable to the politics of California; and, properly interpreted, it means that the highest, most important, and permanent service that can be rendered the Republican party in this election is to defeat Morris M. Estee for Governor, because he has resorted to repulsive methods and unworthy agents, and by fraud, trickery, chicanery, and deceit, obtained a nomination that would not have been given him by respectable Republicans under the honorable management of an intelligent and independent convention. The triumph of Mr. Estee is the triumph of the machine and machine bosses over honest men and party principles. The defeat of Mr. Estee is the chastisement that will lead the party through the hard discipline of defeat to the permanence of a great, thorough, and much-needed reform. If in the State of New York it is permissible to vote against so excellent and honorable a man as Judge Folger is admitted to be simply because he was nominated for governor through vile practices, which he did not encourage, and by vicious men, whom he could not control, how much stronger is the incentive to vote against Estee, who himself manipulated the machine, used and directed the bosses, encouraged the primary frauds, and personally supervised the whole devilish conspiracy from his headquarters in Peter Hopkins's bar-room, and his right and left wings resting on the Mint Saloon and Christopher Buckley's Albambra. "When the choice of Republicans is between Captain Kidd and Dick Turpin, honest men will vote 'in the air.'"

The award by Judge Finn of the Piercy child to its maternal grandparent would not, ordinarily, interest any outside the family circle; but, as this case has become within our locality a *cause célèbre*, we think ourselves justified in recording our approval of the judgment, and the reasoning that led to it. A poor young actor, without pronounced religious convictions, marries into the family of a wealthy Catholic, and, before he takes the marriage vows, goes with his betrothed to her spiritual adviser—in this case his grace Archbishop Alemany—and promises that the children resulting from the marriage shall be educated in the Catholic faith. In exchange for this promise this Catholic maiden gives herself, her love, her fortune, and her faith into the keeping of a Protestant husband. A female child is born to them. The mother dies. The father, true to his ante-nuptial promise, gives the child into the custody of its mother's parents and sister. They take it to their home. It is a home of wealth, where the infant finds bounteous plenty and loving care. The father gives to them its custody with accompanying promises of continuance till he sickens and dies. The father's mother then asks the custody of the child. It is our judgment that she is not entitled to it; that the law of love, of interest, and the ante-nuptial promise all look to the mother's family as the proper home for the orphaned girl. The little one slips into the spot made vacant by the marriage and departure of its mother. It fills the vacuum in hearts made desolate with grief for the too early death of a loved one. It secures for this child an ample fortune. The sentimentality of an aged paternal grandmother ought not to come between the child and its worldly interest, or he allowed to invalidate compacts made at the marriage altar, which have been ratified in the life and death of both its parents.

The Catholic family journal, devoted to propagation, etc., says: "If by our advocacy of prohibition we could transform every beer-hall in the city into Baptist meeting-houses, and thereby deprive a single thirsty Teuton of his customary glass of lager, we would see the whole Prohibition party in purgatory before we would advocate its principles." Wonder if this ecclesiastical believer in purgatory would not be willing to advocate prohibition if he could turn every beer-hall and whisky-mill into a Catholic church? The Roman Irish do not like Baptists for two reasons—first, because they are not Papists, and, second, because they are baptized in water. If the Irish could be immersed in whisky, baptism would be regarded as a saving ordinance. If it ever becomes needful to alienate the whisky-drinking Irish from the ecclesiastical allegiance, it will only become necessary to fill the communion cup with potheen, and the priest being allowed to drink its contents, freely through the congregation.

LITERARY.

The First Volume of Bancroft's History of this Coast.

HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES. *Central America*. Vol. I. 1501-1530. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1882.

It is a good sign for the permanence of a people when it values and is well versed in its own history. The pure-blooded, ancestral races which founded the nations of to-day were tenacious of the traditions which celebrated the great events of their past, the exploits of their heroes, their battles, the building of their cities, the natural wonders of comet-fire, rain of stars, notable drought, famine, or flood. In legend or song these things were taught by the old men, past labor, to the children cradled in the wolf-skins, and, carefully and literally rehearsed in tale or poem, were wrought into the fibre of the nation, steadied the stroke of its maces in combat, and gave edge to its sword. Nothing more commands respect than the family or the state which honors its own lineage and past. For the average Californian, the past which begins at the crossing of the Sierra in 1842 is sufficient; and he is even content with his Anno Mundi beginning in '49 or the spring of '50. But his grandchildren will hardly be satisfied with so limited a retrospect. Nay, as he treads the paths of his own chosen and fruitful country, does the strange, warm hue of its red-brown volcanic soil never prompt him to ask why its color is so different from the dark loams of the valleys?—or does not the motley dialect which assails his ear prompt him to trace the languages which form part of it, and how they came to be domesticated on his own shores? Nay, does he never ask how this country came to be his own, and an English-speaking continent, at all? Has he no natural curiosity to know how the mountains were ground down to make the rich countries of the coast, or how the reefs were submerged, which geology teaches once joined the Pacific shore with the Sandwich Islands? Does not the dull mission wall, or the pueblo clause in his land title, stir an idle interest in the aboriginal owners of the soil, and the *conquistadores*, who seized only in turn to be eliminated from the broad lands of La Senorha de la Norte?

When a personage of commanding and superior air is seen in our daily walk, how briskly inquiry passes from lip to lip, impatient till all are satisfied who and of what family and connection he or she may be. One would think that the child of the nineteenth century could hardly tread the fairest region of the western continent without being eager to know its past, from the formation of its mountain crests and glacier cliffs, from the subsiding of the western reef which left the waters of the ocean between the Gold Coast and the Sandwich Islands, to the receding of the tide which left the wind-blown sand-pillars and heaps miles inland on the old sea-beach between the Santa Cruz vineyard hills and the solfataros and mineral geysers of its northern country. Still more would he wish to know of human races which have gone before him. The age of the dodo and mammoth has left its relics in the dwarf scales of humanity hardly distinguishable from the brown or gray Sierra sides on which they huddle and creep like parasites of nature sprung from the dust of the earth in which they crawl. After them, last to come and first to go, like all favored races, come the sprightlier, taller tribes, clever carvers of slate, porphyry, and obsidian, weavers of feather cloakings and supple reed-grass fabrics which defy rain, the Indians of the pueblos and Mexican plateaus, whose intoned story lingers in the cry of the mountain wind in the clefts, the rocks, and the piñon boughs. Beyond their dusky forms we catch the glint of weapons and ring of armor, the waving of silken scarf and banner, royal, though faded with sun and weather-stained, and the glance of conquest under brows bent with deeper craft and more relentless will than the doomed races of the Incas. There is Cortez, with the golden green of the imperial quetzal bird bound about his helmet; Narvaez, with his band of gentlemen adventurers, wandering from Florida to the Mississippi, through the fair and treacherous regions bordering the Gulf of Mexico; Coronado, crossing the frozen Rio Grande and the flint-strewn deserts, and tempted by the lovely Kansas plains beyond to the banks of the Missouri; Pedrarias, scouring the provinces of Darien with his avarice and his cruelty; Balboa, sick with the strain of mind and body, carried in his litter on the march, directing the movements of his troops in their search for the Southern Sea; Alvarado, baffling the cunning of the desperate caciques, and conquering the wonderful cliff-cities of Utiatlan and Atitlan. The stories of the discoverers of the country are epics of stormy magnificence, which poets may be inspired to celebrate, when they are accomplished enough to feel how superior are the literal facts of history to any dressed and decked imaginings. For, so far from poetry being an effete amusement, fit only for the adolescence of the world, it is an art still in its infancy, destined for the divining of hidden heroism and grandeur for dull common senses, and the celebration of the worthiest and greatest deeds. Before poetry, however, must come history, of the only sort that can be styled history—the Baconian, inductive, scientific method, call it what you will—which is the collection of the greatest number of facts before generalization. In reading history, the true student often is forced to feel that he would sacrifice any eloquence of partisanship or beauty of description for more fullness and verity of detail. Useless for the lively mind of the historian to supply these details by the inductive process, arguing from what is known to the unknown. Our knowledge of human nature and material things is too incomplete for any shrewd student to trust such embellishments overmuch. They make pleasant reading for the popular audience, but they rather distract the attention eager for the everlasting fact.

The Pacific history, whose first volume is under consideration, has the advantage of such preparation of authorities as probably no other history can boast. Its bibliography, which is an invaluable part of the work for the best class of readers, gives an idea of the riches of early chronicles from which it is condensed. With an instinct of thoroughness the "History of the Pacific Slope" begins at the beginning with the discovery of the Isthmus of Darien, its southern foundation, proceeding northward with successive conquests and explorations. Of books relating to America published

before 1540, the summary in the introduction informs us there are some sixty-five, of which twenty-five contain original information, and twenty-three are compiled from these. Of these forty-eight volumes there are over two hundred editions, the earliest and most faithful of which only are appealed to. Besides the early historians, Peter Martyr, Oviedo, Las Casas, Herrera, and the standard collections from Ramusio to Hackluyt, free use is made of Navarete's most valuable work on the first American voyages, with its five hundred documents from the Spanish archives; Major's "Life of Prince Henry of Portugal," the best authority for Portuguese discoveries; Rafn, source of nearly all our knowledge of the Northmen in America during the tenth and following centuries; the "Life of Columbus," by his son Fernando, from Barcia's "Historiadores Primitivos"; Humboldt, Kunsmann's compilation accompanying the Munich Atlas, and Stevens' "Geographical Notes"—works containing the most authentic reduction of all that is known of early discoveries.

Not the least interesting fragment of the history is the introduction, which sets before one the state of civilization at the date of the finding of the New World. The character and descent of its Spanish conquerors may well be deemed a fitting study in the face of the essayist's testimony that "the history of the expeditions which ended in the conquest of Mexico and Peru displays more strikingly than any other records of the human race what amazing exertions the spirit of man can prompt him to attempt and sustain him to endure;" and when, as our historian informs us, "twelve centuries after the occurrence, the peasantry of Asturias are divided between the descendants of those who aided the patriot Pelayo against the Moors, and those who did not—so strong is the influence of tradition and dead ancestry." Of such blood sprang the *conquistadores* of Central America. The picture of its discoverer, in the history before us, deepens the shadows in the character of Columbus, with the hold effective handling which marks all the portraits in Mr. Bancroft's work:

Great events generally choose great men for their accomplishment, though not infrequently we see no small dust raised by an insignificant agent. As a mariner and discoverer, Columbus had no superior; as colonist and governor, he had by this time proved himself a failure. There are some things great men can not do as well as their inferiors. It was one thing to rule at sea, and quite another to rule on shore. In bringing to his India these unruly Spaniards, he had sown for himself the whirlwind. Had he been less pretentious, less ambitious, less grasping, his latter days would have been more successful as well as more peaceful. Discovery was his infatuation; he was never for a moment unattended by a consuming curiosity to find a western way to civilized India. Had he been possessed of sound practical judgment in the matter, of the same knowledge of himself and of political affairs that he had of navigation, he would have seen that he could not, at the same time, gratify his passion for discovery and successfully govern colonies. In his fatal desire to assume rulership, and upon the ill-understood reports of simple savages, with no knowledge of the resources or capabilities of the country, without definite purpose or mature plans, he had brought upon himself an avalanche of woes. Besides his incapacity for such a task, his position was rendered all the more trying by the fact that he was a foreigner, whose arbitrary acts galled his impatient subordinates, and finally wrought them to the pitch of open rebellion. The Spaniards were quick enough to perceive that this Genoese sailor was in no wise fitted to lay the foundation of a prosperous Spanish colony; and when during his absence he left in command his brother, to whom attached no prestige of high achievement to make up for his misfortune in not being born in Spain, complications grew daily worse. Even the ecclesiastics were against the admiral; for although themselves the high-priests of a bloody fanaticism, they saw that, between the fires of nature and the supernatural, this man was becoming mad. They saw the religious hypochondria, which had already inflamed his intellect, now aggravated by the anxieties incident to the government of a turbulent element under circumstances unprecedented, undermining his health, and bringing rapidly upon him those mental and physical distempers which rendered the remainder of his life prolonged misery. Thus we may plainly see how Columbus brought upon himself the series of calamities which are commonly found charged to unscrupulous sovereigns and villainous rivals.

The first Spaniard to set foot in what the historian appropriately calls the Pacific States of North America was Bastidas, a notary of Seville, a man of means, intelligent, influential, and humane—for which last extraordinary virtue we have the testimony of Las Casas. His experiences fairly open the romance of Darien discoveries. His caravels sail for the Pearl Coast (infatuating name for the shore of South America); he comes upon an island so dressed in palm and festooned with vines to the water's edge that he names it Isla Verde forthwith; comes upon the port of Coronadas (so called because the natives walked about wearing large crowns); and soon "he saw the farallones, or craggy islet peaks, rising abruptly from the water near the Darien shore."

The author does full justice to the action of Spain in regard to the enslavement of the Indians. When the traffic was pushed upon them, with the old plausible story that some of the slaves would be christianized and returned to convert their countrymen, Ferdinand and Isabella hesitated, but when cargoes were sent over to Spain, and every newcomer was given an Indian for a slave, the monarchs were angry.

"What authority from me has the admiral to give any one my vassals," cries the queen, and all who had been thus stolen from home and country were returned. And from that moment the sovereigns of Spain were the friends of the Indians. Not Isabella alone, but Ferdinand, Charles, and Philip, and their successors for two hundred years, with scarcely an exceptional instance, stood manfully for the rights of the savages—always subordinate, however, to their own fancied rights—constantly and determinately interposing their royal authority between the persistent wrong-doing of their Spanish subjects and their defenseless subjects of the New World. * * * For the soldier, the sailor, the cavalier, the vagabond, the governor, and all their subordinates and associates, all the New World rabble, from viceroys to menial, willed it otherwise—the New World clergy too often winking assent. However omnipotent in Spain, there were some things in America that the sovereigns and their confessors could not do. They could not control the bad passions of their subjects when beyond the reach of rope and dungeon. That these evil proclivities were of home engendering, having for their sanction innumerable examples from church and state, statesmen and prelates would hardly admit, but it is in truth a plausible excuse for the excesses committed. The fact is, that for every outrage by a subject in the far away Indies, there were ten, each of magnitude tenfold for evil, committed by the sovereigns in Spain; so that it is by no means wonderful that the Spaniards determined here to practice a little fendishness for their own gratification, even though their preceptors did oppose wickedness, which by reason of their absence they themselves could not enjoy.

Brief narrative will suffice for these outrages. The earth has long since drunk the blood of victim and tyrant alike, but the barbarities practiced were pitiless as those of the Italian Visconti of the same century. Juan de Esquivel slaughtered six hundred natives at one time in one house. The horrors of extermination Las Casas confessed himself

unable to describe. A passion arose for mutilation and for prolonging agony by new inventions for refining cruelty. To take the places in the Spanish service of the Indians thus slain in Española, forty thousand natives of the Lucayas Islands were enticed thither, upon the pretext of the captors that they were the Indians' dead ancestors come from heaven to take their loved ones back with them. Española was, indeed, their shortest way to heaven, though not the way they had been led to suppose. When tidings of Ovando's doings reached Spain, Queen Isabella was on her death-bed; but, raising herself as best she was able, she exclaimed to the president of the council: "I will have you take of him such a *residencia* (account, judgment) as was never taken." Between the Indians and their mail-clad tormentors, the figures of Las Casas and regent Cardinal Jimenez appear like angelic spirits. With a humanity certainly not belonging to the age in which they lived, they had undertaken to abolish the oppression of the natives; but first, the good cardinal dies, and then the Flemish chancellor whom Las Casas had succeeded in interesting in their hapless state. "All the measures Las Casas had proposed fell to the ground save one, the only had one, concerning which Las Casas afterward asserted that he would give all he possessed on earth to recall it—the introduction of negro slaves to relieve the Indians." And elsewhere the author says: "Had Charles V. remained in Flanders, and had the life of Cardinal Jimenez been spared to Spain and the New World a few years longer, it is certain that the cruelties to the Indians would many of them have been prevented, and it is doubtful if negro slavery would have been introduced into America."

The thanksgivings to heaven for the discovery of the West Indies and the Southern Sea are hardly over before the New World is given over to brigandage under the name of conquest, and the intrigues of gentlemen adventurers, better described as handits. Balboa throws the caciques alive to his bloodhounds—did he remember his promises of safety to them when dying himself by the treachery of Pedrarias, his successor? Morales strews his path with murdered and mutilated captives; on one occasion, eighteen caciques, called to a friendly council, were seized and thrown to the dogs. Beside this sickening record, one turns with aversion from the discoveries of the pearl-heds, where, in four days, the natives found ninety-six ounces of pearls, and from which that memorable pearl, an inch in length and valued at four thousand ducats, was sent to the queen of Spain. One flushes to belong to the same race as those tyrants, and fain would find some way to wipe out the memory of their crimes from the soil they trod, as, after the slaughter of the dreaded Baglioni, the Cathedral of Perugia was washed with wine and consecrated afresh, and for three days masses were said at thirty-five altars to take away the curse from the spot. One turns from these cruelties to read of the vigor with which the discoverers forced their way through the difficulties which beset them. Balboa dared conceive and execute the project of building ships on one side of a chain of mountains for use on the other side—to navigate his vessels in pieces or sections, on the backs of Indians, over hills and swamps, and that under a sun so hot, in an atmosphere so poisoned, and through vegetation so rank and tangled, as successfully to have defied the efforts of science for centuries thereafter. "Materials for four brigantines are prepared and laid on the backs of natives, who are pressed by thousands into the service, and forced through marshy thicket and up rocky steep, till they sink beneath their burden." "More than five hundred Indians perished in the transportation of these ships," affirmed Bishop Queredo before the Court of Spain; and Las Casas says the deaths were nearer two thousand—but the work was accomplished.

The wild bank of the Balsas was strewn with materials for this new sea navigation. But on putting the pieces together it is found that after all the toil there is timber enough for only two vessels instead of four; the rest has been lost by the way. And this is not the worst of it. That which has been brought over at such cruel cost, cut near the coast and hewed green as it was, is so full of worms that it can not be used. All must be thrown away and the work begun anew. Timber is sought nearer at hand this time, and with fair success. Vasco Nuñez now divides his force into three parties, and sends one to hew timber, one to bring supplies from Acla, and a third to forage on the natives. Again they are ready with new materials to begin construction, when the heavens suddenly darken and drop such a deluge on them that they are obliged to take refuge in trees. Part of the timber is swept away, and part buried in mud. To add to their misfortunes, foraging fails; hunger pinches; and "when Vasco Nuñez himself was forced to feed on roots," says Las Casas, always with an eye to his protégés, "it may well be imagined to what extremity six hundred Indian captives were reduced." It now looks very dark to Vasco Nuñez, and he begins to consider if it were not better to move on, one way or the other, than to die there. But these misgivings are only for a moment. No, it is not better. Throwing a bridge of floating wither-tied logs across the river he sends over Compañon with a strong company, and tells him never to return except with food. Hurtado he dispatches to Antigua for more men, and goes himself to Acla for necessary effects. In all which he is successful; and he is successful finally in floating two brigantines upon the Balsas. There is no such thing as failure this side of death. What a bright vision it is that greets him as he drops down into the sea, his own sea that he had found and well-nigh lost again! Heaven is indeed beautiful if it be anything fairer. Silver and gold and pearl are the sunshine, land, and sky; while the sea, the murmuring, gladdening, majestic sea; it would inspire a brute with nobility, one sight of it!

The work is so thoroughly that of a man possessed of his subject, anxious to read it in all its lights, to search out its sources, and trace its bearings, that it will not fail to captivate the general reader, as well as arrest the attention of the scholar, who will be interested in the presence some of the heroes of history make in the unqualified light now turned upon them. If Mr. Bancroft is an iconoclast, it is the legitimate influence of the modern spirit, and will meet with acceptance by that larger following who hail neither Cæsar nor Columbus. The gods are dead; the heroes are dying. We may regret them, but the stern lesson must be taught—to consider no man either god or hero, but great in his own place, and prone to his own weakness. The nineteenth century is of the lineage of the fifteenth, and there are plenty of men in the world to-day who would be cruel as Spaniards to gain the rewards of the conquerors—of men in the world to-day who would be merciless as Borgias or as Spaniards to gain such rewards as dazzled the ambition of Alvarado and of Balboa. The volume before us leads to the return of Cortez; and those who follow the picturesque and rapid sweep of its story will await with eagerness the next number, which relates to the gorgeous history of the conquest of Mexico.

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It is often said "the English take their pleasure sadly," but for a complete spectacle of dolorous enjoyment commend me to a night at the Carnival. It will be observed that no one says the "Authors' Carnival" any more. Indeed, with the swing of years, the authors have been violently snubbed and set in the background, and the big annual charity has become a harlequinade—an artistic one, if the word be objectionable, but still parti-colored, piecemeal, and inconsequent. Of all the great men, living and dead, who have made books, but four have found a banner in the "Authors' Carnival": Longfellow, Hugo, Dumas, and Homer. How queerly it sounds to call Homer an author! Almost as strangely as to undignify any other author with the title of Mr.; for, although the peerage in letters does not give a man the right to subscribe himself with the bold simplicity of an English lord, yet all the world else does him honor in this wise.

It is the very laudable desire for novelty which has changed the character of the Authors' Carnival, and has made it more and more of a spectacle and less and less of intellectual suggestion. For what does one learn of men of letters from the Milkmaid's Festival at Warwick Castle, the Military Encampment, the Terra Cotta booth, or the Champs Elysées? The latter has a seductive sound, and it is even whispered that one may there "revel in the rosy," as Swiveller would say, to the extent of some very mild claret-cup. The lights are lowered and a long row of colored lamps swings in the line, so that it looks like a stereoscopic view or an opera bouffe scene before the coryphées come on.

Then one may buy coffee at one booth, and tea at another, and bon-bons elsewhere, and ice-cream still farther on, and sandwiches and lemonade in other spots—all of which is very satisfying to the material stomach, but cannot be said to be heavily intellectual. However, affairs are so discreetly adjusted that one comes from ice and coffee plump upon pre-Raphaelism in the shape of the only booth in all the hall which is decorated with any regard to its purport, unless it be the Homer booth, where one may find some traces of a Greek interior.

Many of the dresses this year are very beautiful in effect, though mostly made with a theatrical economy in quality, and only calculated for display at the delusive distance of the grand stage. The grand march, as it is managed, is a sad mistake. Every one knows the weakness of the amateur for the horrors of make-up. When a beautiful young woman paints her own eyebrow out and makes another heavily defined above it; when she anoints herself beneath the eye with a deep dark line of *bistre*, and plants upon either cheek the bright red flag of artifice, she is a creature of beauty behind the shadow-seeking footlights. But, parading a foot away from the scrutinizing eyes of spectators, gifted with an unpleasant directness of speech, she is simply a guy. Let any one who is fond of beauty and illusion never be lured to that mystic world "behind the scenes." It is all paste, and pigments, and smear, and gives one an immediate and uncontrollable longing for a bath-tub, to say nothing of the weird, unnatural look of the players.

When the beautiful Mrs. Langtry first went upon the stage the critics wondered what had become of her marvelous beauty, till one of them discovered that the pigments of the stage had coarsened her style, thus taking from her the very essence of her beauty; for the features of the Jersey lily are heavily molded and easily coarsened, and it is to an exquisite purity of complexion that she owes her social popularity as a beauty, rather than the limpid clearness of her eye or the classicalness of her Greek contour. It must have been this peerless complexion that caught the keen eye of Millais, the artist, who is now said to have made her the fashion, rather than the Prince of Wales. A young woman in a recent fashionable novel, who is rather given to saying bright things, declares the difference between eighteen and eighty to be only in the skin, so far as a woman's beauty is concerned. She is more than half right, and if Mrs. Langtry had been afflicted with pimples, or the sun's kisses had marked her with freckles in her island home, where she was said to be something of a tom-boy and much in the sun, one of the chronicles of London life would have been left unwritten, and one woman the less have attained that glittering pinnacle—social success. It is something harder to win than the plaudits of the stage, or the admiration of the paying multitude, and Mrs. Langtry's social success was something phenomenal. That is to say, she became a goddess of fashion, and no ball-room, or garden fête, or race-course was complete without her. In England or America, this is to be a social success. In France, a woman requires a few brains. Beauty goes for much, but *chic*, intelligence, and a certain genius at diplomacy for much more. The salon which is the very refinement of civilization is found in France only; no American woman has ever established a salon; it is not in the American temperament; and no Englishwoman but Lady Bessington (who, indeed, was not English at all) has ever succeeded in London. Perhaps George Eliot was nearer to it than any other, though it was none of her own deliberate making, for the shyness and a lot of nature and circumstance prevented

her nearer to it than any other, though it was none of her own deliberate making, for the shyness and a lot of nature and circumstance prevented

work which goes to the making of a genuine salon. People went to her attracted by her commanding genius, and though visitors were very like to find some one in the rooms celebrated either in letters, art, or music on those Sundays when the Leweses were "at home," it would be irony to call George Eliot a social success.

So it comes to pass that in the history of the English-speaking nations there is no salon like Madame de Tencin's or Madame de Geoffrin's, long ago; like the beautiful Madame Récamier's, later; or like Madame Edmond Adam's, to-day. The history of them is a literature by itself, for they were the field ground of intellectual manœuvres. Where else would all the brilliant wits have shone? Their words would have returned to them unheard, like those of the little Abbé Galiani, that small, strange, brilliant creature, who lived for ten years in Paris, the delight of these wonderful gatherings, and vegetated in his Neapolitan home the rest of his life, figuratively dumb. What a delightful social spirit he must have been, to have had the carping Sainte-Beuve write of him that the French people owed to him "an honorable, choice, purely delicate burial, *à la brevis*, a little elegant urn, which should not be larger than he. Upon it should be engraved, as an emblem, a Silenus, a head of Plato, a Punchinello, and one of the graces."

Perhaps just such protean intellects are within call to-day, but the absence of the salon makes them undiscoverable. Social success is a much smaller and emptier affair under our mode of living, for even Mrs. Langtry's little breakfasts, which became so famous, were generally *parties carrees*, and noted rather for the lofty rank of the chief guests than the lofty grade of intellect which helped to make them a feast of reason. In English life to-day perhaps Lord Charles Beresford is the greatest success, being at once a man of most unbounded popularity, a dashing and daring soldier-sailor, and a wit whose *mots* pass into the language. Mrs. Langtry has never set herself up for a wit, and boldly declares that she has never set herself up for a beauty; and she would doubtless have had a sorry time of setting herself up for an actress if the prestige of her fashion and beauty had not floated her into immediate success. What a pity that, to give its full effect to that beauty, she must daub it with the professional tricks of manufactured loveliness! Seen from afar, how charming and illusive; seen from a near, how ugly, how repulsive!

To return to the Carnival and the grand march, which is really its feature, and which could be so beautiful a one, how foolish it is of the participants in the booths (participants seems to be the double word, generically bestowed upon them) to disparage them for the footlights, and then float about the room within close eyeshot of every one. Many of the dresses are pretty and effective; but none will bear close inspection, excepting the gorgeous dresses of the Chinese booth. As for the Terra Cotta groups, while the idea is unique and singularly appropriate during the present craze for the color, they are the most absurd and nondescript-looking people wandering about the floor that can be imagined. Spectators are quite deprived of any of the pleasure of surprise the tableaux on the grand stage may give them by meeting the Homeric gods, or the Vikings of the Norse, or a very much smeared-looking piece of terra-cotta, running around the main floor. As for the tableaux in the booths, as they have neither distance nor properly managed lights to give them effect, they are not enjoyable. Some of those on the grand stage are very beautiful, and the generous proportions of the new pavilion give every one a chance to move about and breathe and see. The grand march is not so effective as heretofore, because in the attempt to give the spectators a better view a winding march has been introduced, which crowds the stage with people, and disturbs the eye. As every one in the line marches like that brilliant Pat who declared himself to be the only man in the regiment who kept the step, and as they all become uncomfortably huddled, the kind intention of the managers is utterly lost. The old file across the stage was a very much better arrangement. However, it is much easier to sit apart and tell what ought to have been done after such a mammoth affair has been put in motion than to undertake, even for sweet charity's sake, to guide the thousand and one annoyances which go to make up the Carnival.

BETSY B.

"Van the Virginian" has been running all the week at Haverly's California Theatre, excepting on Friday and Saturday, when "Davy Crockett" and the "Streets of New York" were given. The entire Bartley Campbell troupe is now here, and it will open on Monday night in the "White Slave," for which scenery has been in preparation for two weeks. Miss Cayvan and John Sedgwick will take the leading rôles.

Gus Frohman will open the Baldwin Theatre about Christmas with the Madison Square Troupe in "Esmeralda," "Young Mrs. Winthrop" (the late New York success), "The Professor," and other like plays.

On Tuesday night Andrews & Stockwell will open the Grand Opera House with an elaborate pantomime, which promises to prove a gorgeous spectacle.

M. B. Leavitt, it is said, is about to sign a lease for the Busb Street Theatre, which he will open very shortly.

The minstrels have attracted large audiences all the week.

CCLII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, October 29.

Bean and Corn Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Broiled Mackerel, Maitre d' Hotel Sauce.
Rabbit Stewed in Claret Wine.
Fried Parsnips. String Beans.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce. Sweet Potatoes.
Okra Salad.
Lemon Sponge. Strawberries.
Figs, Apples, Grapes, Peaches, Plums, and Pears.
LEMON SPONGE.—The juice of four lemons, four eggs, one large cupful of sugar, one pint of cold water, and one ounce (or half a package) of gelatine. Soak the gelatine for half an hour in half a cupful of the water. Squeeze the lemons, and mix the strained juice in the sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs to a foam, and mix with the remainder of the water. Add the sugar and lemon juice, and cook in a double boiler until it begins to thicken; then add the gelatine. Strain into a tin basin, and put it into a pan of ice water, beating it occasionally with an egg-whisk till it is cool, but not hard. Now add the unbeaten whites, and beat all steadily until it begins to thicken, when it must be put in a mold, and set away to harden. The molds must be ready, as the hardening is rapid. If the mixture gets too hard for pouring, set the basin in one of hot water, let it melt, and then beat again. Serve with or without cream. Orange juice can be used, but six large ones will be required.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Not Prose.

The wind of autumn blows
Destruction to the rose;
It tints the sunburnt nose,
Among the leaves it goes,
And where the river flows
It hints of winter's snows,
And nips the news-boy's toes,
And chills the hungry crows,
Brings joy to Ikey Mo's,
With thoughts of pawned ole' shoes;
The dust around it throws;
And—shout your ah's and oh's—
It shows
The red, red female hose. —Puck.

Mnther's Clock.

A youth sat on a sofa wide,
Within a parlor dim;
The maid who lingered by his side
Was all the world to him.
What brought that glad light to his eye—
That cadence to his tone?
Why burns the lamp of love so high,
Though midnight's hour hath flown?
The clock above the glowing grate
Has stopped at half-past ten;
And, long as that young man may wait,
It will not strike again.

The artful maiden knows full well
What makes the clock act so,
And why no earthly power can tell
The time for him to go.
—Unknown Liar.

The Comick on a Raid.

De moon got smashed by de Comick's tail;
Dat's so, my Dinah.
De horn it fell down in our milk pail,
Dat you know, Dinah.
De old man in de moon got monsum mad,
You bet, my Dinah;
Come sliding down on a spider's thread,
All in a sweat, Dinah;
Seed a colored gal settin' in de door;
Dat was you, Dinah.
Says he, "I'll go back to de moon no more,"
All dat's true, Dinah.
He kitched at dat gal around de waist;
Oh, you fie, Dinah!
Den perced' her lips to taste;
'Tant no he, Dinah.
He promise when he plant dat piece oh moon,
You to hoe it, Dinah,
Dat lots of new dollars would come up soon,
He'd show it, Dinah.
Says Gabriel, speaking from Paradise,
(Heaven de fuss,) Dinah,
And puttin' his spectacles on his eyes,
"What de muss?" Dinah!
Den stretch out his wings, and pick up de moon;
Dat wakes up de dead, Dinah.
He fly for dis world; de blaze of de moon
Light up his head, Dinah.
He travel de air, not thinking of wrong;
Savin' prayers, Dinah.
The Comick he flop his tail very strong;
Puttin' on airs, Dinah.
He knock de trumpet from Gabriel's hand,
With one strong knock, Dinah.
De trumpet it fall in old Satan's land,
On a big rock, Dinah.
Now we must both sleep in de cold, cold ground
For evermore, Dinah.
Dat blessed trumpet will never again sound;
No, nevermore, Dinah!
My golden slippers, I give 'em to Joe,
Who went before, Dinah.
Dat robe you dun bought, white as de snow,
Sell to de store, Dinah.
If dat man from de moon—I'm talkin' plain—
Should kiss you, Dinah,
It shall be only for once—never again—
Or we'll miss you, Dinah!
—Times-Democrat.

Some German Verse.

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'PUCK': Sir—would You be so Kind as to forward to me an appropriate German Verse for a silver wedding to be held by my Brother by doing so You will be conferring a great on me. Yours truly C. FURST."
With pleasure, Mr. Furst. We always like to forward the cause of true poetry. Forwarding German verse is just in our line. This is supposed to hint at the early struggles of a young couple who have risen from poverty and a plain marriage to the affluence of a silver wedding:
Konstantinopolitanischer dudelsackspfeiffergesellschaft.
Marry and live in a flat and call for your coal down a well-shaft.
Konstantinopolitanischer dudelsackspfeiffergesellschaft.
Save up your cash, and your friends will gather around you, and give you a silver wedding the regulation number of years after.
Perhaps, however, there is something too much of a stately, majestic swing about that. Maybe your revered brother would like something more in this style:
Sauer-Kraut und Leberwurst—
This is the wedding of Mr. Furst—
Leberwurst und Sauer-Kraut—
See the presents all spread out!
Yet it may be that there is a shade too much idyllic simplicity about that last outpouring of our genius. We want to give your dear brother a choice. What does he think of this?
Bringen Sie Limburger und Schweizer Käse,
Und like a Turn-Verein your voices raise;
Bring mir dot Spätzle, und dot goot Rheinwein,
Und Nudel, und dot Gulasch lieb' und fein,
Bring all dot feed vot efery Deutscher brings—
Und don't you bring no mickel-plated dings.
—Puck.

Mrs. Langtry has ceased to be judged as a mere novelty. The amateur has pretty much disappeared, and the astonished Londoner. "I heard," says G. W. Smalley, "an American manager make the same remark some months ago. He had been seeing her in the provinces. Everybody agrees that there is great improvement. As to the nature of it, and the particular direction in which Mrs. Langtry's talents are developing, there is some difference of opinion. That does not perhaps much matter to you. It may or may not flatter your American pride, if pride you have in theatrical matters, to hear that these twelve London performances are given to some extent as rehearsals for America. The remark is not hers nor mine, but appears in the London press."

Marie Prescott three weeks ago brought suit in the Superior Court in New York against the American News Company, claiming twenty thousand dollars damages for the circulation by them of an alleged libel published in a paper called *Nym Crinkle*, on the sixth of August, 1881. The case came to trial before Judge Russell and a jury, and after a nine days' trial she was awarded twelve thousand dollars damages. The libel complained of charged that the plaintiff had paid to have her picture appear in a paper which had defamed her and attacked her reputation and character, and commented with severity upon her action in the matter. The defense interposed is that the company had no knowledge of the publication, and were not responsible for its circulation, and also that the statements contained in the objectionable article were true. Ex-Judge Fullerton, after examining a witness as to the manner of distributing newspapers by the company, called the plaintiff a witness for the defense. She testified in response to questions that her maiden name and stage name was Marie Prescott, and that she was now married, and was now known as Mrs. William Pertz. She denied with much emphasis that she had ever professed to be the wife of Ernest Harvier, or that she had ever signed her name as being his wife. When handed a letter purporting to be written by herself she denied that it was in her handwriting, or that she had ever seen it. Other letters shown her she identified as having been sent to her husband, Mr. Pertz, and denied that they were written to Harvier. One letter, which she acknowledged having written to Harvier, contained the following curious cathectical confession:

Name? Marie. Born? 1860 and something. Over forty? No. Born before '57? Yes. Too old to love? No. Occupation? Writing love-letters. Married or single? Neither. Dehts? Well, so so. Condition of property? Splendid. Character of property? Personal. Name of property? Ernest. Taxable property? Harvier. (Excuse me while I unbutton my corset; it pinches me.) Where reside? At large. Under bonds? Yes. To whom? Man out West. Name of surety? Burke. What holds you? Piece of paper. Where is he? Don't know. Do you care? No. When heard from? Four years ago. Any communications? None. Have you ever written to him? Never. Had he any influence over you? None whatever. Is he in your way? No. How are you employed? Thinking. Anything else? Loving. Who? My own darling baby. Any other O. D. B. s? None. Have been? No. Never. Sure? As I hope for his love. Do you love Ernest Harvier? Yes. Who do you love? Ernest Harvier. Does he love you? Yes. How much? With all his heart. And you? With my life. Did you ever love any one else? No. Did he? Think not. What does he think? He knows I love him. My own precious, loving—my darling—my devoted, my only love. Been up before? Yes. What for? Love. For whom? Ernest Harvier. Decision? Guilty. Fined? Yes. How much? My whole heart. Going to do it again? Yes.

Our girls, says a New York correspondent, are using the shrug this fall with considerable effect. It is not the familiar French shrug, done with both shoulders, but is a nervous lift of one shoulder, accompanied by a neat little grimace on the corresponding side of the face. Miss Turner, the heroine at the Madison Square, employs it cleverly. As she wears a dress curiously open on the shoulders, while tight-sleeved below and covering her neck above, the shrug is quite bewitching, with its small exposure of smooth, white skin.

The next Philharmonic Concert will take place on Friday evening, November 10 (instead of the 2d, as announced, owing to the Carnival). A famous suite, by Lachner, Schubert's B minor unfinished symphony, and a new work, by Saint-Saëns, will be included in the brilliant programme. Our well-known violinist, Mr. J. Hinrichs, will play a concerto, by Raff, with full orchestral accompaniment. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Henry Heyman, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

MRS. ANNA M. MORRISON REED, OF UKIAH City, has just issued a volume of her "Earlier Poems." The author is very popular in the interior counties, both as a writer and a lecturer, and the appearance of this volume is due to the solicitation of friends. Many of the verses are excellent, and few fall below mediocrity. Published by Bancroft.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN, OF LOUIS BRAVERMAN & Co., returned from New York yesterday.

MR. MUYBRIDGE, THE EMINENT PHOTOGRAPHER, has issued a series of slips arranged for the "Zoetrope." They consist of representations of the successive movements of animals in motion, and illustrate very readily the principles the existence of which Mr. Muybridge first made known to the world.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION Educational Department will begin its term next week. The Spanish and French classes are under the tuition of the well-known Prof. De Filippe.

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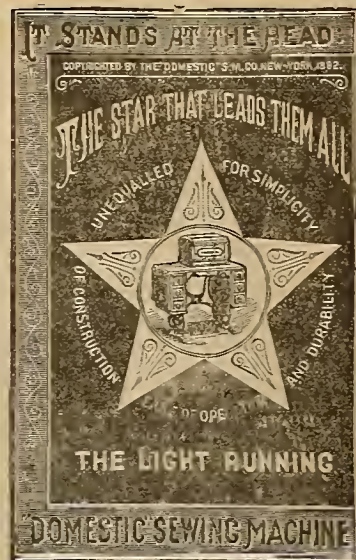
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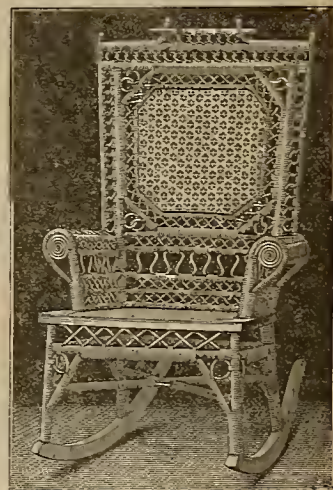
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INTAGLIOS.

Perspectives.

Living, he threads the maze below,
And looking beyond, he saith,
"Ah me! to penetrate and know
The greatest of mysteries, Death!"

Dead, he wanders the phantom-land,
And viewing, behind, the strife
Of the world, he cries, "Ab, to understand
The greatest of mysteries, Life!"

—Harrison Robertson in November Harper.

To Edith.

(Written in an Autograph Album.)

She who comes to me and pleadeth
In the lovely name of Edith,
Will not fall of what was wanted.
Edith means the "Blessed," therefore
All that she may wish or care for
Will, when best for her, be granted.

—Henry W. Longfellow, copied by November Century.

To Miss M. E. A. Ferguson.

Between the window and the fire
I sit and work the evening through—
That is, I work until I tire,
And then lean back and think of you.
Through the red curtains on my right
Faint little shuddering draughts come in;
Upon my left the fire burns bright:
Over your white-kid-glove-like skin
Fain would I see those shadows run,
Maud Ethel Alice Ferguson.

Why, even now I thought I saw
The fire-light tangled in your hair;
I turned with rapture touched with awe,
And felt a chill—you were not there!
Ah, how those sputtering candle flames
Would leap and dance if you were near!
And I—I'd call you all your names:
"Would be just like a harem, dear—
A harem all rolled up in one—
Maud Ethel Alice Ferguson.

Ab, there, where you will never be,
I'll set an empty chair, and dream
I'm working and you're watching me—
How weirdly jolly it would seem!
My verse might have a clearer ring,
Perchance a deeper note as well
(Such luck to fireside fancies bring);
But you're not here, and who can tell?
Good-night—it strikes a lonely One—
Maud Ethel Alice Ferguson.

—H. C. Bunner in November Harper.

The Poet Years.

[Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Browning, Dr. Holmes, Tennyson, Poe, and Robert Browning were born during the years included by 1809 and 1812.]

Drop those six pages from the century's story,
And how much of its radiance were gone;
Drop from the day its crowning sunset glory,
The calm light of its dawn!
From that glad spring-time broke a full-voiced bevy,
With singing every heart and house to fill—
Perennial, though bound, and stark, and bevy,
The wintry earth lies still.
The robin, caroling so cheer, so docile;
The shy wood-thrush's chiming vesper-bell;
New England's bobolink, old England's thrush,
With blithe or plaintive swell.
The British blackbird's musical elations
America's wide vales and corn-fields thrill;
Far Britain hears the nightly iterations
Of mourning whip-poor-will.
And both lands catch the wild-bird notes obscure
That yet rise ever and again so strong,
So high and clear—his flight than petrel surer—
Imperial his song.

O choral jubilate! O years of healing,
Of joy, and light, and solace, hope and peace!
Long, long ere shall be hushed your anthem pealing,
Your consolation cease!

—James T. McKay in November Century.

Candor.

OCTOBER—A WOOD.

"I know what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall:
"You are going to speak of the bectic fall,
And say you are sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so,
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she drooped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day,
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer.
Why, everybody has seen it here!
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said:
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed
And I'm short of tact—you will say, 'devoid'
And I'm clumsy and awkward; and call me Ted;
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb;
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," she said.
—H. C. Bunner in November Harper.

The Baby Sorceress.

My baby sits beneath the tall elm trees,
A wreath of tangled ribbons in her bands;
She twines and twists the many-colored strands—
A little sorceress, weaving destinies.
Now the pure white she grasps; now naught can please
But strips of crimson, lurid as the brands,
From passion's fires, or yellow, like the sands
That lend soft setting to the azure seas.
And so with sweet, incessant toil she fills
A summer hour, still following fancies new,
Through my heart a sudden terror thrills.

Last, as she weaves, her aimless choice prove true.
For God! our fates proceed not from our wills:
The Power that spins the thread shall blend the hue.
—J. W. Higginson in November Century.

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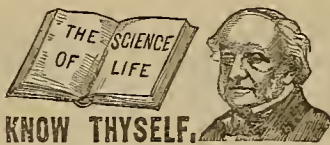
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[From the Boston Globe.]



Messrs. Editors—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. J. E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-story, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

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Name.	Cert. No.	No. Shares.	Amount.
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Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	37	10,000	4,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	73	300	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	74	300	100 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	4	5 not issued	2 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	5	995	398 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	6	5	2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	7	995	398 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	8	5	2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	9	2,495	998 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	10	5	2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	11	995	398 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	12	5	2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	13	2,495	998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee.....	14	1,000	400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee.....	15	2,000	800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	16	1,000	400 00
M. Baldrige, Trustee.....	17	1,500 not issued	600 00
Fred'k Lux, Trustee.....	18	1,000	400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee.....	19	2,000	800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee.....	20	1,000	400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee.....	22	500	200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee.....	23	500	200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee.....	24	1,000	400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee.....	25	2,000	800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee.....	26	500 not issued	200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee.....	27	20	8 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	28	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	29	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	30	1,000	400 00
L. C. Kelly, Trustee.....	31	1,000	400 00
Chas. S. Neal.....	32	5	2 00
Wm. F. Flick, Trustee.....	33	5	2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins.....	34	5	2 00
Wm. Wilson.....	35	5	2 00
Benj. Teal.....	36	5	2 00
J. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	32	1,000	400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	53	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	54	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	55	1,000	400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	56	1,000 not issued	400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee.....	57	3,000	1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee.....	58	3,000	1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee.....	59	1,000	400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee.....	61	500	200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	60	500	200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee.....	62	200	80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	63	100	40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee.....	64	50	20 00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee.....	65	50	20 00
A. P. Bouton, Trustee.....	66	50 issued	20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee.....	67	50 not issued	20 00
H. W. N. Wheeler, Trustee.....	68	250	100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee.....	81	250	100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	85	1,000	400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee.....	103	500	200 00
Jas. S. Porteous, Trustee.....	110	500	200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee.....	114	100	40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the company's office, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the thirtieth (30th) day of October, 1882, to be same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

LEGAL NOTICES.

[Department No. 7.]

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, Plaintiff,
vs.
JAMES DALY, ET AL., Defendants.

Superior Court.

No. 22,921.

(Late 4th District Court.)

ALIAS EXECUTION.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Alias Execution issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against James Daly and Michael Hawkins, defendants, on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1879, for the sum of Six Thousand (\$6,000.00) Dollars, lawful money of the United States, which amount is entitled to a credit of \$2,788.18 made on two former executions, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendants, James Daly and Michael Hawkins, had on the sixteenth day of October, 1882, the day upon which the hereinbefore described property was levied upon in the above entitled cause, or which they may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the names of James Daly, Michael Hawkins, John O. Kane, and A. J. Moon, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Broadway Street, 96 3-12 feet easterly from Baker Street; thence running westerly along said line of Broadway Street 96 3-12 feet to the easterly line of Baker Street; thence running northerly along said line of Baker Street 136 feet; thence easterly parallel with Broadway Street 63 5-12 feet; and thence southeasterly to the point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 13th day of NOVEMBER, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendants, James Daly and Michael Hawkins, had on the 16th day of October, 1882, the day on which the above property was levied upon, as aforesaid, or which they may have subsequently acquired in and to the above described property, to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
TOBIE & TOBIE, Att'ys for Plff.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 21, 1882.
21-28-4-11

SHERIFF'S SALE.

E. R. THOMASON, Plaintiff,
vs.
PATRICK WARD, Defendant.

Superior Court.

Department No. 10.

No. 622.

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 10, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 23d day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein E. R. Thomason, the above named plaintiff obtained a judgment and decree of lien and sale against Patrick Ward, defendant, on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 13th day of September, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book 1, of said court, at page 376, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Henry Street, distant one hundred feet easterly from the northeasterly corner of Henry and Castro streets; thence easterly along said line of Henry Street, twenty-six feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and fifteen feet; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-six feet; and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and fifteen feet to the point of commencement. Being designated on said Assessment and Diagram as Lot No. 2.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the THIRTIETH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, October 7, 1882.
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
J. C. BATES, Attorney for Plaintiff.
October 7, 14, 21, 28.

SAMUEL P. MIDDLETON, AUCTIONEER.

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

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SOLE PROPRIETOR,

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PARIS.

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COMPANY

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COMPANY

R. H. McDonald,
President,
San Francisco,
Cal.

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1863.
Capital Stock
\$1,000,000.00
Surplus **460,800.70**
San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1892.

We take pleasure in presenting for your consideration the following Thirty-eighth Semi-Annual Statement of the condition of this Bank:

RESOURCES.

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 50
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

This Bank has special facilities for doing all kinds of banking business.

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Starch
Ammonia
Phosphates
Tartaric Acid

Cream Tartar and Bi-Carb. Soda

NOTHING ELSE

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SAN FRANCISCO

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PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

For Judge of the Superior Court,

JAMES V. COFFEY,

(Chairman of San Francisco Delegation in Assembly of 1875-6 and 1877-8.)

Election, Tuesday, November 7, 1892.

1849.

1882.

For Supervisor, First Ward,

DR. JUSTIN GATES

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE.

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DANIEL HICKS

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SUPERVISOR, TWELFTH WARD,

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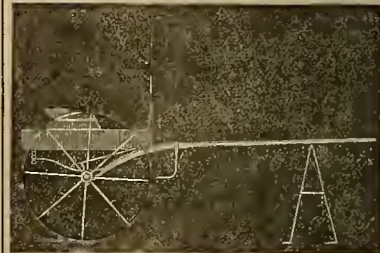


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The Argonaut is printed with Shattuck & Fletcher's ink.



SAN LEANDRO

VILLAGE CARTS

The above is the second of a series of cuts that will appear on this page of the Argonaut, illustrating the different styles in which these popular vehicles are made.

This engraving is a reduced copy of the working drawing from which my plainest style of Village Cart is made, and conveys but a poor idea of the elegant appearance of the vehicle itself when attached to a good horse and carrying two persons.

First—When requested, I give a written guarantee as follows with each vehicle:

I warrant it to be wholly free from that indignant and annoying bubbling motion common to other two-wheeled vehicles, which tires the occupant and hurts the horse's back, and to ride as smoothly and easily as the best buggy. I think no other responsible maker dare give such a warranty.

Second—My Patent Leveling Device simply perfects two-wheeled vehicles, and makes my Village Carts, in connection with their admirable system of springs and link-hangings, equal in every important respect to a four-wheeled vehicle. The Leveling Device enables the occupant to level the body in a moment, whether a large or small horse is used, and entirely prevents the seat from tipping backward or forward. This advantage is peculiar to this vehicle alone.

Third—The body is independent of the shafts, and can move up and down freely 10 or 12 inches, remaining level while doing so.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 4, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE HUNTING OF THE SOKO.

A Tale of the Dark Continent.

Lying on my back one terribly hot day under the great tamarind that shades the temple of Saravan, in Borneo, I began to think naturally of iced drinks, and from them my mind wandered to icebergs, and from icebergs to Polar bears.

Polar bears! At the recollection of these animals I sat bold upright, for though I had shot over nearly all the world, and accumulated a perfect museum of trophies, I had never till this moment thought of Greenland, nor of Polar bears! Before this I had begun to think I had exhausted nature. From the false elk of Ceylon to the true one of Canada, the rhinoceros of Assam to the coyote of Patagonia, the panther of Central India to the jaguars of the Amazon, I had seen everything in its own home, and shot it there. And for birds, I had hunted a so-called *moa* at Little Farm in New Zealand, the bustard in the Mahratta country, dropped geese into nearly every river of America, Europe, and Asia, and flushed almost all the glorious tribe of game birds, from the capercaillie of Norway to the quail of Sicily. My museum, however, wanted yet another skin—the Polar bear! I can not say the prospect pleased me. I would much rather have sent my compliments to the Polar bear, and asked him to come comfortably into some warm climate to be shot; but regretting was useless, so I gave the order of the day—the North Pole.

In London, however, I heard of Stanley's successful search for Livingstone, and then it was that the sense of my utter nothingness came over me. All Africa was unshot! It is true I had once gone from Bombay to Zanzibar, Dr. Kirke helping me on my way, and, thanks to Mackinnon's agents (who were busy prospecting a road into the interior), had bagged my hippopotamus, and enjoyed many a pleasant stalk after the fine antelope of the Bagomoyo plains. But the Dark Continent, itself, with its cloud-like herds of hartebest and springbok, its droves of wind-footed gnu, its zehras, ostriches, and lions, was still a virgin ground for me. But more than all these—more than ostrich, gnu, or zehra, more than hippopotamus, or lion—was that mystery of the primeval forest, the Soko. What was the Soko? Certainly not the gorilla, nor the chimpanzee, nor yet the orang-outang. Was it a new beast altogether, this man-like thing, that shakes the forest at the sources of the Congo with its awful voice—that desolates the villages of the jungle tribe of Uregga, carries off the women captive, and meets their cannibal lords in fair fight? With Soko on the brain it may be easily imagined that the Polar bear was forgotten, and I lost no time in altering my arrangements to suit my altered plans. My snow-shoes were countermanded, and solar helmets laid in; fur gloves and socks were exchanged for leather gaiters and canvas suits.

In a month I was ready, and in another two months had started from Zanzibar with a following of eighteen men. During my voyage I had carefully read the travels of Grant, Speke, Burton, Livingstone, Cameron, Schweinfurth, and Stanley, and in all had been struck by the losses suffered from fatigue on the march. With large expeditions it was of course necessary for most to go on foot, but with my pigmy *cortège* I could afford to let them ride. Good strong donkeys were cheap at Zanzibar, and I bought a baker's dozen of them, reserving three of the best for myself, and allotting ten among my men, to relieve them either of their burdens or the fatigue of walking, according to any fair arrangements—fair to the donkeys and to themselves—they chose to make among themselves. The result was no sickness, little fatigue, and constant good spirits. My goods consisted of my own personal effects, all on one donkey; my medicine-chest, etc., on another; fifteen man-loads of beads, wire, and cloth, for making friends with the natives and purchasing provisions; and three loads of ammunition. I was lucky in the time of my start, for Mirambo, "the terror of Africa," who had been scouring the centre of the continent for the past year, had just concluded peace with the Arabs, his enemies, and had, moreover, ordered every one also to keep the peace. The result to me was that each village was as harmless as the next.

Gayly enough, then, we strolled along, enjoying occasionally excellent sport, and wondering as we went where all the horrors and perils of African travel had gone. We had, it is true, our experience of them afterward; but the ground has now become so stale that I will pass over the interval of our journey from Zanzibar to Ujiji and thence to the river, and ask you to imagine us setting out for the forests that lie about the sources of the Livingstone in the district of Uregga, the Soko's home.

Nearly every traveler before me had spoken of the Soko, the man-beast of these primeval forests. Livingstone had a large store of legends and anecdotes about them, their intelligent cruelty, and their fierce, though frugivorous habits. Stanley constantly heard them. In one place he saw a Soko's platform in a tree, and in several villages found the skin, the teeth, and the skulls in possession of the people.

Wherever we went I was eager in my inquiries, but day after day slipped by, and still I neither heard the Soko alive, nor saw any portion of one dead. But even without encountering the great simia, our journey in these night-shade forests was sufficiently eventful, for great panther-like creatures,

very pale-skinned, prowled about in the glimmering shades; and from the trees we sometimes saw hanging pythons of tremendous girth. But the reptile and insect world was chiefly in the ascendant here, and it was against such small persecutors as puff-adders, centipedes, poisonous spiders, and ants, that we had to guard ourselves. Traveling, however, owing to the dense shade, was not the misery that we had found it in the sun-smitten plains of Uтуру, or the hideous ocean of scrub-jungle that stretches from Suna to Mgongo-Zembo. The trees, nearly all of three or four species of bombax, mvule, and aldrendon, were of stupendous size and impossible altitude, but growing so close together their crowns were tightly interwoven overhead, and sometimes not a hundred yards in a whole day's march was open to the sky. Moreover, in the hot-house air under this canopy had sprung up with incredible luxuriance every species of tree-fern, rattan, and creeping palm known, I should think, to the tropics, and among themselves in a stratum, often thirty feet below the upper roof of tree-foliage, had closely intermeshed their fronds and tendrils, so that we marched often in an oven atmosphere, but protected alike from the killing sun and flooding rain by double awnings of impenetrable leafage. The ground itself was bare of vegetation, except where, here and there, monstrous fungi clustered, like a condemned invoice of umbrellas and parasols, round some fallen giant of the forest, or where, in a screen of blossom, wonderful air-plants filled up great spaces from tree-trunk to tree-trunk.

At intervals we crossed rivulets of crystal water, icy cold, finding their way as best they might from hollow to hollow over the centuries' layers of fallen leaves, and along their courses grew in rich profusion masses of a broad-leafed sedge, that afforded the panther safe covert and easy couch; and sometimes, on approaching one of these rills, we would see a ghostly herd of deer flit away through the twilight shade. And thus it happened that one evening I was lying on my rug half asleep, with the pleasant deep-sea gloom about me, and a deathly stillness reigning over this world of trees, and wondering whether that was or was not a monkey perched high up among the palm fronds, when out from the sedges by a runnel there paced before me a panther of unusual size. From his gait I saw that he had a victim in view and turning my head was horrified to see that it was one of my own men, who was busy about something at the foot of a tree.

I jumped up with a shout, and the panther, startled by the sudden sound, plunged back in three great leaps into the sedges from which it had emerged. All my men jumped to their feet, and one of them, in his terror at the proximity of the beast of prey, turned and fled away in the depths of the forest. I watched his retreating figure as far as the eye could follow it in that light, and, laughing at his panic, went over to where my ass was tied, intending to stroll down for a shot at the panther. And while I was idly getting ready, the sound of excited conversation among my men attracted me, and I asked them what was the matter. One of them, the most sensible, English-minded African I ever met, stepped forward.

"We do not know, master," said he, "which of us it was that ran away just now. *We are all here!*"

The full significance of his words did not strike me at first, and I laughed too.

"Oh, count yourselves," I said, "and you will soon find out."

"But we have counted, master," replied the man, "and all eighteen are here."

His meaning began to dawn on me. I felt a queer feeling creep over me.

"All here!" I ejaculated. "Must the men?"

And mustered they were—and to my astonishment, and even horror, I found the man was speaking the truth. Every man of my force was in his place.

Then who was the man who had run away, when all the party started up from their sleep? A ghost? I looked round into the deepening gloom. All my men were standing together, looking rather frightened. Around us stretched the eternal forest. A ghost! And then on a sudden, the thought flashed across me—I had seen the Soko.

I had seen the Soko, and, seeing it, had mistaken it for a human being! And while I was still loading my cartridge-belt, Shumari, my gun-hoy, had crept up to my side, with my express in one hand and heavy elephant rifle in the other; but on his face there was a strange, concerned expression, and in the tone of his voice an uneasy tremor, with which something in my own feelings sympathized.

"Is the master going to hunt the wild man?" asked the lad.

"The Soko? Yes, I want its skin," I replied.

"But the wild man cried out, '*Ai! ma-ma!*' [Oh, mother, mother!]" as it ran away, and—

"Here is the wild man's stick," broke in Mabruki, the Zanzibari; and as he spoke he held out toward me a long staff, seven feet in length. All the blood in my body ran cold at the sight of it. It was a mere length of rattan, without ferule or knot, but at the upper end the bark had been torn down from joint to joint in parallel stripes, to give the holder a firmer grip than one could have had on smooth cane, and just below the second joint the stumps of the corresponding shoots on two sides had been left sticking out for the hand to rest on.

How can I describe the throng of hideous thoughts that whirled through my brain on the instant that I recognized

these efforts of reason in the animal that I was now going to hunt to the death? But swift as were my thoughts, Mabruki had thought them out before me, and had come to a conclusion. "The *mshenshi mlato* [ogran ape] has stolen this stick from some village," said he; "see," and he pointed to the smoothed offshoots, "they have stained them with the mvule juice."

The instant relief I felt at this happy solution of the dreadful mystery was expressed by me in a shout of joy; so sudden and so real that, without knowing why, my men shouted too, and with such a will that the monkeys that had been gravely pondering over our preparations for the evening meal were startled out of their self-respect and off their perches, and plunged precipitately into a tangle of lianes. My spirits had returned, and, with as light a heart as ever I had, I ambled off in the direction the Soko had taken.

But soon the voices of the camp had died away behind me, and there had grown up between me and it the wall of mist that in this sunless forest region makes every mile as secret from the next as if you were in the highest ether—surely the most secret of all places—or in the lowest sea. And over the soft, rich vegetable mould the ass's feet went noiselessly as an owl's wing upon the air; and, except for the rhythmic jingling of his ass's harness, Shumari's presence might never have been suspected. And then in this cathedral solitude—with cloistered tree-trunks reaching away at every point of view into long vistas closed in gray mist; overhead, hanging like tattered tapestry, great lengths and rags of moss-growths, strange textures of fungus and parasite, hanging plumb down in endless points, all as motionless as possible; without a breath of life stirring about me—bird, beast, or insect—the same horrid thoughts took possession of me again, and I began to recall the gestures of the wild thing which, when I startled the panther, had fled away into the forest depths.

It had stood upright among the upright men, and turning to run had stooped, but only so much as a man might do when running with all his speed. In the gait there was a one-sided swing, just as some great man-ape—gorilla or chimpanzee—might have when, as travelers tell us, they help themselves along on the knuckles of the long fore-arm, the body swaying down to the side on which the hand touches the ground at each stride. In one hand was a small branch of some leafy shrub, for I distinctly remembered having seen it as it began to run. The speed must have been great, for it was very soon out of sight; but there was no appearance of rapidity in the movement—like the wolf's slow-looking gallop, that no horse can overtake, and that soon tires out the fleetest hound. As it began to run it had made a jabbering sound—an inarticulate expression of simple human fear I had thought it to be; but now, pondering over it, I began to wonder that I could have mistaken that swiftly retreating figure for human.

It is true that I did not want to think of it as human, and perhaps my wishes may have colored my retrospect; at any rate, whatever the process, I found myself, after a while, laughing at myself for having turned sick at heart when the suspicion came across me that perhaps the Soko of the forests of Uregga, the feast-day dish of the jungle tribes, might be a human being. The long, lolling gait, the jabbering, should alone have dispelled the terror. It is true that my men heard it say, "Oh, ma-ma!" as it started up to run by them. But in half the languages of the world *mama* is a synonym for "mother," and it follows, therefore, that it is not a word at all, but simply the phonetic rendering of the first bleating, babbling articulation of babyhood—an animal noise, uttered as articulately by young sheep and young goats as by young men and women. The staff, too, was of the common type in these districts, and had been picked up, no doubt, by the Soko in some twilight prowling round a grain store, or perhaps gained in some fair fight from a villager whom it had surprised, solitary and defenseless. And then my thoughts ran upon all I had read or heard of the Soko, of its societies for mutual defense or food-supply, and the comparative amiability of such communities; of the solitary, outlawed Soko, the vindictive, lawless bandit of the trees, who wanders about round the habitations of men, lying in wait for the women and the children, robbing the granaries and the orchards, and stealing, for the simple larceny's sake, household chattels, of the use of which it is ignorant. Shumari, a hunter born and bred, was full of Soko lore. The skin, he said, was covered, except on the throat, hands, and feet, with a short, harsh hair of a dark color, and tipped in the older individuals with gray; these also had long growths of hair on the head, their cheeks, and lips. It had no tail.

"Standing up," said he, "it is as tall as I am, [he was only five feet one inch,] and its eyes are together in front of its face, so that it looks at you straight. It eats sitting up, and when tired, leans its back against a tree, putting its hands behind its head. Three men of my village came upon one asleep in this way one day, and so quietly that before it awoke two of them had speared it. It started up, and threw back its head to give a loud cry of pain, and then, leaning its elbow against the tree, it bent its head down upon its arms, and so died—leaning against the tree, with one arm supporting the head, and the other pressed to its chest. There was a Soko village there, for they saw all the forms in the trees, and the ground was heaped up in with snail-shells and fruit-skins. But they did not see

more Sokos. Another day I myself was out hunting with a party, and we found a dead Soko. I had thrown my spear at a tree-cat, and going to pick it up, saw, close by, a large heap of myombo leaves. I turned some up with my spear, and found a dead Soko underneath. When a Soko catches a man, it holds him, and makes faces at him, and jabbars; sometimes it lets him go without doing him any harm, but generally it bites off all his fingers, one by one, spitting them out as it bites them off; and his nose, and ears, and toes, as well, and ends up by strangling him with its fingers, or heating him to death with a branch. Women and children are never seen again, so I suppose the Sokos eat them. They have no spears or knives, and they do not use anything that men use, except that they walk with sticks, knocking down fruit with them, and that they drink water out of their hands. Their front teeth are very sharp, and at each side is one longer and sharper than the rest."

And so he went on chattering to me, as we amhed through the shade in a stupid pursuit of an invisible thing. The stupidity of it dawned upon me at last, and I stopped, and without explaining the change to my companion, turned and rode homeward.

The twilight shadows of the day were now deepening into night, and we hurried on. The fireflies began to flicker along the sedge-grown rills, and, high up among the leaf-coronets of the elais palm, were clustering in a mazy dance. Passing a tangle of lianes, I heard an owl or some night-hird hoot gently from the foliage, and as we went along the fowl seemed to keep pace with us, for the ventriloquist sound was always with us, fast though we rode; and first from one side and then from the other we heard the low-voiced complainiog following. And the "eeriness" of the company grew upon me. There was no sound of wings or rustling of leaves; but for mile after mile the low *hoot, hoot*, of the thing that was following sounded so close at hand that I kept on looking round. Shumari, like all savages—they approach animals very nearly in this—was intensely susceptible to the superstitious and uncanny, and long before the ghostliness of the persistent voice occurred to me, I had noticed that Shumari was keeping as close to me as possible. But at last, whether it was from constantly turning my head over my shoulder to see what was coming after us, or whether I was unconsciously infected by his nervousness, I got as fidgety as he, and, for the sake of human company, opened conversation.

"What hird makes that noise?" I asked.

Shumari did not reply, and I repeated the question.

And then, in a voice so absurd from its assumption of boldness that I laughed outright, he said:

"No hird, master. It is a *mitummu* [spirit] that is following us. Let us go quicker."

Here was a position! We had all the evening been hunting nothing, and now we were being hunted by nothing! The memory of Shumari's voice made me laugh again, and just then catching sight of the twinkling camp-fires in the far distance, I laughed at myself, too. And, on a sudden, just as my laugh ceased, there came from the rattan brake past which we were riding, a sound that was, and yet was not, the echo of my laugh. It sounded something like my laugh, but it was repeated twice, and the creature I rode, as though it was, turned its head toward the brake. Shumari meanwhile had seen the camp-fires, and his terror overpowering discipline, he gave one howl of horror, and fled; his ass, seeing the fires, too, falling into the humor with all his will, and carrying off his rider at full speed. My ass wanted to follow, but I pulled him up, and to make further trial of the hidden jester, shouted out, in Swahili:

"Who is there?"

The answer was as sudden as horrifying. For an instant the brake swayed to and fro, and then there came the crashing of branches, as of some great beast forcing his way through them, and on a sudden, close behind me, hurst out—the Soko!

Shumari had carried off my guns, and, except for the short knife in my belt, I was defenseless. And there before me in the flesh stood the creature I had gone out to hunt, but which, for ever so many miles, must have been hunting us. I had no leisure for moralizing, or even for examination of the creature before me. It seemed to be about Shumari's height; but was immensely broad at the shoulders, and in one hand it carried the fragment of a bough. Had it been simply man against man, I would have stood my ground—but *was it*? The dim light prevented my noticing any details, and I had no inclination nor time to scrutinize the features of the thing that now approached me. I saw the white teeth flashing, heard a deep-chested stuttering, inarticulate with rage, and, flinging myself from the ass, which was trembling and rooted to the spot with fear, I ran as I had never ran before, in the direction of the camp.

The Soko must have stopped to attack the ass; for I heard a scuffle behind me as I started; but very soon the ass came tearing past me, and, looking round, I saw the Soko in pursuit. The heavy branch fortunately encumbered its progress, but it gained upon me. Close behind me I heard the thing jabbering and panting, and for an instant thought of standing at bay. I was running my hardest; but it seemed, just as in a nightmare, as if horror had partly paralyzed my limbs, and I were only creeping along. The horror of such pursuit was, I felt, culminating in sickness, and I thought I should swoon and fall; but just then I became aware of approaching lights; the camp-fires seemed to be running to me. The Soko, however, was fast overtaking me, and I struggled on; but it was of no use, and my feet tripping against the projecting root of an old mvule, I fell on my knees; hut, rising again, I staggered against the tree, drew my knife, and waited for the attack. In an instant the Soko was up with me, and, dropping its bough, reached out its arms to seize me. I lunged at it with my knife, but the length of its arms baffled me; for before the point of my knife could find its body, the Soko's hands had grasped my shoulders, and with such astonishing force that it seemed as if my arms were being displaced in their sockets. The next moment a third hand seized hold of my leg below the knee, and I was instantly jerked to the ground. The fall partially stunned me, and then I felt a rough-haired body fall heavily upon me, and, groping their way to my throat, long fingers feeling about me. I struggled with the creature, but against its strength my hands were nerveless. The fingers had now found my throat; I felt the grasp tightening, and gave my-

self up to death. But on a sudden there was a confusion of voices, a flashing of bright lights before my eyes, and the weight was all at once raised from off me. In another minute I had recovered my consciousness, and found that my men, the gallant Mahraki at their head, had charged to my rescue with burning brands, and arrived only just in time to save my life.

And the Soko?

As I lay there, my faithful followers around me with their brands still flickering, the voice of the Soko came to us, but from which direction it was impossible to say, soft and mysterious as before—the same *hoot, hoot*, that had puzzled us on our homeward route.

My narrow escape from a horrible though somewhat absurd death was celebrated by my men with extravagant demonstrations of indignation against the Soko that had hunted me, and many respectful reproaches for my temerity. For myself, I was more eager than ever to capture or kill the formidable thing that had outwitted and outmatched me; and so, having had my arms well rubbed with oil, I gave the order for a general muster next morning for a grand Soko hunt.

Now, close by our camp grew a great tree, from which hung down liane strands of every rope-thickness, and all round its roots had grown up a dense hedge of strong-spined cane. One of my men, sent up the tree to cut us off some of these natural ropes, reported that all around the tree—that is, between its trunk and the cane hedge—there was a clear space; so that though, looking at it from the outside, it seemed as though the canes grew right up to the tree-trunk, looking at it from above, there was seen to be really an open pathway, so to speak, surrounding the tree, and broad enough for three men to walk abreast. I had often heard of similar cases of vegetable aversions, where, from some secret cause of plant-prejudice, two shrubs, though growing together, exercise this mutual repulsion, and never actually combine in growth. Meanwhile, the phenomenon was interesting to me for other reasons; for I saw at once what a convenient receptacle this natural well would make for the baggage we had to leave behind.

Leaving our effects therefore inside this brake, which we did by slinging the hales one after the other over an overhanging bough, and so dropping them into the open pathway, and removing from the neighborhood every trace of our recent encampment, we started westward with four days' provisions, ready cooked, on our backs. The method of march was in line, each man about a hundred yards from the next, and every second man on an ass, the riders carrying the usual ivory horns, without which no travelers in the Uregga forests ever move from home, and the notes of which, exactly like the cry of the American wood-marmot, keep the party in line. By this means we covered a mile, and being unencumbered, marched fast, scouring the wood before us at the rate of four miles an hour for three hours.

And what a wild, weird time it was, those three hours—marching with noiseless footfalls, looking constantly right and left and overhead. I could see the line of shadowy figures advancing on either side; not a sound along the whole line, except when the horns carried down, in response to one another, their thin, wailing notes, or when some palm-fruit, over ripe, dropped rustling down through the canopy of foliage above us. And yet the whole forest was instinct with life. If you set yourself to listen, there came to your ears, all day and night, a great monotone of sound humming through the misty shade, the aggregate voices of millions of insect things that had their being among the foliage or in the daylight that reigned in the outer world above those green clouds which made perpetual twilight for us who were passing underneath. Along the tree-roof streamed also troops of monkeys, and flocks of parrots and other birds; but in their passage overhead we could not, through the dense vault of foliage, branch, and blossom, hear their voices, except as merged in the one great sound that filled all space, too large almost to be heard at all. In the midst, then, of this vast murmur of confused nature, we seemed to walk in absolute silence. The ear had grown so accustomed to it that a sneeze was heard with a start, and the occasional knocking together of asses' hoofs made every head turn suddenly, and every rifle move to the shoulder.

At the end of three hours' marching we came to a river—perhaps that which Stanley, in his "Dark Continent," names the Asna—flowing northwest, with a width here of only one hundred yards—a deep, slow stream, crystal clear, flowing without a ripple or a murmur through the perpetual gloaming, between banks of soft, rich, black leaf-mold. We halted; and, after a rapid meal, reformed in line, and, marching for two miles easterly up the river, made a left-wheel; and in the same order, and at the same pace as we had advanced, continued for two hours rather in a northerly direction; and then making a left-wheel again, started off due west, crossing the tracks of our morning's march in our fourth mile, and reaching the Asna again in our tenth mile—a total march of nearly thirty-two miles, of which, of course, each man had traversed only one-half on foot. No cooking was allowed, and our collation was therefore soon dispatched, and before I had lighted my pipe and curled myself up I saw that all the party were snug under their mosquito-nets.

I had noticed, when reading travelers' books, that they always suffered severely from mosquitoes and other insects. I determined that I would not; so, before leaving Zanzibar, served out to every man twenty yards of net. These, in the day-time were worn round the head as turbans, and at night spread upon sticks, and furnished each man a protection against these Macheths of the sedge and brake. The men thoroughly understood their value, and, before turning in for the night, always examined their nets for stray holes, which they caught together with fibres. But somehow I could not go to sleep for a long while; the pain in my arm where the Soko seized me was very great at times. Besides, I felt haunted; and, indeed, when I awoke and found it already four o'clock, it did not seem that I had been asleep at all. But the time for sleep was now over; so, awakening the expedition, we ate a silent meal, and, noiselessly remounting, were again on the war-trail. On this, the second day, we marched some three miles down the river, northwest, and then, taking a half right-wheel, started off northeast, passing to the north of our camp at about the eleventh mile. Here the first sign of life we had seen since we started broke the tedium of our ghost-like progress.

Between myself and the next man on the line was running a little stream, fed probably by the dews that here rained down upon us from the mvule-trees. These, more than others, seemed to condense the heated upper air, their leaves being thick in texture, and curiously cool—for which reason the natives prefer them for butter and oil-dishes. Along the stream, as usual, crowded a thick fringe of white-starred sedge. On a sudden there was a swaying of the herbage, and out hounced a splendidly spotted creature of the cat kind. Immediately behind him crept out his mate; and there they stood—the male, his crest and all the hair along the spine erect with anger at our intrusion, his tail swinging and curling with excitement; beside him, and half behind him, the female, crouching low on the ground, her ears laid back along the head, and motionless as a carved stone. My ass saw the pair, and instinct warning it that the beautiful beasts were dangerous to it, with that want of judgment and consideration so characteristic of asses, it must needs Bray. And such a Bray! At every *hee* it pumped up enough air from its lungs to have contented an organ, and at every *haw* it vented a shattering blast to which all the slogans of all the clans were mere puling. It Brayed its very soul out in the suddenness of the terror. The effect on the leopards was instant and complete. There was just one lightning flash of color—a yellow streak across the space before me, and, plump! the splendid pair soused into a murderous tangle of creeping palms. That they could ever have got out of the awful trap, with its millions of stroog spines, barbed like fish-hooks, and as strong as steel, is probably impossible; but the magnificent promptitude of the suicide, its picturesque completeness, were undeniable.

The ass, however, was by no means soothed by the meteor-like disappearance of the beasts of prey, and the gruesome dronings, that, in spite of hard whacks, it indulged in for many minutes, betrayed the depth of its emotions and the cavernous nature of its interior organization. The ass, like the savage, has no perception of the picturesque.

After the morning meal I allowed a three hours' rest, and, in knots of twos and threes along the line, the party sat down, talking in subdued tones (for silence was the order of the march) or comfortably snoozing. I slept myself as well as my aching arm would let me. The march resumed, I wheeled the line with its front due west, and after another two hours' rapid advance we found ourselves again at the river, some seven miles farther down its course than the point from which we had started in the morning; and after a hurried meal, I gave the order for home. Striking south-easterly, we crossed in our fifth mile the track of the morning, and in the thirteenth reached our camp. By this means, it will be seen, we had effectually triangulated a third of a circle of eleven miles radius from our camp—and with absolutely no result. During the next two days I determined to scour, if possible, the remaining semi-circle. Meanwhile, we were at the point we had started from, and though it was nearly certain that at any rate one Soko was in the neighborhood, we had fatigued ourselves with nearly seventy miles of marching without finding a trace of it.

As nothing was required from our concealed store, we had only to eat and go to sleep; and so the men, after laughing together for a while over the snug arrangements I had made for the safety of our goods, and pretending to have doubts as to this being the real site of the hidden property of the expedition, were soon asleep in a hatch. I went to sleep, too; not a sound sleep, for I could not drive from my memory the hideous recollection of that evening, only two days before, when, nearly in the same spot, I was lying in the Soko's power. And thinking about it, I got so restless that, under the irresistible impression that some supernatural presence was about me, I unpegged my mosquito-net, and, getting up, began to pace about. I wore at night a long cashmere dressing-gown, in lieu of the tighter canvas coat. I had been leaning against a tree; but feeling that the moisture that trickled down the trunk was soaking my back, I was moving off, when my ears were nearly split by a shout from behind me—"Soko! Soko!" and the next instant I found myself flung violently to the ground, and struggling with—Mahraki! The pain caused by the sudden fall at first made me furious at the mistake that had been made; but the next instant, when the whole absurdity of the position came upon me, I roared with laughter.

The savage is very quickly infected by mirth, and in a minute, as soon as the story got round how Mahraki had jumped upon the master for a Soko, the whole camp was in fits of laughter. Sleep was out of the question with my aching back and aching sides; and so, mixing myself some grog and lighting my pipe, I made Mahraki shampoo my limbs with oil. While he did so he began to talk:

"Does the master ever see devils?"

"Devils? No."

"Mahraki does, and all the Wanyamwazi of his village do, for his village elders are the keepers of the charm against evil spirits of the whole land of Unyamwazi, and they often see them. I saw a devil to-night."

"Was the devil like a Soko?" I asked, laughing.

"Yes, master," he replied, "like a Soko; but I was always asleep, and never saw it, but whenever it came to me it said, 'I am here,' and then at last I got frightened and got up, and then I saw you, master, and—"

But we were both laughing again, and Mahraki stopped.

It was strange that he, too, should have felt the same uncanny presence that had afflicted me. But under Mahraki's manipulation I soon fell asleep. I awoke with a start. Mahraki had gone. But much the same inexplicable, restless feeling that men say they have felt under ghostly visitations, impelled me to get up, and, this time lighting a pipe to prevent mistakes, I resumed my sauntering, and, tired at last of being alone, I awoke my men for the start, although day was not yet breaking. Half asleep, a meal was soon discussed, and in an hour we were again on the move. Shumari had lagged behind, as usual, and on his coming up I reproved him for being the last.

"I am not the last," he said; "Zaidi, the Wangwana, is not here yet. I saw him climbing up for a liane [the men got their ropes from these useful plants] just as I was coming away, and I called out to him that you would be angry." "Peace!" said Baraka, the man next to me; "is not that Zaidi the Wangwana there, riding on the ass? It was not he. It was that good-for-nothing Tarya. He is always the last to stand up and the first to sit down."

"No doubt, then," said Sbumari, "it was Tarya; shame on him. He is no bigger than Zaidi, and has hair like his. Besides, it was in the mist I saw him."

I had heard enough—the nervousness of the night still afflicted me.

"Sound the halt!" I cried; "call the men together."

In three minutes all were grouped around me—not one was missing! Tarya was far ahead, riding on an ass, and had therefore been one of the first to start.

"Who was the last to leave camp?" I asked; and, by unanimous voice, it was agreed to be Shumari himself.

Shumari, then, had seen the Soko! And our storehouse was the Soko's home!

The rest of the men had not heard the preceding conversation; so, putting them in possession of the facts, I gave the order for returning to our camp. We approached. I halted the whole party, and hindling up the asses' mouths with cloths, we tied them to a stout liane, and then, dividing the party into two, led one myself round to the south side of the camp by a *détour*, leaving the other about half a mile to the north of it, with orders to rush toward the canebrake and surround it at a hundred yards' distance as soon as they heard my bugle. Passing swiftly round, we were soon in our places, and then, deploying my men on either side so as to cover a semicircle, I sounded the bugle. The response came in an instant, and in a few minutes there was a cordon round the brake at one hundred yards radius, each man about twenty yards or so from the next. But all was silent as the grave. As yet nothing had got through our line, I felt sure; and if, therefore, Shumari had indeed seen the Soko, the Soko was still within the circle of our guns. A few tufts of young rattan grew between the line and the brake in the centre of which were our goods, and unless it was up above us, hidden in the impervious canopy overhead, where *was* the Soko? A shot was fired into each tuft, and in breathless excitement, the circle began to close in upon the brake.

"Let us fire!" cried Mahruki.

"No, no!" I shouted, for the bullets would perhaps have whistled through the lianes among ourselves. "Catch the Soko alive if you can."

But first we had to sight the Soko; and this, in an absolutely impenetrable clump of rope-thick creepers, was impossible, except from above.

Shumari, as agile as a monkey, was called, and ordered to climb up the tree, the branches of which had served us to sling our goods into the brake, and to see if he could espy the intruder. The lad did not like the job; but with the pluck of his race obeyed, and was soon slung up over the bough, and, creeping along it, overhanging the centre of the brake. All faces were upturned toward him as he peered down within the wall of vegetation. For many minutes there was silence, and then came Shumari's voice:

"No, master, I can not see the Soko."

"Climb on to the big liane," called out Mahruki. The lad obeyed, and made his way from knot to knot of the swinging strand. The end of it was rooted into the ground at the foot of the tree inside the cane-brake, the other, in cable thickness, hanging down loose within the circle. We, watching, saw him look down, and on the instant heard him cry:

"Ai! ma-ma! the Soko, the Soko!" and while the lad spoke we saw the hanging creeper violently jerked, and then swung to and fro, as if some creature of huge strength had hold of the loose end of it and was trying to shake Shumari from his hold.

"Help! help, master!" cried Shumari. "I am falling;" and then he lost his hold and fell with a crash down into the brake, and for an instant we held our breath to listen—but all was quiet as death. The next instant, at a dozen different points, axes were at work clearing the lianes. For a few minutes nothing was to be heard but the deep breathing of the straining men and the crashing of the branches; and then on a sudden, at the side farthest from me, came a shout and a shot, a confused rush of frantic animal noises, and the sounds of a fierce struggle.

In an instant I was round the brake, and there lay Sbumari, apparently unhurt, and the Soko—dying.

"Untie his hands," I said. This was done, and the wounded thing made an effort to stagger to its feet.

A dozen arms thrust it to the ground again. "Let him rise," I said; "help him to rise;" and Mahruki helped the Soko on to its feet.

Powers above! If this were an ape, what else were half my expedition? The wounded wood-thing passed its right arm round Mahruki's neck, and, taking one of his hands, pressed it to its own heart. A deep sob shook its frame, and then it lifted back its head and looked in turn into all the faces round it, with the death-glaze settling fast in its eyes. I came nearer, and took its hand as it hung on Mahruki's shoulder. The muscles, gradually contracting in death, made it seem as if there was a gentle pressure of my palm, and then—the Thing died.

Life left it so suddenly that we could not believe that all was over. But the Soko was really dead, and close to where he lay I had him buried.

"Master said he wanted the Soko's skin," said Shumari, in a weak voice, reminding me of my words of a few days before.

"No, no," I said; "hurry the wild man quickly. We shall march at once."—From Philip Robinson's "Under the Sun."

The Anglo-Indian cavalry went into the Tel-el-Kehir fight with nothing on but a turban and a piece of cloth round the loins. The Arabs were greatly astonished at the apparition, and still more astonished to find their consummate masters in the use of cold steel. The Sikh horsemen (who it is well known worship their swords, according to the teachings of their scripture, the Adi-Granth) refused to reload their revolvers. A French eye-witness of the scene says that the sahering was peculiarly terrible. These Eastern swordsmen never thrust; and seldom strike save at the arms and head, in almost every instance inflicting fatal wounds. Since the Indian mutiny, the English are careful to keep only a small number of these dangerous mercenaries under arms. They use no reins, guiding their horses only by a pressure of the knee, like the South American gauchos.

OLD FAVORITES.

Haunted Houses.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.
The stranger at my fireside can not see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is, while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier days
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.
The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.
These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants, and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night—
So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

The Haunted House.

'Tis hard for human actions to account,
Whether from reason or from impulse only—
But some internal prompting bade me mount
The gloomy stairs and lonely.
Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,
With odors as from homes and relics carnal,
Deprived of rite and consecrated mold,
The chapel vault, or charnel.
The air was thick, and in the upper gloom
The bat—or something in its shape—was winging;
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The Death's-Head moth was clinging.
Such omens in the place there seemed to be,
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some Apparition standing.
Yet no portentous Shape the sight amazed;
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid;
But from their tarnish'd frames dark Figures gazed,
And Faces spectre-palid.
Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirred, or sighed, or wept, or spoken;
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.
No other sound or stir of life was there,
Except my steps in solitary clamber
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,
From chamber into chamber.
Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly furnished
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,
And carvings gilt and burnished;
Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,
With scripture history, or classic fable;
But all had faded, save one ragged part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth
Had marred the tissue with a partial ravage;
But undecaying frowned upon the cloth
Each feature stern and savage.
The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;
Some hues were fresh, and some decayed and duller;
But still the Bloody Hand shone strangely out
With vehemence of color!
The Bloody Hand that with a lurid stain
Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,
Projected from the casement's painted pane,
Where all beside was broken—
The Bloody Hand, significant of crime,
That, glaring on the old heraldic banner,
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,
In such a wondrous manner!

The Death-Watch ticked behind the paneled oak,
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,
The fancy to embarrass.
Across the door no gossamer festoon
Swung pendulous—no web—no dusty fringes,
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon
About its nooks and binges.
The spider shunned the interdicted room,
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom
The very midge had vanished.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a Bed,
As if with awful aim direct and certain,
To show the Bloody Hand in burning red
Embroidered on the curtain.
And yet no gory stain was on the quilt—
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted;
The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt,
Those boards obscurely spotted;
Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—
Oh, what a tale they told of fear intense,
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance?—
Had sought the door, the window, in his flight,
Striving for dear existence?
What shrieking Spirit in that bloody room
Its mortal frame had violently quitted?
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
A ghastly Shadow flitted.
Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,
But pained on the air so very dimly,
It hardly veiled the tapestry at all,
Or portrait frowning grimly.
O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit haunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

—Thomas Hood.

BILL NYE'S HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Familiar Recipes.

To remove oils, varnishes, resins, tar, oyster soup, currant jelly, and other selections from the bill of fare—Use benzine soap and chloroform cautiously with whitewash brush and garden hose. Then hang on the wood-pile to remove the pungent effluvia of the benzine. To clean ceilings that have been smoked by kerosene lamps or the fragrance of fried salt pork—Remove the ceiling, wash thoroughly with horax, turpentine, and rain-water, then hang on the clothes-line to dry. Afterward pulverize, and spread over the pie-plant bed for spring wear. To remove starch and roughness from flat-irons—Hold the iron on a large grindstone for twenty moments or so, then wipe off carefully with a rag. To make this effective, the grindstone should be in motion while the iron is applied. To soften water for household purposes—Put an ounce of quicklime into a certain quantity of water. If it is not sufficient, use less water or more quicklime. Should the immediate lime continue to remain deliquescent, lay the water down on a stone, and pound it with a hase-hall club. To give relief to a burn—Apply the white of an egg. The yolk of the egg may be eaten, or placed on the shirt-hosom, according to the taste of the person. If the burn should occur on a lady, she may omit the last instruction. To wash black silk stockings—Prepare a tub of lather, composed of tepid rain-water and white soap, with a little ammonia. Then stand in the tub till dinner is ready. Roll in a cloth to dry. Do not wring, but press, the water out. This will necessitate the removal of the stockings. If your bands are badly chapped, wet them in warm water, rub them all over with Indian meal, then put on a coat of glycerine, and keep them in your pockets for ten days. If you have no pockets convenient, insert them in the pockets of a friend. An excellent liniment for toothache or neuralgia is made of sassafras, oil of organum, and a half-ounce of tincture of capsicum, with half a pint of alcohol. Soak nine yards of red flannel in this mixture, wrap it around the head, and then insert the head in a haystack till death comes to your relief. Woolen goods may be nicely washed, if you put half an ox-gall into two gallons of tepid water. It might be well to put the goods into the water also. If the mixture is not strong enough, put in another ox-gall. Should this fail to do the work, put in the entire ox, reserving the tail for soup. The ox-gall is comparatively useless for soup, and should not be preserved as an article of diet.

A Soliloquy on Carving.

Speaking about carving, there is a prospect now that in our best circles, within a short time, the old custom of making the host demolish the kiln-dried poultry at dinner will become extinct, and that a servant at a side-board, on a small salary, will take a hand-saw and a can of nitro-glycerine and shatter the remains, thus giving the host a chance to chat with his guests instead of spattering them with dressing and casting gloom and gravity over the company. This is a move for which I have long contended. It places the manual labor of a dinner where it belongs, and relieves a man who should give his whole attention to the entertainment of his friends at table. You would not expect your host to take off his coat and kill the fowl in your presence in order to show you that it was all on the square, and it is not customary to require the proprietor of the house to peel the potatoes at table for his guests to prove that there is no put-up job about it. Therefore, I claim that the lamented hen may be thoroughly shattered at a side-table by an athlete at four dollar per week, and still good faith toward the guests be maintained. If any one be doubtful or suspicious, etiquette will permit him to stand by the side of the hireling carver and witness the inquest. Still it would be better fun for him to sit at the table, and if the parts given him are not satisfactory, he can put them in his overshoes pro tem, and casually throw them out the back door while the other guests are listening to the "Maiden's Prayer" in the parlor. Under the new deal the host will enjoy the dinner much more than he used to with his thumb cut off and a quart of dressing on his lap. No man feels perfectly at home if he has to wrap up his cut finger in a rag and then scoop a handful of dressing out of his vest pocket and return it to the platter. Few men are cool enough to do this, laughing heartily all the time and telling some mirth-provoking anecdote meanwhile. It is also annoying to have twenty guests ask for the "dark meat, please," when there are only three animals cooked and neither one of them had a particle of dark meat about her person. Lately I have adopted the plan of segregating the fowl by main strength, using the fingers when necessary, and then wiping them in an off-hand manner on the tablecloth. Then I ask the servant to bring in that dark hen we ordered, so that we might have an abundance of dark meat. If the servant says there is none, I smile, and tell the guests that the brunette chicken, by some oversight, has been eaten in the kitchen, and I shall have to give them such relics as may be at hand. This simplifies the matter, and places me in a far more agreeable place relative to the company. My great success, however, in carving is mainly confined to the watermelon. The watermelon does not confuse me. I always know where to find the joints, and those who do not like the inside of the melon can have the outside. Now, my great trouble with fowls is, that one day I have Nebraska chicken and the next trip I have to assassinate a Mormon Sbanghai pullet, with high, expressive hip-bones and amalgam paletot. This makes me nervous, because they are so dissimilar, and their joints are in different places. The Mormon hen is round-shouldered, and her collar-bone is more on the bias than the Nebraska fowl. This gives a totally different expression to her features in death, and, as I have said, destroys the symmetry of the carve. I began my education in this line by carving butter in hot weather, and gradually led up to the quail on toast. In carving the quail, first mortgaged your home and get the quail. The quail should be cooked before carving, but not until the chronometer balance and other organs have been removed. Place your quail on the toast in a sitting position; then, passing the dissecting-knife down between the shoulder-blades, bisect the polonaise. Another method is to take the quail by the hind leg and eat it, asking the guests to do the same. This breaks the feeling of stiffness that is apt to prevail at a formal party.—Boomerang.

SOCIETY.

DEAR —: You ask me to tell you what is going on. That is no easy matter for one who abjures society as frequently as I. San Francisco is growing. One recognizes this fact at the theatre, in the Park, promenade, or cars. The good old times no longer exist when there seemed but one clique, and every one knew every one else at social gatherings. Society—to use a general term—appears at the present moment in a state of transition; the migratory members of the *haut ton* who have not chosen to remain away have hardly settled down to the routine of "at home" and the interchange of courtesies and hospitalities. In despair, these seekers of festivity the Carnival has not absorbed console themselves, in the interim, with joining the procession which wends its way Parkward with religious repetition Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, to hear the band play. In this age of monopoly there seems to be hardly a protest existing as to its being the only road, except perhaps it be the one leading to Lone Mountain. Music is always an attractive feature, and I have often wondered why some enterprising capitalist has not conceived of a lucrative investment in the erection of an enclosed garden, protected from the winds of summer and the rains of winter, where society people could resort for promenade and concert. It is a suggestion which the Institute directors might adopt with profit. This would utilize the new pavilion, and effect the beneficial result of bringing people together and combating their cliquish proclivities. San Francisco is young, and society has hardly reached that position in which it can imperatively issue its mandates, and depend upon having its dictates universally obeyed. Its cosmopolitan features render this a matter of time, for what would be considered etiquette in English society would be considered *outré* in French, or what a Puritanical New Englander would consider the right thing would be considered quite stupid and prudish to a German, whose manners, in turn, would seem either shocking or boorish to his Spanish neighbor. We are a community made up of all the essentials of good society. There are numbered in it men of mind, of letters, brilliant wit and intellect, travelers, statesmen, musicians, artists, and poets. There is required but the governing hand of some ruling spirit to mold it into a social system. Let it be a gossip club—a social feature existing in Paris presided over by Madame Edmond Adam (Juliette Lambert)—or a salon of sparkling wit and repartee, such as Madame Récamier's. Let it be something acknowledged and permanent. According to some, the refinement claimed by American society is the gentility which is the result of the acquired wealth of a generation, as Saxe so humorously expresses himself:

"A span across an hundred years
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten peers,
A thing for laughter, jibes, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy."

Social life in California is most luxuriant in coloring, but tropical in rankness. Sufficient time has hardly elapsed to enable us to fail to recognize our quondam milliner or maid in the exquisitely appareled woman who so languidly reclines in her well-appointed turnout as it rolls by. The impetus given to society by the *nouvelle riche* is needed to move it from stagnation; for of what use would be her gilded palace, if it were not to give less fortunate outsiders an occasional envious peep at them? What matters it if the architectural conception of her establishment is the effort of some starved genius, or her aesthetically devised frescoes and upholstery a suggestion of Garibaldi or Blum, or her collection of pictures the remunerated result of a poor artist's selection where she herself would be utterly unable to distinguish a Correggio from a Van Dyke, or the glowing coloring of Titian from the rich flesh tints of Rubens? Her library is gorgeous in bindings, with perhaps some works of standard excellence; but she never reads. True, she is a slave to her *chef de cuisine*; for how could she cater without his autocratic dictées? The origin of her falience and porcelain never occurs to her. Her crystal might have been blown at the San Francisco Glass Works, if there had not been an animated discussion of enormous duties and breakage. To her credit, be it said that her patriotism leads her to the choice of California wines. With an *entourage* almost beyond her conception, if not appreciation, with hardly more of an effort than to sign the check for the defrayal of expenditure, she, with American adaptability, takes to it most naturally. Yet she has her place in society. True, your musical friend plays for you; your traveled friend entertains you with his adventures; your scholarly friend gives you information; but she invites you to her parties; her cook cooks for you; her waiters attend you; what of beauty and art her money could buy is at your disposition to admire and enjoy. You meet Mrs. So-and-so there, and to have an entrée is quite the thing. She has hardly arrived at that stage which affects exclusiveness; her position is hardly enough assured; and so goes the note, not only in California, but everywhere.

Apocryphal to our *nouveau riches*, a most amusing instance was related a short time since of one of our million-heiresses who, by enormous expenditures, was dazzling the Parisians with her unique entertainments. A certain count being asked if he were acquainted with her, said: "I attend her parties and dine there, but I do not know her." In one thing society seems to be gaining ground upon our European and Eastern rivals. The feminine article is becoming more numerous and less sought after. To analyze this condition of affairs, and discuss the whys and wherefores, would be a lengthy affair, and prove a wasteful and futile experiment. Consoling the fun-loving girls in their not promising society outlook, let me add a word in encouraging hints as to future festivities. Posed charity tableaux will take place about Christmas time, under the management of Colonel Olarovsky, the Russian consul. There are on the tapis a series of musicales at the Grand Hotel under the auspices of Mrs. S. F. Thorne, assisted by Madame Berton and Professor Ferrar; also a series of commerce parties at the same place. The doors of the Nob Hill mansions are not likely to remain closed on royalty, who will again return to us, homeward-bound, the last of the month. The Crockers are in Paris, likely to return soon. Mrs. Mark Hopkins and her niece, Miss May Crittenden, who have been stopping at the Windsor, New York, will be back this month. The regular monthly receptions of Madame Zeitska are to be resumed, and those fortunate enough to have been recipients of Mrs. General McDowell's hospitality will be glad to hear she will receive every Thursday. It is reported the McAllisters will remain in San Rafael this winter; if so, it will be with regret to those who have enjoyed their Sunday evening teas. Lady Duffus and Miss Iza Hardy, whom we were pleased to entertain some time since, returned from Europe by the *City of Rome* and are guests of Mrs. Frank Leslie, who has moved to her aesthetic mansion, No. 13 West Fifteenth Street, New York; no doubt a salon is in prospect of inauguration for the winter.

After all my theorizing and rambling from my subject—and women are prone to ramble—I don't know as you are wiser than you were before as to the movements of the *creme de la creme*, or what the decided prospects are as to the coming season. With the advent of a few notable, the generous effort of the entertaining portion of the community, which, by the way, is little more than a handful, we hope for livelier times and a prospect of future gayeties.

D.
SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1882.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins and her niece, Miss May Crittenden, who have been spending the summer at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, returned home on Wednesday last. Miss Allie Hawes and Miss Tolson, who came down from the Navy Yard last week to attend Mrs. Julius Reid's reception, returned to Mare Island on Saturday, the twenty-eighth ultimo. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Stanwood, who have been enjoying the delights of a New England autumn, returned to the Palace on Wednesday last. E. W. Hopkins, treasurer of the Central Pacific Railroad, who has been visiting his father in Michigan, accompanied by his wife and daughter, returned to the city during the week. Captain Oliver Eldridge, who has been in the East for a few weeks past, returned on Tuesday last. Kenyon Cox, a famous New York broker, is sight-seeing in this city. Lieutenant-Commander Benjamin L. Edes, Passed Assistant-Paymaster Reah Frazer, and Chaplain J. S. Wallace, of the navy, were at the Occidental on Saturday and Sunday last. A telegram from Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh announce their safe and pleasant arrival home. Colonel William H. Lent and family arrived in New York on Wednesday last, where they will remain until next summer. Mrs. J. H. Jewett has returned to Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. W.

B. Bourne have returned from Napa County for the winter. Miss Platt, who is a favorite with every one who knows her—and well may be, for she is a very agreeable young lady—is to be made the recipient of two or three parties before her departure for her new home in the East, the first of which will be given by Mrs. James Robinson, at the Palace Hotel, at which place Mrs. Robinson has taken up her residence for the winter. Captain Royal T. Frank and Captain Alanson M. Randol, of the First Artillery, who have been visiting in Sonoma County, have returned. Lieutenant John M. K. Davis, of the First Artillery, has also returned from his trip in Sonoma County. Passed-Assistant Paymaster H. Trumbull Standiford, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Tuesday last. W. E. Brown is at the St. James, New York. Mr. and Mrs. James E. Mills, whose brilliant wedding in Sacramento some weeks since has been duly chronicled, returned to that city from their bridal tour a few days ago. Miss Lizzie Crocker, who has been visiting in Sacramento, has returned. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Graves, who lately sold their handsome residence on Van Ness Avenue to Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst, have taken up their permanent residence at the Palace. Mrs. E. B. Crocker and her daughter, Miss Amy Crocker, of Sacramento, have concluded to spend the winter in San Francisco, and have taken apartments at the Palace. Colonel Harney and family, of Menlo, came up to the city for the winter on Monday last. Albert Gallatin, who was married in New York lately, will return to Sacramento some time about the middle of December. T. S. Collins, U. S. Signal Service, has been assigned to duty in Los Angeles. Mrs. G. W. Grayson and the Misses Grayson, who have been spending some time in the East, returned home to Oakland on Tuesday last. Mrs. L. L. Requa, of Piedmont, has been at Monterey during the present week; also, Mrs. F. L. Chester, and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Whitaker, of Virginia City. Colonel and Mrs. Mendenhall returned to this city on Monday last. Paymaster C. A. McDaniel, U. S. N., has been at the Palace during the greater part of the week. Mrs. A. W. Bishop and Miss A. Stevenson, of Oakland, have been spending the week at Monterey; also, Dr. J. S. Adams and wife and two daughters, of Oakland, and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stevens, of Napa. Reverend C. T. Mills, of Mills Seminary, who has been visiting Southern California, returned on Tuesday last. Mrs. Volney Spaulding, who has been visiting Monterey, returned on Monday last. Mr. W. B. Chapman has also returned from Monterey. Mrs. Savage, of Oakland, has returned from the East. Assistant-Engineer Robert I. Reid, Midshipman John Gibson, Commander Frederick Pearson, and Captain Charles S. Norton, U. S. N., were here a day or two during the week, at the Baldwin. Governor Stanford and family went to Vina, Tehama County, on Sunday last, in their new car on a special train, and returned yesterday. Eugene Dewey has arrived in New York, and is at the Windsor Hotel, at which place Mrs. Squire P. Dewey will spend the winter. Major Charles H. Whipple, U. S. A., and family leave this city on Tuesday next for St. Paul, where he goes to relieve Major Henry B. Reese, paymaster U. S. A. The San Francisco Yacht Club celebrated their closing day with a dancing party on Saturday afternoon last, and among the ladies present there were Mrs. and Miss Staples, the Misses Bunker, Miss Nellie Hopps, Mrs. and Miss Mathewson, Miss Hanlon, Miss Main, Miss Rich, and a few others. Mrs. L. T. Breckinridge and her three children returned from Monterey for the winter on Monday last. Captain W. L. Foulk, U. S. A., at present commandant at Fort Yuma, is visiting in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, and William Crocker left Queenstown for New York on Tuesday last. Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnston and Miss Johnston, who have been visiting in Los Angeles, returned on Thursday last. Major R. P. Hammond, who has been recreating and recuperating in Sonoma County for two or three weeks, returned to the Hotel del Monte on Monday last. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman will be pained to learn that Mrs. Goodman has been seriously ill at the Riggs House, Washington. Bret Hartie and Clarence King were entertained at dinner in London lately by James R. Osgood, of Boston. Lieutenant Wood, of the Marine Corps, who was married to Miss Kate Thorn, in Washington, on the eighteenth ultimo, has left that city for his post at Mare Island, with his bride, whose mother is a niece of W. W. Corcoran, the Washington millionaire and philanthropist. Captain and Mrs. Nicholas T. Smith, who have been summering at Menlo, will soon return for the winter, and go to housekeeping at the corner of Octavia and Jackson streets.

CORRESPONDENCE.

An Attributable Critic on the Carnival.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have grown somewhat weary of the fulsome panegyrics which are being lavished upon the "Feet of Nations" by all the papers—including your own. It seems to me that a little wholesome truth would do no harm. What is this "Carnival"? It is the apotheosis of everything that is vulgar, of everything that is inartistic. A lot of young girls and old women, painted and raddled like haridans, are assembled in the pavilion night after night, engaged in an exhibition which is a gigantic, a colossal bore. You may say that no one is obliged to go. True. But we are obliged to have it thrust under our noses every morning with the news of the day, and we are obliged to have it dinned into our ears continually by the "participants" and their friends. I am ill of the "Carnival."

Yet it is for charity, and we must say nothing and bear it. Oh, charity, charity, what sins are committed in thy name! Sins against good taste, against the canons of art, against numberless dead and gone great men who would turn over in their graves were they to see the awful parodies of their immortal works. As for the living authors, let us mercifully hope that they will never know.

What can any one see in these crude, amateurish, inartistic pseudo "tableaux"? True, there are some pretty girls—not too many, by the way—but oh, those awful old women! And where were those lank and skinny youths, with spindle-shanks and knock-knees, procured from? The sight of an immature stripling clad in the garb of a Roman or Grecian warrior, his awful get-up crowned by a round, simpering, foolish face, bowing and bobbing to those among the spectators who have the misfortune to know him, is not one calculated to recall the god-sired soldiers of the Trojan war, or to make one think that "there were heroes before Agamemnon." The spectacle would be droll if it were not melancholy.

But if the vealy youths are unpleasant to look upon, what shall we say of the old duffers? To regard these venerable idiots capering around in their absurd finery is a sight to make angels weep. Yet if those who participate are unwise, what shall we say to those who allow their daughters to do so? I am not squeamish, but I have a daughter whom I most certainly would not allow to take part in this "Carnival." There is too much carnival about it to suit me. I confess I can not see why the fact that a number of benevolent ladies want to do benevolent things should warrant young girls in parading themselves before a grinning mob, partly composed of salacious and dangerous old bucks, and partly of equally salacious but not so dangerous young ones. I do not see why it warrants these young girls in displaying to the gaze of crowds portions of their anatomy which they had much better reserve for the contemplation of their future husbands. But perhaps I am an old fool, and do not know what I am talking about. I suppose the charitable ladies would say so, with the sweet logic of womankind.

I will say nothing of the danger of respectable young girls associating with improper characters of their own sex. The danger does not so much lie there. Miss Doubtful is generally on her good behavior when she happens to be with Miss Doubtless. But the young men who frequent the Carnival are not like Bayard. I do not mean the young men participating—they probably are. I took a walk around behind the booths one night, when the grand march was in progress. I know I had no business there, and that I am a prying old busybody. However, I was there, all the same. I noticed a number of young women who had apparently not been able to get ready in time. They were most of them in company with young men, and one couple I noticed particularly. The young man I know. He is a youth as to whose intentions I have every confidence—they are strictly dishonorable.

There are many things which might be touched upon, did space permit. Mention might be made of the elaborate hugging rehearsals of certain "intense" tableaux. The dressing-rooms, too, in some of the booths, are not so well separated as they might be. Visions of imperfectly attired goddesses and things present themselves to the view of the participants of the other sex. This might, by old-fashioned cur-

mudgeons like myself, be supposed to rub the bloom off modesty. But then it is for charity, so I suppose it is all right.

There has been some comment upon the action of a certain Mr. Vulcan in refusing to allow Mrs. V. to exhibit her charms this year as in a former Carnival. I think Mr. Vulcan a very sensible man, and he will hereby accept the earnest appreciation of

CATO.
SAN FRANCISCO, November 2, 1882.

"Hawaiian Horrors"—A Personal Card.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: An article appeared in an issue of the San Francisco *Chronicle* about the middle of September, entitled "Hawaiian Horrors," which I should like to answer. The article is one of a great number manufactured by the *Chronicle* during the past year, with just enough truth mixed in with the tissue of falsehood and exaggeration to make them seem plausible. The *Chronicle*, in this instance, gets its material from an "escaped sugar-slave," named Andrew Lange, who was "sold" by Mr. Hitchcock, his master, to a few "sympathizing friends," for "fifty dollars, raised by them," on consideration that he (Lange) "would leave the island." I imagine that the services of Mr. Lange must have been very valuable to Mr. Hitchcock, and that he must have been a very peaceable and conscientious "Norwegian parson," as Mr. Hitchcock assented to the cancellation of his contract on payment of less than half of his passage-money! Mr. Lange neglected to tell the *Chronicle* that the Hawaiian labor laws, translated into Norwegian, were printed on the back of each contract signed by the immigrants before leaving Norway, and that they accepted the terms of this contract, of which they each retained a copy. Those laws punish the master for cruelty, etc., by fine, and the laborer for disobedience, etc., by fine; in both cases "confined in prison until paid." If either is wronged, he has an appeal, and the law is exactly identical for both. The immigrants accepted the contracts with the law in their own language before them, and acknowledged them again before an officer of the Hawaiian Government on arrival; so they can not complain if a few turbulent spirits among them lay themselves liable and are punished. I leave Mr. Hitchcock to defend himself against Mr. Lange's charges of cruelty, as he is too far off to be conferred with. All who know him, however, will attest that he is a humane and honest gentleman. The article refers to me (mis spelling my name) thus: "A Norwegian girl, who accompanied L'Orange from her own country, was sold by him to one Dickie, a planter of Maui, for two hundred dollars. The planter sold her again to a captain of a vessel, who had matrimonial intentions, for one hundred and fifty dollars." Now, it is really too bad that I, an anti-slavery man all my life, three and a half years of which were spent in the Union army, should be accused of slave-trading. I am afraid some of my friends may believe it. The truth is as follows: Captain L'Orange did bring the girl out, but not under contract. She merely ran in debt to him for her passage-money (first-class across the United States). After a few months, by mutual consent of all parties, the girl came to work for me, I advancing to Captain L'Orange the amount remaining unpaid of her passage-money. She served us well, and so endeared herself to us that when, a few months later, Captain Hodson, half-owner and master of the American barkentine *Emma Augusta*, claimed her for his bride, we were very sorry to part with her. She was more like one of the family than a servant. I made her a present of a part of her debt, and the captain repaid me the balance, (one hundred and fifty dollars,) and sailed away with his charming wife. They have visited us often since, and our relations are very pleasant. They dined with us last week, and were justly indignant to find that we had actually been accused of slave-trading. You can see, by comparing the truth in this matter with the statement of the *Chronicle*, how they can take a few facts, in themselves perfectly innocent, and manufacture therefrom a "Hawaiian Horror." I am not a sugar planter, and have never had any Norwegian immigrants under contract to me; but have had several of them work for me, by mutual consent of their employers and themselves, and have been well pleased with them. I live next to the quarters of the Norwegian immigrants working under contract for the Hailu Plantation. They are well housed and comfortably cared for. In case of sickness, a doctor is summoned at plantation expense, from a distance of ten miles, and their wants well supplied, in all respects. Most of them have saved sufficient money from their wages to buy horses and cattle, and, when their contracts are out, will be able to start in business for themselves. Owing to the false representations of the *Chronicle*, and those who have defrauded the planters of their passage money by running away, a commissioner has been sent out by the Norwegian Government to look into the matter. He finds the immigrants in such a prosperous condition, and so well treated, that he is extremely disgusted at the tissue of falsehoods that sent him this long journey for no use. His report, and that of a wealthy philanthropic gentleman of Norway, whose sympathies were roused by the stories of "Hawaiian Horrors," and who came with the commissioner at his own expense to see for himself, will be interesting.

Yours, truly,
HAIKU, Maui, Hawaiian Island, October 20, 1882.

The Shooting Clubs.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The *Chronicle* of Saturday last contained a most ungenerous attack on the shooting clubs of this State, in which it is charged that gentlemen thus banded together either lease or purchase marsh-lands which they preserve for their own duck-shooting, and that market-hunters and Sunday-sportsmen, who are not members, are all excluded. It is further charged that these preserves diminish the supply of game in the market; that it is against the spirit of the American people; and the writer advises outsiders not to respect the rights of the clubs, but to contest those rights; and winds up with a threat that the Wing-shooting Club propose to take the matter into court, and there investigate the legal status of the clubs on the subject. This investigation is, of course, open to whomsoever desires to invoke it, but the folly of such course is apparent; and a large number of the members (their president included) of the Wing-shooting Club being active members of the complained-of clubs, raises the presumption that the name of that organization was used without authority. Sportsmen, as a rule, are gentlemen; and it will be difficult to persuade them to go where they have no right to, to trespass where they are not wanted, or to appropriate to themselves the property of other people to which they have no shadow of claim. Even market-hunters, whose only interest in the subject is a financial one, have too keen a sense of honesty to take by stealth what they dare not openly appropriate. When they were in possession of these very marsh-lands (for the use of which they paid nothing) they defended their rights of possession by argument, protest, strategy, and often by force of arms. It will scarcely be supposed that men who have fairly bought those rights, and in many instances from the market-hunters themselves, will tamely submit to be trespassed upon. Each club, I am advised, is provided with sufficient force to repel these attacks, and, if they prove insufficient, San Francisco abounds in material that can be hired for the express purpose of driving off or capturing the bully or *duck-thief*, in whatever guise he comes. It would therefore be well for these bandits of the marshes to weigh well the consequences of the proposed crusade before undertaking it. It is not true that the supply of game in our market has been diminished by the formation of these clubs; but, on the contrary, it has largely increased, and now sells for about one-half what it brought five years ago, for the simple reason that the real market-hunter leases ground himself, and shoots where there is no conflict of title. He consequently makes larger bags, and the business is still remunerative. The only class that it affects is the pot-hunter, who is seldom an American. La belle France, England, and Canada are the main sources of supply of these bastard sportsmen, who respect neither game laws nor the rights of property. They kill every feathered thing, from a chipmunk to a pelican, and call it sport. This spirit of lawless appropriation may do for Her Majesty's dominions, but will scarcely be tolerated on American soil, where Fenianism gets no foothold. We venture the assertion that any gentleman in San Francisco can obtain as many invitations to shoot over club ground as he desires; and any one who is denied this privilege, and is obliged to resort to flagrant trespass for a day's pleasure, with the chances of very rough handling if caught, is no gentleman, and deserves no consideration from that class. They may just as well claim the joint possession of any rich man's house, or intrude themselves at his table. The article, too, shows thorough ignorance on the subject of shooting clubs, for there is no Eastern city without them—and very expensively got up ones at that, with extensive preserves.

NIMROD.
SAN FRANCISCO, November 4, 1882.

LILY LANGTRY'S ARRIVAL.

"Flaneur" Goes Down the Bay to Meet the London Star.

Manager Abbey's Invitation—A Wild Wet Night—How a Gang of Young Englishmen drove Sleep from Weary Eyelids—The Troubles of a Cot—The Salted Beer and Avalanche of Loaves—The Sad-eyed *Herald* Reporter and his Weird Make-up—The Jersey Lily arrives at Last—How she Looked, Talked, and Dressed.

Mrs. Langtry is the most beautiful woman I have ever met. Thousands of columns have been written about her, and the judgment of hundreds of thousands of men has been in her favor, but I presume that San Francisco, like New York, will not believe half that is said until it can judge for itself. I predict that your judgment will confirm what I say, and that you will pronounce her a thoroughly charming woman in every way. I was the first man presented to the famous English beauty on her arrival, and was in no mood for the reception of good impressions, but I was carried away, nevertheless. I have had many remarkable experiences, but none that equaled those of Sunday night and Monday morning. I propose to write a truthful account of a noted excursion.

I was at dinner in the Brunswick Hotel, Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Abbey, the manager, strolled into the café with his hands in his top-coat pockets, and his hat jammed over his eyes. He dropped into a chair at my table, and said:

"There are nearly a hundred men outside waiting for the news."

"What news?"

"The news of the arrival of the steamer *Arizona* in the lower bay with Mrs. Langtry aboard. They are going down with me to meet her. If you've never been on one of these excursions it would amuse you to go."

"Does it amuse you?"

"Well," muttered the man who brought Bernhardt, Salvini, and Nilsson across the water, "it amused me the first time, but candor forces me to admit that it begins to pall on me now. However, I am always more or less amazed."

"At what?"

"Judge for yourself. Will you go?"

"I don't mind. What time?"

"I think we shall start between three and four o'clock, Monday morning, so as to meet the steamer before she gets up the bay. I'll give you a wrinkle, though, that will save you from getting up at three o'clock A. M.—if it is possible for you to do it. Come down to the foot of West Twenty-second Street to-night about ten o'clock, and go to bed on the steamboat *Laura M. Starin*. We will have breakfast aboard on our way down the bay."

"Oh, that'll be quite comfortable."

"Will it?" said the moody Mr. Abbey, with a sad and sorrowful smile. "I'm glad you think so. Don't disappoint me."

He imbibed, and walked slowly away. It struck me that he was rather morose in view of a prospective excursion, with a party of good fellows, to meet the celebrated beauty, but I attributed it to his liver, and finished my dinner slowly while speculating on our reception by the woman whose charms half crazed the Prince of Wales and set all England talking. Later I went to hear Théo sing, and met the music critics of the *World* and *Tribune*, who said they were of the party to meet the Jersey Lily, and we agreed to go down to the steamboat together. After they had sent their criticisms down town, we started over toward the North River. The *Tribune* man then remembered that he had to go down to the office, and left us to go alone. My companion, Kobbé, an old classmate of mine, who succeeded Copleson as dramatic and musical critic of the *World*, is not of a humorous temperament, and was fully as sleepy as I was; so we resolved to go directly to bed. When we went aboard, the watchman passed us into the after-cabin, where there was a long table covered with bottles and things and surrounded by half a dozen young English actors, now playing at Wallack's and Booth's theatres. They rose cordially and shook hands, and we inverted glasses several times, after which I announced that, as I was rather knocked up from the night before, I proposed to go to bed. This was received with jeers, followed by ominous threats, but I was really so much fatigued that there was nothing else to do; so Kobbé and I looked about and found a quiet nook on the next deck in the after-cabin, directly over the heads of the festive half-dozen actors. We lugged a small cot up stairs from the supply furnished by Mr. Abbey, and placed it well back from the light, got a mattress and some blankets, partially disrobed, and calmly laid us down to sleep. Half a minute later, young Jack Howell, who plays a small part in the "Romany Rye," came up and insisted upon our taking some cigars. He dropped one while we were explaining that we were sleepy, and, while looking for it, I was dimly conscious that he was fooling around the legs of the cot; but he went below and we settled down.

The night was very still, and the gentle motion of the craft was delightfully lazy. The reflection of the street-lamps was thrown gracefully on the water, whence it glanced off and played about our windows, and the low swash of the waters lulled us to sleep. I was dozing gently off, when there was a fiendish yell, and an instant later our cot went rushing across the cabin at a furious rate, coming up, with a clattering bang, against the railing around the stairway. Fortunately, we were thrown out before the collision, and escaped death, but we were pretty thoroughly shaken up. A superficial examination revealed, in irrefutable fact, that the ingenious young Howell had tied a rope around the leg of our cot, and when they thought we were asleep the whole crowd seized the other end and perpetrated what they considered an extremely clever joke. I went down stairs *en déshabillé* to discuss the matter, but the good-hearted and joyful Howell had fled to the boiler-room. After a short argument, I went up-stairs again, and, after repairing the wreck, we once more turned in. Almost immediately, however, a committee of three arrived from below, with a lot of beer-bottles on a tray. I knew the beer had been salted, but said nothing; and when the actors went below, and stood at the foot of the stairs waiting to hear our agonizing cries, we carefully and conscientiously emptied the beer down on

their heads. We enjoyed this, but we knew we would have to suffer; so we deserted the cot, and went stealthily forward behind some benches, and waited silently. A few minutes later the dusky forms of the jolly and comforting actors came silently up the stairs in the semi-light, each man armed with two big loaves of bread. Carefully and craftily they placed themselves within range of the cot, and, at the word, let the bread fly. If I was ever thankful, it was that I was not on that cot when the avalanche of bread arrived. The actors jumped forward to view us in our misery, but all they heard was low chuckles of satisfaction, and they went below feeling saddened and unhappy. We followed, and after pledging every man's health, and swearing that we were having a good time, went up-stairs and to bed once more. It took a good deal of courage to calmly lie down, but I was so very sleepy that I could not keep my eyes open. We were dozing off again, when there was a terrific uproar down-stairs, occasioned by the arrival of the police-headquarters' man of the *Herald*, a contingent of men-about-town, and some more men connected, in one way and another, with theatrical affairs. The hilarity subsided into a running fire of alleged wit, and I once more closed my eyes, when my companion gave me a dig in the ribs, and I saw the classic form of the police reporter of the *Herald* waltzing, with quiet dignity, around our cot. His high hat was in an extremely reprehensible condition, his coat-tails were pinned over his shoulders, and his trousers rolled up to the knees. He waltzed with transcendent grace, and wore a smile of singular beauty as he moved around the cot. I turned over five times, trying to get asleep, and thrashed around nervously in bed, but the police reporter waltzed placidly on. After half an hour of it, I arose and went out on the hurricane deck to cool my heated brow, while my friend of the *World* argued with the police reporter; but he never said a word, and waltzed unceasingly. When he had become quite dizzy, he went down stairs to greet twenty or more new arrivals—mostly newspaper men, reporters, correspondents, and critics, who had come down in a party from the walking match.

It was after one A. M., and I had not had a wink of sleep; but before I made another attempt, six robust and vigorous gentlemen came up-stairs, stood over our cot, and sang "Peek-a-boo," "The Lullaby," "Patience," and "Mr. Reilly," with enough force to be heard in Peru. We offered heartfelt thanks, and they went down-stairs. Half an hour later we heard them all coming up-stairs with a silent and ominous tread. Then we gave in. Our courage failed, and we sadly dressed, went below, and joined "the boys." A little incident occurred, after we had been there a few minutes, that caused a smile to play about my features. There was a bell-crowned silk hat placed carefully under one of the seats, and the joyous young actor, Howell, thought it was my hat, and filled it full of Apollinaris water. It was not my hat. It was that of Mr. Howell's manager, and the discovery of that fact went a long way toward restoring harmony, though the personal friendship between Mr. Howell and his manager was not strengthened. Then practical jokes ceased for a moment, until the door opened, and the long and lugubrious face of a notorious man looked in. His hair was dark and long, his eyes quite bloodshot, and his long green coat spotted with mud. He wore a sugar-loaf hat, and smiled in a soft, oily way as he came timidly through the door. The crowd no sooner recognized him as Oscar Wilde than a yell went up that nearly split the ear, and there was a furious rush toward the door where the aesthete stood. He saw the crowd, slammed the door, darted across the gang-plank, and sped up the dock, followed by the yells of the entire delegation. It was unquestionably very rough treatment, and I felt called upon to apologize to Mr. Wilde later for my share in it, as he came there as a guest of Mr. Abbey. I do not know exactly what caused such an outburst on our part, unless it was his extraordinary appearance; for nearly every one there had met him before, and he is no novelty in New York. But he looked so thoroughly broken up and bear-eyed that the effect, in connection with his æsthetic costume, was very odd. He asked the watchman on the dock what was happening on the boat, and the watchman said he was not sure, but he suspected that it was a prize-fight. Mr. Wilde waited in his cab till half past three, when he came aboard with Mr. Abbey, a score or more other gentlemen, and a brass band. The steamboat slipped her moorings and headed down the bay, and we all paced the forward deck and smoked, as the keen wind, fog-laden and misty, swept by.

"Was it quite comfortable?" asked Mr. Abbey, with a deeply significant smile as he noticed my haggard looks.

"Oh, quite," I said; "I enjoyed an excellent night's rest," whereat he shook his head sadly, and said he really hoped it was so.

We all boarded the *Arizona* between five and six o'clock, and stood in an awfully bungled-up group when Mrs. Langtry tripped forward. I was by her manager's side and he presented me. She smiled charmingly, and offered an exquisitely formed hand, and we chatted for ten minutes about her trip across the water. Then the herd of reporters pressed around. What she said to them, and what they said to her has already been telegraphed all over the country. Her manners, as every reasonable man may suppose, are those of a perfectly bred English lady, and she is cordial and pleasant. I was struck particularly by her complexion. No wonder it is famous, and Millais deserves little credit for calling her the "Lily." The first thing that strikes a stranger is her resemblance to that beautiful flower, and there is no other simile but that. I repeat that her success in America is assured.

NEW YORK, October 26, 1882.

Several public-spirited citizens and enthusiastic musicians of this community have made vigorous efforts to promote an enterprise which would give San Francisco an annual series of classical concerts, at which the old masters should be interpreted and the modern composers have their latest works represented. The Philharmonic Society succeeded admirably in their plans last year. One of the principal features was the extremely low price of the subscription tickets. This year the society is making great efforts to accomplish still greater things. On next Friday evening, November 10th, a concert will take place at Platt's Hall. One of the principal attractions will be the rendering of Raff's Concerto, by Mr. Julius Hinrichs, on his violoncello. Mr. Henry Heyman has numerous assistants in his praiseworthy and laborious efforts, and he certainly deserves the unreserved support of the public.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Milady now adopts the English style or custom, and calls her maid by her surname. Thus we hear: "Jones, hand me my frizzes;" "Henderson, if anybody calls, say I'm out," and "Thompson, keep the children away from me to-day."

"Nothing is so exasperating," observes Calino, the French Mrs. Partington, "as to hold a lottery-ticket and find that the next number has drawn a prize. But I've taken my precautions now to prevent that—I always buy the two adjoining numbers as well!"

Old Chief Pocotello, says the *Boomerang*, now at the Fort Hall agency, in answer to an inquiry relative to the true Christian character of a former Indian agent at that place, gave in very terse language the most accurate description of a hypocrite that was ever given to the public: "Ugh! Too much God and no flour."

The fact that Herbert Spencer subsists almost entirely on dry toast and sardines is hardly likely to stimulate the adoption of this fare by would-be philosophers, who may recall the fact that when Agassiz was asked by a humptious *littérateur* how much of a fish diet would benefit his brain, advised him to begin with two small whales.

General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, used to tell of a missionary who, flattering himself that he had thoroughly imbued an American Indian with the right spirit in which to take the Lord's Supper, said: "Do you not feel a mental comfort, an inward refreshment from that holy cup?" "It is very good," said the promising proselyte, "but," with a smile, "rum's better."

A traveler was leaning at night against a railing at the Harper's Ferry railroad station. A locomotive came along, and he sprang lightly over the rail to escape possible danger. He thought it was a meadow on the other side, but knew his mistake when he struck in a muddy stream forty feet below. On being rescued he was asked his name. "I wouldn't tell you for a thousand dollars," he replied; "describe me simply as a fool."

A Geometrical Angler.—Mr. Wright, says the *Whitehall Times*, went out to fish. And he became a Wright angler. He thought he would try and catch a shark. And became a try-angler. He laughed to think how smart he was. And he became a cute angler. But he did not see the shark with its nose under the stern of his craft. He was such an obtuse angler. Until the creature tipped over his boat. When he became a wrecked-angler.

A wealthy Austin gentleman, whose name we suppress on account of his family, and who has got a frisky wife, observed that his hired man had bought an entirely new suit of clothes and had his beard dyed. "What a ridiculous idea that is, for you to be fixing up in that way," said the gentleman. "Well," said the hired man, "you dye your moustache and dress up, too." "I know that, but I do it to please my wife." "Well, that's just what I do it for."—*Texas Siftings*.

A young lady, says a recent number of the *Atlanta Constitution*, who is very heavily insured by strangers in the matrimonial insurance companies, on the report of her approaching marriage, went with a friend into a dry goods store last week. She knew that the clerk who was waiting on her had invested a year's savings in a policy on her coming marriage. While examining a piece of silk she said to her friend, in an aside perfectly audible to the clerk: "Since my engagement is definitely broken off, I will have no trousseau to buy. I think I might afford this." When she turned to ask the clerk the price, he had fainted.

A young Maine man, who until recently has resided beneath his father's roof-tree, married a few weeks since and leased apartments in another part of the city. The other evening, after completing his day's work, he left the office, went up street and climbed the hill to his father's house. Entering its familiar precincts he made his toilet, and then presented himself at the table. The family, who had been watching his operations, eyed him with amazement, and at last his mother softly inquired: "My son, have you procured a divorce thus early in your wedded career?" A pale crimson flush suffused the young man's face, which rapidly deepened into cardinal. Then he gasped: "I forgot all about being married." Leaving the table amid a roar of laughter, the young man hurried out and walked hastily home, where his young wife was impatiently awaiting his coming.

It is a mistake to overburden a waiter with orders. A good story is told of what happened at Nantasket last summer, because a waiter had a good memory in the wrong place. It seems three swells went down to dine by the sea one afternoon, and ordered an elaborate dinner of numerous courses, beginning with Little Necks and ending with coffee. The waiter disappeared, his eyes rolling frantically, and the trio sat back and chatted as only hungry men with the prospect of champagne and food can sit and chat while waiting. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and conversation flagged; the peculiarities of the crowds on the beach below, the gossip of the town, the last quotations from Wall Street, the dizzy heights of a new joke, had all been touched upon—still the waiter came not. Half an hour, thirty-five minutes—no waiter, no Little Necks. Then patience ceased to be a virtue, the soft salt air began to take a lurid hue, and bells began to ring, followed by indignant calls for "that d—elicious boy." Finally, after nearly an hour's delay, these three howling swells saw, to their dismay, the waiter approaching loaded down with the entire dinner! Soup, fish, game, fruit, and coffee were all before them. Not an item had been forgotten except the champagne. Words failed these impatient young men; but words were not wanting with the head-waiter when called to arrest this fiend, who had spoiled a dainty repast by serving it *en bloc*. The dinner was ordered over again; but the sharp edge was a little worn off these maddened appetites.

FROM FRIENDS OVER SEAS.

Our London Letter.

The Poet of Passion and his Daily Life—How Swinburne dispels Despair—His Poetry, his Loves, and his Friends—A Bachelor's Establishment that is the Scene of many an Orgy—Wonderful Powers of Improvisation.

An illustrious celebrity from Great Britain is about to visit the United States on a lecturing tour, in the person of Algernon Swinburne, the poet. People who have read his writings, both poetry and prose, and, never having seen him, have formed from the perusal of his works a romantic idea as to his manners and looks, will, I fear, be sadly disappointed. He is, perhaps, one of the plainest looking men in England; in short, he is positively ugly. *Harper's Magazine*, as an embellishment to an article about him published a few months ago, gave a wood-cut of his photograph. It was his photograph, certainly; but it was one taken twenty years or more ago, and gave about as much idea of the way he looks now as do the old postage-stamps represent the physiognomy of the Queen of to-day. The article in question, however, was about as full of errors as it well could be; so, after all, a portrait a generation old, which claimed to be of recent production, was a fitting illustration of its pages. Now, I happen to have known the poet and his family for years, and can vouch for what I say. Swinburne is of undoubted good family. His father, an admiral in the royal navy, was the son of Sir John Swinburne, a Northumberland baronet, and his mother is a daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham, whose direct ancestor was with Charles I. when he was beheaded, receiving as a mark of gratitude from the deposed monarch for his loyalty to him the blood-stained shirt which he wore at the block, which garment is to-day preserved and kept as an heir-loom by the Ashburnham family. The poet lives in London ostensibly a bachelor's life, but in reality, and in accord with the expressed spirit of his poetry, keeping up more than one establishment devoted as much to Bacchus as to Venus, and where a week-long orgy not infrequently terminates in a fit of *delirium tremens* of such severity as to necessitate the summoning of his mother from her country-house in Wiltshire. How he holds out is as much a puzzle to his medical men as it is to his friends, for his physique is none of the strongest; yet, like Poe, alcohol being the inspiration of his muse, as the immoral tone of his verses but too plainly shows, total abstinence for him would mean a total cessation of poetic work. It is needless to add that between him and his family there is little mutual intercourse; for, though his name in the literature of his country is a proud one, his writings are in the main forbidden pages for the perusal of the young, and his habits such as to render prolonged association with ladies impossible. He has one brother who resembles him in nothing except intemperance, though his sisters, of whom he has three, would be ornaments in any society. His youngest sister is looked upon as a beauty in the neighborhood in which she lives, and is noted as the possessor of four thousand a year in her own right and a pair of the smallest feet in England.

Lord Houghton is one of Swinburne's most intimate friends, and he frequently gives a dinner party to show the poet to his friends, at which he purposely manages to get Swinburne intoxicated as early as possible, the result being poetic improvisation of the most bewildering character, accompanied by a nervous movement of the hands and arms not unlike St. Vitus's dance. Much of the poet's eccentricity and waywardness are said to be due to the over prudish and straightlaced government of his mother during his earlier years. If so, Pope's idea as to the inclination of the tree being dependent upon the bending of the twig comes rather badly to grief.

LONDON, October 11, 1882.

The City of the Kremlin.

The Outskirts of Moscow—A Wild Ride in a Drosky through a Russian Thoroughfare—Visit to the Big Bell and Giant Cannon—The Service of the Greek Church—The Aristocratic Guide.

The approach to Moscow, coming from the west, *via* Warsaw, is not inspiring; in fact, is scarcely interesting. The low and interminable plain, chiefly occupied by a birchen forest, with an occasional opening marked by a peasant's neat log-cabin, (American builders of cabins could learn something in that special line of useful and æsthetic architecture from the Russian,) is not exchanged, as one might wish, for more varied or undulating features of the landscape. You only observe that market-gardens, well filled with wholesome cabbages, carrots, beets, and the like, have taken the place of the forest and peasants' meadow. With these and certain other indications of the proximity of a large city, you hasten to avail yourself of the privilege—here unrestricted by official notifications—to put your head and arms out of the window, and lo! there is Moscow, like another Venice, in the circumambient mist of the morning, which seems almost like a sea, out of which rise the characteristic forms of the gilded domes, airy turrets, fantastic towers, and the blue, green, and gold of lofty summits of churches, convents, palaces, and campaniles.

You realize your dream of the Kremlin—as some months ago of the Alhambra—and fancy a resemblance. But those bulb-shaped domes, which rise in such abundant richness together in and about the ancient fortress, are unique in all the world in their grandeur and magnificence, their brilliance out against the azure sky, their glistening and golden sheen dominating the great city underneath. And this is Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, the lure that tempted the great Napoleon and his grand army to that disastrous campaign along the line that we have traversed, to advance to a conquest worse than defeat, and then to retreat again over those inhospitable plains amid the perils of the elements more dangerous than the most relentless of human enemies.

Moscow is in her glory this year. She has her grand exposition of all that Russia can produce, and that includes nearly everything, excepting constitutional government. Moreover, the Emperor and Empress have come to see it also, and Moscow is gay with bunting and the blare of bands. Landing in the station, the Babel of an unknown tongue salutes us on every hand. We are fortunate, however, as usual, in having made the acquaintance of a Russian

physician, who kindly pilots us to a pair of droskies, and launches us for the hotel. Have you ever ridden in a drosky?—in Moscow, in a crowded street, in a hurry, over the rattling cobbles, and through the shouting—and, I presume, profane—drivers? As a tonic for weak nerves I can not imagine anything more worthy of commendation—*i. e.*, to those who believe in the "heroic" method of treating that malady. It is likely to kill or cure. And then, just as we were nearing our hotel, and passing the porte of the Chinese wall, we were shot out of it by a fire-cart on the full gallop, charging through, and only missing us by a hair. Ah, well, we are here. Now for a guide. One appears. We engage him. Alas! now our troubles begin; for we are to be under the direction and largely in the power of that once great, but I fear never good, man for several days. He will say "Go," and we shall go; "Stop, and take something," and we shall stop, and shall have to pay for what he takes, which is generally from two to five glasses of cognac. But we might do worse than exchange him; for yesterday another of the seven shining lights which, as *valets-de-place*, serve to enlighten the minds of strangers patronizing our hotel, while resting and refreshing himself, passed into a state of helpless inebriety. Our count—I omitted to say that he was a count—had this excellence, which he himself did not fail to remark to us, that he took nothing on the sly, as some others did. Very well; so we go with this invaluable cicerone to see the sights of Moscow.

First, of course, to the Kremlin, with its palaces and churches, its big cannon, "The Czar," forty tons of bronze, a big gun centuries ago, and its bigger hell, "Tzar Rolokol," sixty-seven feet in circumference and of two hundred tons weight. What a pity it is broken and dismantled. Were it otherwise it would be worth the visit to hear it alone. Then we inspect the treasures of the Metropolitan, and from seeing forty pounds of real pearls on one sacerdotal vestment, we have some idea of the relative economy of republican and Protestant accessories and aids to faith and devotion. We have paid our respects to several shrines of worship, in some of which we heard the stately and impressive chants of the Greek service intoned by stentorian lungs of priests, and answered by mellow tones of antiphonal choirs, voices of men and boys, and in the convent churches the silvery tones of invisible nuns.

We next inspected the original palace of the Romanoffs—the reigning family of Russia—which we found a nice model in some respects for a Californian home, and made a note of. We refreshed our minds and wearied our limbs at the Grand Exposition, rode on the electric railway, but did not find it so electrifying as the orthodox drosky; saw the model of Prince Demidoff's heap of gold—some thousands of tons—and sinned equally against our conscience and our self-respect by allowing the count the article requisite to maintain his efficiency and good humor—a moral weakness on our part, which had no shadow of justification except the pitiful one of expediency. So we have been roaming about the old city and mingling among its decayed aristocratic associations, and our poetical sense has approved the chance which has placed us under the protection of this decayed aristocrat.

MOSCOW, October 5, 1882. RICHARD WYLIE.

The Gossip of the Boulevard.

Victor Hugo's Charitable Amusements—How he Entertained Several Hundred Poor Children—A Bloody Duel and its Result—The Dampening Ardor of some Fire-eating Journalists—Three Foiled Challengers.

Victor Hugo is a wonderfully preserved octogenarian. He seems incapable of fatigue. A few weeks ago he went down to Veules-en-Caux, to visit the sea-shore villa of Paul Meurice. One would have thought he would rest for a brief space at least. But not he. His spirit seemed as restless and uncontrolled as in its youthful prime, and he must needs hunt up all the poor children in Veules, and give them a grand banquet. There were several tables set in the public hall, and there Victor Hugo seated himself, with orphans and ragamuffins on every side of him. Not content with that, he gave a reception to a large school of boys; and then again, when passing through the next village, held a public levee for the youth of the community. On every occasion the vicinity was thronged with people eager to see the old man who takes such earnest interest in the education and training of the children of France.

The fatal outcome of the duel of a month ago has had a salutary effect on this terrible practice during the past few weeks. In the beginning of September last, the warfare between D'ichard, of the *Petit Caporal*, and Massas, of the *Combat*, (both Bonapartist journals,) had grown to such a height of personal rancor that a sword-fight was deemed necessary to satisfy honor. The forest near Saint-Germain was the chosen ground, and the *gendarmerie* only reached the appointed spot in time to confiscate the dangerous weapons and separate the bloody-minded scribes. Paul de Cassagnac and M. d'Ornano, being chosen as referees, decided that a second meeting must take place, and therefore the next day found the two in a little private park at Nogent. The fight was furious, and poor Massas, the challenger, sank back dead into the arms of his second, while D'ichard was pierced by three gaping wounds, from which he has recovered. But this has been of good service; for during the past week three challenges have been declined. M. Lévy, of the *Monde*, was challenged by M. Teste, who has been writing abusive letters in the *Gaulois*. Lévy's confessor, however, forbade the duel, and Lévy very readily obeyed the mandate of the church, notwithstanding the fact that people are saying that the priest was asked for the occasion. Then, again, Meyer, of the *Gaulois*, sent a note and two friends to Dreyfus, the Jew banker. The old Hebrew treated them with sublime contempt, and informed them that what Monsieur Meyer or his paper could say of him would be a matter of no moment, in consequence of which Meyer and the *Gaulois*, metaphorically speaking, heat their heads against the floor in their baffled rage. The third case is that of Maes, of the *Bataille*, who, with no avail, challenged Marouck, of the *Proletaire*, who interposed his importance to the working-class cause as a barrier against risking his life. So, you see, all the formerly valiant duelists are becoming "Sir Andrew Aguecheeks." How long the lesson will have its effect, is the question.

BABILLARD.

PARIS, October 9, 1882.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two articles in the English magazines of the current month, a translation of De Musset's "Rachel" in *Blackwood*, and a translation of Charles Monselet's "Tour through my Pockets" in *Temple Bar*, were published in the *Argonaut* some years ago.

"A Transplanted Rose," which has been appearing serially in *Harper's Bazar*, is now issued in an artistic book-form. It is a very cleverly written story of New York society, and, indeed, might well serve as a text-book for Knickerbocker etiquette. The story is that of a young Western girl who is introduced into New York society by a rich aunt. The maiden is a rough diamond at first; but she is gradually polished to a surprising degree of brilliancy, and finishes by winning the hand of an English baronet. The book is one of the most entertaining that has been issued this season. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.00.

One of the editors having happened to read the foregoing notice, read the book, which is contrary to his usual custom. He never reads—he only writes. He submitted the following paragraph, and readers can take their choice: "A Transplanted Rose" is the latest "novel of New York society." It has enough of society patter and slang to make it come from one of the concentric circles of New York society, if not, perhaps, the inner one. It has a Western girl, who is the "transplanted rose," and who, having come from the West, and had only San Francisco society experience, breaks glasses, upsets decanters, and eats oysters with her knife. This wild Western freedom wins her the heart of the usual English baronet, Sir Sydney Something, despite the machinations of the villain, a coarse, common, and American fellow. The girls who ridicule her in the first half of the book all come to grief in the latter half. The book is spangled with had taste, had French, and had grammar, and will make excellent reading for any San Francisco "society young lady" who wants to know how her congener acts in New York. Published by Harper Brothers; for sale at Bancroft's.

The publication in America of "Spoiling the Egyptians; a Tale of Shame told from the British Blue-books," by J. Seymour Keay, might be deemed rather untimely as coming after the war in Egypt is finished; but the fact of the importance of four successive editions, which it attained in England during the war, was sufficient reason for its appearance here, however tardy that may be. The author endeavors to show through the Blue-books that England, aided by France, persuaded the last Khedive to accept enormous loans, and then, by successive extortions, tried to screw enormous interest from the whole country of Egypt. The book presents a startling array of facts, and arouses the reader's indignation against England. But in a late number of the *Contemporary Review*, Professor Sheldon Amos, a man of reputation in jurisprudence and one who has long resided in Egypt, asserts that Mr. J. Seymour Keay has been guilty of deliberate deception, and that—not taking into account the fact that the Blue-books are necessarily defective for diplomatic reasons—he has neglected to quote letters and documents of whose existence he could not be ignorant, and which refute the charges made in his book. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York; for sale by booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Mrs. Oliphant has always been an agreeable novel-writer, and her success in other literary work has been nearly as good, if we take into consideration her books on Italian art-history and like studies. "The Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and the Beginning of the Nineteenth Centuries," is apt to have rather the smack of the "pot-boiler" about it; but perusal shows that the author must have given the subject months of care and study to attain the degree of excellence which the three volumes possess. Another surprise is the modern air of all Mrs. Oliphant's writings. One would expect that an author—especially a woman—who dated from the first quarter of the century, and who began to write as far back as the forties, would be unctured more or less with the prejudices of an earlier period; but, although this exists, it only exists in the case of the Scotch authors, a fact which may be due to the author's Scotch origin. But, throughout the volumes, Mrs. Oliphant evinces that she has kept pace with the progression of the age, and with her ready insight views the literary work of the period she describes with an impartiality unfettered by tradition. Her conception of the "Lake School" is as admirable as her judgment concerning Byron and Shelley is sound. One of the most attractive features of the work is the portion which treats of the English philosophers and their doctrines. Mrs. Oliphant has a graphic style, and her descriptions and artistic climaxes are well wrought, but her management of the language framework is cumbersome and very faulty. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$3.

Announcements: Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce "The New Arabian Nights"—not Mr. R. L. Stevenson's last book, which Messrs. Holt will reissue, but a collection of the tales left out of the current version of "The Arabian Nights," translated and edited by W. F. Kirby. They have also in press "The Princess and Curdie," by George MacDonald, a sequel to the same author's "The Princess and the Goblin;" and a book by William Leighton, on "The Subjection of Hamlet," in which the question of the insanity of the prince is answered in the affirmative. Mr. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant," has just published a second edition of his paper on "The Platonism of Wordsworth." "The Singular Vote of Aunt Tibbox" is the title of a story which Miss Sally McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks," has contributed to the December *Harper*. It is said to be full of humor. Mr. Henry James has dramatized his story, "Daisy Miller," and it will shortly be published in the *Atlantic*, under the title of "Daisy Miller; a Comedy." The story has been recast and rewritten, and new characters, situations, and incidents have been introduced. The family of P. J. Proudhon have lately discovered a manuscript of his bearing the title, "Le Cesarisme et l'His-toire;" and they intend to publish it.

The *Plymouth Pulpit* has been revived as a medium for the publication of Rev. H. W. Beecher's sermons. We have received the first two numbers. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by the American News Company; price, seven cents, or \$2 per year. The latest number of the Franklin Square Library is "A Short History of Ireland," by C. G. Walpole, M. A. For sale by Bancroft; price, 25 cents. *Harper's* for November contains a fine frontispiece by Hamilton Gibson; the interesting article on "Southern California" is continued; and W. D. Howells is the author of "Fordenone," a rather tame historical poem. The *Century* for November contains two fine engravings, one of Florence Nightingale, and the other of Victor Hugo, which latter is accompanied by a delightful paper from the pen of Alphonse Daudet; W. D. Howells gives a charming review of "Henry James Jr.," and his works. *Macmillan's Magazine* for October opens with an interesting article on "Oxford Reminiscences," by the Archbishop of Canterbury; "George Eliot's Children" will attract many readers; "Moltke's Campaign Against the Egyptians" is a curious review of a former war. The November number of the *Eclectic* contains, among other papers, "Who was Primitive Man?" by Professor Grant Allen; "Rachel," an interesting account of the great actress; "Race and Life on English Soil," by Dr. B. W. Richardson; "Researches in my Pockets," a comedieta translated from the French; "The Salvation Army," by Cardinal Manning; "The Philosophy of a Visiting Card;" "A Night in the Red Sea;" and "The Coming of the Mahdy," which throws much light upon recent movements in the Mohammedan world. The *North American Review* for November contains "English Views of Free Trade," by the Hon. John Welsh, of Philadelphia; Joseph Neilson, Chief Judge of the Brooklyn City Court, writes of "Disorder in Court-rooms;" Dr. William A. Hammond, ex-Surgeon-General of the United States Army, offers "A Problem for Sociologists;" "Advantages of the Jury System," is by Dwight Foster, formerly a Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Other articles are "Safety in Theatres," by Steele Mackay, and a symposium on "The Suppression of Vice," by Anthony Comstock, O. B. Frothingham, and Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley.

VANITY FAIR.

Fashionable society, of course, never laughs—that would be vulgar—but society at Newport has almost “smiled” itself into fits over a sentimental transaction which has just come to light, says the New York *World* correspondent. During the current season Newport has been visited by a young gentleman of very old family, and who hears a very well-known name. Though not so rich as Astor, he is possessed of large means, but his mental capacity is not perhaps so great as that of Daniel Webster. Some time ago he became much interested in a young lady here, a daughter of one of the “cottagers,” and paid her marked attention. He made her a present also, “*Honi soit qui mal y pense*,” in the spirit of King Edward III. of England, of a rare and royal pair—of garters! They were so elaborate in design and in workmanship that some ladies who have been fortunate enough to see them describe them as “perfectly lovely.” The fate of this beautiful gift was too good to keep, though the garters were not. The fair damsel told one or two friends about it, all in strict confidence, and they soon, of course, spread the news, until society is convulsed. Not long after he had made this gift, the fickle youth became enamored of another beauty, to whom, after a little, he offered, not a pair of garters, but a noose, and to whom he is now engaged. When this occurred he wanted to get back the garters, but the fair recipient refused to give them up. She vows she will not part with them until he jilts his actual lady-love, when she will send them to her in order that she may make her quietus with them, like the “unfortunate Miss Bailey,” of Halifax, famous in song.

New York is overrun with brides. Mr. and Mrs. Young-husband are thick as thieves in all the fashionable hotels, and it is good as going to the play to see the darlings decked out in all their bridal finery. A millinery opening is a mere nothing compared to the exposition of toilettes at the Windsor *table d'hôte*, and people who haven't committed matrimony enjoy the sight amazingly.

The India rugs, said a carpet-dealer recently to a New York reporter, run deep and rich in color, mostly in angular and odd mosaic figures, varied now and then by an occasional leaning toward rudimentary arabesque forms. They are soft and thick, and are much used in drawing-rooms. The Persian carpets are not so thick, but are closely woven and very durable. They are stiff and lie flat, not unlike the old Aubusson carpets, and are of heavier texture. In color the Persians are lighter, and are considered by some purchasers more tasteful and elegant than India goods. Persian carpets are thought to be more suitable for libraries and dining-rooms than those from India. The prices for Indian and Persian goods run about the same. The one you have seen, ten feet by fifteen feet, is worth two hundred and fifty dollars. These qualities are of the best; they vary in size from nine by twelve feet to fifteen by twenty-two, and sell at from one hundred to four hundred dollars. The styles most looked for are by no means such as a conservative taste would fully approve. They are made up of dabs or patches of all sorts of colors, seldom contrasting or harmonizing, and broken up into forms of no special significance, and no real beauty or effect. They are highly colored oddities, and often look not unlike the jumbled sweepings of a carpet-fitting room. Those which are most irregular in all respects have the call with some purchasers. Some of them are very odd in shape, yet no matter how askew such rugs may be, people buy them daily without making the slightest objection. The real antique Turkish rugs are rather rare. Some of them are exquisite in make and remarkable for their texture. This one, you observe, though mellowed by age and a little faded, is as soft and fine as silk. It is probably a hundred years old, and has suffered from some of the accidents of age. Here in the centre groundwork a small patch is inserted. There is another over in that corner, and near it you will find a narrow slit, which one of our salesmen declares to be a sword cut. I heard him entertaining a group of horrified customers over it the other day. As for moth-eaten places, you will find a half dozen at least. Yet we find no difficulty in disposing of even so small a rug for twenty-eight or thirty dollars. This beautiful Dagewat, of three times its size and quite as fine, sells for twenty-three dollars. If it had been moth-eaten or pitched around and patched up it would bring more. Rugs seem to be the style, somehow, especially ragged rugs. A man told me the other day that in some dwellings the operation of moving across a floor was effected by stepping gracefully from one rug to another. Awkward tumbles, he said, were not infrequent. Of one thing there is no doubt: As mere articles of fashion Oriental carpets, not rugs, have gone nearly as far as they can go, and the craze will soon be on the decline. Carpets by the yard will soon be the thing, just as they used to be, and imported goods the exception.

Black stockings come high, but the girls must have them, observes *Progress*. Gloves are said to be as long as stockings, which is like saying something is as high as a piece of chalk. How long are stockings? Sensational fashion writers say there are stockings as long as a ballet-dancer's tights. It would be a problem to put on gloves as long as that. There is a fresh effort, say these same sensational writers, to have it *la mode* to wear stockings of different colors, as black for one leg and white for the other. It would not be queer, all things considered, if it had something of success. Women will obey almost any *bizarre* fashion if it has the right start.

“Society under the third republic,” says Theodore Child, writing from Paris, “is indeed a droll mixture. Take the brilliant crowd that throngs the Avenue des Acacias—the Rotten Row of Paris—and fills the Champs Elysées with its equipages and luxury; what is it composed of? Bookmakers, clever rascals of all kinds, horse-dealers, exotic millionaires, courtesans, and a few honest folk sprinkled thinly here and there, like the plums in what used to be called in economical households ‘Shouting Pudding.’ The ‘tout Paris’ of 1882 is not what it was twenty years ago—the élite of the Parisians who were distinguished by their birth, their talent, or

their beauty. As Albert Wolff remarked the other day, there is no longer any line of demarcation between the different fractions of Parisian society. The fusion is complete; and there are perhaps none but the workmen of the faubourgs, the dustmen, and the scavengers, who do not claim to belong to the elegant entity called ‘all Paris.’ Just consider for a moment the mass of material, anecdote, and document the present generation is preparing for posterity! Maxime du Camp will shortly issue the second volume of his ‘Souvenirs.’ The eminent conservative critic, the Comte Armand de Pontmartin, is preparing the second volume of his literary ‘Memoirs.’ Jules Claretie is writing his ‘Memoirs’ day by day; so, too, is Madame Alphonse Daudet, the wife of the celebrated novelist. Claretie and Madame Daudet intend to keep their ‘Memoirs’ for many years before they publish them. It is the weakness of many to compare disparagingly the present with the past, and to profess an exclusive admiration, some for the eighteenth century, some for the epoch of the Renaissance, others for the art of the primitives, others for that of China and Japan. In certain things the praises of the past are doubtless in the right; in the matter of feminine attire I should venture to differ with them. Exquisite, delicate, ingenious, refined, as were the toilettes of the eighteenth century, I venture to think that those of the latter half of the nineteenth century will compare favorably with them. Just now the Parisian dressmakers are beginning to display their winter novelties. You ask what are the latest fashions? There are no latest fashions, and there is just the charm of it. Every woman may dress to her figure, to her complexion, to her taste. In the way of hats and bonnets there is all the variety of the Revolution and of the Directory shapes, together with the modifications of contemporary inventiveness. For simple dresses, demi-toilettes, and ceremonial dresses there is a greater variety of material than the eighteenth century had. The Lyons weavers now turn out plushes, embroidered silks, chiseled velvets, brocades, surahs, mervilleux satins, finer in texture and as artistic in design as the marvels Philippe de la Salle invented a hundred years ago for Marie Antoinette. For more modest dresses we have cloths and woolen stuffs of a suppleness and softness unknown till within the past twenty years. Then, again, to my mind, the wooden paniers always gave a certain hardness to the lines of the eighteenth century toilettes, and rendered impossible that elegance of fold and subtle charm of draping which is the triumph of our Parisian artists. Even the simplest Parisian dresses are draped with a freedom, a style, a sense of decoration, that render their makers worthy of the name of artists.”

The duty of making the interior of the White House pleasing to the eye, at least so far as the “Blue” and “Red” rooms and the entrance corridor are concerned, has fallen to one of the leading architects of New York City, Louis Tiffany. The corridor is to be beautified with stained glass, six hundred pieces of varied and original designs having been chosen for the purpose. The “Green Room,” newly decorated during the Hayes administration, will remain untouched. But certain blue satin furniture, belonging to the same period, will be replaced by something which appeals more directly to popular favor, and a few new carpets are in contemplation.

Stiffness amounting to angularity is the prevailing style both in dresses and bonnets. In the minds of the designers of costumes there must be a deeper intent than to bring women down to a democratic level by making them all as nearly alike as possible. Well-rounded figures being greatly in the minority, the average contour of feminine proportions may be indicated by long, stiff stomachers, kept in place by steel and whalebone; puffed sleeves, to eke out the narrowness of the chest, and paniers to exaggerate the voluminousness of the skirt. But there is doubtless a vague reminiscence of fashions existing some centuries ago to be revived for the edification of nineteenth century belles, and for the especial advantage of their modistes. If heads were removable, to be taken off and replaced at will, as in the case of toy mandarins, which smile as blandly with their heads drooping on their shoulder-blades as on their manly breasts, it would be convenient to find the front of a lady's waist indistinguishable from the back—as is the tendency of the new fashion. But in the natural order of things, there is a prejudice in favor of the more familiar and graceful outlines of the female form. This dim foreshadowing of the portentous future is discernible in one of Worth's recent costumes of black satin brocade, artistically mingled with black ribbed silk, and trimmed with black lace. The inner waistband, which proudly bears on its satin surface the name of the great costumer in gilt letters, is invariably suppressed by the New York modiste when the garment to which it belongs passes through the dreadful ordeal of the custom house, for the mark of its origin is wont to inspire the levy of additional duties, and the penalties of greatness cling to it in whatever corner of the globe it shows itself.

There are as many fashions in window curtains as in bonnets and gowns. Milady dresses up the front windows as carefully as she does her children or her new lap-dog. Louis XIV. style of attire has been adopted for waiters at the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo. Black velvet coat and Knickerbockers, white silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles make up the costume. Praise unbounded awaits the man who will invent a new costume for American waiters.—A fashionable church in New York has dressed its sexton in a new kind of ecclesiastical livery, which ladies pronounce stunning, you know. The sexton's opinion is yet to be heard.—At an alleged “tournament” held at Drayton Hall in England the other day, presided over by Lady Jane Teylour, all went well, we are told, saving a little *contemps* in the donkey race, when one lady fell from her steed and remained in a vertical position on her head for some moments.—First Class in Natural History: Have you a mops dog? Do you want one? Because you can't have it if you do, as only the imperial family of Russia and Victoria of England are owners of the mops. Where are they to be seen? Queen Olga has been traveling about with a mops this autumn, and every other lap-dog in London and Paris is talking about it.

TWO STRANGE DUELS.

How Seven Furies Fought in an Indian Arena.

Poplar River, Montana, was recently the scene of two exciting Indian contests, which are described in a letter to the New York *Sun*. The first was a tournament between two “medicine men,” to determine who should have the honor of attending the sick wife of Two Bears, the chief. The mode of fighting was for the two rivals to rush at each other from one-hundred-yard distances, and to endeavor by the crash of the meeting to send the opponent to the ground. After each terrific “hump” the “medicine men” would at it again. Finally, one of them went reeling to earth, and stole crestfallen to his lodge, while the victor went with honors to the chief's sick wife. Following this was the fight between the four young daughters of Pole-cat, and a young buck who had assaulted one of their number. The scene is thus described by the correspondent: “The lines are broken and the tribe forms a huge ring, into which the savage who provoked the animosity of the Pole-cat family is summarily thrust. He looks sullen and dogged. He has a hard fight before him, and he knows it, but he is a man of his hands, and he means to wear those girls out if it lies in muscle and prompt and effective work. He may strike them anywhere above the breast, and kill them if a blow in the neck will do it, but bullets and arrows are ready for him if he strikes foul. The girls, on the other hand, must take off his apron. If they accomplish that, he is disgraced to the uttermost moment of his life, driven from his tribe, left to starve on the prairie, and all Indians cautioned against harboring, feeding, or associating with him. The injured woman is allowed to have such squaws as she may select to assist her. But if she chooses too many to effect her purpose it is a disgrace to her, and so she is careful to select only enough to make the battle nearly equal. The Pole-cat girls are the belles of the Yanktonais tribe. If a squaw can be pretty, these girls are beautiful, and by virtue of their attractions and their father's possessions in horses and other satisfactory property, they are the aristocrats of the camp. Perhaps for that reason they ask no help in their present undertaking; and for that reason also, perhaps, their savage sisters giggle and exchange whispers as the four girls step into the ring and approach the waiting huck. All five are in full war paint. Down the hunter's cheeks and along his neck are alternate sepia and green and yellow stripes on a background of brilliant red, while his chest, sides, and back are tricked out with rude pictures of guns, bows, and horses. The girls have smeared their faces with a coating of red, over which lies another of green striped with yellow. Their hair is unfastened at the back, and the front locks are braided with otter fur. Each wears a skirt and leggings, but their blankets are laid aside and their muscular brown arms are displayed. There are no preliminaries. The girls dash at their enemy and attempt to grasp him. If all hands manage to get hold of him, half the battle is accomplished. But he meets them squarely and fairly, planting a cruel blow between the eyes of the girl he had injured, knowing that if she is finished he can compel her to call off the rest. She is the general of the attacking forces and the prime object of his attack. Over she goes like a pin-wheel, but she is up again, her face streaming with blood and her eyes swelling. The elder girl has contrived to secure a waist hold, and locked her hands behind his back. His fists fall upon her upturned face with frightful force, but she keeps her hold. The other two girls are pressing him hard from behind, but his elbows work like hattering-rams, and one steps back with her hand pressed tightly to her breast, and a look of agony in her eyes. Now he whirls suddenly, planting ponderous blows upon the face and head of the girl who, on her knees, still clings to his waist with a death-grip. He fairly raises her from the ground as he spins, but her hold never relaxes. His earlier victim again dashes at him, and is rewarded by a crashing stroke on the mouth. She reels, but recovers, and darts again, to receive his fist on her neck with a force that whirls her half a dozen paces off and drops her like a log. Not a word is spoken. The thud of his fists and the heavy breathing of the struggling contestants are the only sounds. The last rally of the prostrate girl has enabled the rear party to catch the buck, and one has twined her arms around his neck, while the other hangs to his right wrist. His left hand is still free, and it fairly twinkles in the air as he hatters the maiden at his waist. Her grasp is like iron, but her head reels and sways as his heavy hand falls on it with a noise that reaches the farthest side of the irregular ring. Her eyes are closed, and her breath comes convulsively. Were the fourth girl there to grasp that arm, the fight would soon end. The girl behind is choking him, and he employs new tactics. Grasping the kneeling girl by the throat, he pounds the face of the one behind him with the back of his head. No vanity prompts her to let go. She tightens her grip, and hurls her face in the back of his neck. The fourth girl is up, staggering and dazed. Brushing the blood from her eyes, with an angry motion, she approaches him, crouching as she moves. If the blow he has in store for her reaches the mark he will have another chance, for the girl at his waist is growing faint, and he can easily dispose of the other two. She comes at him like a cougar. The blow is delivered full upon her breast, but she grasps his wrist, and writhes up his arm. Now he is heset with danger. The two on his arms and the one at his waist pull him forward; the girl behind, still strangling him, throws her weight on his back. In vain he attempts to straighten. The kneeling girl hurls, in her despairing struggle, until her hair hangs on the ground. The other three show the muscles rigid in their arms as they press him down upon their kneeling sister. Suddenly he springs backward with a marvelous effort of strength. The fainting girl at his waist finds her hands torn apart. But that triumph was his defeat. With a crash he comes to the ground, three girls upon him. One plants herself on his face, and the other two kneel on his arms. There is a struggle, and then the youngest rises, with a wild yell, waving the apron in her hand. Her yell is echoed by a low moan, as the mother of the prostrate hunter staggers out of the circle; and by a grunt of satisfaction as Pole-cat recognizes the victory of his girls. To-morrow, somewhere up the river, that disgraced huck will be found with a bullet in his brain.”

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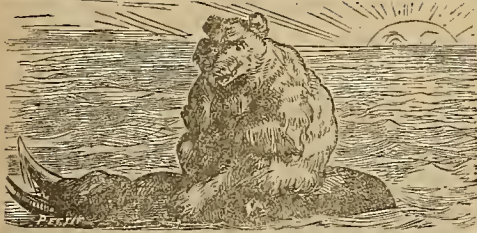
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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1882.

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Before the next issue of the *Argonaut* Mr. Estee will have become, by virtue of his election to the highest office of the State, its "first gentleman," or he will have been retired to a prominent obscurity, from which he will never again be permitted to withdraw himself. If chosen Governor, he will exercise the power of a large influence in the Legislature of the State, and be in position to enjoy the highest of social and political stations. His vetoes may be exercised to determine many of the laws that will pass the Legislature. He may have the authority to decide all questions touching the "better observance" of the Sabbath, and all laws governing the regulation of the liquor traffic. It will be his privilege to suggest, in inaugural and special messages, the policy of the State. He will largely control legislation on the débris question; his power to direct the executive branch of government, and, in event of vacancies in judicial or other positions, to fill them. He will control the appointments along our water front, the managers of our public institutions, and our bank and other commissioners. He will, by virtue of his office, be commander-in-chief of our army and lord high admiral of our navy. He will be president of our Board of Regents, and ex-officio a gentleman. He will naturally call into his councils his chosen friends and political associates. General Miller will not be one of them, and no prominent early Republican will be admitted. He will naturally call around him those persons to whom he will owe his elevation to office. Let us fancy the following eminent peers as composing this most respectable Republican court: William, Lord Higgins, First Gentleman in Waiting; Colonel Sir James Gannon, Gentleman Usher of the Black-rod; Richard Chute, Esquire, Gentleman Usher of the Back-stairs; Honorable Pierre Cornwall, Grand Chamberlain; with the chief of the clan, McClure, as Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal and Dish-washer of the Royal Pots. If Mr. Estee should not be elected Governor, these gentlemen will be relegated to their early employments. What those employments were we are not unkind enough to mention. It is our opinion that Mr. Estee will not be elected Governor, and that he and all the mob of ward politicians, who have crawled forth to daylight in this campaign, will crawl back to their holes and the companionship of their mean associates. The farmers know, and the travelers across our plains have observed, with what seeming friendship the owl, the rattle-snake, and the ground-squirrel hurrow together. When the train comes thundering by, the snake is quickest to wriggle in, the ground-squirrel or prairie-dog flies to cover and quickly disappears, while the stupid owl stands blinking at the sun, either ignorant of danger or conscious that he is not worth the killing. Among these denizens of the lower party depths who crawl to the surface on every political occasion, which is owl, or snake, or ground-dog, it is hard to say. They are difficult to scare and hard to kill, and there is only one

way to extirpate them. Destroy one, and another takes his place; shoot Bill Carr, and up comes Bill Higgins; skin Black-and-tan, and some other prairie-dog comes barking up to daylight; get rid of Tom Rodgers and other parasites and lo! Jim Gannon and Dick Chute jump up like jacks-in-the-box. The only way to destroy the prairie-dog family is to inundate the plain. The only way to destroy the machine in San Francisco is to overwhelm it with the tidal wave of defeat. Drown out the whole harking, blinking, biting nest. And in this metaphor of drowning rats, we do not mean the respectable and honorable gentlemen who compose the State ticket and the municipal ticket in San Francisco, nor in the counties throughout the State.

We do not desire to destroy the Republican organization, but to purify it. We would so cleanse, strengthen, and emend it, that at its next State Convention it will dare to be honest, brave, temperate, and American; that it will dare to announce itself in favor of controlling the liquor traffic and supervising the sale of alcoholic drink in all groceries where provisions are sold, and demanding a high license from reliable persons for selling alcoholic drinks under any conditions. We would have a party brave enough to keep the Sabbath-day in a respectable manner, and resolute enough to compel all German, Irish, or American liquor-dealers to close their saloons on Sunday, unless they are in sufficient strength to enact a law against all Sunday observance, and throw this day, as all others, open to unrestricted labor. A party is needed that is brave enough in all matters of railroad control, taxation, fares, freights, and management; in all matters of mining regulation, irrigation of lands, appropriation of waters; to declare the right under general laws—the absolute right—without fear of railroad or mining corporations, without demagoguery, and without any desire to make a fictitious popularity by hiding to the prejudice, passion, ignorance, or selfishness of the mob. This party should dare to be American, and have the courage to stem this insweeping tide of ignorant and vicious paupers, who are now invading the country. It should put forth its best effort against the incoming of foreign crime and bigotry, and say to the Roman Catholic part of that immigration that civil allegiance to the hierarchy of Rome is treason to the constitution and laws of our country; and that any effort of pope, priest, or layman to interfere with our schools or school moneys is the act that defines the crime of treason. This party of brave and earnest men with honest principles will be, in its main composition, men of American birth, with intelligent and honorable Protestant foreigners in affiliation with it. It will be the party of patriotism, intelligence, and property, entirely independent of any ecclesiastical domination. It will proclaim the right, as in Germany, to disfranchise all individuals in municipal governments who have no taxes to pay and no possessions to protect; as in England, to demand some other and higher qualification than the outward form of humanity. It will be the party in America that will endeavor to give to property and to persons the protection of the law. It will be the party in San Francisco that will endeavor to avoid the history of the city of New York. The politics of that city demonstrates the results that are inevitable under Irish Catholic rule in alliance with the whisky, criminal, and pauper element in all our great cities. Tweed and his associates comprised a band of municipal robbers. With enormous taxation and most extravagant expenditure, they imposed upon the municipal government a debt of one hundred and eighty millions of dollars, with an unascertained and floating debt of thirty millions of dollars additional. When this band was broken up, imprisoned, exiled, and destroyed, Kelly succeeded, and is now almost as firmly intrenched in power as was Tweed. If the machine element in San Francisco, which is composed of the same kind of men, obtains control, we shall be overwhelmed with a burdensome debt that will reduce the value of property and increase the burden of taxation. The defeat of Mr. Estee will demonstrate the strength of the better classes, and work a healthful reformation that will be felt for years to come.

We have a right to question the sincerity of Mr. Estee's allegiance to the Republican party, as he came late into it and has not been true to it. Not till after the party had achieved success in this State by the election of Governor Stanford, and not till it had gained national dimensions by the nomination of General Fremont, and national success by the election of Abraham Lincoln, was he known as a Republican. Three times since then in State and national elections has he claimed and exercised the privilege of individual judgment in opposition to the party. Of this we do not complain, but we suggest it as a precedent that illustrates the right of individual judgment against the intrigues and tricks of Irish hordes and a party machine, and plead it as a precedent that justifies rebellion against them. No excuse, however, is necessary for an effort at emancipation from Rome, nor is any apology demanded for an insurrection against the Irish. If Mr. Estee is now sincere in his opposition to corporations, he is untrue to his entire past record, both in private and public life, or else in all that part of his life he has been insincere to himself and untrue to his con-

victions. In his professional career he has acted as the attorney of corporations. In public life he has been their recognized champion and advocate. So pronounced was his friendship for "corporations other than municipal" in the Constitutional Convention, and so zealous was he in their advocacy, that he did not escape the charge he is now so freely making against others, "that he was the secret servant and paid advocate of railroads." When the Sand-lot sent its cooks and scullions, saloon-keepers, a French hair-frizzing barber, a German corset-maker, butchers, draymen, and porters to form an organic law for the people, Mr. Estee had the adroitness to become chairman of the Committee on Corporations, other than municipal, and when this wise body of agrarian Dapiels undertook to take railroads out of politics he had the genius to accommodate himself to both sides of the new issue, and loaned his great mind and brilliant oratory to the achievement of this difficult task. He and his associate demagogues devolved legislative, judicial, and executive functions upon a political commission to regulate and control railroad affairs. It took from the courts the privilege of adjudicating differences between railroad companies and individuals. It imposed upon the commission the duty of regulating fares and freights, and gave to it authority to make, adjudge, and execute all laws governing the subject of transportation by land and water, ship and rail. Of course, this is illegal, and the courts decide that such authority can not be delegated, and that this commission has no right to usurp legislative, judicial, and executive powers. Every intelligent man, from John T. Doyle down to Estee, down through Foote and Sumner to the original protoplasm of the Sand-lot, knows that this railroad commission is an illegal body. The same unwise body of Constitution-makers also provided that a Board of Equalization should be clothed with power to tax railroads. This highest function of political sovereignty was withdrawn from legislative control, withdrawn from judicial investigation or review, withdrawn from the county assessors, where it belonged, and where all other property is valued for taxation, and imposed upon a commission of politicians. Of course, the courts decide that this is not admissible, or in accordance with our system of equal laws; that it is illegal, and therefore powerless to perform the duties assigned to it, and that all its acts in the direction of assessing railroad values are inoperative and void. Thus all this effort to place railroad property and railroad control at the mercy of party highwaymen is made of no effect, and leaves railroads substantially outside of authoritative control. Mr. Estee should have had sense enough and known law enough to foresee the consequences of such provisions in the organic law; and instead of being now engaged in the denunciation of railroads, he should have sense enough to know that in his attempt at riding this hobby he is not deceiving an intelligent people. He must be made to realize by the popular verdict of the hallot-box that insincerity and demagogism do not constitute the highway over which statesmen reach the highest executive honors of the State.

The Prohibition State ticket, with Dr. McDonald at its head, will poll a large vote in the city of San Francisco and throughout the State. The intelligence comes from the interior that in many localities it is received with a genuine enthusiasm. The Prohibition party is full of earnest workers, both men and women, and no exertion will be spared to make its first demonstration at the polls worthy of the cause for which the temperance people have struggled so long and well. It is a matter of regret that any temperance Christian man should not recognize that the opportunity is now afforded him of so casting his vote that it shall demonstrate that he regards this principle of prohibition and regulation as superior to any mere party organization. It is to be regretted, now when those citizens who have not heretofore cooperated in the temperance movement are willing to come in, and as allies unite their forces with the forces of temperance reform, that some factions of the temperance people proper should hold back and be unwilling to lay the foundations of a party promising such beneficent results in the future. However, such is human nature.

In this city the Republican municipal ticket will command very nearly the united strength of the party. The Republican party in this city has passed through a severe struggle with the machine and the Irish bosses, and it has achieved a triumphant victory over them. When the primary election for delegates to the Republican State Convention had accomplished its work, it was found that by fraud, violence, trickery, and deception it had secured three-fourths of the delegates to the State Convention. Honest Republicans had been denied the privilege of voting. They were overruled, and the result was a State ticket with Estee as candidate for Governor, and a platform that satisfied the demagogism of the machine and would give their lobby the pretext of a blackmailing raid upon all corporate property. Flushed with victory, insolent in their triumph, this most vile combination of party adventurers determined to go for the whole business, and when in San Francisco the County Committee, supported by respectable Republican citizens, called "halt" to this army of Dugald Dalgettys, and determined to call a

municipal nominating convention independent of the machine, these political free-hooters resolved through the clubs to have a convention of their own. Enough good men were hamboozled into its support to give it the color of respectability, but it was run by Higgins, Gannon, and Richard Chute, Esquire, from the Mint Saloon. There hovered and gathered its huzzards of plunder. Thence issued the orders for its control. It nominated a ticket. It determined to destroy the party unless it could control it. Thanks to the firmness of the other convention, and thanks to the fifty respectable Republican gentlemen who came to the rescue, this alliance between the machine and the *Bulletin* was outwitted, and a convention resulted which has given a most respectable candidacy. The Estee-Higgins-Bulletin conspiracy was defeated.

In San Francisco there are two machines. At Sacramento the Higgins machine nominated Estee. At San José the Buckley machine did not nominate Hearst. In San Francisco the Buckley machine nominated an entire Democratic municipal ticket. In San Francisco Higgins & Co. did not succeed in getting more than one or two men upon the Republican ticket. The Higgins machine is literally kicked out of the party. It has secured but three members out of forty-five in the new County Committee. The result of this is that the Democratic machine, with its Irish hosses, will work with the Republican machine and its Irish hosses in San Francisco for Estee, while the Republican machine and hosses in San Francisco will work with the Democratic machine for the election of the Democratic municipal ticket. The respective hosses of the two parties care nothing for party success. They demand a Legislature they can sell. They demand a Board of Supervisors they can sell. They demand officials with whom they can divide and whose patronage they can distribute. It is business all the time, and coin. The Democratic municipal ticket is in some respects infamous, and in all particulars contemptible. The convention that nominated it was almost solidly Irish. It was in no sense representative of the wealth, the intelligence, the respectability, or the decency of the Democratic party. It was ruled by Irish bosses. The candidate who stood the best chance of nomination was not the best man. Washington Bartlett was nominated for Mayor to please the *Bulletin*, which had gone so crazy over the water question that it allowed the Higgins machine to direct and almost to dictate its editorials. The Republican machine inspired its politics. There were Pat. Connolly for Sheriff, O'Grady for Tax-Collector, Bryan for Recorder, Seson for Clerk, Sullivan for Attorney, Roach for Public Administrator, Lowney for Superintendent of Streets; McGuire, Toohey, Clough, and Coffey for Superior Judges; for Senators, nine Roman Catholic Irish; for members of Assembly, Roman Catholic Irish; for School Directors, Roman Catholic Irish; for County Committee, Roman Catholic Irish; Sullivans, McCarthys, Harrigans, Callahans, Keatings, Whaleys, Healys, Doughertys, Kelleys, Flynn, Cronans, O'Connors, and Murpheys are everywhere. The whole ticket, from top to bottom, is Roman Irish. Here and there was some poor, cowardly, contemptible American, German, Jew, or Scandinavian put on the list to take from it the "curse of Rome." It is made up by Irish Democratic hosses in the interest of a class of professional politicians, who make the pursuit of plunder the occupation of their lives. Here and there, upon the Democratic ticket, is a negatively "good" man, a "respectable" citizen, some unknown, quiet, inoffensive, and altogether obscure individual, a seemingly unobjectionable candidate, but one whom the bosses know, whom they have interviewed in their bunko rooms, and with whom they have made terms—such terms as a pawn-broker makes with a panel-thief. The Republican municipal ticket was not made up by bosses, but in defiance of their wishes and in defeat of their programme. There is probably not one candidate on the Republican ticket to whom, in event of his election, the bosses can go and demand a division of salary, a percentage of the pay of deputies, or claim as reward for nominating service the appointments of clerks. There are probably not five on the Democratic ticket with whom direct and specific bargains have not been made.

And yet we hear that the Germans, as a class, and the Jews, as a class, will vote for the Democracy. We do not believe this. There are Germans and Germans; there are Jews and Jews. There are Germans whose religion and patriotism rest in their bowels. There are Jews who descend in direct line from those who cast lots for the raiment of Christ, and have been in the second-hand business ever since. But there are Germans and Jews whom we number among our most intelligent, honorable, and wealthy class; whose every instinct identifies them with good government; who have children to educate and taxes to pay; who have every incentive and every inducement to preserve for this city an economical and respectable administration. We do not believe it is true that as a class the Germans, the Jews, or any other body of our respectable foreign citizens, will identify themselves with party machine bosses, or by their votes contribute to their ascendancy in the manage-

ment of our political affairs. What reputable gentleman, of any nationality, would have our County Clerk's office again become the vile and hawdy thing it was under boss rule? The present incumbent has cleansed and purified it so that virtuous women are not ashamed to write in it, and Mr. Wilder has reduced expenses sixty thousand dollars per annum. Our appeal is to the respectable of all classes—American and foreign. We do not reach the lower class. We have no influence over it. Vagabonds do not read the *Argonaut*. We have no compliments to pay to the mob. We seek no favors from it, and stand in no awe of it. We have no influence over any class other than in plain statement of facts. The newspaper press carries with it no influence further than in that its bold and honest enunciation of correct opinions may impress its readers. Every false, partial, passionate misrepresentation of facts, and every misstatement, lessens its influence, till, like all thick-and-thin party journals, it becomes the hollow, mocking echo of a meaningless party cry. The Republican municipal ticket, in all its parts, is composed of fairly representative men. Mayor Blake, Sheriff Sedgwick, Auditor Brickwedel, and Clerk Wilder have been tried, and found both honest and competent. The Board of Education has had no superior in the personal intelligence and respectability of its membership, and its old members should be reelected. The Superior Judges renominated have demonstrated their capacity and fitness for judicial position. The gentlemen in nomination for the Board of Supervisors are each and all of them highly respectable representatives of our best business men and property-owners. They are pledged to an economical government. Their past lives and business standing are a guarantee of honorable conduct in office. In contrast with this Republican ticket, the Democratic municipal Irish boss affair is altogether odorous.

We have the authority of Mr. W. W. Foote for saying that he is owned by the Railroad Company. This confession he made in his speech at Santa Cruz, when he said: "The Central Pacific Railroad Company has bought up all the scrub politicians in the country." The *Examiner* declares that Mr. Foote is the exponent of Democratic sentiment upon the railroad question. In this speech of the candidate for Railroad Commissioner, he defends himself for having prejudged the question of fares and freights, by denying that it is in any sense a judicial question. Either Mr. Foote has not read the debates of the Constitutional Convention, the writings of Mr. John Doyle, and the current literature of the last five years upon this question, or he is not as honest as a man of his intelligence ought to be. If Mr. Foote can find no reason why fares from San Francisco to Los Angeles, competing points, should be out of proportion to fares from San Francisco to Merced, a non-competitive point, then he lacks the first qualification of legislator or judge—viz., common sense. If he can not understand why grain should be transported at less cost from Red Bluff to San Francisco, along navigable streams and natural highways, than from Sumner, a like distance in the interior where competition does not exist, he is eminently deficient in practical brains, and, because of that deficiency, he must not presume that the farmers of the respective localities are equally stupid. When Mr. Foote, with the two W's, asserts that the General Government gave the railroads twenty-seven millions of dollars, he is guilty of a misstatement so palpably untrue, that he must rely upon the generosity of his audience that they do not characterize it by using that strong Saxon sword of speech spelled with three letters, and usually accompanied by a profane expression. When he treats a concession of lands as a "free gift" and "without consideration," the statement would be regarded in diplomatic circles as "inexact." When he refers to Mussel Slough as the place "where our citizens were shot down," he is guilty of the crimes designated in the learning of his profession as *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*. When he declares that "in bonds and lands one hundred millions of dollars have been diverted from the people's hands into the pockets of the monopolists," he piles the Pelion of misstatement upon the Ossa of misrepresentation. If Mr. Foote believes the statement as broadly as he has stated it—viz., "that railroads have been a curse instead of a blessing"—it will be generous to admit that he is a bigger fool than he looks. Whether anybody who owns a kiln at Colton refuses to sell lime for San Diego, we do not know; but if there is a "marble mountain" anywhere in the vicinity of a railroad which runs to the harbor of San Diego, we will venture the suggestion that there are some little hills in the neighborhood where lime enough can be found to supply the wants of that rising metropolis. If Mr. W. W. Foote is endeavoring to stir up the people of this State to the same resentments that existed in Iowa, where men burned railroad depots and pulled up tracks, he is like Shakespeare's character who bung half way down the cliff, gathering sampire—engaged in a devilish bad business. It is to be wondered whether this mild-mannered adviser of conflagration and spoliation has ever contemplated the result of railroad destruction in California. Has it occurred to him that, when rails are pulled up, the engines will be run into the round-

house, fires banked, and the company stop business till the rails are relaid; that in the meantime traffic will be suspended; that San Francisco would run out of food in ten days; that he could not walk from his home in Oakland to his office in San Francisco; that all the industries of town and country are thrown into chaos and confusion; that passengers are arrested from travel; that merchandise and farm products could not be exchanged? Has it occurred to this fluent horn-blower of the band-wagon which precedes the political circus that popular indignation might rise and scalp the political mountebanks who preach this doctrine of rapine? Perhaps Mr. W. W. Foote will permit us to refer to the history of railroads in Iowa, and ask him to draw a moral therefrom. There was a time in that State, when a set of ignorant demagogues succeeded in so arousing the jealous passions and so stirring the hatred of ignorant men, that they became inimical to railroads, and railroad builders, and railroad enterprise. That time passed as railroads demonstrated their usefulness. When Iowa lands increased in value, and the population in numbers; when wealth grew up around them, and the State was transfigured from an unoccupied wilderness till it became the very heart of abundance and the home of plenty—then the people saw their mistake, and drove the W. W. Footes into obscurity, silence, and contempt. Iowa has no quarrel to-day with railroad corporations. It is crossed, and paralleled, and gridironed with rails in every direction. It is one of the most prosperous of all our prosperous States. It will be so in California. This anti-monopoly, anti-railroad cry is the despairing wail of political idiots, and W. W. Foote is one of the last of the banshees whose shriek will be heard in the State.

The following is the correspondence extraordinary which passed between the alarmed Republican State Central Committee and Judge Brunson of Los Angeles, candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court on the Prohibition ticket:

[TELEGRAM.]

SAN FRANCISCO, October 31, 1882.

HON. ANSON BRUNSON, Los Angeles, Cal.: If favorable to your views, would like public repudiation of candidacy on Prohibition ticket; confident your better judgment will approve this course.

[Signed]

JAMES R. FINLAYSEN, Secretary.

[REPLY.]

LOS ANGELES, Cal., November 1, 1882.

JAMES R. FINLAYSEN, Esq., Secty R. S. C. C., San Francisco, Cal. DEAR SIR: Your telegram of yesterday is before me. In reply, permit me to say that I was never consulted with reference to my candidacy, nor have I yet been officially notified of my nomination by the Prohibitionists. I fully appreciate the high honor of a personal endorsement by so respectable a body of my fellow-citizens. I heartily sympathize with them in all their noble purposes in behalf of tempted and fallen humanity. I would rather be an obscure citizen in a Christian land than an autocrat of a kingdom without a Sabbath. But I am now, and for more than twenty-five years last past have been, a Republican. I have not yet lost faith in the party, nor in the masses who compose it. I am not now, nor have I been, a candidate for any office since I, in common with my part of the State, was forgotten in the house of our friends; nor is my zeal for the triumph of Republican principles in the least abated because I have to battle as a private and not as a commissioned officer. Respectfully yours, [Signed] A. BRUNSON.

The League of Freedom will put forth a secret ticket on the morning of election. It will be distributed covertly to all its members. Thus the rum-seller, by his acts, declares his defiance of the law, and his intention to rule parties in the interest of his infamous traffic. We concede to these foreign conspirators a first success. Let them enjoy it; for, as sure as God reigns, they will be in the end defeated and humiliated. The lesson must be taught in this republic that rum-selling Germans and Irish can not set laws at defiance with impunity.

We are informed, upon the authority of a Yosemite Commissioner, that the Reverend M. C. Briggs, of the Methodist Church, voted for and advocated the issuance of a license to keep a saloon for the sale of intoxicating and alcoholic drinks in the Valley of the Yosemite. The proposition was voted down, and rum is now sold in the valley by only one hotel-keeper. If this is true—as we believe it is—our very good and reverend brother had better secure a "proxy" when he presents himself to our other friend, Saint Peter, to demand his harp and stool.

Frederick MacCrellish, long time proprietor and editor of the *Alta California*, long time resident of this city, and for more than a quarter of a century prominent among the prominent men of San Francisco, died at his residence, after a painful and lingering illness, on Tuesday last. His was a gentle, generous, kindly nature, oftentimes tried, oftentimes imposed upon, yet few have so long filled the peculiarly difficult position occupied by him in journalism against whose personal qualities so little that is unkind can be truthfully said.

Judge Henry L. Joachimsen has been for many years officiating as Justice of the Peace. He has performed his duties with ability, industry, and unquestioned judicial integrity. He is renominated for the same position by the Republicans. We sincerely hope he may be reelected. The judge is an old resident of San Francisco, and is justly esteemed by all who know him.

COUSINS: A CONFESSION.

By Philip Shirley.

SCENE—A luxuriously furnished library. MRS. FLETCHER seated before the fire. A servant enters and announces MR. KINGSLEY, who presently appears.

Mrs. Fletcher.—Come in, John. It was very nice of you to think to come to-night.

Kingsley.—Didn't I say I would?

Mrs. F.—Oh, yes; but I had not the least idea that you meant it, or would remember it if you did.

Kings.—Where's Zachary? I love to call him so—to show that I can. My cousin-in-law!

Mrs. F.—You like to call him so because you are a provoking tease. Some one came for him early in the evening, and they went out together. How did you survive the ball?

Kings.—Judge how well, when I tell you that I went home and wrote those verses for you.

Mrs. F.—"When he performs astronomers foretell it; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word."

Kings.—Do you say so? Have you not learned yet that your lightest wish is law to your abjectly devoted family? Have you forgotten that you made the rich match, that we have only to say to an indifferent world, "my cousin, my daughter, my sister"—as the case may be—"Mrs. Zach. Fletcher," to reduce it to a quaking mass of obsequiousness?

Mrs. F.—You are pleased to be wonderfully satirical; I am at a loss to understand why.

Kings.—Shall I read you the verses?

Mrs. F.—Do. What are they about?

Kings.—A woman I saw at the hall.

Mrs. F.—How characteristically tactless of you to make, for me, verses on a woman you saw at the hall!

Kings.—Listen: [He reads.]

I saw your dark-bright face last night,
Brave in its "pride of place" again,
And yet to me 'twas worn and white,
And drawn with pain.

What tragic shade is cast across
Your love-illuminated way?
For in your look I read of loss,
Of joy astray.

Like a trapped panther I could see
Your baffled soul impatient rise,
And, unsubdued, look out at me
From your dark eyes.

I thought—and may it be forgiven!—
Seeking the cause of that fine rage,
A tamer soul had foregone heaven
For such a cage.

Meaning that she is so excessively good-looking, that her beauty should make her willing to absent herself a while from felicity to be enjoyed only by a disembodied spirit. See? Good idea admirably expressed, isn't it? Praise me, please.

Mrs. F.—Thank you very much. I think the verses are pretty. Let me take them. [She has grown white, and her hand trembles as she holds the paper. She reads her own initials, "M. K. F.," above the verses, and throws them into the fire.]

Kings. [aside].—I wondered if I should touch the sensitive chord. You look ill, Mary—shall I call some one?

Mrs. F.—If you call any one I will never forgive you. Do I look sad? Did I look dowdy at the ball?

Kings.—If dowdy means a look of suffering desperately controlled.

Mrs. F.—I tell you it's impossible. I was radiantly happy. I am now; I always mean to be. Why do you look at me so? What have you heard?—what do you know?

Kings.—Fairly trapped, my queen! What will you give me for this? [He shows her a sealed envelope on which her name is written. She becomes agitated. He throws the envelope contemptuously into her lap.]

Mrs. F. [in a whisper].—Open it. Read it.

Kings. [reading].—"Ave imperatrix, moriturus te salutat."

Mrs. F.—Is that all?

Kings.—Every word; see for yourself. About a month ago I had a long talk with Grafton, and he gave me that letter, which he said I was to give you when he was gone out of the world; he smiled, and said I should not need to wait long to deliver it. Well as I knew him, I could not help thinking for a moment that he meant to take his own life, but he told me that he had been examined by a physician, who warned him that unless he had immediate and prolonged rest he could not live two months. He said there was another payment due for his brother's forgery, and when that was made he would rest as long as they liked. "It will be in my grave, though," he said. "I believe the doctor's right. Something's wrong here about my heart. It flutters and troubles me."

Mrs. F.—Poor heart! O God, I loved that man! If you guessed it before, triumph in hearing me confess it now.

Kings. [kneeling by her side].—Hush, Mary; control yourself. It is all over now, and he is at peace at last.

Mrs. F.—Do you know about his brother's forgery? Tell me what you know. Mr. Fletcher was against him and how could I defend him? But I always believed in him; I know he was loyal and honorable.

Kings.—Grafton had an elder brother named Edward, a rake and something of a sneak, who got his affairs, pecuniary and amatory, into such had shape that he levanted one fine day, greatly to the relief of his family, and was not heard of for years. Our Grafton, Hilary, went through West Point and in time was ordered out here, and waltzed and walked on the sands with you, and studied, and schemed, and got a reputation for being fitful and cold. One day a tenement house in an obscure part of the city falls in, and the papers overflow with accounts of the heroism of a man, who, with heavy beams across his legs, a cook-stove on his chest, and a stationary wash-tub on his head for all I know, gives directions to the assistants where to find sufferers whose necessity is greater than his, and how to restore to consciousness various women and children, and finally faints from excess of pain. This martyred creature's name is Edward Grafton, the deserving brother of Lieutenant Hilary Grafton of the army, now stationed here. This was a chance for society, always the defender of the weak against the strong. The

stupid women Hilary had ignored, the fops he had supplanted, the mischief-makers and scandal-mongers at large, drew their faces down and wondered why Lieutenant Grafton, the swell, the prosperous, had permitted his angelic brother—the immediately adorned Edward with all the virtues, gratuitously—to remain in the ignominious position of book-keeper in so humble an establishment, for it appeared that Edward was factotum of the collapsed tenement. The next time the story came round it had been settled to everybody's satisfaction that Edward Grafton's unremitting exertions had put his young brother through West Point, and maintained him in luxurious ease in good society for the family credit. Men cut Hilary; he was shunned, and hounded, and traduced. He resigned from the army, and, before he could leave the city, it comes to his knowledge that the great and good Edward had forged his name, and had departed to Central America. Hilary honored the draft, gave all he had, borrowed the rest, and set to work to pay off the debt. You may be glad that you did not see him in those days; he was terribly altered. His was not work—it was slavery; and the hopelessness of his life when the task was accomplished killed him even sooner than the physician's prophecy.

Mrs. F.—I wonder if I could have helped him, if it would have been different or better if— But I am forgetting that it was by his advice that I married. [KINGSLEY regards her curiously. She gets angry, springs from her chair, and walks about the room.] You call me heartless, when you know nothing of the circumstances. You are presumptuous and cruel.

Kings. [laughing].—You are utterly absurd. [She remembers that he has really said nothing, becomes calm, and seats herself again.]

Mrs. F.—Let me tell you about him. If he had lived, I never would have told a living soul; but to-night I long to talk about him and old times to some one who knew him. Don't look as if you were judging me! I have been so wretched.

Kings.—I am far too much in need of charity for my own shortcomings to venture to judge any one, and least of all you.

Mrs. F.—No one knows better than you the home I had when our love for each other was all the wealth we could muster. My refined, sensitive father, without power even to conceive the first principles of the vulgar trickery that constitutes the "smartness" of successful men; my mother, patient and hopeful, striving to console my father in his failures, and to prevent the seamy side of life from warping all my youth to me; my brother, a dear, good boy, and the kindest fellow in the world—that was our family circle.

Kings.—And you?

Mrs. F.—Life seethed in me. From the time I can remember I craved luxury, experience, and power, with a hunger that consumed me. Not with the silly discontent of the commonplace girls who look to their parents and say: "Having brought me here, why do you not make the world endurable to me?"—but with a determination that hardened in my little brain like a steel har, to conquer, in some fashion, wealth, ease, and endless pleasure for us all. I didn't know then what a woman's weapons at such warfare are. I fancied myself working, and hoarding a salary. My mother kept up her relations with the hall-giving faction for my sake, that I might have my share of dancing, like other girls; and heaven bless her for her courage!—for it is easier for such a woman to walk up to the cannon's mouth than to confront the insolence of purse-proud plutocrats. But I have avenged her. At least, she did not work in vain. I was invited to the jams, and went with my brother. Everybody asked who I was, and, being told, concluded they did not care to know me. I came to the world full of hope, and good faith, and charity, with my small sensitiveness, and enthusiasms, and vanities quivering and expectant, like all young things; and the world twisted a little sneer, a little shrug, a look askance into each poor little sensibility, and jerked it out by the root, and watched the subject writhe, then laughed, and turned away. The subject has grown very callous, but she can count her scars. And yet I think they have not hurt my nature.

Kings.—What have you preserved?

Mrs. F.—Ah, you may sneer; but, indeed, when I examine myself most rigidly, I feel that I pity heartily the vulgarity and limited horizon of my old tormentors; and I know that if I could keep them out of God's holy heaven I would not use the power—I'd help them in. I'd feel pleasure, and not of the mean sort, to nurse them if they were sick—to feed them if they were hungry. But every social pin-prick, every petty humiliation that is in my power to inflict or expose them to, I never spare; I never will spare while I live. Oh, the prestige I have blasted, the invitations I have smiled into slights, the mortifying awkwardnesses I have presided over with a bland word to drive in the sting! What harm those achievements would have been to the girl who stood gazing into the glass at home after a ball, while every heart-beat blinded her eyes with furious tears!—and even her defeat did not change for her the knowledge that she had been at least as kindly treated by nature as those who distanced her in the race; so she learned that the golden calf is the lord of the world. Out of the empyrean of the sons of God—I mean the drove of dancing men at balls—leaned one fine day Lieutenant Hilary Grafton, and I found favor in his sight; and once in a moment of panting excitement, a furious waltz just over, I stood in a strong draught, screening him from any danger of a chill. I confided to him my wild ambition to crush the people who had slighted me, and to rule supreme where I was then unknown. The cold light I grew to know so well flamed up in his eyes, and he told me—I did not know how truly then—that he recognized in me an ally. We became the greatest and most intimate of friends. We called ourselves—it seems too foolish to believe it to-day—"brother" and "sister." He wished me to make a rich and powerful marriage. I wished his Washington combinations to prosper. Meantime, all our every-day interests were in common. He was my all-the-world; but we were always matter-of-fact—rather ironical in our strictures on tenderness. He had a formula—"best and holiest feelings of our nature"—which it was a pleasure to hear him use.

Kings.—I have had that pleasure. His irony was the shield of a big, tender heart, all the same.

Mrs. F.—Didn't I learn that to my cost? The hour came when my husband dawned on my horizon. He was a catch;

everybody pursued, and dined, and flattered him. He chose me; it was his whim, his pleasure. To me, who could give him no dinners. Mr. Fletcher threw the matrimonial rope to fish me, wretched, from the unplumbed seas of poverty, and set me—captain's captain—at the helm of his triumphant establishment. I should have fallen at his feet chanting a hymn of thanksgiving, and, instead, I froze, and asked him for time to reflect. He was kind then, as always. He told me he wished me to reflect; that he knew that meant a girl's serious discussion of what was best with my mother; and more about my mother being my nearest friend and guardian angel; but, oh! I saw only Hilary Grafton's great, luminous blue eyes; it was with him I meant to consult. My ambition was fulfilled first. He was not ready to go to Washington yet; but when I thought of telling him, I felt all my ambition oozing out at the palms of my hands; and that the old tame, poverty-stricken existence with him was better than luxury with anybody else. Then I fancied I saw a peculiar smile of his as he divined my weak sentimentality—a smile that always cut me like a whip-lash, and I was strong once more. I told him my tale during one of our walks on the sands that you spoke of. He was very white and quiet. He bowed his head gravely when I finished, and said we never expected my good fortune would come soon. I felt as one does in earthquake weather—as if there were calamity in the air. He was so self-contained, while I could see that his nails were driven into his palms, as they always were when he was mustering his courage or controlling himself; and when I could bear it no longer, I said, in a weak, little voice: "Shall I marry Mr. Fletcher?" He stopped walking, and turned slowly toward me. You may laugh, if you like, and talk about modern dress, but he looked like a god. Jove smiles through the shadow on Io so in Correggio's pictures. His face was perfectly transfigured with exalted passion, approval, triumph; then the light died out of his eyes; he turned away and walked on, and said, quietly: "Of course." I didn't dare to speak. I felt dazzled, as if I had been staring at the sun, and at last he went on: "I am in trouble up to my eyes. You will hear about it soon enough, and I know that you will understand that I am not to blame. You have been a good 'sister' to me. I thank you very much." Then he muttered something about "striking pang from pang as note is struck from note." You know how he was always murmuring poetry; and he said good-bye to me in his usual friendly way, and except for a sort of stirring under his eyes that was a sign of trouble in him, I should hardly have felt what it cost him to decide my future for me; for he knew that I put it in his hands when I asked him that question. As it was, I had the selfish pleasure of knowing that he suffered in letting me go, and was saved the humiliation of thinking that I had made proffer of the province of my wayward will to a prince who cared nothing for the submission. So that is the history of my intimacy with Hilary Grafton. Do you see how I could have acted differently?

Kings. [smiling bitterly].—No; but, by heavens, I don't wonder he died! [There is a long silence, during which KINGSLEY sits with his hand over his eyes, lost in thought. MRS. FLETCHER slowly pulls a deep red carnation apart.]

Mrs. F.—John, sing for me. Sing me Wolfram's song in the hall, in "Tannhäuser." The score lies there on the hooks, in the circular case. [He gets up without speaking, goes to the piano, and sings.]

Mrs. F.—That means all good and holy things to me. The last two lines remind me of one midnight, when I was leaning over the ship's side, watching the moon set. It was a faultless night, and I was, mercifully, alone. The moon was a great globe of "honey-colored fire," and she was going down among black clouds that looked like a grove of trees. There was a kind of regularity about them that made me think of an orchard; and though I knew perfectly well that we were far from any land, still that was a charmed country to me, the place where I should be happy if I could only reach it—my San-Borondon. It was Hilary's word for an impossible paradise. He said it was the so-called eighth island of the Canary Archipelago—only a cloud-picture, made by conflicting ocean currents; but real to the Portuguese, who insist on its existence, saying that a devil keeps people from landing on it, though it is the most beautiful island in the world. Has Hilary found his, I wonder? [She hears her husband's entrance, though MR. KINGSLEY does not. With the greatest vivacity.] You horrid boy, you never remember anything! I told you I worship the very pans white caramels are made in, and you have forgotten me and my tastes, and— [While KINGSLEY is wondering if she has suddenly lost her mind, ZACH. FLETCHER enters. Mrs. F. flies to meet him.]

Zach.—Did I hear something about caramels? How are these? [He produces a blue-and-gold paper box. Mrs. F. falls into an ecstasy.]

Mrs. F.—You are altogether angelic. Here, John, have some candy. I forgive you.

Kings. [uncivilly].—Thanks. I've been smoking.

Zach.—Now, aren't you going to give me a song before I go to bed? I declare, those fellows have bored me to death this evening.

Mrs. F. [incautiously].—Anything you like.

Zach.—Well, then, sing me "Sweeter than Marmalade." That's what I call a good song—bright, and with a jolly chorus. Go, join in the chorus, Jack. [The cousins' faces lengthen perceptibly. MR. FLETCHER remains impassive. They sing, without enthusiasm, how the lady celebrated is "all jam" and other pleasing attributes, ad nauseam. MR. FLETCHER applauds to the echo. He comes and lays his hand gently on his wife's shoulder.]

Zach.—Isn't she a good girl, Kingsley, to sing me a song like that, when she only cares for high art wails with her serious friends? Why is high art so grumpy, pet? [She bestows upon him "the lightning of the angelic smile."]

Kings.—I am sorry to be obliged to run away just as you come in, Mr. Fletcher, but I am a slave, and must sleep at night to work by day. Good-night, Mary; good-night, sir.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher.—Good-night.

Kings. [to himself on the front steps].—She can not keep the moth and rust of such a wretched life from eating into her soul. Better for her if she were taking in washing and Hilary Grafton's wife, to-day, than— [He walks over the horse-block and falls perfectly prostrate. Exit with maledictions.]

TALES FOR THE TODDLERS.

By Joseph Medill, the Chicago Tribune Humorist.

Little Lucy's big brother Charles promised to buy her some ice cream every Saturday if she would keep her hair nicely brushed during the week. One day Lucy and her brother were going to the place where the ice cream was kept. Lucy was trotting along, holding Charles's hand. She heard a strange noise in the street near them. Looking, she saw two boys with a little dog's tail, and on the other end of the string was a deserted oyster-can.

"O brother!" said Lucy, "see what the wicked boys are doing."

And then tears filled her eyes, because she felt sorry for the dog.

Then Charles asked the boy to let the dog go. They would not do this, but said they would sell him the dog for twenty-five cents.

"If we buy the dog, Lucy, you can have no ice cream, for I have only twenty-five cents in my pocket," said Charles.

Then Lucy was very sad, for she loved ice cream dearly, but still she knew it was her duty to prevent the dog from suffering.

So, for a moment she was silent, and then looking up to her brother she said, in her pretty way: "You kick in the ribs of the boys, dear brother, and I will hustle the pup up the alley."

And so Lucy had her ice cream, after all.

After Lucy returned from Boarding-school, and began Laying Pipe to secure a Young Man, she coaxed her Papa to let her take lessons from a Singing Master, and pretty soon she could vocalize quite well, and loved dearly to sit in the Parlor and Turn Herself Loose at the Piano. Lucy was very partial to sentimental songs, and seemed to be a Little Gone on those that had rather sappy titles, and the words to which did not mean anything in particular. She would hustle around the Music Stand for a while, and then come to the surface with a lot of such Truck as "Angel Voices Now Are Calling," "Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down," "When the Brown is On the Heather," and so forth. To hear Lucy singing "Tread Lightly, for Mother is Sleeping," while her Mamma was out in the Yard, with her mouth full of Clothes-pins, was worth quite a journey. But Lucy never seemed to think of the incongruity of such proceedings. She would Wrestle with the Piano every day, while both her Parents were working hard, and never think that Idleness is the Mother of Matinees, and that the Singing Girl Gathers No Boss. One beautiful summer evening she was Having Her Hoot as usual, and had got far enough into the pile of music so that she was singing Sentimental songs. Finally she started in on one that begins: "I Am Sitting in the Glen," when suddenly her Papa, who had been trying to read the Paper, turned to his Wife and said: "How much do you think it would cost, mother, to move a fair-sized glen about nine miles, and fix things so that it couldn't come back?" Then Lucy began to cry, and said that her Papa was a Brute.

One day when little Charles, the good boy of whom I have before told you, was on his way to School, he passed by a large Orchard in which there were a great many kinds of Fruit, and as the sunshine came streaming through the branches of the Trees, and fell upon the rosy-cheeked Apples, the sweet, mellow Peaches, and the red Cherries, Charles thought they looked very Beautiful, indeed, and would Go Down Nicely with the Lunch which his kind Mother had wrapped up in a white napkin for him, and placed in the little Basket he carried in his hand.

Some of the Fruit hung very near the Fence, and as Charles looked at it Wistfully he said to himself: "How easily I could climb over there and Pluck several of the Apples and Pears without being discovered, for there is no one in the Orchard now. But that would be Wrong, and if I did it I should always be Sorry, and suffer dreadfully from the Pangs of Conscience."

So he stood there a little longer, as the little Birds in the trees were singing their Merriest Lays. Many times Charles looked up at the Fruit, and thought how easy it would be to take it, but every time he did this, the Small Voice would say: "That would be wrong, Charles," and he would resolve not to make any such Break.

But pretty soon a Bright Thought struck him, and his pure young face lighted up with a Sunny Smile. "I will go to the Owner of the Orchard," he said, "who lives in yonder House, and tell him how I conquered Temptation. Then he will give me all the Fruit I want, because that is the way sturdy Farmers always do in the little hooks I get at Sunday-School."

So he went boldly up to the farm-house, but just as he entered the Gate a fierce Dog grabbed him by the seat of his Panties and Wiped the Ground with him for a few moments. The nice Lunch that his mother had put up for him was Distributed all over the Yard, and his new jacket looked as if it had been Out With the Boys. When the Farmer heard the Noise he came running out of the House and called off the Dog.

"What do you want, my Little Man?" he said to Charles.

So Charles told him he had been tempted to take the Fruit, but would not do so because it was Wrong. And then he asked the man for some Fruit.

The Farmer looked at him for a Moment, and then he said:

"I have two more Dogs, both larger than the one you tackled, and unless you are out of here in Three Jerks of a Lamb's Tail, they will be Lunching, and you will be Quite Conspicuous in the hill of fare."

So Charles ran quickly away, not even stopping to get his Basket. A little way down the Road he overtook Thomas Tough, who was eating a Delicious Peach.

"Where did you get that Peach, Thomas?" asked Charles.

"Over in that Orchard," replied Thomas. "I waited until the Old Crank who owns the place had gone to Breakfast, and then appointed myself Receiver of the Orchard."

"You are a very wicked Boy," says Charles.

"Yes," replied Thomas, "I am a trifle wicked, but I keep Getting to the Front all the time, and my clothes don't seem quite so much Disarranged as yours. You will also notice that my lunch Basket is with me, and that my piece of Pie for the Noonday Meal is not lying in Farmer Brown's Garden."

When Charles went home that evening, he told his Papa what he had done. "You know, Papa," he said, "that I would sooner be right than President."

"Yes," replied his Papa, "but I am not seriously alarmed about your being President, either."

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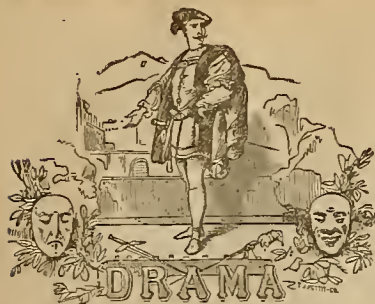
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References—Dr. L. C. Lane, San Francisco.
Dr. G. A. Shurtliff, Stockton.
Supt. State Asylum.



In order to thoroughly enjoy a melodrama, it is first necessary to approach the performance of it in a proper frame of mind. One should always seek one's entertainment with the correct bias. When a man makes up his mind to go to church (as men sometimes do even yet, if the world, the flesh, and the devil have not too powerful a clutch upon them) he puts his mutilated coin for the plate in his pocket, works himself up to a sufficiently gloomy view of the hereafter, and slides into his pew in a devotional frame of mind. When he goes to see the ballet he puts his opera-glass in his pocket, glides comfortably into his seat in the orchestra, and briefly resumes his anatomical studies upon the kindergarten system. When he goes to the circus he puts nothing in his pocket, reduces his intellect to its pulpitiest condition, and has a brief period of flaccid enjoyment. But when he goes to see the melodrama he should approach it with his heart upon his sleeve, and his emotions violently inflamed and quickly responsive. For is there not always a fair and virtuous young woman in a peck of trouble through no fault of her own, and a well-intentioned young hero who is never able to do anything to help her out till just before the fall of the last curtain, and a delicious villain so full of schemes, and plots, and counterplots, that it makes one dizzy to follow the tortuous course of his depravity? All of these you will find in "The White Slave." The gentle persecuted heroine is own dramatic sister to Zoe in the "Octoroon," and Anna in "The Danicheffs." A bond-maiden reared as gently as a lady, and unconscious of the pressure of her shackles till the plot of the play begins to ferment. In the person of Miss Georgie Cayvan she is a very charming young woman. Miss Cayvan has a graceful young figure, a rich, sweet voice, and a pair of dark, earnest eyes, with that excessive width between them which is said by many to denote the artistic temperament. She has the happy faculty of immediately placing herself *en rapport* with an audience, a faculty which will do more for her in her career than shining talent, perhaps. She is not heavily taxed in "The White Slave," which really plays itself, it being a grouping of incident rather than a study of character, but such as falls to her share is well done; notably, perhaps, in her interview with that deliciously wicked villain in white duck at Oscola. By the way, what a curious effect the bills have when, in quoting from the scene, they run:

"Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake." J. Thompson.

The scenic artist must have been unspeakably amazed to find himself accredited with this bit of declamatory virtue when he sought praise for nothing more than a rather well-set scene, which was particularly good in the background. Its vivid sunset effect was duly appreciated, too, but a wobbling plank in the foreground distracted the attention of the in-artistic and the heedless, who saw an impending catastrophe in every kick of the insecure plank. This all the more as the hero is likely at any moment throughout the play to dash from his ambush in the wings, execute a most remarkable bit of pedestrianism down the length of the stage, and fold the heroine in his arms with a loud and apparently irrelevant cry of "Lissar! Lissar!" Some one, describing the sectional differences of manner and speech, once said that you could always tell a New Yorker by his "ravr oysters." Years of training would not make him take his oysters without a final *r* in the raw. Mr. Levick must be the traditional New Yorker, for he will not have Lissar without an *r*. For the rest, he has a handsome stage presence, a good voice, and a melodramatic impetuosity. In fact, every time that he achieves one of his remarkable entrances there is a general dodging down the middle row of the orchestra, for he does not look as if he were going to be stopped by a few paltry footlights.

But if there be any one character which is the *point d'appui* of "The White Slave" it is the villain, the new McCloskey. Wessels, once the Ivan Ogareff of "Michael Strogoff," having been inducted into Tartaric splendor, was not to be dismayed by the commonplace of the plain American toilette in the plain American melodrama. So he wears a long sweep of tangled locks, and a Billy Buffalo hat, and a very low-necked collar. And his brows are blackened a preternatural black, and his cheeks are reddened a preternatural red, and his tailor has clothed him in preternatural white. I do not know what is the established costume of the Southern planters, but I should fancy that a dazzling vision like this prancing about the cotton-fields would have made them open their honest eyes with amazement. Upon the stage, however, he is a delicious article of ten-cent villainy, and his brilliant plumage does not really seem amiss among the swift succeeding sensations of "The White Slave"—the foreclosure of the mortgage close upon the death of Judge Hardin, the sale and transfer of Lissar, the wreck of the *Belle Creole*, the murder of the creole mistress, etc.

The creole mistress is but a minor character, yet a feature of the life of the times. Miss Louise Sylvester, who always had a clever knack at small character bits like this, infuses her with life and interest, but it would have been just as well to have finished this sketch in one act, and when the amiable Mr. Lacy shoots her, to have concluded the octoroon girl's brief career before the footlights. The Camille-like scent of her death in the last act is an unnecessary

piece of tediousness in the hurry and rush of the general action. However, as the play is interspersed with almost everything but humor, death-scenes here and there are part of the filling.

Taking "The White Slave" for what it is, a spectacular melodrama, it is unquestionably a success. It is not written upon the same plane of literature as the other plays of the author, and has none of the warm human interest that made "Van" a pretty play and "My Partner" a new idyl of friendship. It is a fair picture of life and manners in the South in the old times, framed in a singularly improbable plot; for, although one shudders even now to think of what men did with their black progeny in those times, it would not have been easy to find a man in the South willing to stain a white child's brow with the curse of black blood. Both the law and the sympathies drew the lines of caste too terribly to make such a story probable.

But every appeal to the audience is answered, and, when there is a storm in the gallery, there is something more than a flutter in the dress circle. The truth of the matter is, the dress circle is more willing to view melodrama than it professes itself to be, and is more stirred by its startling situations than it cares to acknowledge, for we are all made of one clay, whether we sit in the high places or the low. The difference is a mere matter of decoration, physical and metaphysical.

The comedy of "The White Slave" is entrusted chiefly to the negroes. They have procured a band of the real article, and, as all the world knows, the negro is never comic when it is expected of him. Charley Reed's eyes snapping through the burnt cork, or Billy Emerson's head built out like a New Orleans levee darkey's, is more mirth-provoking than a band of the genuines doing their best to be amusing. And, since they are genuine, why do they sing over the hybrid Christy melodies when they might preserve the strange characteristic music of the levees, the cornfields, and the camp-meetings, a music which is passing away with this people?—for how often does one see any more in their race-stained faces the unmixed blood of the African? Through how many successive seasons of "Uncle Tom" and "The Octoroon" have we all heard the "Old Kentucky Home," a spurious article, however sweet it be. Let any one strike up a real negro melody, and in a moment every one in the house keeps time to it. That curious non-descript at the minstrels, Conchita, is simply insufferable till she begins her negro music, and how many encores does Billy Emerson always get for "Weep, Little Children. Weep."

There is a refrain of sadness in every note of it, as there must be in everything in this world to make it appeal to the heart. And in every song that the real negro ever sang there is a longing for peace and rest in the "happy land of Canaan." One of the old songs which they used to sing at their funerals, when it was the custom of the race to bury their dead at night, runs thus:

"I walk in de graveyard; I walk too de graveyard
To lay dis body down.
I lay in de grave, and I stretch out my arms
When I lay dis body down.
I go to de judgment in the evenin' ob de day,
When I lay dis body down;
And my soul and your soul will meet dat day,
When we lay dis body down."

Some one of vivid imagination said once that when he heard this sung at a midnight funeral with the peculiar quality of the negro voice, the line: "I lay in de grave, and I stretch out my arms," seemed to him one of the most plaintive longings for peace and rest ever uttered since man first lived and suffered. Barbaric madrigals are all said, being sung much in the minor key; but negro music has suffered much from miscegenation, and we shall probably never hear it again in its native peculiarity. Even aside from the music, the straight-baired negro has come in on the minstrel stage, and people laugh absurdly over a simple tuft of hair, because it has not a kink in it. Witness the musical genius at the Grand Opera House in that singular pot-pourri of entertainment which includes pantomime, minstrelsy, tumbling, and specialties. A pantomime is lop-sided without a ballet; but people go to see this one more because it is one more place of amusement than for its intrinsic worth. There is patronage for more than the California, notwithstanding its burning floating spar with the whole interest of the melodrama lashed to one end of it, and its thrilling but singularly deliberate explosion.

They promise to open the Baldwin for the holidays, but in the meantime it is closed, excepting on the fifteenth instant, when an amateur dramatic performance of Gilbert's comedy, "On Guard," will be given for the benefit of the British Benevolent Association. The cast is filled with the names of those ladies and gentlemen who were so successful dramatically when the association was last benefited in this wise. The following is the cast: Dennis Grant, John I. Housman; Corry Kavanaugh, J. Evelyn Bell; Guy Warrington, E. M. Greenwood; Grouse, W. T. St. Auburn; Druce, F. Matthieu; Mrs. Fitzborne, Mrs. Charles Mason; Jessie Blake, Miss May Scott. BETSY B.

Obscene Intimations.

"A Broken Tie."—D.—Declined.
"Criminal or Crank."—Will appear shortly.
"Salem."—Correspondence not available. Thanks.
"Viator."—All three MSS. unavailable.
"C. W. H."—Declined.
"Grand Master Hiram Abiff."—Declined.
"Epitaph on Mary Ellen J."—Declined. Send it to Mr. Pickering.
"On Creation."—Subject too vast. Declined.
"Noses."—Declined.
"Por Casualidad."—Idea excellent; treatment poor. Declined.

CCLIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, November 5.

Purée of Lima Beans.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Halibut. Saratoga Potatoes.
Broiled Teal Ducks, Currant Jelly.
Baked Tomatoes. Summer Squash.
Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding.
French Artichoke Salad.
Strawberries, Whipped Cream, and Sponge-cake.
Peaches, Figs, Oranges, Apples, Pears, and Grapes.
PURÉE OF LIMA BEANS.—Put cold water and a little salt on the fire, and at the first boiling throw the beans in; boil until tender; drain, mash through a colander. Put back on the fire, with warm stock or broth to taste—that is, to make it thick or thin. Season with salt and pepper. Boil gently for five minutes, stirring the white; turn into the soup-tureen over croûtons, and serve. It may be served without croûtons.

A DRAMATIC EVENT.

What the New Yorkers Think of Mrs. Langtry.

Mrs. Langtry seems to have taken New York by storm. A large crowd went to meet her, and every one is endeavoring to get sight of her face. The ticket-sale for the first night amounted to nearly ten thousand dollars. Owing to the burning of Abbey's theatre, the opening was changed to Wallack's. The reporters give various accounts of the Jersey Lily. The following is what the *Tribune* representative saw:

Mrs. Langtry had come up the companion-way with her friend and dramatic teacher, Mrs. Labouchère, wife of the editor of *Truth*. She stood now upon the promenade, gracefully poised upon shapely and dainty feet, that peeped out from under a short knitted skirt of blue serge. Her hands were employed with her gloves, and her eyes and features with welcoming smiles from her friends; and her appearance and bearing pre-ent a realization of their ideal to the admiring throngs of Greek beauty—in all things harmony; everywhere gracefulness; in outline, speech, and action, repose. Her simple dress was without trimming or ornament other than a plastron of narrow gold braid, with a row of small buttons on either side, and gold braided cuffs. From under a simple little hat, which did not hide the delicate mold of her temples, hung a heavy coil of dark hair, dark brown hair. Her photographs have made known the lines of her all but perfect profile, but they have not hinted at the loveliness of her great violet eyes, nor suggested the marvelous mobility of her features. In them, and in the perfect purity of her complexion, lies the charm which will perhaps compensate for the absence of the brilliancy of style to which American actresses are accustomed. Mrs. Langtry's voice is full and vibrant, and her speech rich in melodious modulations that keep time with the expressive play of her features. Her manner was never discomposed yesterday. Much of her conversation was necessarily about herself, her experiences, sentiments, and aspirations; yet she never hesitated, but replied to every question with unaffected directness. This was well illustrated when it was suggested by a reporter that she would probably make a fortune on the stage, and she was asked what she intended to do with the money. "Oh! I don't know," she replied, artlessly; "I don't think much of money, although it is very pleasant to have plenty of it, especially after you have been poor. But if you had a great many friends, and they were very kind to me, and people who make one fortune get stingy—don't they?"—and go ahead making more. I think I might do something for the profession if I should make a fortune—establish a theatre, for instance." When a reporter asked if she was not now judged in England not as a member of society, but as a member of the profession, she replied: "Yes, that is true. I had a great many friends, and they were very kind to me; but now the people judge me on my merits, and I haven't any." With little turns of self-depreciation like this she frequently interspersed her conversation, saying at one time that the fact that the Americans (as was suggested to her) would take her not as a novice, but as an actress with an established reputation, would be all the worse for her.

The *Sun* man gushes in much the same manner, but differs on the question of the color of her eyes:

She stood erect with her shoulders back, and the full lines of her figure perfectly revealed by a dress that fitted without a wrinkle. The dark blue bodice was unrelieved except by a brilliant mass of gold braid down the front and around the collar, and the plaited skirt fell in straight lines within a few inches of the deck. Beneath were two remarkably small English walking-shoes, and on her head the actress wore a small hat that she had had made after her. Her hair was in loose and graceful ringlets over her forehead and drawn in a simple knot behind. Her waist was very small, and her whole costume was characterized by elegant simplicity. Her hair is brown, with a tinge of rich auburn that looks like gold. Mrs. Langtry is unquestionably a very beautiful woman. Her beauty is of the kind that has no photograph, and those who have seen her pictures only have no conception of the charm of her face. Her complexion is pure white, and almost transparent. The mouth in repose has a pathetic or serious expression, and the lips are as clearly cut as a statue's. The eyes, however, are the most winning feature of all. They are gray, with little jet black pupils, and are shaded by long, dark lashes. They are wonderfully expressive, and certainly very effective, for they did remarkable work yesterday. Mrs. Langtry raised them slowly, and glanced around into the faces of the men about her, looking at each one fully. The faces had been sleepy, perhaps, but they woke up. As Mrs. Langtry talked she looked at the faces about her with an expression of charming frankness, and often she laughed ingenuously when she was amused. Her cordiality was infectious. When she smiled every face burst into a broad and sympathetic grin, and when she laughed her musical tones were drowned in the subterranean gurgles of the enthusiastic spectators. Her voice is soft, agreeable, and so clear that it travels far, and she is the only one of the English actresses who is so clear in some of the theatrical people from the mother country. Mrs. Langtry so thoroughly charmed the circle about her yesterday, that when she gracefully withdrew the men turned to each other and lost themselves in enthusiasm.

No one seems able to decide the eye question; indeed, the *Times* refrains from any opinion on this vexed question. The *World* reporter was politic and indefinite. He gives the reader his choice between two shades:

She is a flower of the Norman islands in the Channel, and in her those effects of the benign influences of the sea which the Greeks deified in their Venus Anadyomene, and which the pretty women of modern New York seek so earnestly at Newport and amid its cosmetic fogs. Her hair is chestnut—"an excellent color; your chestnut was ever the only color," her eyes are large and gray—the Provencal peasant could have said that, and meant it—and meant to raise their eyes full of light, which kindle when she smiles. Her voice is musical, as the voices of Englishwomen are apt to be. For the rest, everybody who imagines himself to be a judge of female beauty will of course consider it to be his duty to see Mrs. Langtry and to pass judgment upon her claims to the apple of Mount Ida.

The *World* thus describes some of her most striking theatrical costumes:

Mrs. Langtry makes her debut as Hester Grazebrook, in Tom Taylor's "Unequal Match." It is a part which calls for considerable versatility. Her costumes, like those in her other plays, are of her own designing. In the first act of the "Unequal Match," in which she is a poor country girl, she wears a flowered cotton dress, tucked up over a red petticoat, with a white apron and neckerchief; in the second she has a pale blue dress, of soft material, made up in innumerable platings, loopings, and frillings, and trimmed with cream lace, and in the third an elaborate gray silk dress, trimmed with "steel jet," which look like the scales of a silver fish. In "She Stoops to Conquer" her first dress is of rich antique satin, brocaded with pink roses, over a lagoon-colored petticoat, puffed, flounced, and trimmed with embroidery; point lace ruffles and fichu. The second dress is of sprigged muslin, with sack tied with marigold-color ribbons, brown hat with ostrich feathers, Suede gloves and Suede-color shoes. The third dress is gray cashmere, short petticoat with overskirt tucked up with white apron with pockets, plain faced bodice with lawn fichu and ruffles, gray stockings and black shoes with buckles, lace cap. In "Rosalind" Mrs. Langtry wears what she believes to be the true "doublet and hose" of Shakespeare while the daughter of the banished duke is masquerading as a youth. When she comes upon the stage with Hymen and Celia she appears in a quaint semi-Grecian costume with touches of flame-color about it. These extravaganzas from the traditional wear of the Rosalind of the stage are understood to have been adopted by the advice of Mr. Labouchère. Upon this point Mrs. Labouchère, who accompanies Mrs. Langtry, however, may be heard. As to the "doublet and hose," the London critics have fallen in among themselves, but there seems to have been a general disappointment among the audiences in the British metropolis at Mrs. Langtry's infidelity to the conventional type of Gynemede.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Mr. Bartley Campbell has been very successful, pecuniarily, with his plays, mainly from the fact that he is a good business man, and personally manages the performing of them. Mark Twain is said to have realized some hundred thousand dollars from the sunny Colonel Sellers. Bronson Howard derives a handsome income from royalties and percentages on his plays. Usually the royalty is twenty-five dollars for each performance. For his new play, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," just brought out successfully at the Madison Square Theatre, Mr. Howard has received three thousand dollars in cash, with a contingency on future receipts. The limit of this contingency is twelve thousand dollars, to be paid in installments of three thousand dollars for every one hundred and eighty nights. Mr. Howard retains the right for England. Mr. Hart Jackson, who adapted the "Two Orphans" for the Union Square Theatre, is reported to have received seventy-five thousand dollars in royalties for that play. Joaquin Miller received a large income from "The Danites." But the dramatist who has received the largest revenue from his plays, either in ancient or modern times, is Mr. Boucicault.

"Pretty Georgie Cayvan," says Clara Belle, "wore, as a part of her costume, the Gypsy Girl in 'The Romany Rye,' when that play was produced in New York, a yard or two of just such stuff at a cost that would have absorbed the ablest fortune-teller's fortune for a year. I forgave her, however, in view of the delicious swagger produced by a peculiar rolling of the hips, that made her picturesque. Of course, the real Gypsies don't walk that way. They sneak and slouch awkwardly; judging by those that are introduced in the play, and are encamped near Central Park. The women of that lot are too disgusting to go near, as I ascertained on trying. Speaking of those brocade patterns, and of going into queer places, I have seen once more the tattooed girl of whom I wrote. She has reappeared at one of our museums. She is the identical woman, but has changed her spots somewhat. Running across the calves of her legs now are bands of the newest fashionable patterns. The lecturer declared that the colors were pricked in by savages ten years ago, and he resented the insinuation when I called his attention to this fresh pattern of the present season, done in newly invented colors. As for the girl, she is a Greek, and understands no English; yet when I talked about the new-fashioned design on her legs, and said I was sure I could match it at a dry-goods store around the corner, she turned fiery red in the face, exactly as she would have done if she had understood English."

"An undeniably handsome woman," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer's* New York correspondent, "is a conspicuous figure in the 'Vicar of Bray,' the comic opera just brought out at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. I mean Edith Bland. She is half a head taller than any man on the same stage, finely proportioned, and has rather a pretty face. She personates a ballet-dancer, and wears a novel costume, almost wholly black, the only color being a very little yellow. Even her stockings are jet, and they are shown considerably above her knees when she dances. 'She is an English lady,' said an observer. 'She is the wife of Mr. Solomon, the composer of the opera, you know. Her father is a baronet, and she is highly cultured. Don't you notice how softly English her accent is, and how well she carries herself? Just about a year ago I happened to be in Buffalo with a near relative. We were total strangers in the city, and had an evening on our hands. He suggested that here was my chance to go to a variety show without detection. We went. I found myself in a stuffy little box, and, peeping out from behind the curtains, I saw a smoking, drinking audience of men. Myself and two others were the only women in the house, aside from those on the stage. One of the latter was this same Edith Bland, just as stately and fine as she was the other night at the Fifth Avenue. Remembering this, I wondered if the admirer of her ladylike demeanor and soft English accent would have changed her mind if informed that, whether or not the actress was of aristocratic birth, she had acquired her grace of bearing on the despised variety stage."

To attempt to give representations of Italian operas in French, at the Château d'Eau Theatre, has been most unsuccessful. The house closed with "Don Pasquale." In the middle of the opera, Madeleine Mineur, who was singing Norina, suddenly stopped, and said to the leader, Monsieur Bourgeois: "You are accompanying me abominably; besides which, you suppress all the *ritornelli*." "Well, I won't accompany you at all," coolly said Monsieur Bourgeois, and, suiting the action to the word, he got down from his seat and walked out, followed by the whole orchestra. The curtain fell, and the lessee rushed after the musicians and endeavored to bring them back, but was unsuccessful. The curtain was then raised again, and an actor, addressing himself to the public in an agitated voice, asked: "Can not somebody play the piano?" a query which was immediately answered by an old lady, who quietly left her seat among the audience, sat down to the piano, and accompanied exquisitely during the remainder of the performance.

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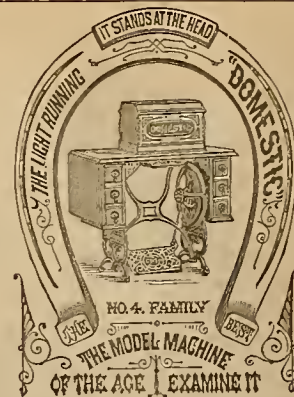
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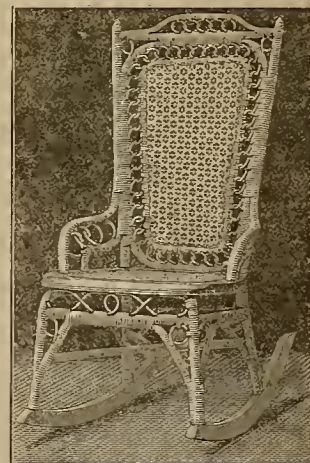
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A very ugly old barrister, arguing a point of practice before Plunket, claimed to be received as an authority. "I am a pretty old practitioner, my Lord." "An old practitioner, Mr. S—," was Plunket's correction.

Sir Fletcher Norton, whose want of courtesy was notorious, happened, while pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, to say: "My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person. I myself have two little manors." "We all know it, Sir Fletcher," the judge interposed, with one of his blandest smiles.

The near approach of the winter stimulates the prudent man to the purchase of fuel. Prudent Householder—Hi, ho, there! Stop! What do you ask for your coal? Peripatetic Dealer—Three francs a hundred kilos, sir. Housekeeper—Weigh me a thousand kilos, and dump it here. Dealer (hesitatingly)—Certainly, sir; but—well, ahem!—the fact is, that when we weigh it in the presence of the customer the price is three francs and a half.

Charles Dickens had a very good story about the early days of a renowned mourning establishment. He went there one day about some mourning, and was ushered into a room where sat a shopman with an attendant in woe-stricken habiliments, who groaned out: "A father, a mother—perhaps a wife." "Oh, no," said Dickens, "only a distant relative." "Oh, sir," said the funeral one, "you have made a mistake; this is the chamber of agonizing woe. John, toll the bell, and show the gentleman into the lightaffliction department."

His majesty George IV. once appeared in full Highland costume and begged the ladies to tell him how he looked. They all assured him nothing could be better. At that moment appeared the portly Alderman Sir William Curtis, also in full Highland costume—a most ridiculous figure. The king bit his lip, and said: "I hope I do not look like that; at all events, that my kilt is not so short." One of the ladies made the king a low curtsy, and said: "As your majesty stays so short a time in Scotland, the more we see of you the better!"

A venerable lady in green glasses, a calico dress, and alpine sun-bonnet, entered the art-gallery of a Norwich dentist the other day. She carried a carpet-bag and took snuff. Setting the bag at the feet of the dentist, she opened it, fumbled around in its capacious mouth, and drew out a set of worn but serviceable false teeth. "There," she said, "what'll ye gimme fur these things? They belonged to my sister, but as she's dead she won't have any further use fur 'em. They are good yet fur second-hand, an' reckon I can get 'bout half price fur 'em."

The wit of Sergeant Ballantine appears to be of a very caustic character. When, some years ago, a distinguished journalist was forced to appear in the witness-box, the sergeant, just before cross-examining him, entirely deprived him of his self-possession by coolly observing: "There is flour on your nose, sir." On another occasion he publicly rebuked Mr. Justice Hawkins—then Mr. Hawkins, Q. C.—for his inveterate love of accumulating wealth, assuring him that he had much more money than he would ever need in this life; that he could not possibly hope to take the surplus away with him, and that, if he did, it would most certainly melt.

The famous conjurer Hermann has arrived in Paris from Vienna, after a sojourn of six months in South America. During a performance at the house of the Governor of Montevideo, Hermann determined to mystify three half-savage Patagonians who were present, and whom no one dared to approach. He stupefied the first by taking an orange from his nose; he astonished the second by producing a series of plasters from his hair, but the third seemed overpowered with terror as he extracted from his nose a living rat. Uttering a cry of fright, the Patagonians withdrew, and the company congratulated Hermann upon his success. While receiving their congratulations, he suddenly discovered that his watch was gone, and that his chain had gone with it. His purse, too, had disappeared, and the thief had also appropriated his eyeglass and his pocket handkerchief. Half an hour afterward the chief of the Patagonians returned, bringing the missing articles. The savage from whose nose Hermann had extracted the rat had emptied the conjurer's pockets at the moment when he was pretending to be overcome with terror at the apparition of the rat from the tip of his nose.

A young man arrived at an inn, and after alighting from his horse went into the traveler's room, where he walked backward and forward for some minutes, displaying the utmost importance. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance gave him an order, nearly as follows: "Waiter! I! The waiter replied, 'Sir.' 'I am a man of few words, and don't like continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house. I'll thank you to listen to what I am going to say.' The waiter again replied, 'Yes, Sir.' 'In the first place bring me a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar, and also a teaspoon; wipe down the table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep up the hearth; bring me a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little sealing-wax, and let me know what time the post goes out. Tell the hostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he is ready to feed. Order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, a clean night-cap, and a glass of water in the room. Send the Boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into this room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning. Ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort; desire your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of his town.' The waiter answered, 'Yes, Sir,' and then went to the landlord and told him a gentleman in the parlor wanted a great many things, and among the rest he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



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1849. 1882.

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NOTICE.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name.	Cert. No.	No. Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	37	5	\$2 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	73	200	4,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	74	300	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	74	300	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	4	5	not issued 2 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	5	995	do 398 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	6	5	do 2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	7	995	do 398 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	8	5	do 2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	9	2,495	do 998 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	10	5	do 2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	11	995	do 398 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	12	5	do 2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	13	2,495	do 998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee.....	14	1,000	do 400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee.....	15	2,000	do 800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	16	1,000	do 400 00
M. Baldrige, Trustee.....	17	1,500	not issued 600 00
Fred'k Lux, Trustee.....	18	1,000	do 400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee.....	19	2,000	do 800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee.....	20	1,000	do 400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee.....	22	500	do 200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee.....	23	500	do 200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee.....	24	1,000	do 400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee.....	25	2,000	not issued 800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee.....	26	500	do 200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee.....	27	500	do 200 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	28	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	29	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	30	1,000	do 400 00
L. C. Kelly, Trustee.....	31	1,000	do 400 00
Chas. S. Neal, Trustee.....	32	5	do 2 00
Wm. F. Flick, Trustee.....	33	5	do 2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins, Trustee.....	34	5	do 2 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	35	5	do 2 00
Benj. Teal, Trustee.....	36	5	do 2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	37	1,000	do 400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	38	1,000	do 400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	39	1,000	do 400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	40	1,000	do 400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	41	1,000	not issued 400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee.....	42	3,000	do 1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee.....	43	3,000	do 1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee.....	44	1,000	do 400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee.....	45	500	do 200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	46	500	do 200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee.....	47	200	do 80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	48	100	do 40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee.....	49	50	do 20 00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee.....	50	50	do 20 00
A. P. Bouton, Trustee.....	51	50	do 20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee.....	52	50	not issued 20 00
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee.....	53	250	do 100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee.....	54	250	do 100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	55	1,000	do 400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee.....	56	500	do 200 00
Gas. S. Porteous, Trustee.....	57	500	do 200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee.....	58	100	do 40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the company's office, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, Cal., on Monday, the sixth day of November, 1882, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

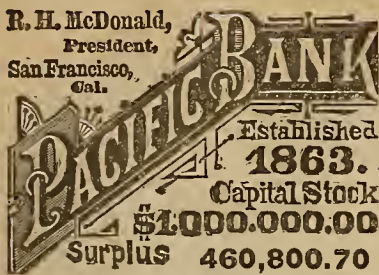
Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the thirtieth (30th) day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

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R. H. McDonald,
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RESOURCES.	
Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30
LIABILITIES.	\$3,752,099 09
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

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(Department No. 7.)

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, Plaintiff,
vs.
JAMES DALY, ET AL.; Defendants.

Superior Court.

(Late 4th District Court, ALIAS EXECUTION.)

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Alias Execution issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against James Daly and Michael Hawkins, defendants, on the 16th day of April, A. D. 1879, for the sum of Six Thousand (\$6,000.00) Dollars, lawful money of the United States, which amount is entitled to a credit of \$2,736.18 made on two former executions, with interest thereon and costs, etc. I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendants, James Daly and Michael Hawkins, had on the sixteenth day of October, 1882, the day upon which the hereinafter described property was levied upon in the above entitled cause, or which they may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the names of James D. Daly Michael Hawkins, John O. Kane, and A. J. Moon, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Broadway Street, 95 3/4 feet easterly from Baker Street; thence running westerly along said line of Broadway Street 95 3/4 feet to the easterly line of Baker Street; thence running northerly along said line of Baker Street 136 feet; thence easterly parallel with Broadway Street 63 5/12 feet; and thence southeasterly to the point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 13th day of NOVEMBER, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendants, James Daly and Michael Hawkins, had on the 16th day of October, 1882, the day upon which the above property was levied upon, as aforesaid, or which they may have subsequently acquired in and to the above described property, to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
TODIN & TODIN, Att'ys for Pl't.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 21, 1882.
21-25-4-11

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When requested, I give a written guarantee as follows with each vehicle: First—I warrant it to be wholly free from that tedious and annoying bobbing motion common to other two wheeled vehicles, which tires the occupant and hurts the horse's back, and to ride as smoothly and easily as the best buggy. I think no other responsible maker dare give such a warranty.

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CRIMINAL OR CRANK?

By J. T. Goodman.

I have known few men so intimately, and esteemed none more highly, than I did Godfrey Waldegrave. A community of age and tastes conduced to the intimacy, but the esteem rested solely upon the purity and loftiness of his nature. I use the word nature instead of character, because there appears to me to be a marked distinction between the terms—the one implying an inborn attribute, while the other may denote a trait that is merely acquired. The nobility of Waldegrave was an inalienable birthright. I have known men who, pricked by the spur of circumstances, could comport themselves as loftily, and whose souls could give out as pure a lustre on the touchstone of chance occasion—freakish men, whose lethargic virtue required a strong stimulus to arouse it, and only burned spasmodically, like an intermittent fever; but I never knew another than Godfrey Waldegrave in whom loftiness and purity were predominant and persistent forces, independent of all motives and surroundings, and inseparable from every action of his life.

These qualities would have distinguished him had he been only of a passive mood, content to unbonnet himself graciously to the world as it passed along. But his nature would not permit him to play the elegant bystander. Amid the pageantry of that world, as it moved before him, he saw wrongs to be righted, sufferings to be alleviated, high purposes to be achieved; and his soul would not suffer him to rest while the accomplishment of any of these objects lay bow remotely soever within his power.

He was a physician—an eminent and popular one—but the practice of his profession did not afford scope enough for the full volume of his impulses and energies. The superfluity expended itself in a multiplicity of extra-professional actions, some of which were eccentric to the extreme of quixotry, but all alike inspired by high and unsullied motives. He went solitarily upon midnight missions, to do good whenever and however it was to be done, to the extent of his means and ability; he delivered public discourses upon current errors and abuses, or upon themes calculated to instruct and elevate the masses; he held, at times, regular religious services, preaching a broad humanitarian faith, designed to attract those who rebelled against the rigor of more orthodox creeds; he overwhelmed the press with contributions upon every conceivable topic; and when the severity of some of his articles was modified by the prudent editor, he established a periodical of his own, in which his opinions might find unrestricted utterance.

Such force and activity imply strong personality, and are likely to suggest its usual concomitant—egotism; but Waldegrave was singularly free from this weakness, if I rightly apprehend it. I take egotism to be a sickly outgrowth and manifestation of egoism—an obnoxious excrescence upon a wholesome trunk. A man may be superabundantly endowed with the faculty of introspection and the consciousness of individuality, which constitute egoism in its broad sense, and yet be destitute of that personal vanity whose tiresome exhibition renders him an egotist. Waldegrave possessed a greater amount of egoism than any person I ever met. The incessant strain of his mind, the unrelaxing nervous tension, the shock of endless encounters, the reaction from futile endeavor, scourged him to subjective study, and made him involuntarily a lesson to himself. The problem of his being, in which there appeared to be no possibility of an equation between the large purposes and the small achievements, was constantly forced upon him, and in his baffled search for the unattainable solution he gnawed his heart away, as other scholars gnaw a hook. But this intense consciousness and study of self did not betray him into egotistic display. He never alluded to himself out of self-love, or in a manner intended to obtrude his personality upon the listener. Yet his discourse was so surcharged with latent self as the unpivoted needle is with polarity; but he treated of his individuality only as a known quality in the problem of existence, an entity that served as a fulcrum for induction, a factor, a sign, a key—or what you will—a knowledge of which furnished the only clew, however unsubstantial, on which he could rely in the bewildering maze of life's incomprehensibilities.

His vagaries were the sure reward of eccentricity. The sneer of unpracticalness, the innuendo of insanity, came flippantly from men incapable of understanding either his motives or his methods. It was this very incapacity, undoubtedly, that begot the scoffs. People are tolerant only toward what is commensurable with their own plane and circumference. The things above or beyond them are equally objects of scorn with the things beneath them. If to know not what they do he still a valid plea for pardon, these ignorant scoffers must be forgiven, I suppose. It might be pardonable, moreover, in one who knew Waldegrave measurably well, yet not wholly, to have doubted the practicality and soundness of his mind, so extraordinary were some of his idiosyncrasies. But to me, who was as familiar with the structure and workings of his intellect as if I had anatomized it, he appeared the most practical and sane of men. Obliquity and straightness are merely matters of standpoint. Vary the angle of sight, and the oblique will become straight, the straight oblique. According to the laws that govern it,

the boomerang goes as directly to its aim as the arrow. The ostensibly unpractical schemes of Waldegrave became entirely practical when viewed from the conditions under which he saw them; and his apparently erratic ways, surveyed from the base of his peculiar mental organization, showed themselves to be the most straightforward of courses. It might be urged that, in weighing his sanity, this peculiarity of organization should itself be thrown into the scales. I am not of that opinion. Exceptional facts are to me as authoritative proportionately as general ones. The laws that govern the eccentric flights of comets have equal force with those that regulate the entire planetary system.

Waldegrave was not ignorant of these jeers, nor altogether insensible to them; but they provoked no resentment in him, and even the pity they inspired reverted upon himself. He grieved he had so failed in making himself understood that his purposes and actions could be thus misconstrued. But neither the sense of failure, nor the certainty that every fresh effort must encounter the same scoffs, could abate his zeal, or cause him to deviate in the least from the course along which his enthusiasm impelled him. He had but a single object in view—to benefit his kind. His eagerness to accomplish this rendered him indifferent to all else, and he moved onward with the exalted spirit of one who cares not, so long as victory is gained, whether his own part be honor or martyrdom.

Our friendship extended through many years, during which I noticed no particular change in Waldegrave. At length, however, I could not fail to observe a difference in him. His form became wasted, his features careworn, and his ordinarily uniform demeanor gave way to spells of moody inertness and feverish activity. It was evident that his health was impaired, or that something unusual was brooding upon his mind. But he laughed at my solicitude, though with visible effort, and persistently maintained it was nothing but a slight derangement of his system from overwork. I was forced to accept the explanation. I knew he was engaged upon a work that was taxing the extreme powers of his intellect, and it was not unlikely that in prosecuting this too diligently in conjunction with his other labors he had overtaxed himself.

One evening I was sitting in my study, thinking of my friend, whom I had not seen for several days, when a card was brought me bearing his name. I was surprised at this, for he was accustomed to enter without any such formality; but I was still more surprised when I read the words written in pencil underneath: "Would like an hour's interview with you if it can be *absolutely private*."

I shall never forget Waldegrave's appearance as he entered the room. The change in him was startling. His eyes were sunken, his cheeks hollow, his carriage drooping, and the old, beneficent, saintly look, that once lighted up his countenance with a holy beauty, was replaced by a haggard, haunted expression, hefting only the faces of the damned.

He never heeded my astonishment; he never bearded the band I eagerly extended; he never heeded the affectionate words with which I welcomed him. Glancing anxiously about the room, he asked, in a whisper:

"Are we quite alone?"

"Entirely so."

"Is there no one in the next room?"

"There is no one else on this floor."

"I must feel certain of that," he said, opening in turn the two doors leading from the study, and peering cautiously into the adjoining apartments. The scrutiny satisfied him, apparently, for he closed the doors and locked them. Then he noticed that one of the transoms was open. He shut that also, remarking that even walls were said to have ears, and he wished to stop as many of them as possible.

I was unable to conjecture in the remotest degree what all these precautions meant. Nothing suggested itself—no topic we had ever discussed, none conceivable to be introduced between us—that called for privacy, much less for the absolute secrecy upon which his whole mind seemed concentrated. As I watched him during his inspection of the room, the stealth and intensity of his manner suddenly gave a new interpretation to his ghastly aspect. These were the symbols of a dethroned mind, these the actions of a lunatic, I thought; the ignorant many were right all the while; I alone had been deceived. The sorrow occasioned by this apparent revelation was poignant, and I dreaded the shock about to succeed, when his words should leave a doubt of his madness no longer tenable.

When every possible precaution had been taken, Waldegrave directed his attention to me for the first time. The strain visible upon him until then relaxed, his manner softened, and a helpless, pleading expression came into his eyes. He spoke in a low tone, husky with emotion:

"I have no right to pledge you to secrecy," he said; "I have no right to force my horrible confession upon you. I make it because the weight of my guilt has become unendurable; and I make it to-day because you have always been so indulgent to me that I believe you will be indulgent to the last, and because I can trust you beyond all other men."

This was not the kind of utterance I expected. The precision of its terms and the quietness of its delivery dispelled the supposition of insanity; but its hint of some terrible disclosure was equally distressing. I could conceive of nothing horrible in connection with Waldegrave; and could I have done so, no sense of moral outrage would have been able to

withstand the sympathy excited by his appearance and manner. In my earnestness to express this feeling, I rose and extended my hand to him again, saying:

"You have not misjudged my friendship for you, Waldegrave. You may rely upon my sympathy, my secrecy, my assistance, to the utmost."

"I accept the assurance more gratefully than I ever before received anything in my life," he replied; "but withhold your hand. When you have heard what I am about to say, you will never proffer it to me again."

"Always as now, no matter what transpires," I answered, fervently, still insisting upon his taking my outstretched hand.

"Withhold it, I say!" he exclaimed, shrinking back affrightedly. "Do you wish to clasp the hand of a murderer?"

"You are jesting, Waldegrave."

"Would to God I were!—would to God I were! Do I look like a jester? You have been solicitous regarding the change in me. I have deceived you basely all along. My crime was attested by every symptom you observed—by the wreck you now see."

"This results solely from overtasking your brain; this is ballucination. You know as well as I do it is one of the commonest of maladies, and have only failed to recognize it because you yourself were the sufferer."

"I repeat, would to God it were!—would to God it were! But you deceive yourself. This is no phantasm, from which I shall some day awake with a buoyant sense of relief. It is natural that in your inability or reluctance to associate me with a hideous crime you should have recourse to the common belief in my madness. I have thought of it myself. I have reckoned, in the event of justice pursuing me, how securely I could entrench myself behind it, should I choose to do so. I have even become a partial convert to it—not that any action or utterance of mine appears to me less rational now than ever, but that it seems a sort of madness, as this world goes, to think or act otherwise than by rote. In this case, however, it is not my madness but my trespass that speaks. The burden of secret crime has become intolerable. I want to unbosom myself. There is more in confession than the delusive hope and promise of absolution. It subdues the bitter stubbornness of heart, relaxes the torturing constraint of silence, and brings the only rest and peace a guilty conscience can ever know. Will you listen to my confession?"

"I will listen with interest to anything you see fit to tell me, Waldegrave."

"The only motives for my crime were defiance of what I conceived to be senseless adages, and exasperation at their thoughtless reiteration. I lay particular stress upon the latter consideration, as I believe it to have been the chief provocation. Many a felon has let temptation to crime pass by him unheeded at first; but when it presented itself again and again, the recurrence became a provocation impossible to withstand. Repugnance to iteration is instinctive in human nature. The boy who wished his mother dead because he was tired of seeing her about, the man who voted for the banishment of Aristides because he was weary of bearing him called the Just, were not exceptionally splenetic; they simply gave expression, albeit in a whimsical way, to a sentiment as common to mankind as filial affection or love of justice. Within a certain limit repetition may be used with propriety, even with artistic effect; but if carried beyond the strict boundary, it becomes an exasperating repetend, an iteration that has been justly characterized as damnable. This is as true of what we admire as of what we detest. Something too much of the thing whose beauty enraptures us to-day, and to-morrow we consign it to oblivion, with the opprobrious epitaph of hackneyed and stale. The senselessness of the whole range of proverbial lore combined would never of itself have driven me to crime. It might have excited disgust, but it could hardly have aroused active defiance. But my passive antagonism was goaded to action by the satisfied manner with which brainless opponents endeavored to quench argument with some trite adage, as if any vital topic could be extinguished by a stale misconception. The thing occurred and recurred until I regarded everything in the shape of a proverb with intense hatred, and sought every opportunity to discredit their assumed wisdom. A statement of the sea of hubbles I pricked by one method or another would degenerate into a mere catalogue, and he irrelevant likewise, as my course was innocent until I grappled with the saying: 'Murder will out.'"

"When I first confronted it, I had no purpose of putting it to test. It was offensive to me, in common with all adages; but it was not offensively thrust at me, or exasperatingly reiterated within my hearing; I was therefore content for a while with an attitude of armed neutrality toward it. But a singular circumstance rendered the maintenance of such a position impossible. As if some malign spirit of iteration vitalized every apothegm, I was at length impelled irresistibly to repeat the adage to myself until my brain ached with the monotonous repetition. Every effort to banish it from my mind was useless; still the clatter would run on—'Murder will out,' 'Murder will out,' 'Murder will out.' Superstitious people would call this a premonition, or say that I was possessed by an evil spirit. You and I know it was only automatic action of the nerve-centres of the brain; but the unerring law of fatalism its consequences were the same."

if it had been the boding wail of uncommitted crime, or a demoniac voice inciting me to murder.

"The self-repeating sentence assumed to me at length the aspect of an exultant challenge. I presumed upon my forbearance. In a desperate moment I resolved to disprove the arrogant assumption, and thus make a final disposition of it so far as concerned myself. I never for an instant hesitated in my purpose after I had once determined upon it. My conscience did not interfere, either to restrain me from guilt or to plead in behalf of the innocent victim. The proceeding never presented itself to me in the light of a crime. I regarded it simply as an experiment, and thought no more of the life to be taken than I would of the life of an animal I was about to vivisect. My whole mind was bent upon gainsaying the proverb—or, in other words, committing a murder that should never be found out. I entered upon the project deliberately and methodically.

"The first point to be decided was how to do the deed. Naturally, my pursuits suggested that I should do it under the cloak of my profession, which, you are aware, could be managed easily enough; but I discarded the idea for two reasons: the experiment was personal, not professional, and should therefore be made outside of my calling; and, moreover, if the deed were done in the line of my practice, it would be indistinguishable from the common run of practical killing—hence, not a fair test case. I wanted an outright murder; not a mere professional one. The knowledge and weapons of my craft, however, entered into the plan I finally settled upon. I decided to commit the murder in some public place by injecting poison hypodermically into whatever subject I might select. This selection was a matter of serious consideration. My original impulse was to choose some one obnoxious to me, thereby rendering the killing of double utility; but such a course would introduce an element of malice into the affair, whereas I desired it to be purely experimental. Revenge should be alien to a calm, philosophic purpose. In order to prevent any bias from adulterating my motives, I determined to leave the matter of selection entirely to chance. The choice of a poison presented little trouble, as any one of a dozen or more could be made to serve. I decided upon using bydrocyanic acid, knowing that, if administered chemically pure, less than a drop would kill almost instantly, while there would be little likelihood of its odor being detected in the open air, and no possibility of a timely application of antidotes.

"When my plan was thus completely matured, I went forth to do the deed. The night was fine, and the streets were thronged with people. I had thought that opportunities to perform my experiment would present themselves on any of the principal thoroughfares; but, for the first time within my recollection, the city appeared to be ablaze with light, and I seemed to be an object of universal scrutiny. I strolled about for hours, with the hypodermic syringe carefully concealed in my hand, looking in vain for a chance to use it unobserved. The difficulty would not have been so great had I wished merely to kill a person and escape detection. With only that aim in view I could have prodded almost any one in the thigh as I passed. But that was not all I was seeking to accomplish: I desired the cause of death and the fact of murder to escape detection as well. To insure this, I purposed injecting the poison in the scalp or chin, where the hair or beard would conceal even the slight puncture made by the instrument. Such an operation would necessitate a movement of the arm likely to attract attention on a crowded and well-lighted street.

"A man dropped his cane, and stooped just in front of me, to recover it. My hand was within an inch of his head when he suddenly sprang erect. A lady bent low to examine something in a window. The sharp point of the instrument caught in her hair as she rose quickly and turned away. After these two failures, I realized that it was next to impossible to find the opportunity sought without resorting to some obscure place, or mingling in a dense crowd.

"Just then I passed the entrance to a theatre. No better chance could have presented itself, I thought. I consulted my watch; the performance would be over in a quarter of an hour. I walked along leisurely for seven minutes, then turned and walked as leisurely back. When a few paces from the entrance I loitered until I heard the tramp of the outgoing audience. I then advanced, forced myself into the thickest of it, and was borne alone with the stream as it surged down the street.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

At Chester, during Pennsylvania's recent Bi-centennial, says the New York Tribune, the neighbors divided among themselves the characters of the personages who figured in the old affair, and then repaired to the bank of the river. All of their families and friends went down to look on. Eight or ten shop-keepers, grocers, and hakers put on war-paint and feathers and peeped out of the woods, muttering Ugh! at intervals. A well-known farmer appeared as Penn in a boat, and a young druggist, painted copper-color, rose and said: "I am Bear's Meat. I am old. Here, Tamenend, chief of many years." Whereupon Tamenend (a dry goods man) said: "I, Tamenend of many years. The world rests on my turtle. It is enough," etc., etc. And all the grocers and hakers responded Ugh! while the people of Chester looked on gravely and saw nothing to laugh at in the matter. At Philadelphia the fun was more complicated. The Government sent men-of-war; fleets came from the northern ports, and ranged themselves in the Delaware; fifty steam-tugs went down to escort the Welcome up; and when the hour struck, behold, Penn was tipsy! There was an agonized search for somebody, no matter who, to come and land. Finally the eyes of the committee fell on the son of the costumer, who had brought a bundle of clothes down to the wharf. He was equipped in knee-breeches and shad-hellied coat, and when he stepped ashore was met by the Governor of the State and all the city dignitaries. As his foot touched the ground every bell in the city rang, cannon pealed, and a million sedate Pennsylvanians cracked their throats. And nobody saw anything funny in it. Italians or Frenchmen would have carried on the joke with a joyous, enthusiastic gayety that showed it was a joke and they knew it. Englishmen would not have done it at all. But the staid Pennsylvanians went through it as gravely as if it had been religious exercises. It was a most unexpected and astounding revelation of character.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

England does substantial pecuniary reward to those who render her distinguished services in battle. After the Ashantee war Sir Garnet Wolseley had a parliamentary grant of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. After Waterloo the grants to Wellington amounted to three million five hundred thousand dollars; Nelson, nearly one million.

The following correspondence between a New York newspaper man resident in Brooklyn and Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, apropos of the sermon denouncing Folger's candidacy, is published:

DEAR MR. BEECHER: You made an ass of yourself yesterday.

DEAR SIR: The Lord saved you the trouble of making an ass of yourself by making you an ass at the beginning, and "His work stands sure." H. W. BEECHER.

Mr. William H. Whitman, clerk of the courts for Plymouth County, Massachusetts, says the Boston Gazette, has received the requisite legal notice through counsel in the cases of Rosetta Nightingale, Cynthia Cahoon, and Stanton Fisher, of the discontinuance of their suits against A. Williams & Co., for publishing "Cape Cod Folks," and they will be removed from the docket of the court. The suit of Adeline A. Fisher expired with the death of the plaintiff, and public curiosity will not be gratified by witnessing a trial of these famous cases.

Mr. Toby Rosenthal, the artist in whom San Francisco takes a just pride, has nearly finished a picture for a gentleman of this city. Its subject is taken from Scott's "Marmion," representing the scene when Constance de Beverly, in her page's dress, is taken before the tribunal of the convent. The abbess and the abbesses stand at the left with unrelenting faces. The unfortunate girl stands in the centre foreground. A brutal monk is tearing from her shoulders a cloak, while a mass of golden hair streams over her shoulders. In the right background the monks are preparing the opening in the wall for her immolation. They hold torches in their hands, which spread a ruddy glare over the dull stone of the convent walls. The picture has been much praised by the critics.

In his book about the Turco-Russian war, Lieutenant Greene tells of the coldness of the Russians toward him whenever he was mistaken for a British officer, and how completely their treatment changed as soon as they found out he was an American. Indeed, their attentions were so marked as to prove rather embarrassing, since on some occasions they insisted on sacrificing their own comfort and convenience to his. The testimony of Engineer Melville is to the same effect. In conversation with a reporter the other day, he spoke highly of his treatment by the Russian authorities, saying that even the lower officials distinguished themselves by their courtesy and refinement. The feeling for Americans among the Russian lower classes seemed to be very warm and far different to that entertained toward the English.

It is understood, says an Indiana journal, that the events in the closing chapters of W. D. Howells's last novel, "A Modern Instance," took place in one of our neighboring cities. The Tecumseh of the novel is Crawfordsville. The plot of "A Modern Instance," so far as it can be, in the divorce scene, is from actual study. Mr. Howells visited Crawfordsville last summer, and spent several weeks there in studying the city, the court, and the Indiana divorce system. Augustus H. Hawkins, the county clerk in the fiction, is Mr. T. D. Brown, uncle of Miss Mary H. Krout, and present clerk of Montgomery. The judge of the hook is Judge Britton, now on the bench in that county. We think the paper in which the divorce advertisement was printed must not have been of Crawfordsville, as Mr. Howells refers to it as "a flimsy, shabbily printed country newspaper." There is a study of the Crawfordsville bar in the closing chapters of this remarkable novel, said to be quite realistic.

Two poverty-stricken young Irish noblemen have recently done well in matrimony. The Earl of Desart was living from hand to mouth in London, making his subsistence by story-writing. Not long ago he stepped into a fortune of three hundred thousand pounds by marrying Miss Bischoffsheim, daughter of an old London Jew money-lender. And now comes the news that Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Bart., hereditary Knight of Kerry, and equerry to H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, has just married the other Miss Bischoffsheim. Glanleam, in the island of Valencia, is the family residence of the Fitzgerald family; and a most isolated place it is. But Sir Maurice will build on his estate at Ballinruddery with some of his bride's dowry. The place is well wooded, and known to gunners as a capital place for woodcocks. It is well for young Fitzgerald that he has acquired this fortune, for the Valencia estates have been laboring under heavy mortgages for nearly a century. Five years ago, when Sir Maurice's sister was married off, the estates were denuded of half the trees, in order to meet her settlements.

The New York Times's Egyptian correspondent relates a curious story of how a young Baltimorean, George Tinney, was made a Bey with a present of five thousand dollars. Said Pasha lay at the point of death. His successor was to be Ismail (the present Khedive's predecessor). The custom is that the messenger first announcing to the new Pasha the news of his predecessor's death shall be made Bey, and receive one hundred thousand piastres. A man by the name of Thomas owned the only telegraph line then running from Alexandria (where Said lay dying) to Cairo, the home of Ismail. Thomas was at the Cairo station awaiting the death announcement which should give him the coveted prize. Growing sleepy, he told Tinney, the operator, to awaken him at the first telegraphic click. But Tinney had plans of his own, and so, when the expected dispatch came, he did not awaken his sleeping employer, but rushed off to Ismail's palace himself, where, after a short wait, he gained admittance to the august presence, and made known his secret. The new Pasha's first question was, "What is your name?" and, quickly learning, exclaimed: "Tinney Bey, I thank you much; here is an order for one hundred thousand piastres, and the *irade*, naming you bey, will be the first I sign."

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Good Manners and Household Decoration.

Rag carpets are coming into fashion again in the shape of large rugs for bed-rooms and nurseries, and the man whose under-clothes have been huttered to make a rag-carpet holiday is hunting for a warm place where he can escape the balmy breath of November.

A host should always anticipate the wants of his guests and never compel them to ask for what they desire. It is not only annoying to the guest, but to others, to stand up at the table and spear a hot potato with the fork, or to carve the pie with his own knife.

When an engagement is broken the ring and all the presents should be returned to the gentleman. They can then be used again by him on subsequent occasions, and the masher will thus be able to continue his business without additional capital.

After luncheon tea and coffee are never served in the drawing-room, as the guests are not expected to remain long, for the hostess may wish to go out. Nothing can be more annoying than the hungry, longing look of a guest after luncheon, who still yearns for provisions not in the house.

Answers to Correspondents.

LOUISE.—Who was Blackstone?

Mr. Blackstone was a man who flourished several years ago, and wrote a little work on English law and primogeniture, salvage, replevin plea in abatement, ouster, onus probandi, oyer and terminer, and other evils of his time. He would go out and weed onions an hour or two, and then come in and swear a few lines; after which he would dash off a poem on the habeas corpus, the non-suit, misjoinder, chattel mortgage, mayhem, misfeasance, or other beauties of nature. He was perfectly at home while dealing with messages, mesne process, torts, mandamus, and high certiorari. Blackstone has been more largely read and quoted, perhaps, than any other humorist in the English language. His favorite joke was called the rule in Shelley's case, and he loved to monkey with the *lex non scripta* and assumption. Blackstone is now dead. His parents also are dead. They were cut down in their youth.

LOTUS EATER.—About the time of our war with Mexico, you published an account of a duel which took place at Gibraltar, soon after the close of our last war with England (1812-13), between one of our officers (a lieutenant) and two British officers, then stationed at that place. The article was apparently written by the American's second, who was represented as the captain of the brig *Monmouth*, of Baltimore, and who closed his statement by saying that the lieutenant was at that time (1847 or 1848) an officer in the United States Navy, high in command and stationed off the coast of Mexico. Will you please republish that article again and very much oblige an old reader?

We would gladly republish it again, and then republish the poem again some more, if we had it, but we have not. We were not publishing the *Boomerang* during the Mexican war. We would have done so if we had been born, but we were not. This was no fault of ours. It was an unavoidable delay for which we were not responsible.

INQUIRER.—Will you be so kind as to inform me how the ancients represented Nemesis in their mythology?

Nemesis, in Grecian mythology, was the goddess of night. She worked the doubtful precincts in the interest of the enemies of human happiness. She disturbed the conscience, and by means of the goddess Nightmare, contrived to make it unpleasant for those who strayed into hy and forbidden paths. She was particularly worshiped by Rhamus, Patrae, Cyzicus, Lucretia Borgia, and other old-timers. She is usually represented as a virgin, standing in a thoughtful attitude and low shoes, holding in her left hand the branch of an elm tree, and in her right a link of bologna sausage.

D. C. W.—I. Will you please decide the following questions in your next issue, and oblige a constant reader. A and B are playing a game of casino, 21 points up. A stands 20; B, 13. It is B's deal. He deals the cards, and on the first hand played A makes an ace, and calls game. B insists on A playing the game out, which he objects to, as B is only 13, and if he made the cards, spades, and high and little casino, he would then be only twenty, and obliged to make an ace to make 21. Is A or B right? II. And again, if there should be two 20's in the game, is not the one out who makes the first point and calls game?—or have you got to play the game out and give the cards precedence?

We do not know exactly how it would be; and as our casino editor is at present away from home working in a tie-camp, we would prefer to lay the question over till another meeting.

RAOUL.—Please inform me concerning the tradition of St. Denys.

St. Denys, after martyrdom, carried his head six miles, and laid it down at the spot where the cathedral now stands which bears his name. As soon as he had done so he fainted from loss of blood, and afterward expired. This choice and popular lie originated from the fact that the artist who painted St. Denys represented him as headless, and then, remembering that the friends of deceased would not easily recognize him, painted the head in the hands of St. Denys.—*Boomerang*.

Labouchere says that France is now one gigantic gambling establishment. At Paris, every one, from the fine lady to the cabman, speculates at the Bourse, and in every French town of any pretensions to "civilization" there are one or more public casinos, which derive large dividends from allowing the game of baccarat to be played. "Now, for my part," he says, "I hold that, a fool and his money being made to part, it signifies very little to the State whether money be in the pocket of fool A or fool B—or, indeed, for the matter of that, of swindler C. But I would point out to the British traveler in France that, if he risks his cash at baccarat, it is about fifty to one that he will be cheated. Any one may hold the bank, and there are numerous gangs organized for this purpose. One of the gang holds it and deals the cards, while another of the gang makes a sign to him, to let him know the exact value of the cards given to the players. With this advantage, it is not, perhaps, surprising that the gang should win, and that the unsuspecting traveler should lose."

Palmistry is very fashionable in London society with young women. It must be pleasant to sit in the gloaming and have a beautiful girl hold your hand in hers and tell you all about your past, present, and future, and all that sort of thing. Pleasant for the girl, we mean.

LONDON LORDS AND LADIES.

A Chronicle about Pheasant-shooting and the Professional Beauties.

October is, *par excellence*, England's pheasant-shooting month. The season begins on the first of the month and lasts till the first of February; but while, of course, shooting goes on through November, December, and January, and pheasant, as a game, is a regular thing to be seen both in Leadenhall Market and on the tables of country estate-owners and their friends, who get a hamper sent them now and then, the edge is taken off the sport when November arrives, by which time the birds who have survived the slaughter of the first four weeks have grown sufficiently wild to make their attempted bagging a matter of more exertion than the average English sportsman of the present day cares to subject himself to. Then again, with November's initial days comes fox-hunting, and once the weekly "fixtures"—as the appointed days for hunting are called—are settled by the M. F. H.'s of the different packs of hounds within reach, shooting of any sort becomes a sport of secondary consideration, only to be indulged in as a means of recreation, in a sort of desultory fashion, when there is nothing else to do. So the early days of October mark the return to his English home of more than one absentee, to whom the potting of grouse on the Scotch moors has grown stale, the excitement of Aix-les-Bains become a bore, or to whom the delights of grouse or partridge-shooting were insufficient attractions to lure him back sooner to his native land.

Pheasants are shot in covers, and the sport is called "cover-shooting" in contradistinction to partridge-shooting, which is done out in the open. A clump of trees, high bushes, or timber capable of affording the requisite "cover," is surrounded by the shooting party, numbering from two or three up to a dozen or more. Then "heaters" are sent in to beat the bushes with sticks and frighten the birds, which fly out singly or in twos and threes, and are shot (or shot at) by the party without. Cock pheasants, only, are shot, except toward the end of the season, when the scarcity of the male birds renders the sparing of the hens no longer advisable. When a bird is seen to fly from the cover, whoever sees it, should it not come within range of his own gun, calls out to those of the party in whose direction it flies, to warn them, thus: "Mark cock to the right!" "Mark cock to the left!" "Mark forward!" etc. As the shooting party are stationed at equal intervals from each other round the cover, their distance apart is often very slight when the circuit of the cover is small and the party large, as is most frequently the case. The customary injunction to "fire high" is therefore a most necessary precaution. It is one, however, not as carefully observed as it ought to be, and when the birds come out with a rush, as they sometimes do, and there follows a banging on every side and a whistling of shot all about one, there is a painful sensation of insecurity to life and limb not unlike that experienced in action when the line of fire is reached in a charge, except that one doesn't feel quite the same exhilaration from the thought that if one is hit he will be looked upon as a hero.

Accidents from careless and flurried shooting at such times are by no means of rare occurrence in England. Lord Powerscourt not long ago lost one of his eyes at the hands of an excitable young Nimrod, whose anxiety to bring down a bird flying below the safety line caused him to blaze away straight into his lordship's face. Happily the aim was a bad one, or the effects might have been even more disastrous. The Earl of Dunmore, whose frequent voyages back and forth between Liverpool and New York, and journeys overland to Colorado, where he has large cattle interests, have made him almost as well known in America as at home, has also had an eye injured, if not destroyed, in the same way: and only the other day Sir Hervey Bruce was shot in the face, luckily without injury to his sight.

There is a good story told of the Marquis of Waterford (Lord Charles Beresford's uncle) and the way he served a young fellow, whose indifference to the lives and limbs of other people when out shooting with them had gained for him somewhat of a reputation. The young man, though he ought to have been deprived of his gun license by special act of Parliament, was the son of a duke of such high standing in the political world that nobody ventured more than a mild remonstrance with him for his carelessness, and while few cared to join a shooting party of which he made one, his position got him invited where men of more caution, but less blood, would have been excluded. It so happened that one October both the Marquis and Lord Joceline Clinton—the young man in question—found themselves staying for the shooting at Wolterton Park, Lord Orford's place in Norfolk. There was a large party staying at the house, and more than one fortuitous escape from Lord Joceline's reckless gun was the nightly topic over brandy, and soda, and birdseye in the smoking-room. Several of the men had already been grazed on one or two occasions by shots fired at close quarters, and one who had been his nearest neighbor one morning had had one of his whiskers and eyebrows singed off by a flash from a muzzle heedlessly placed within an inch of his cheek. Lord Joceline paid small heed to the remarks he heard, and laughingly treated all that was said as a joke. But Lord Waterford smoked his pipe in silence, only joining in the talk so far as to confide to a friend who sat near his determination to put an end to the young man's exploits should it come in his way to do so. It is said that Lord Joceline overheard the remark, but said nothing. At all events, next day the party went out as usual, and as chance would have it, when shooting an outlying cover, Lord Waterford and Lord Joceline stood about ten feet apart. In the midst of an exciting *battue* a rabbit darted out of the bushes and ran between the two. Lord Joceline, disregarding all orders to the contrary, leveled and fired at it. The rabbit got safely away, but about a dozen of the shot intended for it lodged in Lord Waterford's legs. His hack happened to be turned at the moment, but wheeling round without a sign of pain ere the reverberation of the discharge had died away, he called out, in a loud tone: "Whoever fired that last shot, hold up his hand!" Lord Joceline, in the bravado of the moment, held up his hand with a laugh. Hardly had he done so when Lord Waterford raised his gun and let him have the contents of one harrel into his palm. Fortunately it was a defective cartridge, from which much of the shot had fallen, else it

would have been a bad day for Lord Joceline. As it was, he carried away enough leaden pellets among his finger joints to make a sadder and a wiser man of him, and cure him effectively of the peculiarity that had made him a terror in the shooting field. No one after that had ever cause of complaint against him.

Now that Mrs. Langtry is gone, the other professional beauties of less note, who had to play second to her in the beauty line while she remained in England, have begun to plume their heretofore overshadowed feathers, and are coming to the rescue of the poor photographers who have been obliged to surrender the Jersey Lily to Sarony of New York. It is curious to notice how the windows of the print-shops are budding forth with photographs of Lady Lonsdale, Lady Garvagh, Mrs. Livingston-Thompson, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, and Mrs. Wheeler. Lady Dudley seems to be getting too *passé* to resuscitate. A few years ago, however, she was unquestionably the handsomest woman in England; but now—well, a woman's beauty can't last forever. Luckily for her, her position does not depend on her looks, like the others. Her husband, the Earl of Dudley, though as plain a looking man as you would meet in a day's walk, is one of the richest noblemen in the kingdom, and the combined forces of rank and money which she has on her side have enabled her to do what none of the others would have dared. Unlike the others, she has ever spurned the notice and attention of the Prince of Wales, going so far as to refuse to speak to him. Indeed, she has been known on more than one occasion to deliberately turn her back upon him at a ball. She is a sister of the unfortunate Lady Mordaunt, which tells the whole story.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West has generally, in a popular sense, counted number two after Mrs. Langtry. Some people there are who think her the prettier of the two. But her figure, though undoubtedly a fine one, does not approach that of the Jersey Lily, and her face at public entertainments is too elaborately embellished with bismuth and rouge to allow it a moment's place of comparison beside the purely natural, untouched-by-art complexion of Mrs. Langtry. I was at a country hall last winter down near Henley, and late in the evening a large party arrived from some house in the neighborhood where they were staying. Among them was Mrs. Cornwallis-West. Strange as it may appear, I had never seen her before. But until I was told which she was, I had supposed it was some opera-house actress who had got into the place by mistake, she was so painted and powdered over cheek, arms, and neck; her eyes were so picked out with belladonna, her corsage was so *décolleté*, her voice was so loud and hoisterous, and her poses and gestures had such a decided smack of the heroines of Offenbach and Le Cocq. On her bodice just over her heart she wore a large gold padlock. This, she informed several young men who inquired its meaning, was the lock to the entrance of her love, adding, with a glance worthy of Schneider in her best days, that even her husband had not the key. Major Cornwallis-West, the man who occupies that unenviable position, is a gentleman of considerable private means, arising from large landed and mineral interests in Wales. In favorable comparison with Mr. Langtry he goes about with his wife, and their names are frequently mentioned together. In short, he does not believe in chaperones.

Of another type altogether is Lady Lonsdale, or Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale, as the death of her husband, and the consequent step down to dowagerhood, now compels her to be called. Tall, dark, and stately, she has been known in society since her début, in 1877, as "the gypsy." A penniless beauty she was when she came out, even though her brother was the Earl of Pembroke, and her mother Lady Herbert of Lea, so that within a year she was only too glad, when but eighteen, to take as her husband the young Earl of Lonsdale, who, though scarce four years older than herself, was looked upon as one of the most famous reprobates the English peerage had produced. A great, lubberly, heavy-featured fellow he was—an animal, in fact, whose sensual tastes first exhibited themselves in a secret, but unhiding, marriage with his tutor's housemaid before he was seventeen; his proneness to the inordinate use of alcohol also showing itself in numerous fits of *delirium tremens* ere he had got out of his teens. But he was the possessor of a hundred and sixty thousand a year, and estates so vast that even his reckless extravagance and dissipation had not appreciably diminished them. Once she was married, the gypsy-like beauty did pretty well as she liked—her flirtations, while yet a bride, with several titled young guardsmen, who have lately seen service in Egypt, causing more than one scandal in high life. She was away somewhere abroad during her husband's last illness, and had actually to be summoned home to be present at his death-bed.

As a widow, she does not appear to have altered in the least. She has a house down near Windsor, at which she now and then entertains the Prince of Wales, she and the late Earl having always been prominent members of the Prince's set. She has a jointure of six thousand a year, besides the control of what was settled on her three-year-old daughter; so she doesn't want for money to do whatever she likes. She is to be one of the party who are going with Lord Charles Beresford and his wife for a tour through India. Of course, it is her rank that smooths over whatever she may do. But were she a plain "Mrs." with no blood in her veins traceable through the labyrinthine pages of Burke and De Brett, it would be all the other way.

LONDON, October 11, 1882.

COCKAIGNE.

A watch nowadays is not so much for use as for ornament. It must be of the tiniest, and balanced by a chatelaine as elaborate in workmanship as an exquisite piece of jewelry. The little oxidized silver watches are fascinating, but the prettiest "ticker" to be worn for a "charm" is no bigger than a checker, with a spray of leaves and acorns in diamonds raised on a plain gold surface. On the chatelaine dangles a minute gold acorn, incrustated with brilliants, and containing "salts," besides other toys fashioned in precious stones and metals.

Nuna Dunlop, a Kentucky blue-grass belle, has aroused comment by going to Evansville, Ind., and appearing as Hebe in a beer-garden performance of "Pinafore." She did it for fun, agreeing to sing for a week without salary; but her family took her home at the end of the second evening.

ANONYMITY IN LITERATURE.

John Morley's Valedictory in the "Fortnightly Review."

One chief experiment which the *Fortnightly Review* was established to try was that of signed articles. It is now impossible to realize that only fifteen or sixteen years ago scarcely anybody of the class called practical could believe that the sacred principle of the Anonymous was doomed. One of the shrewdest publishers in Edinburgh once said to me, while Mr. Lewes was still the editor of the *Review*, that he had always thought highly of our friend's judgment, "until he had taken up the senseless notion of a magazine with signed articles, and open to both sides of every question." Nobody will call the notion senseless any longer. The question is rather how long the exclusively anonymous periodicals will be able to resist the innovation. One indirect effect that is not unworthy of notice in the new system is its tendency to narrow the openings for the writer by profession. If an article is to be signed, the editor will naturally seek the name of an expert of special weight and competence on the matter in hand. A reviewer on the staff of a famous journal once received for his week's task, "General Hamley on the Art of War," a three-volume novel, a work on dainty dishes, and a translation of Pindar. This was, perhaps, taxing versatility and omniscience over-much, and it may be taken for granted that the writer made no serious contribution to tactics, cookery, or scholarship. But being a man of a certain intelligence, passably honest, and reasonably painstaking, probably he produced reviews sufficiently useful and just to answer their purpose. On the new system we should have an article on General Hamley's work by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and one on the cookery-book from Monsieur Trompette. It is not certain that this is all pure gain. There is a something to be said for the writer by profession, who, without being an expert, will take trouble to work up his subject, to learn what is said and thought about it, to penetrate to the real points, to get the same mastery over it as an advocate or a judge does over a patent case or a suit about rubrics and vestments. He is at least as likely as the expert to tell the reader all that he wants to know, and at least as likely to be free from bias and injurious prepossession. Nor does experience, so far as it has yet gone, quite bear out Mr. Lewes's train of argument that the "first condition of all writing is sincerity, and that one means of securing sincerity is to insist on personal responsibility," and that this personal responsibility can only be secured by signing articles. The old talk of "literary bravoes," "men in masks," "anonymous assassins," and so forth, is out of date. Longer experience has only confirmed the present writer's opinion, expressed here from the very beginning: "Everybody who knows the composition of any respectable journal in London, knows very well that the articles which those of our own way of thinking dislike most intensely are written by men whom to call bravoes in any sense whatever would be simply monstrous. Let us say, as loudly as we choose, if we see good reason, that they are half informed about some of the things which they so authoritatively discuss; that they are under strong class feeling; that they have not mastered the doctrines which they are opposing; that they have not sufficiently meditated their subject; that they have not given themselves time to do justice even to their scanty knowledge. Journalists are open to charges of this kind; but to think of them as a shameless body, thirsting for the blood of better men than themselves, or ready to act as an editor's instrument for money, involves a thoroughly unjust misconception." As to the comparative effects of the two systems on literary quality, no prudent observer with adequate experience will lay down an unalterable rule. Habit no doubt counts for a great deal, but apart from habit there are differences of temperament and peculiar sensibilities. Some men write best when they sign what they write; they find impersonality a mystification and an incumbrance; anonymity makes them stiff, pompous, and over-magisterial. With others, however, the effect is just the reverse. If they sign they become self-conscious, stilted, and even pretentious; it is only when they are anonymous that they recover simplicity and ease. The newspaper press has not yet followed the example of the new reviews, but we are probably not far from the time when bere, too, the practice of signature will make its way. There was an unwise cry at one time for making the disuse of anonymity compulsory by law. But we shall no more see this than we shall see legal penalties imposed for publishing a hook without an index, though that also has been suggested. The same end will be reached by other ways. The press is more and more taking the tone of a man speaking to a man. The childish imposture of the editorial *We* is already thoroughly exploded. The names of all important journalists are now coming to be as publicly known as the names of important members of parliament. There is even something over and above this. More than one editor—the editors of the *Spectator* and of the *St. James's Gazette* are conspicuous instances, in very different ways—have boldly aspired to create and educate a public of their own, and they have succeeded. The press is growing to be much more personal, in the sense that its most important directors are taking to themselves the right of pursuing an individual line of their own, with far less respect than of old to the supposed exigencies of party or the *communiqués* of political leaders. The editor of a review of great eminence said to the present writer (who, for his own part, took a slightly more modest view) that he regarded himself as equal in importance to twenty-five members of Parliament. It is not altogether easy to weigh and measure with this degree of precision. But what is certain is that there are journalists on both sides in politics to whom the public looks for original suggestion, and from whom leading politicians seek not merely such mechanical support as they expect from their adherents in the House of Commons, nor merely the use of the vane to show which way the wind blows, but ideas, guidance, and counsel, as from persons of coequal authority with themselves. England is still a long way from the point at which French journalism has arrived in this matter. We can not count an effective host of Girardins, Lemoignes, Abouts, or even Cassagnacs and Rocheforts, each recognized as the exponent of his own opinions, and each read because the opinions written are known to be his own. But there is a distinctly nearer approach to this than there was twenty years ago.

SOCIETY.

The Johnson-Williams Wedding.

On Thursday morning Frank H. Johnson, of San Francisco, was married to Miss Mary B. Williams, daughter of General Thomas H. Williams, of Oakland. The wedding ceremony was solemnized by the Rev. Benjamin Akerly, at the residence of the bride's father, in the presence of a few friends of the contracting parties. Miss Ella Barstow acted as bridesmaid, and Carleton Coleman as groomsmen. The presents included a check for ten thousand dollars and a house and lot in San Francisco from General Williams; a check for five thousand dollars from William T. Coleman; a valuable silver tea-set from the employees of William T. Coleman & Son, to which body the bridegroom belongs. After the wedding ceremony and breakfast the newly married pair started for a trip to southern California. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Bexler, Judge Williams, of Placerville, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, Miss Maggie Brooks, Mr. and Miss Wallace, Thomas Prather, Miss Eva Bascom, Miss Effie Hogan, and others.

Reception at the Navy Yard.

The officers and ladies of the Navy Yard gave a reception on Thursday evening last to the officers of the *Wachusett*, which proved to be a very agreeable affair, although there were but few people from San Francisco present. Dancing took place in the court-room, and was kept up until nearly two o'clock yesterday morning. A large number of the officers of the *Wachusett* and all of the officers and ladies of the yard were present, and Misses Kitty Wood and Georgie Richards, of San Francisco.

Notes and Gossip.

Governor and Mrs. Stanford went East on Thursday last. An engagement exists between Miss Libbie Irish, of this city, and an army officer who is now on duty in Arizona. Miss Irish is at present visiting a former schoolmate, Mrs. Colonel Dunkelberger, at Los Angeles. The next Literary at the Navy Yard will take place at the residence of Commander and Mrs. Boyd. Miss Birmingham, who has been visiting Mrs. Wolcott, wife of Chief-Engineer Wolcott, at Mare Island, has returned. Miss Allie Hawes, who has been visiting Mrs. Lieutenant Richmond, at Mare Island, has also returned. Mrs. James Carolan and her daughter, Miss Eva Carolan, returned from the East on Monday last. Miss Sprague, who has been visiting at the Navy Yard for several weeks, has returned to Angel Island. Paymaster C. A. McDaniel and Lieutenant A. C. Dillingham, U. S. N., and Mrs. Dillingham, left here for the East during the week. An engagement exists between Mr. Harry W. Brown and Miss Minnie Glassell, both of Los Angeles. Miss Glassell is a granddaughter of the late Doctor Toland, and Mr. Brown is a brother of the Brown who was married to Miss Emma Cole a few months ago; another brother, Tom Brown, District-Attorney of Los Angeles County, some time ago married Miss Nellie Patten, whose father, a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, was killed at Gettysburg; Miss Luitie Cole, a sister of Mrs. Brown, (nee Cole), is engaged to Master H. S. Waring, U. S. N.; a sister of Miss Minnie Glassell, Miss Lulu, was married to Major H. M. Mitchell, an ex-Confederate, a short time ago; Mrs. Patten, widow of the ex-Confederate General mentioned above, was married some years ago to George H. Smith, an ex-Confederate colonel, and now reporter of the Supreme Court; all of the above-named parties reside in Los Angeles at present, except Master Waring, who is willing to—for a while. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holmes and Mrs. R. M. McKenzie have been at Monterey for a few days. The *Ranger* sailed on Saturday last for the southern coast, Captain Philip being accompanied by his wife; Lieutenant C. T. Force is executive officer, and his mess consists of thirteen. Twice before the officers' mess on the *Ranger* has consisted of thirteen, and upon each occasion the vessel lost one of the thirteen—Surgeon Ware in 1878, and Paymaster Clarke in 1879; it is to be hoped, however, that all of the present thirteen may successfully dare the demon of that superstitious number, not only for their own sakes, but for the sakes of the girls they left behind them. Captain Augustus H. Corliss, U. S. A., has returned to Nevada. Mrs. Lieutenant Seth M. Acidey and Miss Cash, who lately arrived here on their return home from the Asiatic squadron, will leave for Massachusetts to-day. Rev. and Mrs. John Heniphill will leave San Francisco for Philadelphia on or about the first of January; in the meantime they have taken apartments at the Grand. Mrs. General W. H. L. Barnes returned from Cambridge, Massachusetts, during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Loomis and their pretty niece, Miss Katie Felton, who have been summering at Menlo, have returned to their winter quarters at the Palace. I. W. Taber and family, of Oakland, have also taken up their residence at the Palace for the winter. Evan J. Coleman and Eugene Dewey are at the Hoffman House, New York. Miss Kyland, of San José, is again visiting friends in this city. Chief Engineer James Butterworth, U. S. N., was at the Grand on Saturday and Sunday last, and Midshipman George H. Stafford, U. S. N., were at the Occidental. Mrs. Amaratun and family have gone to Los Angeles to spend the winter. Mrs. T. D. Mott and daughter, Miss Georgie Mott, of Los Angeles, are visiting the family of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stow. Charles F. MacDermott and family will leave their lovely home in Oakland on the first Monday in December, and take up their residence at the Palace for the winter. Assistant-Surgeon Clement Biddle, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Pool returned from Monterey on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle and Miss Bessie Kittle have been passing a portion of the week at Monterey. Lieutenant John T. Young, U. S. Marine Corps, arrived here from the East yesterday. General and Mrs. Kautz were in the city on Monday and Tuesday last. Captain George H. Burton, Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burton and children, have been at the Occidental during the week; Mrs. Burton was formerly Miss Minnie Larabee, of Los Angeles. E. Hubert and P. L. Bonnest, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bonnest are at the Occidental. Lieutenant George R. Bensen, of the Marine Corps, is at the Grand. Mrs. Cozens, Mrs. Alston, and Mrs. Burdell and daughter, of San Rafael, have been passing the week at Monterey. Most readers of the *Argonaut* will remember the two Misses Hutchinson, of Washington, who participated in the first carnival as priestesses in the Temple of Flora, and quite a number of our society people are aware of the marriage of one of the sisters a little more than a year ago; the other sister will be married to Mr. John F. Olmstead in Washington during the latter part of November, and Senator Miller and family will leave for that city to-day to be present at the wedding. During the latter part of this month Mr. W. C. Price and Miss Hattie Smoot, daughter of Colonel D. L. Smoot, will be married. An engagement is said to exist between Mr. John R. Hamilton and Miss Lulu Prescott, Samuel Bowles Jr. is visiting San Francisco; his father visited California about seventeen years ago in company with Richardson, Bross, and Colfax, and on his return to Massachusetts wrote a very agreeable book about California and the overland trip by stage-coach. Messrs. Langhorne, Coleman, and others are planning for a number of Germans at Saratoga Hall, which will be very select, so it is claimed, and be given between the fifteenth instant and the twenty-fourth ultimo. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, and their son and daughter, have arrived in New York. Lady Waterlow, accompanied by her husband, Sir Sidney, and his brother, passed most of October in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Raum, who have been sight-seeing in Switzerland, have left Geneva for Paris. Mrs. Colonel Edly and her daughter, who have been in Madrid and Seville for some three or four weeks, will soon leave for Rome. The next social of the Olympic Club will take place on Friday evening, the seventeenth instant. On the following day, Saturday next, the eighteenth instant, the Pacific Yacht Club will give their closing of the season reception, dancing to take place at the club-house at Sausalito between the hours of two and five o'clock. Mrs. E. S.

Pillsbury, Mrs. Judge Sanderson, and Mrs. J. H. Maynard, of San Francisco, and Mrs. J. M. Page, of Oakland, were in Paris during the latter part of October. Commodore Robert W. Shufeldt, whose health was greatly improved during his sojourn at Santa Barbara, has arrived in Washington and been placed on duty there. Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Crocker, after an extended Eastern trip, returned home on Saturday last. Miss Carrie Williams, of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. Mrs. Thomas Selby and her two daughters left here for Cambridge, Mass., on Monday last, and may remain away for a year or more. Lieutenant Thomas N. Wood, U. S. N., and bride, who were lately married in Washington, have arrived in this city. Mrs. William M. Stewart is visiting her sister at Alexandria, Va., and daily goes to Washington to look after the work of restoration, which is now progressing upon her handsome house, which sustained great injury from fire about four years ago. On the evening of the first instant, at the house of Charles H. Currier, Esq., his daughter, Miss Nettie, was united in marriage to Mr. Edward E. Eitel. The young pair immediately after started on a bridal trip to the country. Miss Jeannette Reynolds gave a dinner-party to twenty of her young lady and gentlemen friends last Thursday afternoon. It was modeled after the Parisian custom of having a string band in an adjoining apartment discourse strains of music during the dinner. At the close of the repast dancing ensued and was continued till a late hour. General Schofield was the recipient of a serenade at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening last. Mrs. James W. Simonton leaves here for the East to-day. Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, who are now at the Palace, hope to get into their new home in a short time. Mr. Isaac Newton Kaye, and Mrs. Jennie Harrison, of Alameda, were married at the residence of Mr. Hughes, in Alameda, on the evening of the seventh instant.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Mrs. Leland Stanford has just sent a check for five hundred dollars to Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, the Superintendent of the Jackson-street Kindergarten Association. This, with former donations, makes the handsome sum of nine hundred and forty dollars given to this work since its organization. Mrs. Stanford has visited these schools and personally observed their workings, distributing with her own hands gifts to the little children, and speaking kind words of cheer to the hard-worked teachers. This is practical benevolence. This is benevolence in the right direction. To train little children to self-dependence and self-support is the best mode of applying charity. The kindergarten is the nursery of industry, and persistent industry is the ordained foe of pauperism and crime. It is the business of Christianity to train up little children into ways of virtue and right action. When the "lights" of the church seek to tear down such efforts it makes one feel like exclaiming, in the language of an excited philanthropist: "We have had 'lights' enough in the church; for Heaven's sake, let us have a few 'livers'." One such act as this of the generous-hearted lady, who gives her thousand dollars to train little children in good manners and right living, is worth all the whining prayers of a lifetime, put up by those who would pull down every good work that has not a sectarian seal upon it. A KINDERGARTEN TEACHER.

A Small Vineyard.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: While passing through Merced County in the month of October, in company with a friend, we called at the ranch of Mr. Worthington, on the line of the San Joaquin and King's River Canal, between Los Baños and Firebaugh's Ferry, and near the "Canal Farm" of Messrs. Miller & Lux, where we saw a small vineyard which produced such an enormous quantity of grapes that I deem it worthy of mention, as showing the wonderful productiveness of the San Joaquin Valley land when irrigated. Mr. Worthington informed me that on the seventeenth day of March, 1879, he put out six hundred and eighty grape cuttings, on about three-fourths of an acre of land, by simply making holes with an iron bar and inserting the cuttings, filling the spaces around them with dry earth, using no water at the time. This year, being the fourth from the putting out of the cuttings, he said the six hundred and eighty vines produced fifteen tons of grapes, which he sold at the vineyard at from thirty to sixty dollars per ton; five hundred pounds of raisins, using seven pounds of grapes for one pound of raisins; two barrels of vinegar, and about five hundred gallons of wine, contained in nine large casks, which he showed me; in addition to which there were grapes enough on the vines when I saw them for probably another barrel of wine—making a total product of not far from twenty tons of grapes from six hundred and eighty vines. Mr. Worthington also said that he picked one hundred and ninety-seven pounds from one of these vines. Yours truly, GEORGE A. HILL.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 9, 1882.

We print the following remarkable statistics without comment. There is food for reflection:

Official Parliamentary Report, at the instance of Sir John Trelawney, in 1873.	Sectarian and infidel population of England and Wales:
Church of England.....	6,933,635
Dissenters.....	7,234,158
Catholics.....	1,500,000
Jews.....	57,850
Infidels.....	7,000,000
Criminals to every 100,000 of population:	
Catholics.....	2,500
Church of England.....	1,400
Dissenters.....	150
Infidels.....	5
Jews.....	0
Roman Catholics, 1 in 40; Church of England, 1 in 72; Dissenters, 1 in 666; Infidels, 1 in 20,000. Total criminals in prisons:	
Catholic.....	37,500
Episcopalian.....	96,600
Dissenters.....	10,800
Infidels.....	350
Jews.....	0

The new material called "terra-cotta lumber," says the *New York World*, was invented and patented by Mr. C. C. Gilman, of Eldora, Iowa, president of the company, and is made by mixing the kaolinite or "top" clay, which is found in immense quantities throughout Middlesex County, with sawdust until the consistency of dough is obtained, when it is cast in large square blocks and burned in kilns in a manner similar to that of ordinary brick. The result is a peculiar terra-cotta ware, possessing singular properties. It has no fibrous texture like wood, the strength of the material arising from incipient vitrification obtained in firing, and half-inch boards made of it, smoothly planed and jointed, show greater strength and tenacity than dry oak of equal thickness. Every shape which can be given to wood by edged tools can be given to terra-cotta lumber. It is as easily worked as pine or spruce, is half the weight of building brick, and tightly retains plastering without the aid of lathing. To display the resisting qualities of terra-cotta lumber to fire and water, the furnace-tender, with a long pair of steel tongs, took from the centre of the furnace a small block of the ware which had attained a white heat, and plunged it into a pail of water. After cooling, it was placed on a forge and the water with which it was saturated expelled in the form of steam; petroleum was next poured over it and afterward ignited, the block continuing to burn with a steady flame for several minutes. Subsequent examination of the block by sawing it in two showed no difference in appearance from other material which had not been submitted to so severe a test.

THE SECRETS OF SELENE.

Some Curious Things Recently Noted on the Surface of the Moon.

The telescope, says the *New York Sun*, has lately revealed some very curious and startling appearances in the moon. Astronomers have been slow to accept the conclusions which these observations suggest, because they have so long believed that the moon is a dead planet, and incapable of supporting any life upon its surface. This belief is based principally upon the assumed absence of a lunar atmosphere. But these recent observations indicate that the moon has an atmosphere; and if it has an atmosphere, it may have various forms of life upon its surface, differing as much from those upon the earth as the moon itself differs from the earth in its geological and climatological features. It would be very curious if the telescope, (the instrument which has banished from the moon the host of strange creatures with which the imagination of some of the ancients peopled it, and shown how unfitted it is for the habitation of beings like ourselves and those we see around us,) should now make us believe that the moon is the home of beings more grotesque in our eyes, perhaps, than any the imagination has pictured. We do not say this is probable, but only that it is suggested by the very interesting observations which have lately been made, and which we shall briefly describe. On the 27th of March last Mr. Stanley Williams, an English observer, was looking at the moon in the early evening, with a telescope of considerable power, and giving considerable attention to that very singular oval valley known to astronomers by the name of Plato. The valley is about sixty miles broad, remarkably level, and surrounded by a ring of mountains averaging something less than four thousand feet high, but shooting up here and there into peaks nearly as high as *Ætna*. When the sunlight strikes across the summits of the mountains on one side, it throws the shining peaks into splendid relief, but all the valley within remains shrouded in darkness. The sun was just rising upon this mountain ring when Mr. Williams made his observation of Plato, and his eye at once detected a very strange appearance. The interior of the valley, which usually appears totally dark at such times, was illuminated with a faint phosphorescent light, making its level floor dimly visible. It was not the effect of reflection from the illuminated mountains, because the interior of the valley was protected from such reflection. Some passing clouds in our atmosphere shut out this interesting scene from the sight of the observer for about an hour. When the sky cleared again, Mr. Williams looked once more, and saw that the strange light had disappeared. Mr. Williams had made a similar observation, in the same spot, about five years ago. About seven weeks after Mr. Williams's observations which we have described, there was a total eclipse of the sun, and a party of French and English astronomers went to Egypt to observe it, as the line of totality ran across that country. When these astronomers turned their spectroscopic upon the edge of the moon as it hid the sun upon the 17th of May, they perceived indications, in the strengthening of certain lines of the spectrum, of the existence of an atmosphere on the moon. This observation, though not unprecedented, was hailed with satisfaction by those who had always contended that the moon was not as dead as it seemed. The existence of an atmosphere would explain the phenomenon which Mr. Williams witnessed in the valley of Plato, as well as various other equally singular observations which have been made by students of the moon from time to time. But this was not all. On the 19th of May, two days after the eclipse, John G. Jackson, of Delaware, while studying the moon, as he has been accustomed to do for years, with a reflecting telescope, was surprised to see near the western edge of the disk, and over a portion of the flat region known as the Sea of Crises, something which he described as a feathery looking cloud. Just two months later he saw a similar appearance in the same place. And now Mr. L. E. Trouvelot, a well-known astronomer, commenting upon Stanley Williams's observation, says that he has more than once witnessed similar appearances upon the moon's disk. He has seen lunar landscapes lose their distinctness as if thin clouds were floating over them, and once around the crater of Kant he saw what may have been a rare vapor slightly tinged with purple. He has also seen another large crater illuminated with a faint purple light. Mr. Trouvelot thinks these various appearances are manifestations of a lunar atmosphere of a nature yet unknown. Curious observations of a similar nature can be found scattered here and there in astronomical records, reaching back more than a century; but they have generally been looked upon with distrust, or totally disregarded. These recent observations give them renewed interest, and tend to vindicate their correctness. If it can be shown that the moon has an atmosphere, Sir William Herschel's idea that our satellite is inhabitable will not be deemed so ridiculous as it has seemed to some modern astronomers. We should not expect to obtain any confirmations of the observations of the German telescopicist, who believed he had discovered a big city and great military works in the moon; but reasons might be shown for thinking that the moon supports life peculiar to itself. The mere possibility of such a thing is somewhat startling, for the moon is really a very near neighbor to the earth. Few, perhaps, realize how close we are to another world besides the earth, but it is a very narrow span of space that separates us from the moon. The mean distance is only two hundred and forty thousand miles, or less than ten times the circuit of the earth, and only about eighty times as far as from San Francisco to New York. Not a few sea captains have probably sailed as far as the distance from the earth to the moon. And yet so close at hand as this there is a world differing so widely from the one we dwell upon that we can only admit the possibility of its being inhabited by assuming that its inhabitants are as unlike ourselves as their world is unlike ours.

Henry Lund, the prominent commission merchant of this city, has recently opened a branch house in Liverpool, England. It is to be known as the firm of Lund, Beveridge & Co., and will transact business in connection with the bouse in this city.

D. O. Mills receives in rentals from his new building in New York three hundred thousand dollars per annum.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SPEECH.

A British Historian's Opinions.

Mr. Edward A. Freeman is the author of an interesting paper in the first number of the new *Longman's Magazine*. He first discusses the great similarity which exists between English and America, and then goes on to give instances of the many characteristics of American speech which are really good old English. He then discusses the tendencies of America in the matter of language, and observes:

In the matter of language, as in most other matters, the United States have followed the usual law of colonies. A colony is always exposed to two opposite tendencies, which, though opposite, are found not uncommonly to work busily side by side. There is a greater tendency to stand still, and there is also a greater tendency to go ahead, than there is in the mother country. A colony which has no chance of going ahead is likely to stand very still indeed, much stiffer than an old country. A small, isolated colony—say a small island—is likely to become one of the most old-world places to be found. It will in many things keep on the state of things which existed in the mother country at the time of the settlement long after that state of things has, in the mother country itself, become a thing of the past. It has become a proverb that if you wish to see old France, you must go to French Canada. And, for many things, if you wish to see old England, you must go to New England. In the United States the tendency to go ahead has certainly reached as great a development as in any part of the world; but it has by no means driven out the opposite tendency to stand still. I need not say that I noticed many things in which our kinsfolk beyond the ocean had—sometimes I thought for good, sometimes I thought for evil—left us behind. But I also noticed some things in which they had—sometimes I thought for good, sometimes for evil—lagged behind us. There is a vast deal of conservative feeling, or at least of conservative habit, at work in the United States, at any rate in the older States. There is much about them in speech, in manners, in institutions, which has a thoroughly old-world character, much that has lived on from the England of the seventeenth century, much in which the circumstances of the settlers called back into being things far older than the England of the seventeenth century. When anything that seems strange to a British visitor in American speech or American manners is not quite modern on the face of it, it is pretty certain to be something which was once common to the older and the newer England, but which the newer England has kept, while the older England has cast it aside. And it is not very hard to distinguish between usages which have this venerable sanction and usages which have come in only yesterday. It does not need any very great effort to discern between words, phrases, ways of looking at things, which have been handed on from the days of John Smith of Virginia, or Roger Williams of Rhode Island, and words, phrases, ways of looking at things, which have come in under the reign of the stump-orator, the interviewer, and that deadliest of all foes to the English tongue, and to every other tongue, the schoolmaster. Some Americans, especially curious in such matters, profess to mark some difference of speech in almost every State, and to be able in most cases to say from what State a man comes. To this amount of discernment I naturally can make no claim; but I can see some marked points of difference between the speech of the Northern and Southern States, taken as wholes. And I can further see that the speech of Virginia agrees in some points with the speech of Wessex—points in which it differs from the speech of either Boston. Thus, for instance, the surname "Carter," which to us does not sound specially patrician, but which in Virginia is reckoned to be at least as noble as Berkeley, if not as Montmorency, is locally sounded "Kyarth." Now, if the utterance of the latter half of the word may seem to be that of a London lounge, the utterance of the former part is genuine West Saxon, whether of the days of Alfred or the days of Victoria. But if we come to compare the English of the United States, as a whole, with the English of Britain, as a whole, there is no difference of dialect, strictly so called, between them. There is not the same kind of difference which there is between the English of the northern and southern parts of Britain itself.

Between the two countries he can see no marked difference in dialect, but considerable variance as regards local usage:

What we may call the language of railways is largely different in England and in America. But this is no difference of dialect, only difference of local usage. In each case a particular word has been chosen rather than another. In each case the word which has been chosen sounds odd to those who are used to the other. In each case we can sometimes see the reason for the difference of usage, and sometimes not. No obvious reason can be given why in England we speak of the "railway," while in America they commonly speak of the "railroad." But no one on either side can have the least difficulty in understanding the word which is used on the other side. And, indeed, the American might say that in this, as in some greater and older matters, he has stuck to the older usage. Though "railroad" is now seldom used in England, my own memory tells me that it was the more usual name when the thing itself first came in. "Railway," for what reason I know not, has displaced "railroad" in England, and it is worth remarking that it is doing the same in some parts of America. Here one can see no reason for one usage rather than the other, and no advantage in one usage rather than the other. But when the American goes on to speak, as he often does, of the railroad simply as "the road," his language may sometimes be a little misleading, but it is easy to see the reason for it. In England we had everywhere roads before we had railroads; the railroad needed a qualifying syllable to distinguish it from the older and better known kind of road. But in a large part of America the railroad is actually the oldest road; there is therefore no such need to distinguish it from any other. In Britain they say a "carriage"; in America a "car." This at least is by no means a distinction without a reason. The different forms of English railway-carriage might afford some curious matters for observation to a philosopher of the school of Mr. Tylor. Nowhere can the doctrine of survivals be better studied. The original railway-carriage was the old-fashioned carriage put to a new use; the innovation lay in putting several such carriages together. The American "car" was, on the contrary, strictly a "car"; at any rate, it is quite unlike the special meaning attached to the word "carriage." For "car," then there is a good reason; but it is hard to see why a railway station should be called a "depot." The word "station" is not etymologically English; it is therefore not so good a name as the German *bahnhof*; but it is quite naturalized and familiar, while "depot" is still foreign, and hardly becomes less so by being sounded as if it were Italian and written *dipo*. But on several American railroads the name is beginning to give way to the more reasonable word "station."

He might also have noted the fact that the new fashion of putting the word "station" on the station-sheds has in many localities had a marked influence toward reform. This is particularly the case in California, on the line of the Central and Southern Pacific railroads.

Mr. Freeman, after attacking the use of the word "store" for "shop," remarks:

New York, by the way, calls itself a "metropolis"; in what sense of the word it is not easy to guess, as it can hardly be because it is the seat of a Roman Catholic archbishopric. And I have even known a New York paper speak of the rest of the United States as "the provinces." That insulting name is had enough when it is applied to an English shire; it is surely worse still when it is applied to a sovereign commonwealth. The words "metropolis" and "provinces," used in this way, I venture to call slang, whether the city which is set up above its fellow is London or New York. Anyhow, this use of them is in no way distinctively American; indeed, the misuse of the word "provinces" is, I fancy, excessively rare in America, and it is certainly borrowed from England.

The writer then speaks of the mutual distrust concerning the so-called "slang" that is prevalent between the two countries.

Some favorite American forms of speech seem to us in this way to savor of slang, and I believe that some favorite British forms of speech in the like sort savor of slang to an American. To take a very small example, perhaps the better because it is so very small, the word "certainly" is a very natural form of granting any request; but in England we should hardly use it except in granting a request of some little importance, or one about the granting of which there might be some little doubt; American usage extends it to the very smallest civilities of the table. "I guess" I have always stood up for, as a perfectly good form, if only it is not always used to the exclusion of other forms. "I reckon" is as good English as English can be; it is only at "I calculate" that one would begin to kick, but I do not think that "I calculate" is often heard in the kind of American society to which I was used.

In the word "kick" Mr. Freeman has rather encroached on slang himself. He next speaks of pronunciation:

In pronunciation strictly so called—I mean the utterance of particular words as distinguished from any general tone, accent, intonation, and the like—I remarked less difference between America and England than there is in the use of the words themselves. But there are cases in which the American usage, though it sounds odd to a British ear, is strictly according to the analogy of the English tongue. I heard in America "opponent" and "inquiry," and very odd they sounded. But they simply follow the English rule of throwing the accent as far back as we can, without regard to the Latin or Greek quantity. If we say "theatre"—which, by the way, is accidentally right, according to the Greek *accents*—"auditor," "dilatative," and a crowd of other words of the same kind, we may as well say "opponent" and "inquiry." The only reason against so doing is, I suppose, that they are a little hard to say, which is doubtless the reason why, while everybody says "auditor" and "senator," nobody says "spectator." But there is one word on which I wish to speak a little more at large, as a clear instance in which the schoolmaster, or the printed text, or some other artificial influence, has brought about a distinct change in pronunciation. The word "clerk" is in England usually sounded "clark," while in America it is usually sounded "clerk." I say "usually," because I did once hear "clark" in England—from a London shopman—and because I was told at Philadelphia that some old people there still said "clark," and—a most important fact—that those who said "clark" always said "merchant." Now, it is quite certain that "clark" is the older pronunciation, the pronunciation which the first settlers must have taken with them. This is proved by the fact that the word as a surname—and it is one of the commonest of surnames—is always sounded, and most commonly written, "Clark" or "Clarke." I suspect that "Clerk" as a surname, so spelled, is distinctively "Scotch," in the modern sense of that word. Also in writers of the sixteenth and early seventeenth century, the word itself is very often written "clark" or "clerke." But of course "clerk" was at all times the more clerically spelling, as showing the French and Latin origin of the word.

While I was in a barber's chair the other day, the knight of the strop handed me a *Police Gazette*. I regret to say that my knowledge of that chaste family journal is confined entirely to hoot-black stands and barber-shops. My eye ran wearily over the usual collection of improbable women with impossible legs; of murderers, murderesses, murderesses, plug-uglies, variety actresses, and thieves. But my eye was suddenly arrested by a picture which was evidently from a photograph on the block. It represented the limp and lifeless body of a man hanging from a tree—a man who had been lynched in Kentucky for some hideous crime. But this was not what fixed my attention. Around the tree were grouped a number of people, in the stiff pose peasants affect when before a camera. I was struck by their faces. There was not a face in the whole gathering—probably some twenty or thirty—which was not either sordid, cruel, de-hased, vulgar, imbecile, scowling, or brutish. It made one sigh to look at them. And I had to admit, with a twinge, that they were all American faces, too.

The picture made such an impression on me that I was not surprised, some days after, to see the statement made by a Kentuckian, in print, that while Kentucky is at the head in cock-fighting, horse-racing, and whisky-drinking, it is behind other States in intelligence, in agriculture, in manufactures, and in the construction of railways. With half the population of Illinois, it has twice as many white citizens who can neither read nor write. With half the population of Ohio, it has twice as many white citizens who can neither read nor write. And the proud old commonwealth has a larger percentage of persons who can neither read nor write than has Japan.

X. Y. Z.

The New York *Sun* calls attention, in its edition of the second instant, to the ridiculously low prices which a collection of eighty-one pictures in oil and water-colors brought at a recent sale in that city. Many of the best-known pictures sold for less than the cost of their frames. Three pictures by Inness brought thirty-five, thirty-five, and sixteen dollars; Moran's "Staten Island" brought eighteen dollars; while a "View on the Yellowstone," by the same artist, went at six dollars; Tiffany's "Café at Cairo" reached fifty-five dollars; "The Miser," by Beard; outstripped it at seventy dollars. If New York artists can do no better than this, surely their brethren in this city have no cause to complain of San Francisco in comparison.

The article on the Carnival in last week's *Argonaut*, signed "Cato," has created such an excitement among the members of the executive committee, the participants, and their friends, that embassies have been sent to this office requesting its "retraction." We could not retract it if we would, for the views therein expressed were those of the writer, and not of this journal. This is a good occasion to state what every one should know, but which many do not—the appearance of matter as "communicated," over signatures or pseudonyms, by no means implies that the editors endorse it. Such communications represent the personal opinions of the writers, and that is all.

Penenden Heath, in Kent, England, where for some fifty years malefactors were hanged in chains, and left hanging for months, has been given over as a public pleasure ground. The last famous criminal hanged there was Nicholson, servant to a great Russian merchant, Thomson Bonar, of a firm yet extant. He killed both Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, who lived at Camden Place, where Louis Napoleon died. When Sir Astley Cooper saw the wounds he said: "Done by a left-handed man." This directed suspicion to the right quarter.

A hall-room car is the latest novelty introduced on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul road, and recently a merry party of St. Louis helles and beaux made an excursion over the road, and danced the raquet with the train moving at forty miles an hour. The ball-room was in a large baggage-car, sixty feet long by fifteen feet wide.

DOM PEDRO'S KINGDOM.

A Glance at the Brazilian Empire through the Spectacles of a Cynic.

In front of the Hotel Bragança, at Petropolis, the summer court of Brazil, an elderly man, with a soured and cynical face, was occupying one of the seats. He had lived long in Brazil, and it was whispered of him that he had a grievance against the country in the shape of a broken contract, an unpaid claim, or something of that sort. Near by him sat a young compatriot—they were both Americans—whose expression, though haggard, was not unkind.

"Live here as long I have," the old man was saying, "and you yourself will be a confirmed malcontent. I was as light-hearted a hoy as ever you saw when I first came to this country to make my fortune. Look at me now. I've lost contentment, health, ambition, and character."

"You don't seem to like Brazil," said the young man.

"I never attempt to disguise my dislikes," was the reply.

"But it's a rich and beautiful land," continued the young man, leading his companion adroitly on.

"Yes," the cynic said; "as Florida and Louisiana are rich and beautiful; but is not rich in men, and never can be. The upper classes of Brazil are shiftless, proud, and poor. All of these yarns which you read at home about immense Brazilian wealth, diamond kings, barons living in palaces, and planters rolling in luxury, are the work of enterprising novelists and journalists. This is a poverty-stricken country, if ever there was one. They tax both imports and exports, and yet they can't pay their debts, or even the interest on them. The aristocracy are too proud to go into business, and so they scheme for employment under the government. The fathers persuade the government to buy up the railroads and take control of the telegraphs, in order that they may make easy and respectable positions for their idle sons. First, the young men are educated under the auspices of the empire, and then, when they are graduated, they immediately clamor for official positions of honor and emolument. If they secure the coveted places, and are requested to do some work, they shrug their shoulders, and are indignant at the very idea of such a degradation."

The young man mentioned the case of the French physician who had come over from Paris to attend the emperor's daughter through the perils of childbirth. "He got a twenty-five-thousand-dollar fee and expenses paid," added he.

"But," said his companion, cynical as ever, "see how he was received by his professional fraternity in this country. The jealous native physicians descended to scurrilous abuse, and even published doggerel poetry against him in their medical journals. And in those discussions of theirs even the person of their sovereign princess was not treated with that sacred respect which is due from all gentlemen to the woman in affliction, for whom we, in our litany, especially pray—the innermost secrets of her sick-room being handed from one column to another of the daily papers."

"I say, Mr. —," exclaimed the young man, abruptly changing the subject, "I want to ask you a question."

"Fire away."

"At the hall which we had in the skating-rink, the other night, I was introduced to the pretty Donna Tagarella, and had a dance with her. What do you think she said to me?"

"She probably remarked that the weather was warm, or inquired if you had heard Fricci sing, or if you liked *feijoadas*."

"No; she asked me at what hotel I was staying."

"Not a surprising question."

"Then she asked me if I had brought my *amiga* with me. Now, I want to know just what *amiga* means."

"What does *amiga* mean?" repeated the cynic. "What does the French *amante* mean? Or, in plain words, what does 'mistress' mean? That's what *amiga* means."

"I thought and feared as much, and I blushed and stammered when I attempted a reply. She laughed quietly, seemed to enjoy my confusion, and turned the conversation by asking me if I was a married man. Now, I may be just from the country, and a little green, but it does seem to me that that question was a very outspoken one. Either the young American gentlemen who have been here before me have not led the most blameless of lives, or else there is a remarkable freedom of action and speech in the best Brazilian society, for Madame Tagarella is assuredly in the first rank."

"It does sound rather free," said the ungallant cynic; "but then, as far as I can learn, these young Brazilian matrons are not over-prudish when their husbands are out of sight—a position in which the discreet spouse rarely places himself when there are handsome young men around. Nothing personal intended."

"Sure enough," said the young man, thoughtfully. "Now I understand and appreciate at its true value the distinguished courtesy extended to me yesterday afternoon by the husband in question. I met him on the street, and casually remarked to him that I was on the way to call on his wife, and he kindly volunteered to accompany me."

"More cautious than kind," observed the cynic. "Still, social morals in Brazil are no worse than business morals or political morals. The fact is that no morality that has ever yet been discovered can stand the crucial test of a hot climate. As the Brazilians are light in love, so they are tricky in business and faithless in politics. The Brazilian court is considered a convenient place in which to shelve the diplomatic ruff-raff. It is not long since the people here saw the strange spectacle of a foreign minister unable to attend on a certain State occasion because a notorious prostitute had retained his official dress as forfeited collateral. At another time, a hardened member of the demi-monde persuaded a young European secretary of legation that he had done her the greatest wrong that the libertine can do to a young and innocent girl. He, simple, credulous fellow, being a good Catholic, went and did a week's penance for his sin, much to the amusement of the jade and her companions. I have also seen members of foreign legations walking up to the palace on some ceremonial visit, and I have noticed them laugh, and wink, and poke each other's ribs, as they criticised the private linen of the emperor's household spread out, in rural fashion, to dry upon the grass of the palace front yard, through which their path lay."—*Life*, for November.

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

I am glad the election is over. Long before it came I grew weary of the election. Aside from the personal friends in whose success I took an interest, I was less concerned in the result of this election than in any I can remember since I cast a vote. I grew tired of receiving circulars imploring or bidding me—as the case may be—to vote for Boggs, the friend of the people, or not to vote for Scroggs, because he once murdered his aunt and concealed the body.

Talking of circulars, I know of one case which struck me as being somewhat humorous. A friend who had the misfortune to be running for school director—a misfortune which was only equaled by his election—received the day before election a circular accompanied by a ticket. It bade him vote the enclosed ticket if he would save the city from ruin. The ticket enclosed was a straight Democratic with one exception—his own name was excised, and the Republican candidate's inserted.

Perhaps he would have voted it any way, but it was droll, all the same.

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On election day a friend of mine wanted some fifty men to distribute election tickets. He was willing to give five dollars for the service—not a bad sum for light work. He told me that he had determined to intrust the task to a better class of men than one usually sees engaged in it.

"I intend," said he, "to see if I can not get some young clerks, helpers in mercantile houses, etc., to take the job. Most of them get small salaries—say from fifty to seventy-five dollars a month—and I fancy that five dollars would be an object to them. What do you think?"

I shook my head dubiously. It seemed absurd to say that youths on such stipends would be too "proud" to do it, yet I thought so.

And so it proved. My friend gave up his benevolent intentions in disgust. Not one of those whom he asked was willing to undertake the task, and in fact they all seemed rather insulted at being asked.

My friend was obliged to secure some mechanics to do the work for him—men who probably get all the way from ninety to a hundred and twenty dollars a month.

But then they were not proud. The clerk, look you, is a haughty and untrammelled being. When dealing with others than his employer.

**

Some weeks ago there appeared in the *Saturday Review* an article on the difficulty of compiling a list of English names analogous to those forming the French Academy—in other words, a list of English Academicians. The writer compiled such a list, but with some difficulty. It struck me that if it was difficult to compile such a list in England it would be infinitely more so in America. I discussed the matter with a friend, and we found it was by no means an easy matter—partly by reason of the paucity of names sufficiently weighty for such a list, and partly because of our personal preferences. At last we finished it, however, and I took the liberty of revising it to suit my own taste, which I very naturally thought much better than his. I have made my list rather more catholic than is that of the French Academy, for I have selected names from among the poets, novelists, critics, historians, theologians, artists, lawyers, famous editors, physicians, and scientists. I have purposely excluded "statesmen," because I do not think we have any. When such men had claims entitling them to that distinction, I have put them down as "publicists."

At any rate, whatever may be the merits or demerits of my list, I submit it just as it is. Were it infinitely better it would challenge criticism, so my mind is easy:

John G. Whittier,	George W. Childs,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,	Henry Watterson,
Richard Grant White,	President Eliot of Harvard,
William Dean Howells,	Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University,
Henry James,	Selden Irenaeus Prime,
James Russell Lowell,	Henry Ward Beecher,
George William Curtis,	Lyman Abbott,
Thomas Bailey Aldrich,	Hamilton Fish,
Edmund Clarence Steadman,	Charles Francis Adams,
Charles Dudley Warner,	Thurlow Weed,
George Bancroft,	Charles O'Connor,
H. H. Bancroft,	Dr. W. P. Hammond,
Edward Everett Hale,	Dr. Brown-Sequard,
George W. Cable,	Dr. John C. Draper,
J. T. Trowbridge,	William T. Everts,
Julian Hawthorne,	Mr. Justice Field,
Edward Eggleston,	W. W. Story,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson,	Alexander H. Stephens,
Charles A. Dana,	Albert Bierstadt,
Whitlaw Reid,	Thomas Edison.
Murat Halstead,	

There are probably many people who will say that I have forgotten three famous names—those of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Joaquin Miller. I have not forgotten them—I have simply omitted them.

There are others who may object to Edison's name figuring on the list. He has written nothing much that I know of, unless it be an article in *Scribner*. He is entitled to admission as a scientist, however.

If there are any who object to his admission, even on that ground, there is a name which I might suggest, but that sweet and gentle modesty which has ever characterized me would prevent my doing so.

**

I have not been to the theatre for seven weeks—that is, I had not been for seven weeks, when the "White Slave" was put on. I may remark that after I had seen the "White Slave" I was rather sorry I had emerged from my congenial obscurity.

The "White Slave" is doubtless a very good play, but it did not interest me. It was rather too reminiscent.

Mr. Levick, the leading man, I consider unpleasant. I am aware I am running counter to the New York critics when I say this. But then I do not care very much for the New York critics. Nor for any others, for the matter of that.

If it is any satisfaction to Mr. Levick, I may add that I think he would make an excellent masquerader. He has one of those dear little mustaches, turned up at the ends, on which so many feminine hearts are booked.

Miss Georgie Cayvan is not unpleasant. Of her it may be said, as Wordsworth said of somebody, "she is not fair to outward view, as many maidens be." But then she has a good heart. I believe that is the correct thing to say of young ladies who are not fair to outward view.

I have noticed, however, that very few young ladies are pleased by this subtle distinction.

On the whole, I was rather sorry that I had gone to the theatre, after all. It served only to dissipate my pleasant recollections of the Union Square Company at the same theatre.

**

Talking of the Union Square Company, reminds me of an anecdote I heard Sara Jewett tell one day. She said that when she was in England a young man once asked her whether it was true, as reported, that young girls were allowed in America to go out walking, riding, etc., with young men, unattended by chaperones.

"Yes," replied Miss Jewett, "it is the case in many parts of the United States—perhaps in most."

"What an egotistical country," replied the ingenuous Briton. "And have you ever heard out that way?"

"Frequently."

"And did the men never try to—to—kiss you, you know?"

"Never."

"What a lot of muffs!"

**

I wonder if it ever occurs to army and navy men what important factors they are in social life? Why, they might almost be called the pillars on which society rests.

For instance, they are men of leisure, which is not the rule in America. Even in older and richer communities than this, it is the rule that men are occupied. Probably in another generation there will be large numbers of idle men, whose sole occupation will be the spending of the old man's money, and to whose expansive cheeks the only thing that will bring a blush will be the reflection that "pa used to sell things."

Now, however, the army and navy men have it pretty much their own way. Far be it from me to wish they hadn't. They are good fellows all—or nearly all.

One of the advantages of their leisure is that they can make their calls during afternoons. It is sometimes a relief to a woman to see a man around in the day-time.

Then, again, sometimes it isn't—particularly the old man. Army and navy men, too, are artists in the use and application of small talk, which makes one wonder sometimes why it doesn't cause softening of the brain. Still they seem to hear up under the strain.

Yet I often wonder, as I said, if it ever occurs to them to be dissatisfied with their social sphere. They are, as a rule, poor; they know that the girls are not after them, but after young Bonanza and Croesus Jr.; that these same girls would not marry them—that is, of course, unless they fell in love with them, something society girls rarely do.

Yes, they are social conveniences. They are invited because they can be counted on to come, because they are dancing men, and because—well, because they are convenient. They are even invited sometimes to grand dinners—formal and semi-state affairs—because their uniforms look well, and form an inexpensive addition to the flowers and other ornaments of the table. Here, for example, I will give you a plan of a dinner given to a Distinguished Personage visiting the city:

MR. BRIFFLESS, Pallid young lawyer, inserted to fill up.	MISS SANGAZUL, F. F. V., but mature—forty.	MISS MONEYBAGS, Daughter of old Moneybags, amiable, but dull.	GENERAL LEO, Minister from Kamchaka.	HOSTESS—MRS. PURSEPROUD, Black velvet and diamonds.	MR. BILLY BONANZA, Bachelor capitalist, with scurfy finger-nails.	MRS. V. DE GRACE, Dashing young widow.	YELLOW—LIEUT. LIGHTFOOT, Of the Artillery.	MISS CHEVALET, Poor artist patronized by Purseproud.	RED—CAPT. CHAUVET, Of the Infantry.
MR. KLOWNNE, Professional Wit.	MISS APPOGGIATURA, Invited to sing after dinner.	MISS GRAZIELLA LEO, Hostess—MR. PURSEPROUD.	MRS. GENERAL LEO, Diamonds and black velvet.	THE REV. MR. CREAMCHISEL, High Church and fine eyes.	MISS ARTLESS, In muslin. Bewitching, but poor.	BLUE—J. T. COM. TARPULIN, Bald, but still a glib thing.	MISS MAMIE SYCOPHANT, Who makes protracted visits on her friends.		
Mrs. TOMASINA JEFFERSON SMITH, Descendant of the great T. J.	YELLOW—CAPT. SHRAPNEL, Of the Artillery.								

So satirical—except with rich people.

in this country which differed from the following one in language, but not in kind:

THE HUNGRY DOG.

DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: *Wehmeier. Holzappel. A Dog.*

The action takes place in a country inn. The personages are picturesquely grouped around a table.

An interval of fifteen minutes takes place between each act.

ACT I.

Wehmeier—Say, who does that dog there belong to?
Holzappel—Hey?
W.—Whose dog is that?
H.—What dog?

ACT II.

W.—Say, what makes that dog there so lean?
H.—Hey?
W.—That dog there—what makes him lean, I say?
H.—What dog?

ACT III.

W.—Say, why don't that dog get fat?
H.—Hey?
W.—That dog there—why don't he get fat, I say?
H.—What dog?

ACT IV.

W.—Say, why don't that dog eat?
H.—Hey?
W.—That dog, I say—why don't he eat?
H.—What dog?

ACT V.

W.—Say, why don't you give that dog nothin'?
H.—Hey?
W.—That dog, I say—why don't you give that dog nothin'?
H.—What dog?

ACT VI.

Once upon a time I knew a lady of wealth who had traveled extensively. She differed from most travelers in this respect—she was very much averse to talking over the lands in which she had traveled. When it was absolutely necessary, she overcame the difficulty by humorously referring to the continent in general as "Gold Hill."

She had lived in Virginia City. This peculiar phraseology, while a little puzzling to strangers, at least saved her from being classed in that awful category, the traveled bore.

You have met him? Of course you have—we all have, some of us to our sorrow.

I once had the misfortune of passing an evening with a man who had spent a number of months in Japan, and who wanted every one to know it. He generally succeeded in doing so. He would bring the conversation back from Jupiter's moons to Japan with the utmost skill. He was so skillful at it that he was cordially hated.

If there are palliating circumstances in the case of him who has been somewhere, what shall he said of him who has only been up the creek or into the next county? What should he done to him, ye gods? Let him be anathema.

It is my misfortune to know a scribe who recently went to the Sandwich Islands. Let us call him Boutville. Well, Boutville is doubtless a well-meaning person, but he is a frightful bore. The world to him has come to be a sort of frame, in which is inclosed the events which took place "when I was down to the Islands."

Does any one speak of the latest book? It reminds him of the fact that three months ago the latest book was So-and-So, and that he was reading it "when he was down to the Islands." This serves as a peg on which he proceeds to hang innumerable and infinitesimal reminiscences.

Are politics mentioned? Boutville plunges in *medias res*: "You have no idea how amusing the petty politics of Hawaii are. Now, when I was down to the Islands!"

Does the conversation turn upon business, trade matters, etc.? Thus Boutville: "Talking of business, this Reciprocity Treaty is a great thing. Now, when I was down to the Islands!"

Mrs. Langtry, professional beauties, etc.? "I tell you, speaking of pretty women, the girls at Honolulu, when I was down to the Islands!"

And so on. Boutville, too, is gradually becoming transformed into an information volcano. You have doubtless seen the kind—upon the slightest provocation, and without even the premonitory rumble of the more merciful mud volcano, they proceed to throw up large gobs of information. Scraps of history, bits of philology, carefully conned chunks of encyclopedic lore—all these they belch forth from their craters, while the alarmed by-standers make haste to flee from the outpouring flood. Boutville, of course, having dallied with Mauna Loa, is become an Hawaiian information volcano. The gobs he emits are all predicated upon "when I was down to the Islands."

I have often thought that the most awful fate in life would be this—to be cast away upon an uninhabited island with an information volcano. Were it to happen to you, at the expiration of a few weeks you would be dead.

Or else he would.

**

As I was on the street car one evening this week, I heard the following dialogue between two women, one middle-aged and an Irishwoman, the other young and evidently an American. They both seemed to be working women:

"So Miss Casey she said she would do it for any of the girls, and so most of 'em said all right, and so she done it." "An' all of thim girrls has their hair like that! Well, I never haird anything like it in all me horn days."

"Why, it looks puffy like splendid," replied the younger.

"I don't care," said the other. "For all the girrls in wan shop to bave their hair cut in wan way—I never haird the like. An' what is it ye call it now?"

"Miss Casey she says it's the Langtry bang. Missus Langtry is a purfeshunal beauty, and she's goin' to travel with a circus. People says she's the most beautiful woman in the world, but I seen her pictures—Cholly and me seen 'em—and they ain't much."

In a recent number of the *Fliegende Blätter*, the German *Punch*, there was a dialogue which, while I think it is the most elaborately idiotic thing I ever saw in my life, is none the less interesting as showing a peculiar type of German humor. The dreadful opacity of understanding which makes country people so prone to senseless repetition is by no means confined to Germany. Our peasants possess it as well. I have groaned in spirit as I have listened to dialogues

The younger woman bridled as she spoke, and looked conscious. It was evident that "Cholly" had disapproved of Mrs. Langtry. "Cholly" was fly.

At this point I got out, and the rest of the dialogue was lost to me.

When I entered my house I recoiled in horror. Zulana stood before me, and yet it was not she. For, behold—an exposition of Strozynsky had come o'er her. The comparatively plain arrangement of her hair had given way to a most extraordinary make-up. It was lop-sided. It was curled. And it was banded.

This triple horror almost overcame me. I sank into a seat, and gasped:

"What is it?"

"This?" replied Zulana, twirling around coquettishly, "this?—why, it's the Langtry hang. How do you like it?"

"My dear," said I, gravely, "waiving any question of liking or disliking on my part, and waiving also the point that it might look well on a younger and—ahem—prettier woman, I will content myself with remarking that a whole shop full of Market Street milliner girls have had their confounded hair banded, cropped, and curled like that, and"

"Well, what of it, said she, bristlingly, "do you think people will take me for a milliner girl?"

"No, my dear," I replied gently, "for reasons which I have touched upon, and which will doubtless occur to you, I don't think they will."

I had been at dinner. There were a lot of good fellows there. They were dining another good fellow, who was going away. We dined him, we winned him. The sitting was protracted. It was a very damp night. It was a humid night. It was a demitison moist night.

And then, as the night was liquescent, and the star-dials binted of morn, I hethought me of home. Ah, home. It is a great thing to have a home. They say that in the French language there is no word for home. Home, sweet home. 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest hark. And all that sort of thing.

But then sometimes you don't want to go home. I didn't want to go home. But I was afraid to stay away. So I took a cab and my homeward route together.

When I reached my stately mansion I dismissed the cab, and reflected. Was I in fit condition to appear at the domestic bar—that awful tribunal? I determined to think it over. *En réfléchant*, I took a walk around the block.

I thought I might pass off my hiccoughs for heart-disease, or something like that. Something sudden—something dangerous. Apoplexy might do.

But no. I smiled sadly as I reflected that Zulana knew me pretty well. She was too familiar with the symptoms of my projected heart-disease.

I cautiously unlatched the door, with some little trouble. When within, I paused again. I think I see the cynical smile upon the face of some heartless bachelors. Ah, little reck ye, ye mateless ones, of—but no matter.

When I entered the hall-way I recoiled. A man stood before me. He was a tall and ugly looking customer in the dim light. But I soon saw that I had been mistaken. It was only a most hideous suit of Japanese armor, which is the very apple of Zulana's eye.

A bright idea struck me. Why wouldn't it do for me to don the war togger of the defunct *daimio*? Thus accoutred I would enter the chamber of Zulana. I would surprise her. I would then explain. In the midst of the laughter, the slight yet pleasant glow created by my little joke, my late arrival and my hiccough would perhaps pass unnoticed.

Happy thought.

I began the task of endossing the armor. It was longer and more difficult than I had anticipated. How in the name of all that is inflammable those Japs ever got their armor on without bursting a blood-vessel is more than I can guess.

However, at last I got into the thing and started up-stairs. I trod as gently as I could, but when I entered the chamber where Zulana lay enshrined, my helmet prevented me from seeing distinctly. I tumbled over an ottoman, and came to the floor with an awful crash.

I rose with much difficulty. But I had scarcely got upon my feet when I was startled by the most awful, the most ear-piercing, the most blood-curdling shrieks I ever heard in my life.

It was Zulana.

Apparently the wife of my bosom had failed to see the joke. I advanced toward her, and endeavored to explain. But she fled from before me—even in her garments of night fled she, like a ghost, through the hallway.

I followed, entreating her to be calm. But she only shrieked the louder.

When I reached the foot of the stairs, she had evidently fallen back for reinforcements. She appeared presently, flanked by the cook and the housemaid. But my arrival threw them into disorder, and they fell back.

I made a short and impressive speech from my post at the foot of the stairway. I did it with as much dignity as was compatible with my raiment. I implored them to be calm. Already a policeman was knocking at our portal. Finally I succeeded in quieting these insane creatures.

But I had a very long and elaborate series of explanations to make. First to the policeman. He was firmly convinced that a murder had been committed, and that the body was secreted on the premises. It took much time to remove this impression from his mind, and to convince him that my wife was a sleep-walker, and that I had been to a masquerade hall. Next the servants. My ordinarily dignified intercourse with them was much impaired by reason of my attire.

Last came Zulana. I will not dwell upon this painful scene. Suffice it to say that what I endured that night would have made the early Christian martyrs think their tortures were as naught in comparison. When I thought of those whom Nero had dipped in oil, kindled, and used as a torch-light procession, I laughed bitterly.

I am still of the opinion that my little scheme was an excellent one, and that it had in it all the elements of a side-splitting joke. With almost any other woman it would have succeeded perfectly.

But I am free to confess that I shall never again try it with her who is the present yoke-mate of

ZULANO.

OLD FAVORITES.

Endymion.

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropped her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.
On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.
Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not sought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.
It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.
It lifts the houghs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.
O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!
No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unseen,
Responds unto his own.
Responds—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song:
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

—H. W. Longfellow.

Endymion.

"And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell
The enchantment that afterward befell?
Yet it was but a dream; yet such a dream
That never tongue, although it overteem
With mellow utterance, like a cavern spring,
Could figure out and to conception bring
All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky way
Among the stars in virgin splendor pours;
And traveling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appeared to open for my flight.

When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sighed that I could not pursue,
And dropped my vision to the horizon's verge;
And lo! from opening clouds, I saw emerge
The loveliest moon that ever silvered o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet; she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingle with her argent spheres did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapory tent—
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I raised
My sight right upward; but it was quite dazed
By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face.
Again I looked, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such folly before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply girdle and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unbraded,
Her pearl-round ears, white neck, and orbed brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighborhood evenen all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fane—ah! see her hovering feet,
More bluely veined, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea-born Venus when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind outflows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed
Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed
Handfuls of daisies."—Endymion, how strange!
Dream within dream!"—She took an airy range,
And then toward me, like a very maid,
Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid,
And pressed me by the hand. Ah! 'twas too much;
Methought I fainted at the charmed touch,
Yet beld my recollection, even as one
Who dives three fathoms where the waters run
Gurgling in beds of coral; for anon,
I felt unpounded in that region
Where falling stars dart their artillery forth,
And eagles struggle with the buffeting north
That balances the heavy meteor-stone—
Felt, too, I was not fearful, nor alone,
But lapped and lulled along the dangerous sky.
Soon, as it seemed, we left our journeying high,
And straightway into frightful eddies swooped,
Such as aye meter where gray time has scooped
Huge dens and caverns in a mountain's side;
There hollow sounds aroused me, and I sighed
To faint once more by looking on my bliss—
I was distracted; madly did I kiss
The wooing arms which beld me, and did give
My eyes at once to death; but 'twas to live,
To take in draughts of life from the gold fount
Of kind and passionate looks; to count, and count
The moments, by some greedy help that seemed
A second self that each night he redeemed
And plundered of its load of blessedness.
Ah, desperate mortal! I even dared to press
Her very cheek against my crowned lip,
And, at that moment, felt my body dip
Into a warmer air; a moment more,
Our feet were soft in flowers. There was store
Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
Loitered around us; then of honey cells,
Made delicate from all white-flower bells;
And once, above the edges of our nest,
An arch face peeped—in an Orcad as I guessed."

—John Keats.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He Believed It.

"I have been told," said Mr. Dubious, watching the great steam-hammer in the rolling-mill, "that a good hammer-man can break the crystal of a watch with that thirty-ton hammer." "Yes, sir," said the hammerman, "it can be done." "I should like to see it," said Mr. Dubious, eagerly, feeling in his watch-pocket. "I can do it, sir," replied the man. "And will you?" replied Mr. Dubious, drawing out his watch; "come, I am anxious to see it tried." He laid his watch on the great anvil-plate. The hammer rose up to its full height, and the next instant all its ponderous weight, with a crushing force that shook the ground for an acre round, came down on that watch. "There," said the hammerman, quietly, "if you don't believe that crystal is broken, just stoop down, and you can see it sticking to the hammer." Mr. Dubious swallowed a whole procession of lumps and gasps before he could speak. "But I forgot to say," he exclaimed, "that it was to break the crystal without injuring the watch." "Oh, yes," said the hammerman, "yes, I know; I have heard that rubbish myself; but it's all gammon. I don't believe it can be done. But you can break the crystal every time."—*Burdette.*

Why Lucy Cried.

One evening Lucy's Young Man did not keep his engagement to come and help her Hold Down the Sofa, and she was very angry, because the Young Man generally brought along a box of Candy, and Lucy could make it Look Tired about as easily as any Girl in town. So she sat down at the Piano and began to sing. After she had given the folks a Sample of "When the Roses Bloom Again," "Only a Pansy Flower," "Empty is the Cradle," and a few other Gems of Melody that would make a man feel like committing Murder, her Father said that perhaps she had better Quit, as he didn't care about having the Patrol Wagon making useless trips on such a cold night. Lucy made no reply to this remark of her Father, but only slammed the music down pretty Hard, probably to show what she could do in case she should ever Get Real Hot. Then she began to play the Piano, starting in with "The Battle of Prague." When she had finished the piece, her Papa went across the Room to where his oldest son was sitting, and handed him Fifty Dollars. "Why, Papa," said Lucy, "What are you giving James all that money for?" "Your brother het me Fifty Dollars," he replied, "that you would Knock Out the Piano in the First Round, and I am giving up the Bundle." Then Lucy began to Cry, and said that her Father and Brother were Nasty, Horrid Things. But they only laughed at her, and when she had gone up stairs her Papa said to James: "Let us open a Small Bottle." Men are very Curious Creatures, children. They will frequently open a Small Bottle, and then go home and tell their Wives that times are too hard to buy a new Bonnet. But sometimes these men Lose Their Grip, and turn up about Thirteen or Fourteen o'clock at night, having had to hire a Hack to get home in, and then somebody gets a Sealskin Saccue. I think it serves them right. Don't you agree with me, children?—*From "Tales for the Toddlers," by Joseph Medill in the Chicago Tribune.*

Plot-suggestions for Amateur Novelists.

INTO THE AMONGSTNESS—A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

They were real *honey* people, the Cracklehaynes, and they came into what Ruth called "the amongstness" as readily and easily as if they had always belonged there. As for Ruth and Dakie Cracklehayne, it was a settled affair from the first, and it all came about from a talk they had one evening on the piazza, just as the sun was sinking out of sight beyond the western hills. "Oh! those clouds," said Ruth, in an awe-struck voice; "they make one think of the far-off gates." "Yes, and the crystal shore, and—the—the sweetsome tide," chimed in Dakie, who had been ransacking his skull for an appropriate scriptural verse. Just then old Uncle Squaretotes hobbled into view, and said, as he placed a hand on each young head: "The heyond and the betweens shall meet, and the gates shall be opened, and they that hunger shall be athirst."

[This is an excellent introduction for a story of the pie and piety school. No plot is necessary for a novel of this class. Introduce no characters but maudlin fools, and, in the last chapter, marry the most atrocious feminine idiot.]

OUR LADY FRIENDS—A TALE OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

"Are you thinking of going to the F. C. D. C.?" inquired Maud Van Rensselaer of Herbert Patroon Suydam, as she leaned back in an ermine-cushioned fauteuil and let her pansy eyes drop on a Boldini of inestimable value. "No," returned the young patrician, with haughty languor; "but I was thinking of taking in the G. B. 4, 11, 44. You know, it's scarcely toney form to do the F. C. D. C. now, you know." Any one would have taken Herbert Patroon Suydam for an Englishman. No one, hearing his rich, aristocratic drawl, would ever have dreamed that he had never even been on the other side. His tailor, a genuine Londoner, and the preceptor of Poole in the art, often said to him: "Sir 'Erbert—I ax yer parding—Mr. Suydam—it comes so natural—blest if I wouldn't 'ave thought you was born and bred in dear old St. Giles's—the reglar swell quarter, Sir 'Erbert!"

[Do the heavy celluloid English and the pure old Knickerhocker blood, sprinkle in Delmonico, Newport, ride-in-the-park, Our Set, and any other touches of paper-collar aristocracy that may occur to you, and you will have a society novel that will be the delight of Mount Desert next summer.]

WILLY, THE WAIF—A TALE OF MISERY IN A METROPOLIS.

The bitter wind of winter whistled through the streets and alleys of the great city. It moaned among the house-tops, and heaved huge drifts of snow along the icy streets. The ways were dark in the December midnight. Belated foot-passengers hurried shivering to their homes. Even the industrious chiffonier turned despairingly from ash-barrels frozen solid as a California millionaire. Alone in a vacant door-way, otherwise unprotected from the cruel blasts, crouched a shuddering child of perhaps a dozen years—[Shudder the child through several chapters and let him out the son of an earl.]

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

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It is Tuesday, in the afternoon of election day. The writer's labors are ended, his vote is cast; and—while in thirty-three States of the Union party passions and personal ambitions are expending themselves at the ballot-box—with gown and slippers, with pad and pencil, with cigar in his mouth blowing circles of airy, fragrant smoke-wreaths, he is reading the moral, economical, and political essays by Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, Lord High Chancellor of England. He is philosophizing as to what all this is worth—all this fret and worry over the elections, all this deuociatio of the machine and the Pope's Irish, the League of Freedom, Temperance and the Sunday law, Stoneman and Estee, holters, Dolly Vardens and sore-heads, the Cameronian revolt in Pennsylvania, the rebellion against Folger in New York, the recent triumph of rum and stalwartism in Ohio, and fares and freights and water rates in San Francisco. What great difference does it make whether New Jersey will give us the seator who will determine the party character of the United States Seote? What harm is like to happen if Mahoe carries Virginia?—or what calamity impends over the republic if the Congress of the United States is Democratic? It is to the writer, in his present frame of mind, in gown, and slippers, and easy-chair, with the essays of Lord Bacon and a Havana, but the agitation of an ant-hill—a temporary and unimportant insect war. It is, after all, but the struggle of politicians for places. It is a fight for spoils. There is not difference enough in partisans to make it very important which set gets in. If it turns out to be a cold day for Alex. Badlam, it is sunshine for Holtz. It will be all the same in a hundred years, and if it is not all the same it will make no difference to us. These things have been going on ever since the waters first flooded the valley of the Nile. Pyramids, tombs, and obelisks, whose origin is unknown, whose builders have passed away, mark doubtless the struggles of empires and dynasties whose names are lost in the gloom of a forgotten past. Lord Bacon is dead, and the cigar burns slowly to inevitable ashes, and the ashes of the cigar, tipped off with the little finger to be swept out and blown away, are as precious as imperial dust in golden urn, guarded in mausoleum of richest carviog in bronze or marble.

The Argonaut has enjoyed this fight. It is a pleasant thing to lie upon one's stomach, in the shadow of an apple-tree of a sunny afternoon, and watch the teeming ant-hill—to note the little, busy, toiling, ambitious emmets struggling with a load of precious food. It is a wicked pleasure to stir them

up with the end of ooe's meddlesome boot to note their agitation and alarmed concern. It has been our pleasure to watch the campaign in this State, and note the small efforts of the small minds of small men to ride small hobbies to small places, where they might enjoy the opportunity of picking up the small thiogs that lie loose upon the deck of our State craft. It has been a pleasure to dip our pen into their counsels, and stir up and expose their small conspiracies, and help to defeat their small ambitions. It is a pleasure to hear, as one passes along the street, the compliment of a muttered curse, or note the eulogy of an unexpressed imprecation that sits upon the scowling countenance of some party villain thwarted in some mean conspiracy. The poet of an age older than that of Bacon has said: "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth, where the air is always clear and serene, and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below—so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling pride." This has been our pleasure. We have stood upon the shore, and seen the parties tempest-tossed in a struggle in which there was no principle. We have seen the ships captained by adventurers who had no knowledge of statecraft. In our grand old Republican ship—whose keel we helped to lay, and which we aided to build and launch, and which with the best efforts of a lifetime we helped to man—we saw struggling in the tempest, with a deserter at the helm, one who had crawled through the lubber-hole with a pirate crew, and, if it has not gone down, it has been wrenched and strained, and must go into dock for repairs. From our castle windows we have seen the adventures of the battle below. It has been a battle of stink-pots and foul blows, of strategies unworthy the art of honorable war. W. W. Foote flung a Koow-Nothing boomerang at our castle turret. It recoiled, and fell upon his father's grave. And just a time or two, when we saw our Prohibition friends assaulted by the hired Hessians of the League of Freedom, we sallied forth to strike a blow for the little band of brave adventurers who dared to write upon their banner, "Americanism," "Temperance," "Sabbath observance," and "Equal protection of law to all property." We, who never pray, offered ourselves as allies to those who do—not to those who pray and do no work, but to those who pray and work; and we did not offer ourselves as allies to the temperance cause till forty praying parsons had marched away from the temperance standard. These perfidious parsoos, in their cowardly desertion of the temperance cause at the moment it assumed shape to accomplish results, had better open whisky saloons on Sunday. They will do the cause of temperance less hurt than by their hypocritical prayers. Cosmas, Duke of Florence, had a saying against perfidious and neglectful friends. "We are commanded," said he, "to forgive our enemies; but we are not commanded to forgive our friends." These fat and oily men of God come within the definition of the Italian proverb: "Tanto huon che val niente"—so good that he is good for nothing. The most utterly good-for-nothing creature of this live, working age is the good-for-nothing parson. From this our vantage-ground of indifference to party struggles, where the air is clear and serene, we think we see the good time coming, when statesmen, and thinkers, and party leaders will dare to consider the question of alcoholic traffic as one of political economy. When the parsons—we mean the kind of parsons who do not vote as they pray—let the question of temperance alone, stop praying about it altogether, and turn it over to the men who pay taxes, there will very shortly be found some way, if not to prohibit, at least to regulate and control, the infernal traffic.

The writer is getting serious. He did not intend it. He started to philosophize, and here he finds himself scolding. It is so easy to scold. The cigar has burned down to his mustache, and that accounts for it. He resumes, with a new one, the good-natured reflections upon politics. We are glad the election is over. We look forward to two good long years of indulgence in quiet, in political repose; for the Argonaut, literature, poetry, and amiable disquisitions upon such topics as climate, the grape-culture, foreign affairs, the crowning of King Kalakaua, the reciprocity treaty, slickens, the new charter, the park improvements, society, music, and the drama. We are resolved to look upon the bright side of affairs, and to rest in the belief that whoever is chosen Governor will make an honest administration, and that the Legislature, whether Democratic or Republican, will give us good laws. The supervisors will, of course, be the worst board we have ever had. The Bulletin will fight the water company; the Chronicle will quarrel with Governor Stanford and Claus Spreckels. The Examiner will make everything Democratic appear rosy, and everything Republican had. But the Argonaut, using only the privilege of discussing the Pope's Irish and the League of Freedom, will resume its amiable temper and dignified deportment. It will move gracefully along, searching for sermons in stooges, music in babbling brooks, and good in everything.

The overwhelming defeat of the Republican party in nearly all of the Northern States is the most unaccountable political event that has occurred since its organization. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Indiana, Michigan, Kansas, Colorado, Nevada, California, are all swept by a popular cyclone, while all the other Republican States exhibit reduced majorities. The House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States are transferred from Republican to Democratic control. Such an event occurring in any European government would indicate the commission of some fatal mistake, or some inexcusable crime, by the party in power. No such event marks this revolution. The Republican party honestly and honorably administered our national affairs. There is no burning question before the people. There has been no great principle put at issue. It was not a general election, and in no two States have the same causes been operating, and yet the result indicates that some common impulse must have been at work to produce such a result. New York and California may be taken to illustrate the causes which perhaps more than any other have brought about such an unexpected revolution in the popular mind. New York has been well governed. Its Governor was popular and honest, and well and faithfully performed his executive duties. He was entitled by every rule of honorable political consideration to be renominated. Had he been renominated, he would have been triumphantly reelected. But in New York there existed a party machine. The President of the United States was a member of it. Mr. Roscoe Conkling was a member. Its lesser men reached down to the very dregs of the criminal classes and reached up to the millionaires and the highest political offices of the nation. It was an organized effort to give a place or a job to all who composed it. Politics became a mercenary industry. Its convention was manipulated by party rogues. Its processes were through trickery, forgery, and crime. Its result was a conspiracy, in the interest of wealth dishonorably acquired, to promote the ambition of dishonest men, and to satisfy the greed and cupidity of political adventurers. The successful control of the New York Convention shocked the moral sentiment of all honorable men, and alarmed all honest minds when they contemplated the possible consequences of turning the great commonwealth over to the direction of a corrupt party machine. All reputable journals, all respectable men rebelled. The Tribune, the Times, the Herald, and indeed nearly all the leading organs, revolted from doing the work assigned them; and, with a seeming common consent, the better class of society determined to sink the ship in order to drown the rats. The same sentiment was abroad in Pennsylvania to overthrow the shameful and corrupt dictation of the Cameron machine. The same motives impelled the party in New Jersey to retire Robeson from a position as party leader which he had acquired by dishonest practices. The same influences are at work against Logan in Illinois. We had an honorable administration in California. Our Governor has faithfully, and honestly, and successfully performed his executive duties. There was no complaint against him or his administration. Had he been renominated, he would have been reelected. Any reputable Republican gentleman, who possesses intelligence, integrity, and moral courage, with political cleanliness and party consistency, fairly and honorably nominated by delegates decently chosen, who would have made a platform of principles, and courageously advocated them, would have been elected. But San Francisco had a party machine. It chose the delegates to a State Convention in the interest of the mercenary adventurers who composed it. It found in the person of Morris M. Estee a ready and willing tool to do its bidding. It made a shameful and cowardly platform, in which no moral principle was recognized. It assaulted the rights of private property, and refused to recognize the legal rights of individuals in protecting themselves and their possessions from robbery and spoliation. It contemplated to San Francisco a city government of thieves, a Board of Supervisors to blackmail one corporation, and members of Assembly to levy tribute upon another. Every honorable Republican who wanted no office, and asked no favor, was thrust aside by the insolent base-born miscreants, who, hiding in bar-rooms and consorting in gin-mills, undertook to turn the State and city over to thieves and ambitious knaves who would steal and let them steal. The result is a Democratic victory. The result of that result is to drive all these rascals over to that party. It segregates the decent men of the Republican party from the pimps, "lovers," blacklegs, and hollies, who, controlling party primaries, control party conventions. It drives the dishonorably ambitious back to private life. It gives the party an opportunity to rally its forces for a Presidential election in 1884, and to send delegates to a national convention which will not be under the arrogant dictation of Roscoe Conkling, Don Cameron, and John A. Logan. It gives honorable Republicans emancipation from the machine. And the strange fact is, there is not an honorable, disinterested, sincere, or unselfish Republican—who has held no office and wants none—who does not rejoice at the result. Honest Republicans meet and shake hands, their faces wreathed in smiles, and congratulate each other on the most welcome result. The railroads will not be compelled longer

to maintain political bureaus to be managed by scheming and subtle knaves, whose duty is to run both conventions, and whose insolent privilege is to defeat every honest man's ambition. This is less a Democratic victory than a Republican stampede. In New York the tremendous majority for Cleveland indicates what the French would call a fraternization. Every intelligent person will concede that the contest has been but a feint—there has been no real conflict. When the better class of Republicans realized the fact that the machine had become national, that Arthur was working it, and that Cameron, Conkling, Logan, and hosts of lesser men operating for the spoils of office, the loot and plunder of rings, and the profit of government jobs, they were alarmed, and, if not alarmed, disgusted. This sentiment displayed itself when the insolence of the Grant programme presented itself at Chicago, and a triumvirate of senators undertook to violate the usages of party and the traditions of the Government in the nomination and election of Ulysses for a third term. The sentiment was intensified when the death of Garfield gave the Presidency to one who, however honorable, was ranked among the politicians and not among the statesmen, who was recognized as one of the New York machine. This feeling culminated when President Arthur and his friends at Washington drove Blaine and all the friends of Garfield from power; gave the higher offices, and all of them, to the enemies and opponents of the dead President; allowed Don Cameron, and Conkling, and Robeson to become not only party hurendens but party tyrants; raised the standard of Stalwartism, and offered to the other wing of the party the privilege of allegiance to it or private life. Then came the revolt in Pennsylvania. Then came the Presidential interference in New York. Then came the revolt of journals and decent Republicans all over the country. Then came the deluge, the tidal-wave, the cyclone, cataclysm. And yet there are no Republicans who have become Democrats. There has been no change of party sentiment. There are none killed, none wounded, none missing, and none scared. The Democracy has now the opportunity of demonstrating its professions of patriotism. We shall now realize in this city, in this State, and in the General Government, whether it is as honest and economical as it pretends to be. It will be closely watched with open-eyed jealousy by intelligent Republicans on the *qui vive* to overturn and defeat it as soon as found tripping. We hail and welcome the result as good for the country. There is no party discipline like the chastisement of a thorough and complete political defeat. The national Republican party of the United States has met its Waterloo.

It was claimed by the *Chronicle* that both Humphreys and Charles Clayton were friends of the railroad, and that John T. Doyle represented the anti-railroad sentiment of the city of San Francisco. He had been allowed to ventilate his anti-railroad opinions at extreme length in the *Examiner*. He was the embodiment of the anti-railroad sentiment of this community, and upon him was to have been concentrated the opposition to this iron-heeled, tyrannical, and altogether unprincipled monopoly. Note the result: Out of 38,000 votes cast, Mr. John T. Doyle received 6,000. *Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*. It was also claimed by the *Chronicle* that Mr. Estee was the representative of the real anti-monopoly policy of the State; that General Stoneman had made terms with the railroad; that he had an amicable and prearranged meeting with Governor Stanford at the Palace Hotel; that he had said at the Bohemian Club that "he had made his peace with the railroad." Mr. Estee made it the burden of his harangues throughout the State that he was the only original anti-railroad Jacobs. He hid for his nomination at the convention by a gross and personal assault upon the railroad-owners and managers. He followed it up everywhere by denouncing railroads and railroad management, and he received less votes by some thousands than those candidates on the same ticket who were charged with being the friends of the railroad. This proves that the railroad issue was a sham or a fraud, gotten up by political demagogues to deceive and mislead the people. The result takes this question out of politics. A square presentation of the whole railroad question would demonstrate that there is no such prejudice against them as the political freebooters would have us believe.

In looking around for the causes that have produced this remarkable result, the Chinese question must not be underrated. The labor force is a powerful one in our government. It is powerful in numbers, and it is active in politics. It is sensitive in reference to unpaid or underpaid labor. The abolition of black slavery was due to this working element. Brown slavery carried a menace to working-men in all the free States of the North. When, at the National Republican Convention, it was found that Eastern sentimentality was powerful enough to make it difficult to secure the passage of an anti-Chinese resolution, it struck a chill to the hearts of the working Republicans, from which they did not recover. The influence of the forged Morey letter was conclusive of the wide distrust that pervaded the minds of Republican working-men. The first veto of President Arthur

emphasized this distrust, which the passage and approval of the second bill did not remove. The repudiation by the Republican leaders, Republican senators, and Republican journals, of the party resolution, made a deep impression upon working-men throughout the nation, and was undoubtedly one of the causes that contributed to the Republican defeat. When the party comes together again in national convention, it will be well to deal honestly with this question, and nominate a Presidential candidate who is in earnest sympathy with white workers, and honestly opposed to the introduction of brown slavery. This is one of the lessons of this political adversity that must not be overlooked.

We extract from the League of Freedom circular the following: "The hour of battle is just at hand." On November "the seventh the question will be settled whether we shall 'continue to enjoy the freedom our forefathers gave us, or 'fall under the domination of Puritan rule.'" This is signed by Julius Buhler and W. A. Asmussen, two lager-beer Dutchmen. This reminds us of an incident at a Fourth of July celebration. The orator, after portraying the gallant achievements of the soldiers of the revolutionary struggle, asked if there were present any of the heroes of the war, and begged them to rise. Up from the crowd a seedy individual lifted himself. "And in what regiment did you serve, my worthy friend?" asked the speaker. "I fought mit ter Hessians," was his reply. If Buhler and Asmussen's forefathers did not fight "mit ter Hessians," we are much mistaken.

The influence of McDonald's candidacy is not to be measured by the number of votes received by him. It was believed by many that the contest between Stoneman and Estee would have been much closer than it has turned out to be. Hundreds of Republicans who would have voted for him changed their minds at the last moment and voted for General Stoneman, in order to make the defeat of Mr. Estee more certain. The prohibition party is now a live factor in the politics of this State, and, since rum and the Democracy have struck hands, the Republican party will be compelled to recognize the fact; and we prophesy that at the next convention the temperance and Sabbath element will not be disregarded. When Americans shall have the courage to unite and assert American principles, the Republican party will find room for them in its ranks.

In the death of James W. Simonton our State met with the loss of a most valued and excellent citizen. He had worn himself out in active service, and had not unharnessed himself from the exhaustive toil of his labors in time to enjoy their well-earned fruits. He was an honorable man, kind, just, and generous. The writer speaks from experience when he says that he was a staunch and true friend. He was never so over-occupied that he had not time to champion the right, and he was ever brave enough to dare to do it in the face of popular prejudice. He was a bold and resolute thinker, with the courage of his own earnest convictions. He was a good citizen, and his loss will be deeply deplored.

If it is true, as the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* both declared, that Stoneman was nominated over Hearst by the influence of the railroad, then Stoneman's election is a railroad triumph. If it is true that William P. Humphreys and Carpenter, of El Dorado, are both railroad men, then the railroad has a majority of the commission, and this is a railroad triumph. If it is true, as all the enemies of the railroad assert, that Senator Farley is the railroad's friend, then his reelection to the United States Senate will be a railroad triumph. If, as he himself asserts, the railroad company has purchased all the scrub politicians, then the election of W. W. Foote is a railroad triumph.

"Portrait of Morris M. Estee: Our fine lithographic plate likeness of Hon. Morris M. Estee, Republican candidate for Governor, is now ready for delivery at this office. It is a beautiful picture, and reflects great credit upon the artistic skill of the house of E. Bosqui & Co., from which it comes. Single copies, ten cents. Mailed to any address. News agents supplied at half-price."—*S. F. Evening Post*. The foregoing paragraph stood at the head of the *Post* editorial columns during the campaign. We are authorized to say that this "beautiful picture" can now be obtained from the *Post* in large quantities; price, "one cent."

There are four men in America who will look upon this sweeping Democratic cyclone as an ill wind that has blown them no good—Chester A. Arthur, President; Don Cameron, Senator; Roscoe Conkling, ex-Senator; and Secor Robeson, of New Jersey. It will not prove an altogether ill wind if it should waft James G. Blaine into the Presidential office.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad" is illustrated by Mr. Estee, in his speech in the Republican State Convention, attacking Governor Stanford and his railroad associates. "Whom the gods would make mad they first destroy" is illustrated in the defeat of the remainder of the Republican ticket.

The *Examiner* is the only daily newspaper in San Francisco which has been large and generous enough to recognize the *Argonaut* and treat it as an equal. Of all the commercial dailies it is the only one which so rises above the small and spiteful jealousies of their business as to quote from us and reply to us, and to mention us by name, and to treat us as though we had a rightful and legitimate presence in the field of journalism. We have differed from the *Examiner* in the past, shall probably differ in the future, but we hope with the exchange of none other than fair arguments in courteous language—a kind of attitude hard to maintain toward the ordinary hlackguards of the press. Hence, we congratulate the *Examiner* on its great triumph. It has fought a great battle, and has won a great victory. It has done battle within the accepted rules of honorable warfare. In this accepted code there is room for improvement. The *Examiner* steps to the front and takes rank from this time among the leading journals of California, with the opportunity to attain the first place on the Pacific Coast. It becomes the organ of the State and municipal governments, with the influence and patronage belonging to that position. It becomes a property of large value. It has attained that position where it may exercise great influence and do great good to the State.

If the election had occurred ten days sooner than it did Doctor McDonald would have received a largely increased vote. Thousands of Republicans were so impressed with the danger of Estee's election that they determined to make his defeat certain by voting for General Stoneman. The Protestant clergy almost as a rule deserted the prohibition party and voted the Republican ticket. The Catholic clergy, almost as a unit, voted for the Democracy. All of which convinces us that the future of temperance reform must be worked out independent of the priests and preachers, (as a class,) and that as practical reformers they are a failure.

Considering the sweeping nature of the Democratic victory, it is surprising that Greathouse should have contented himself with such a little, plain, simple, and somewhat hedragged rooster as has decorated the *Examiner* these past few days. A waiting world naturally looked for a perfect eruption of roosters, such as adorn the exotic columns of our esteemed Democratic contemporaries in the Mississippi Valley. Or better still—the Democratic Warwick should have sent for the gigantic, the colossal rooster which stalked solemnly across the Cincinnati *Enquirer's* front page the day after Sammy Tilden met Hayes in the presidential prize-ring. This fowl is two feet two inches high, by actual measurement. Really, the *Examiner* seems lacking in enterprise.

The vote given by the county of Alameda to Frank Page for Congress is one of the strongest evidences of political ingratitude that we have ever witnessed. Page has done more for the harbor of Oakland, more for the interests of Alameda County, than any member of Congress for any constituency in the nation. To contrast his vote with that of the talking jackdaws, who promised in event of being elected to destroy the railroad—without which there would be no Oakland—indicates a want of political sense, of which the highly cultured of the classic shades ought to be ashamed.

And now that General Stoneman is elected Governor of California—honorably nominated and fairly chosen—let us admit that he is a gentleman of character, that he is a man of education, that he was loyal, that he is not an inebriate, and that all the scandalous lies told against him during the campaign were the scandalous efforts of mean minds to reduce him.

"Mr. Estee seems to be the candidate of the farming interest and of the commercial and city elements, and will 'get an almost united vote from the agricultural districts.'"—*Oakland Tribune's Biography of the Republican Candidate for Governor*.

It was an arctic day for Alex. Badlam. He was snowed under fearfully. Like the polar bear, he will hibernate by sucking his paws for a time; but he will thaw out to new life under the sunshine of the Republican reaction that is sure to come.

It sometimes becomes necessary to sink the ship in order to drown the rats. This time the clearance is complete, for the whole fleet has gone down. We shall be in luck if we get it up in time for the next presidential election.

The election of the Honorable Benjamin F. Butler, as Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, is a great moral triumph over the Hoars of that State.

The logical outcome of this popular political revulsion is the nomination of James G. Blaine for the Presidency in 1884 by the Republican party.

The people of New York, on Tuesday last, accepted the resignation of the Honorable Roscoe Conkling from public life by a large majority.

Would it not be a graceful thing for the Republican party to arise, in the person of Mr. Estee, and move to n. unanimous?

A STORY OF ALGIERS.

By Alphonse Daudet.

One evening, in Algiers, toward the close of a day of hunting, a violent tempest overtook me in the plain of the Shelif, a few leagues from Orleansville. Not the shadow of a town or caravansary in sight; nothing but dwarf palms, patches of lentisks, great plowed fields stretching as far as the horizon. Moreover, the Shelif, swelled by the rain, began to roar in an alarming fashion, and I ran the risk of spending my night in the open room. Luckily, the civil interpreter of the Bureau of Milianah, who was with me, remembered that there was very near us, concealed in a valley, a tribe whose aga he knew, and we decided to go to him and ask shelter for the night.

These Arah villages of the plain are so buried in the cactuses and Barbary-fig trees, their huts of dry earth are built so close to the ground, that we were in the midst of the "donar" before we knew it. Was this perfect silence owing to the time of day?—to the rain? The surroundings seemed to me very melancholy, and as though under the weight of some sorrow which had suspended all life there. In the fields round about the harvest was fast going to destruction. The wheat, the barley, everything else already garnered, were here still lying in the fields rotting. The rusty harrows and plows were out-doors, forgotten, in the rain. The whole tribe had this same air of dilapidated sadness and indifference. The dogs scarcely barked at our approach. From time to time the wailing of infants might be heard in the depths of a "gourbi," and we saw the shaved head of some boy, or the ragged "haick" of some old man passing through the thickets. Here and there were small mules shivering under the bushes. But not a horse, not a young man—as though it were still in the period of the great wars, and all the cavaliers gone months and months.

The mansion of the aga, a kind of long farm-house, with white walls and no windows, seemed to be as lifeless as the others. We found the stables open, the stall and the cribs empty, without a groom to receive our horses.

"Let us look in the Moorish coffee-room," said my companion to me.

What is called the Moorish coffee-room is the reception parlor, as it were, of the Arah chiefs—a house in a house, reserved for transient guests, and in which these good Mussulmans, with all politeness and affability, can practice the virtues of hospitality, and at the same time preserve that family seclusion which the law commands. The Moorish coffee-room of the Aga Si-Sliman was open and silent as like the stables. The high, white-washed walls, the trophies of arms, the ostrich-feathers, the wide, low divan on all sides of the room, all were going to ruin from the drops of rain which were blown through the door by the gusts of wind.

And yet there were people in the coffee-room. In the first place, the keeper, an old Kahyle in rags, with his head bent over between his knees, near an overturned brazier. Then the son of the aga, a promising youth, feverish and pale, who was reposing on the divan, wrapped in a black "hounrose," with two great greyhounds at his feet.

When we entered there was no motion, except that one of the greyhounds raised his head, and the youth deigned to turn toward us his handsome black eyes, feverish and languishing.

"And Si-Sliman?" said the interpreter. The keeper made a vague gesture, pointing to the horizon—far, so far! We perceived that Si-Sliman had gone on some long journey, but as the rain did not allow us to continue our ride, the interpreter, turning to the son of the aga, said to him in Arabic that we were friends of his father, and would like shelter till the next day. Immediately the youth arose, in spite of the fever which was burning in his veins, and gave orders to the keepers; then, directing us to the divans with a courteous gesture, as if to say, "You are my guests," he saluted us in the Arah manner, his head bent, a kiss on the end of his fingers, and, wrapping himself proudly in his bournose, went out with all the gravity of an aga and householder.

And then the keeper rekindled his brazier, placed thereon two microscopic kettles, and while he was getting the coffee ready we succeeded in learning from him some details of his master's journey, and the strange neglect into which the tribe had fallen. The Arah spoke rapidly, with motions like those of an old woman, using strong guttural tones, sometimes interrupted by long silence, during which we heard the rain falling on the mosaic pavement of the inner court, the singing of the kettles, and the howls of the jackals wandering in thousands over the plain. This is what had happened to the unlucky Si-Sliman: Four months before, on the anniversary of the 15th of August, he had received the famous decoration of the Legion of Honor, for which they had kept him waiting so long. He was the only aga in the province who had failed of it. All the others were chevaliers, officers; two or three even wore around their haicks the broad ribbon of commander, which in all their innocence they used for handkerchiefs, as I have often seen the Bach'aga Bonaleme do. What had prevented Si-Sliman from receiving the decoration was a quarrel about a game of cards which he had had with the chief of the Arah Bureau, and the military coterie is so powerful in Algiers that for six years past the name of the aga had been on the list of those proposed without even an election. So you can imagine the joy of the worthy Si-Sliman when, on the 15th of August, a spahi from Orleansville had come to bring him the little casket with the patent of Knight of the Legion of Honor; and when Baia, the favorite of his four wives, had attached the cross of France to his camel's-hair bournose, he gave the tribe the opportunity of indulging in all sorts of interminable sports. All night long there was the music of flutes and tambourines. They had dancing, and fireworks, and I do not know how many sheep were slaughtered; and in order that the feast should lack nothing, a famous improviser from Djendel composed in honor of Si-Sliman a magnificent cantata, which began thus:

"O wind, barnest thy chargers, and carry the good tidings!"

The next day at dawn Si-Sliman summoned to arms the van and the rear-van of his gnom, and hastened to Algiers with his men to thank the governor. At the gate of the city the gnom halted, as the custom was. The aga went alone to the government palace, saw the Duke of Malakoff, and

assured him of his devotion to France with a few pompous phrases in that Oriental style which is called imaginative, because for three thousand years all young men have been compared to palms and all women to gazelles. Then, having fulfilled these duties, he mounted, so as to show himself in the city, worshipped at the mosque, scattered money among the poor, visited the harbers and embroiderers, hought scented waters and flowered silks for his wives, blue vests trimmed with gold and red riding-boots for his little aga, paying without haggling in bright coin. He was seen in the hazaars sitting on Smyrna rugs, drinking coffee at the doors of Moorish merchants, who gave him their congratulations. Around him press the throng in curiosity. They said: "There is Si-Sliman." The "emhour" had just sent him the cross, and the young Moorish girls, coming back from their baths, eating sweetmeats, shot from behind their white masks long looks of admiration toward this beautiful new silver cross so proudly worn. Ah, sometimes we enjoy glorious moments in life.

When it was evening Si-Sliman prepared to join his gnom, and he already had his foot in the stirrup, when a servant of the prefecture came to him out of breath.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Si-Sliman. Come quick; the governor wishes to speak to you." Si-Sliman followed him without suspicion. However, as he crossed the great Moorish court of the palace, he met the Chief of the Arah Bureau, who smiled a wicked smile. This hostile smile frightened him; he entered the governor's reception-room trembling. The marshal, as he received him, was astride a chair.

"Si-Sliman," he said, with his usual brutality, and with that famous nasal tone which made every one around him fear, "Si-Sliman, my man, I am grieved; there has been a mistake. It was not you to whom they meant to give the cross. It is the Kaid of the Zougs-Zougs. You must return it."

The handsome browned face of the aga blushed as though brought near the fire of a great furnace. A convulsive movement shook his great frame. His eyes flashed, but it was a momentary gleam. He lowered them almost immediately, and howed before the governor.

"Thou art my master, sir," he said, and snatching the cross from his breast, he laid it on the table. His hand trembled; there were tears on his long lashes. Old Pelissier was moved at the sight.

"Come, come, old friend, you shall have it next year." And he stretched out his hand to him in a kindly manner.

The aga assumed not to see it, howed without answering, and went out. He knew how much reliance could be put in the marshal's promises, and saw that he had been dishonored by an intrigue.

The noise of his disgrace had already spread throughout the city. The Jews of Bah Azoun Street watched him go by, and sneered. The Moorish merchants, on the other hand, turned from him with an air of compassion. Yet this compassion hurt him more than the Jewish laughter. He went on and on, far from the walls, seeking the darkest byways, the place from which the cross had been torn burning like an open wound. And all the time he was thinking: "What will my men say? What will my wives say?"

Then there came over him paroxysms of rage. He saw himself preaching a holy war down on the borders of Morocco, which are red with fires and battles, or even dashing through the streets of Algiers at the head of his gnom, robbing the Jews, massacring the Christians, and then himself falling amid the grand ruin in which he should hide his disgrace. Everything, except the return to his tribe, appeared possible to him. All at once, in the midst of his plans for revenge, the thought of the *emhour* struck him like a flash of light.

The *emhour*! For Si-Sliman, as for all the Arahs, the idea of justice and of honor is summed up in this word alone. He was the true head for helieving Mussulmans in this period of decay. He of Constantinoe appeared to them far, far off, a being created by reason, a sort of invisible pope who had kept only his spiritual power, and in these days we know what that is worth.

But the *emhour*, with his great cannons, his zouaves, his iron-clads. When Si-Sliman had once thought of him he believed himself saved. Surely, the emperor would give him back his cross. The journey was a matter of eight days, and he knew that his gnom would wait for him at the gates of Algiers. The steamboat sailing the next day would take him toward Paris, full of calm and serenity, as though it were a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Poor Si-Sliman! Four months ago the unhappy aga had sailed, and the letters which he sent his wives spoke no more of return. For four months he had been hurried in the fog of Paris, spending his days in interviews with ministers, everywhere derided, caught in the terrible mill of the French Administration, sent from bureau to bureau, soiling his bournose on the dusty benches of ante-chambers, on the alert for an audience never to be; then at evening he would be seen with his long, sad face, absurd from its very majesty, as he waited for his key in the office of his hoarding-house, and mounted to his room, weary by reason of his endless errands and rebuffs, yet still proud, clinging to his hope, like a madman fixed in his pursuit after his honor.

Meanwhile, his hand, crouching near the gate Bah Azoun, were waiting for him with Oriental fatalism; his horses, tethered near the sea, neighed for his return. In the tribe all was at loose ends, the harvest perishing in the fields for lack of hands. The women, the children, counted the days, their faces turned toward Paris; and it was pitiful to see how much hope, despair, ruin, were the result of that piece of red ribbon. What will be the end of it all?

"God only knows," said the keeper, sighing, and through the open door, pointing over the melancholy, violet plain, his bare arm showed us the faint crescent of the white moon shining in the evening sky.

Under the heading "High Sport," the *Gaulois* announces that "le fox hunting" is being acclimatized in the south of France. The Russian, English, and Spanish colonies, together with the Bordeaux aristocracy, have formed themselves into a hunting society called "The Foxhound." They have begun operations by hunting a fox four days in the forest of Arcachon. According to the latest accounts, Reynard has succeeded in evading his pursuers.

LITERARY NOTES.

The third "No Name Series" is commenced by a story entitled "Her Crime." It is rather brightly written, but has a meagre plot. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

"Diddie Dumps, and Tot," by Louise C. Pyrrnelle, is another of the stories of plantation life in the Southern States that have been recently written for children. It is well and copiously illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.00.

"Star-Flowers" is another of those weak, semi-sentimental, semi-religious volumes of verse which are issued by publishers at the authors' risk. It will be read only by the author, the proof-reader, and the reviewer. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

"The Hidden Record" is a sentimental story by E. N. Blaisdell. Its plot is laid in New York, on the ocean, and in Cuba. It details the efforts of an American naval officer to uncover a mystery which involved his father. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"The Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote" is a neatly arranged and indexed volume of the best thoughts, prose and poetical, which appear in the volume that "laughed Spain's chivalry away." The book is illustrated, and contains a short sketch of Cervantes. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

The fifth number of the "Questions of the Day Series" is entitled "The American Citizen's Manual," of which part first is now issued. It is written by W. C. Ford, and treats of national, State, and local governments, the electorate and civil service. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The twenty-sixth volume of the "Handy-book Series" is "How to Succeed." It consists of a number of essays by some of the foremost thinkers of the nation. They originally appeared in the *Christian Union*, but were considered to be deserving of a more permanent form. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

The latest number of the "English Men of Letters Series" is "Sterne," by H. D. Traill. Like the other volumes of this series, it is condensed, but, nevertheless, many facts and anecdotes are related that will be new to the public, and the biography is as thorough as the average reader could desire. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 75 cents.

"The Nervous System" is the latest addition to the series of "Health Primers." These volumes now number nine, and are useful in serving the best interests of hygiene. They are prepared by twenty-four of the best English physicians, and embody the latest discoveries in medical science. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, 40 cents.

Mr. R. M. Daggett, of Nevada, is the author of "Braxton's Bar." It is a story of the pioneer days of California, and is dedicated to Mrs. John W. Mackay. Although prone to become sensational in parts, it is a fair picture of early California life, and many incidents evince the fact that they occurred in the author's experience. Published by Carlton & Co., New York; for sale by F. Boegle, 31 Dupont Street.

"The Wisdom of the Brahmin" is a translation from the German of one of the twenty volumes which Friedrich Rickert, the great Orientalist, composed from his vast mental storehouse of Eastern literature. The translation is made by Charles F. Brooks, who has been in his way a benefactor of the non-German-speaking American. His translations of Goethe and his sympathetic interpretation of Richter have given him a name that will endure through generations. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

Miscellany: No. 3 of the *Plymouth Pulpit* contains the sermon preached by Rev. H. W. Beecher on October 25, 1882. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, \$2 per annum. "An esteemed Baltimore contemporary," says the *Critic*, "credits us with having proved that 'most of Mr. Howells's plots for novels are taken from Shakespeare.' Really, if we have done this, we have done a great deal more than we aimed to do. What we did say (and proved) was that the novelist's titles are taken from chance phrases in Shakespeare. His plots, so far as we remember, are wholly original. No charge of plagiarism was involved in the note referred to."—We learn from Messrs. Rees Welsb & Co., of Philadelphia, that "the party who inserted the advertisement" in which Mr. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" was characterized as "a daisy" "has no longer charge of that department."—The original manuscript of "Maud Muller," as sent to the *Washington National Era*, contains a note from Whittier, in which he says that he has "tried to make something of the pastoral conditions of New England life after the manner of the German poets."—Mr. S. C. Hall, who is now eighty-two years old, gave a lecture at Plymouth, England, not long ago, discoursing on his feet for two and a half hours, and showing no signs of exhaustion. How about the hearers?—Mrs. Oliphant, a writer of inexhaustible capacity, has written a new novel with the peculiar title of "The Wizard's Son." It is to appear as a serial in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Announcements: President Garfield, a short time before he was wounded, sent a pleasant message to William Black, expressing his regret that the novelist had ended "MacLeod of Dare" so tragically. "There is tragedy enough in the world," said the man whose life was so soon to go out in frightful suffering heroically borne. This and much more concerning Mr. Black is related in an article which is to appear in the next number of *Harper's Magazine*.—Mr. Tennyson's new rural drama, in three acts, is written in prose—and that is nearly all that is known about it as yet.—Dr. Schliemann's next work on the results of his excavations at Hissarlik, last winter, is to be published simultaneously in German and in English. Mr. Karl Blind has contributed a chapter on "Trojan Ethnography."—The Chinese Ambassador in Berlin has just published in a German review a long critical article on Chinese poetry, with many extracts neatly translated. Miss Braddon's new Christmas novel, "Flower and Weed," marks a new departure in English book-making. It is to be profusely illustrated and handsomely printed, and will be sold for twenty-five cents.—Mr. William Leighton has written, and Lippincott will publish, a volume on the "Subjection of Hamlet." Mr. Leighton argues that Hamlet was in truth insane.—G. P. Putnam's Sons will bring out immediately Mr. Edmond O'Donovan's "Merv," and Mr. Bayard Tuckerman's "History of English Prose Fiction."—Mr. Edwin Arnold's forthcoming poem is entitled "Pearls of the Faith; or Islam's Rosary"—being the "Nineteen Beautiful Names of Allah," with comments in verse. This poem, which is a long one, treats met- anally of the life and religion of Mohammed from the standpoint of an Indian Mussulman. The tenth English edition of Mr. Arnold's "Light of Asia" is now passing through the press.—James Hogg's "Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott" has long been out of print, and a new edition is about to be published by William Brown, of Edinburgh.—Mr. E. W. Gosse, the author of the recently published volume on Gray in the "English Men of Letters Series," is engaged in editing for Macmillan a complete edition of Gray's works.—"Rachel's Share of the Road" is the extraordinary title of the new Round Robin novel. J. R. Osgood & Co. are also just bringing out Charles Gayarre's romance of "Auhert Dubarret," and their new edition of the works of Machiavelli. Mr. Howells's "Modern Instance" is on the crest of the wave, and the publishers are unable to fill all their orders.—The first volume of the "Life of Richard's works" will be published before the holidays by J. L. Osgood & Co. The second will follow in January or February.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dr. Hawks, an eloquent and popular New York divine, once asked the vestrymen of his church to increase his salary because of his increased family expenses. "Don't trouble yourself," said the vestryman; "the Lord has said, He will care for the young ravens when they cry." "I know that," said the clergymen, "but nothing is said about the young Hawks."

"I hate to see a woman with rings in her ears," exclaimed the good deacon; "they ain't natural; if it was intended for woman to wear them, she would have been born with holes in her ears. The first woman didn't wear ear-rings, I'll be bound." "No," remarked the quiet little man in the corner, "nor nothing else." The discussion was brought to an abrupt close, and the house adjourned without day.

It was at Nice, last winter, that the following charming illustration of the Daisy Miller form of our fair countrywomen occurred: Two English girls were standing at the foot of a hotel staircase roaring with laughter. To them came swiftly the matron of one of them, exclaiming: "For heaven's sake, Mahel, don't! They'll take you for one of those horrid American girls." One of the class thus sweetly designated happened to be standing at the head of the stairs, and gently observed: "I guess not, with those awfully big feet."

Lord Erskine, while going circuit, was asked by the landlord of his hotel how he had slept. He replied, dogmatically: "Union is strength, a fact of which some of your inmates appear to be unaware; for had they been unanimous last night they could easily have pushed me out of bed." "Fleas!" the landlord exclaimed, affecting great astonishment. "I was not aware that I had a single flea in my house." "I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship; "they are all married and have uncommonly large families."

After dining at the *table d'hôte* of a well-known hotel situated within the shadows of the Alpes Maritimes, I wended my way, says a London correspondent, for a lazy stroll along a well-known wall well washed by the blue Mediterranean, when a specimen of grim humor caught my sight, in the shape of the following notice upon the said wall, legibly written in chalk: "Lost, on August the 20th, the sum of 500,000 francs at the roulette tables at the Monte-Carlo. A reward of 5,000 francs will be paid to any one who will return the same to the original owner."

A young husband, desirous of provoking a chance to pay a compliment to his young wife, and of receiving an assurance of affection, says, with an aspect of surprise: "My dear, I heard a very remarkable thing to-day. Whaisisname told me that he had been looking into the matter very closely, and discovered that there was only one married woman in this street who wasn't a flirt and really loved her dear hubby better than any other man in the world." The wife, after mature reflection: "I wonder, now, who it can be? I thought I knew everybody on the street."

Not long ago a *Sun* reporter called at President Arthur's house, in Lexington Avenue, New York. Aleck Powell, the president's colored major-domo, answered the bell. He recognized the reporter as an old newspaper acquaintance in custom-house times. "Aleck, when does the president go to Washington?" the reporter asked. "To-morrow night," was the reply. "Has Mike Cregan, Johnny O'Brien, or Barney Biglin seen the president to-day?" The question was overheard by General Arthur, who stood in the hall-way taking his leave of Police Commissioner Stephen H. French. "Let that man in, let that man in," he said, in a sharp tone. The reporter entered the hall-way. The president severely rebuked him for speaking so familiarly of Cregan, O'Brien, and Biglin, as to call them Mike, Johnny, and Barney. "Your lack of manners is so great," said he, "that it would not surprise me to hear you speak of my friend, Mr. French, here, as Steve." "Oh, no," was the prompt reply, "I always call him Proxy."

Jules Janin tells a story of the celebrated diamond, the Sancy, a stone of the first water, and worth an enormous amount of money. One night at a ball, at Nice, the Princess M., to whom it belonged, let it fall. Janin picked it up, and the princess requested him to put it in his pocket for safe-keeping. He did so, and thought no more about it. Two days afterward the princess met Janin and asked laughingly for the diamond. "What diamond?" said Janin. "What? That I confided to your keeping the other evening." "Ah, that is true; I had forgotten it. It was a real stone, then?" "Real? Yes, Only the Sancy." "The Sancy!" and he rushed home like a madman. He searched everywhere. Not a sign of it. All at once he remembered the coat he had worn that night. "Where is it?" "At the washerwoman's." The washerwoman had found nothing. Janin was in despair. On the bank of the river a child was throwing stones into the water. Among a pile of pebbles at its side was the Sancy. The world was again bright to Janin. The princess smiled serenely.

The Italians are great jokers, and the humorous instincts run through every class, from the nobles to the lazzaroni. The municipality of Lucca was lately the butt of a laughable conceit on the part of the news-venders of the city. The conscript fathers sought to add tone and dignity to their surroundings by making some extraordinary regulations as to the dress and demeanor of the cab-drivers and news-venders. The latter were required to be "decently dressed," and were hidden not to cry the contents of their papers, but to be satisfied with decorously announcing their names. On September 1st, when the new rules went into effect, the newsboys failed to appear, and the public imagined that a strike had been organized, but at a prearranged hour the paper-sellers appeared in a body on the streets in the most correct evening dress, crush hats, swallow-tails, white ties, and gloves, and carrying waiters on which the journals were arranged in the most orderly manner. The effect was immense. The people took up the joke, and the newsboys did the biggest day's business they had ever known.

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A CONJUGAL CONVERSAZIONE.

"Now, Betsy," said Jack, the other evening, as, after having inducted himself into his dressing-gown and slippers, he stretched himself out comfortably on the Chinese lounging-chair; "now, Betsy, entertain me."

It is a little dashing at any time to be asked, in cold blood, to make one's self deeply interesting at a moment's notice. Every idea I had in the world fled upon the instant.

"What shall I read to you?" I murmured, somewhat feebly, at last; for we had been through the magazines of the month a week before, and discussed them from cover to cover. Jack had greedily devoured the news of the evening paper an hour ago, and not a new book lay on the table. As for poetry, one must approach it by a gradation of moods to enjoy it properly. There is a metaphysical yearn in all true poetry which harmonizes with physical cravings, and the satisfied human creature never wants poetry immediately after dinner.

"I had not thought of books," says Jack. "It occurred to me that we might while away the evening with conversation."

"Conversation," I rejoined, "is a lost art."

"Then let us revive it," cries Jack, undismayed.

"But, my dear," I say, "do you not see the absurdity of a husband and wife launching forth upon a premeditated, deliberate conversation? Husbands and wives talk, and growl, and grumble, and lecture, but they never converse. It is not the custom of the country."

"Then let us originate the custom," says Jack, once more, undismayed.

"My dear Jack," I answer, somewhat dogmatically, "I take it that your idea was the interchange of sentiments, and these small conversational pellets which you are flinging at me are somewhat difficult to classify."

"Then let them go at large in the world of ideas, like that sidereal vagabond, the comet, which you have admired much, as you know, my dear, even while knowing that it belonged nowhere in particular."

"Jack," I say, somewhat irrelevantly, "I should think a Frenchwoman might not find it difficult to carry on a conversation with her own husband. Her very form of address—that naive funny little 'mon ami'—places him at once upon a different footing from the English or American 'dear.' It seems to do away with the idea of the affection of habit, and suggests an intimate friendship rather than the too-close intimacy of ordinary married life. That delicate wall of reserve which should stand between any two human lives, however closely they are united—"

"Betsy," interrupts Jack here, somewhat violently, "you are always flying off at a tangent. I do not propose to switch off at this late day, and be married on the French plan. I prefer you just as you are, and if you can not talk like a frequenter of the Hotel Rambouillet in its days of glory, why, you may read me to sleep with 'Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy,' if you like, and I will swear that you have the charm of speech, if you will only keep on your own side of the pond."

"I only went across to mention the Frenchwoman's 'mon ami,' Jack, and you will acknowledge that it is something better than the 'careless darling' which falls so freely from the lips of so many. By the way, did you observe how queerly it sounded in the broken English of the French octoon, the other night? It is not a term which seems to belong in the South lands, and the riotous blood flows too swiftly for a cold Saxon 'darling' in the veins of such a one as Daphne. Miss Sylvester has a capital French accent, but I did not find her half fierce enough for such a woman—did you?"

"She certainly does not belong to an amiable species," spoke Jack, sententiously; "and the race which makes 'honey' its choicest term of endearment is very likely to give gall, or its synonym, for a complimentary term. In point of fact, Daphne does take her displacement rather coolly, considering that she is a potpourri of French, African, and Caucasian. But nothing that Daphne said struck me so strangely as the Captain of the *Belle Croire* ordering Britton and Lisa down stairs. Does *down stairs* strike you as having the true nautical ring, Betsy?"

"Ah well, Jack, you know a Mississippi captain is but a half-fledged mariner, at best. Out in mid-ocean, I fancy, he would find himself, both literally and figuratively, wide at sea. And yet I do not doubt the river has a sailing jargon which would confuse the Ancient Mariner himself."

"Talking of the 'White Slave,' Betsy, can you tell me what bearing Jack and the young person who honors him with her affections have upon the plot?"

But we discover her only mission to be the introduction of a series of juvenile monocolored costumes. The young person thrown in at haphazard is becoming popular. She fills an empty niche, and does no harm.

"Indeed, Jack, I think plot is going somewhat out of fashion, and filling is all the rage, for the writers nowadays even slight a dramatic situation. For example, the 'Portrait of a Lady' is confessedly only a portrait. But I can imagine nothing more tragic in an ordinary household than the incident of Isabel's discovery that Madame Merle is the mother of Pansy. Yet Henry James gives the effect of having only introduced it to show how Isabel would act under such circumstances. And yet is not this sort of thing the root and base of all emotional drama? Does not everything always depend upon who is whose mother?"

"Now that you mention it, Betsy, unknown mothers do seem to abound in the drama; yet I can not see that the young women are thrown in haphazard. To me they are essentially a component part of the drama, and I like lots of them—in fact, I took considerable pleasure in gazing upon the young soubrette in mauve. I suppose she is a soubrette."

"Indeed, I don't know, Jack. The soubrette seems to have gone out since the *ingénue* came in. There does not seem to be place made for her in the new plays, and I miss her, for she was always a sparkling little body. Louise Sylvester was once a soubrette, and a clever one, too, but she is an emotional actress now, and quite as good in that line, for that matter; for I think she dies rather well, don't you?"

"Well, yes; but I could not help thinking how much more comfortable it would have been for people to die in their beds down in that country. Daphne dies walking around, and the old judge has quite a struggle with the arm-chair before he sinks into its four arms. And then, too, Freeman dies very

"Freeman never does anything easily. He would be a capital actor if he could only subdue himself, for he is quick at conception and always successful at make-up, but his constant high-pressure gives an audience a sense of fatigue, from which there is no rally while he is on the stage."

"How many people there are in the world, Betsy, who keep one constantly on the rack of discomfort simply by being over-wrought. I wish I could go about the world with my head high in air far above the minor unpleasantnesses of life. They are the fretting, galling, wearing, gilding things, which rub the bloom off of pleasure."

"Jack, your head in the air reminds me of a paragon from an alleged humorist, which I read the other day. After saying all sorts of funny things about the giraffe, he concludes: 'They are neither of them (the hippopotamus and the kangaroo) of the same class as this sky-raking animal that passes all its life, so to speak, looking out of a fourth-story window. It is difficult to believe that the giraffe finds much fun in life; for, after all, most of the fun of the world goes on upon the ground. Of course, if the giraffe thinks itself a bird, it may be contented enough all by itself in the air, but its aspect is one of subdued melancholy, such as appertains to all anomalous positions, whether those of queen dowagers or dodos.' I think, perhaps, Jack, you will find me down on the ground, where you may get even upon the annoying multitude by letting your nerves rasp some one else's."

"I thought, my dear," observed Jack at this juncture, and yawning deeply, "that we resolved early in the evening to engage" in conversation."

"Why, so we shall, Jack, if you will only advance a subject."

"My dear girl," said Jack, "a good talker can talk well about nothing, a good writer can write well about nothing, a good cook"

"Stop there, Jack."

"Perhaps I am wandering far afield there, Betsy. But, tell me, women keep up an incessant and most outrageous gabble when they come together. What do they talk about?"

"Sometimes they talk about their cooks, their seamstresses, and their babies; sometimes about their cooks, their seamstresses, and their bric-a-brac; just now about their cooks, their seamstresses, and Mrs. Langtry."

"Betsy," roared Jack, "if you mention that woman's name aloud you shall not see her when she comes to San Francisco. I am ill of Mrs. Langtry. I am nauseated with Mrs. Langtry. My morning paper is so full of her that I can't find out who is elected. My evening paper is so full of her that there is no room for proper editorial abuse of the opposing party. She stares at me from the shop windows, she turns her Greek profile to me from parlor walls, she bends her eyes upon me from parlor tables. The world of sound has become a tuneless jumble of Langtry, Langtry, Langtry. I will have no more of it. In my own house it is a forbidden word. And what do women say of her, Betsy?"

"They say they wonder what it is that makes her beauty, for they pick flaws unceasingly in her mouth, her nose, her size."

"Amiable creatures," quoth Jack, "that can not see the beauty of those mystic following eyes, of that superb Greek head, of those graceful shoulders, and that beautiful neck with its dimpling suggestion of anatomy at the link of the collar-bone, with—"

"Hold, my dear Jack," I cry, "any one to hear you would take you for one of the thirty-two reporters who were the first ones next morning after succumbing to the fascination of her smile. By the way, would you call that last fight of yours conversation?"

"Well, no, Bess," said Jack, shamefacedly, and a trifle sleepily. "I think we shall give over conversation for to-night, as we do not seem at any period of the evening to have quite hit upon my idea of it. It requires that we shall both be in a sparkling mood, and some time, when I hit upon that happy coincidence, I shall expound my theory. Till then, my dear, let us contentedly remain mere every-day chatters."

"But, Jack—" "What do you want, my dear?" "Nothing, Jack, but the last word in what has not been a conversation. It is my prerogative. Good-night."

Obscure Intimations. "Pootoo."—A good article, but unavailable for us. It is more in the magazine line. "Hank Monk."—Your objection to "elimination or revision" is fatal—to yourself. We can not surrender our editorial privileges. "Companions in Distress."—Declined. "Annette."—Declined. "Think of Me."—We think of you altogether too much now, Mr. S. Run your poetry-works on half time for a while. We have declined much MS. from you, politely but firmly. We now decline this firmly.

"The New Zealanders."—The article is well written, and contains much information—perhaps too much. The interest taken by people here in colonial matters is so slight, however, as not to warrant its publication. M.S. awaits your disposal. "P. C. E."—The paragraph to which you refer was copied from London *Truth*, and was so credited. The statement that Soulogue was "Emperor of Otahiti" was doubtless caused by a typographical error—in the manuscript. "Socorro."—Not in our line. Send it to one of the dailies. "Pallas Athene" and Others—The Carnival and "Cato" have both been forgotten. Better let them rest.

"E. E. H."—To your profane inquiry, "Who in—is A. L. Hart?" caused by the Marysville *Appeal's* enthusiastic advocacy of that gentleman, we might reply that it doesn't make very much difference now. He has been attorney-general, and was going to be again. But he has changed his mind. Some unforeseen occurrence on Tuesday, we believe.

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SOLD FOR A SONG.

Ballads that have Caught the Public Fancy.

"He who writes a popular song may live and die in obscurity," said a dealer in music to a New York *Star* reporter. Some years ago, when Rollin Howard composed a song and dance, he took his production, of which he felt very proud, to Pond & Co., and offered to sell it to them. They looked it over and returned it with the remark: "We do not publish such stuff as that." Mr. Howard pocketed his discomfiture in silence and sadly wended his way homeward. A short time after this Howard went to Boston, where he was engaged to sing in a minstrel company. One night Mr. C. A. White, the composer and publisher, heard Howard, and offered to publish his discarded song. This is how "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bodder Me" came to see the light. It soon became popular all over the land. The publisher sold over two hundred thousand copies, and with the profit established the well-known Boston firm of White, Smith & Co. A song is popular when it catches the public fancy, and the best songs seldom become popular. The ballad, or comic ditty, is about the extent of popular appreciation. In these you will find a simple melodic period, such as "Wait till the Clouds Roll by, Jenny," and "Tommy Dodd." There is no effort of the mind to gladden, as it were, through these. "Wait till the Clouds Roll by, Jenny," by H. J. Fulmer, has captured the popular fancy, and will continue to sell for some time. Close on the heels of this piece comes an answer to it—"The Clouds are Rolling by, Jenny," by Maylath, a much superior song in every way, and likely to be as popular. Then we have "In the Morning by the Bright Light," by James A. Bland, the colored song-writer, and the best of his kind. All his pieces have become popular, and include "Keep dem Gates Wide Open," "Won't We Have a Jolly Time?" "Oh, dem Golden Slippers," and "De Angels am a-Coming."

Another piece that is likely to become popular is "Peek-a-boo." In the list is "When the Leaves Begin to Turn," by C. A. White, of Boston. It is a beautiful waltz song. There is a fund of the popular songs sung by Harrigan and Hart. I need only mention "Babies on Our Block," "The Skids are Out To-day," "Whist, the Bogie Man," "Little Widow Dunn," "Never Take the Horseshoe from the Door." In trade we call a song popular when it reaches a sale of ten thousand copies. Many editions only reach five thousand, and some do not run beyond five hundred copies. There may not appear to be any value to a song until it goes before the public. If they catch on, then the value of the song is assured. Many good pieces—real gems of song—have been published by Pond which do not go beyond the artist's studio. Among this class is a sweet thing called, "Say not my Love will Change with Time," written by Albert Rowse. When Harrigan and Hart sold the "Mulligan Guards" for fifty dollars they did not expect that it would march to the tune of one hundred thousand copies. The Hildebrandt Montrose song they sold for twenty-five dollars, and the publishers worked off two hundred thousand copies. Many of our most popular songs have been written by authors on the other side of the water. Our home names are Harrison Millard, Will S. Hays, S. C. Foster, J. R. Thomas, H. P. Danks, Henry Tucker, W. H. Brockway, C. A. White, J. T. Ordway, E. Root, J. A. Bland, G. O. Perri, Harry Birch, R. F. Baker, and others. These men do not all write their own words, most of them buy the poem. There are few good song-poets—the best, perhaps, being Mr. George Cooper. His remuneration is poor, being from five to ten dollars for a song outright. Many of them possess genuine merit. When the composers sell a song they receive from fifty to one hundred dollars, and sometimes two hundred dollars. Some will only take a commission on the sales, and secure a handsome profit should the piece reach public favor. When Danks wrote "Silver Threads among the Gold" he sold it for forty dollars. After it was published the purchaser sold four hundred thousand copies, and the piece is still sought for. Harrison Millard made money by writing music. While holding a comfortable position in the Custom House, he managed to secure a small fortune by his muse. His "Viva l'America" brought him twenty-five hundred dollars, and his song, "When the Tide Comes In," has been worth one thousand dollars a year. The song "Waiting" is now looked upon as a stock-selling piece, the publishers disposing of six thousand copies a year, while his "Under the Daisies" sells at the rate of seven thousand copies.

"Mollie Darling" has had a sale of something like half a million copies. J. A. Barry composed "Little Footsteps," and sold it for five dollars. The publishers made money, disposing of seventy-five thousand copies. Hays's songs, "Little Old Cabin in the Lane" and "We Parted by the Riverside," each had a sale of one hundred thousand. Ordway's song, "Dreaming of Home, Mother," reached a sale of fifty to sixty thousand. "How the Gates came Ajar," by Eastburn, reached a sale of one hundred thousand. Brockway sold his "Little Sweetheart, Come and Kiss Me" for twenty-five dollars, and the publishers ran out an edition of twenty-five thousand copies. "The Old Folks at Home," by Foster, reached a sale of four hundred thousand copies, and still continues to be bought. "The Sword of Bunker Hill" reached a sale of one hundred thousand copies, and the famous temperance song, "Father, Come Home," written by Work, has had a sale of three hundred thousand copies. English songs are very readily sold in this country. The famous London popular song, "Pull Down the Blind," had not been introduced here a couple of months when fifty thousand copies were sold. "Let me Dream Again," by Arthur Sullivan, has reached to one hundred thousand copies and is still a favorite. "What are the Wild Waves Saying" has been sold to the number of three hundred thousand copies, while "Champagne Charley," "Good bye, Charlie," "Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?" "Five O'clock in the Morning," and some few others, have had very large sales. Among the other English composers who have been popular in this country are Gooch, Leybourne, Claribel, and Raphaelson. There is just now a growing demand for English songs by Cowen, Dolby, Gatty, and J. L. Molloy, author of "The Little Tin Soldier," "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon," "Thady O'Flynn," "King's Highway," "Kerry Dance." The better class in the community buy these songs—those who have received first-class musical educations and have even been abroad and studied the piano. It is really pitiful sometimes to go into a fine drawing-room, and see a lady sit down to the piano and rattle off for hours the simple melodies heard at every street corner, when works by such great composers as Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Chopin, Beethoven, and Mozart are neglected.

CCLIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, November 12.

Spanish Soup (see Vol. I., No. 31).
Cantaloupe.
Curried Shrimps and Rice.
Lamb Chops. Potato Croquettes.
Egg-plant. Baked Tomatoes.
Egg-Ducks. Roast Ducks.
Egg Salad.
Cream Fritters.
Apples, Pears, Peaches, Figs, Pomegranates, Japanese Persimmons, and Grapes.

CREAM FRITTERS.—Break in a saucepan three whole eggs and the yolks of two eggs; add two ounces of fine sugar, and mix well; add a quarter of a pound of flour, and mix again; dilute with a pint of milk, and put in therein of half a lemon; boil slowly for ten minutes, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon; add one ounce and a half of butter; mix again. Spread this preparation in a flat dish, so that it will make about one-half inch in thickness; the dish must be buttered; let it cool; then turn the pan over on a floured board, and cut the preparation in oblong pieces, two and a half inches by four; dip these in beaten eggs, and white bread crumbs; fry a nice color; drain, and sprinkle fine sugar over them, and dish them up on a folded napkin.

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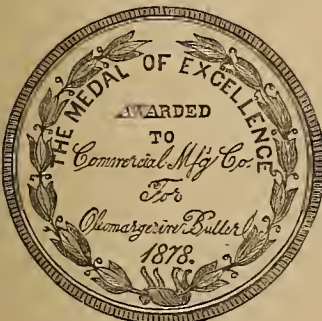
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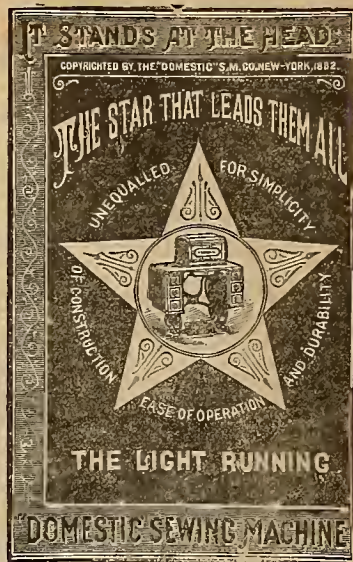
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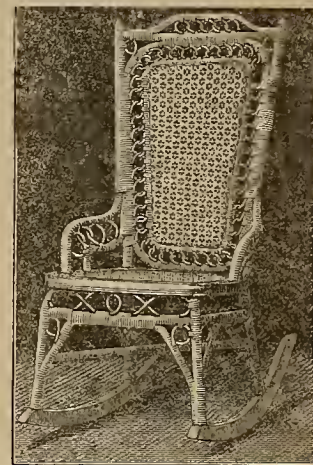
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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

From Snake River to Cœur d'Alene Mountains.

[Our readers will remember the Washington Territory bard who wrote and sent us that remarkable poem, "The Meeting of the Columbia & The Snake." At our suggestion he adopted a pen-name, striking for its beauty, and smacking of the woods of Washington (Ty.)—to wit, "Siniquauteen." He has now sent us another poem, in a number of cantos, with explanatory and exegetical notes. We regret that its length prevents us from printing it, but some of the more beautiful passages we can not pass heedlessly by. There are suggestions of Southey in these lines, turns of expression which remind one of Longfellow and Tennyson; yet the most capricious critic can not deny that they are entirely original.—Eds.]

Really this is fine, riding along the line,
By murmuring brooks and swaying pine
Of the N. P. R. in a Pulman Palace car
What matters it if the stock 's above or below par
First over the river Snake with a slight jolt an' a
shake,

To cross that stream a ferry we take;
Then through a rolling land, of sage-brush, cactus
and sand,

By many a boned, bunch grass fattening band;
Now rushing through a coulee: (a mighty river bed
formed duly);

In bygone ages the waters of the Columbia ran here
surely!

"Dead Columbia" this I quote, for some one, those
words wrote;

Was it these old river bottoms, set that saying afloat?
Here the gaunt and shaggy coyotes, most of the time
denotes,

When the pale light of the silver moon o'er the prairie
gloates,

To sending forth horrible howls, betwixt moaning
yelps and growling growls,

As over the rolling bunch grass land he prowls,
Through willow brake, and under rocky cliffs we
take

For eight miles by the shallow waters of Big Lake;
Thousands of wild ducks and geese, skim the waters
here in peace

When not disturbed by the crack of a fowling-piece.
After a hundred and eight mile ride, into Sprague
Station we glide

Where the new shops of the Northern Pacific loom
up with pride.

'Twas in the month of May, on, I believe, the ninth
day:

In 1881,—at least, so the people say,
"First train came into Sprague; and a railroader
lost his leg,"

("Tis a great pity, if he has to wear a peg")

Now we're into Montana; where miners have cried
"Hosana,"

Having struck a bonanza; when it "petered-out"
"twas "dam-er."

In the gloomy hour of midnight, at Rock Island
Landing we alight,

Three hundred miles away from where I started to
write.

It now being rather late, nothing more I will relate.
Of the pleasures here to be had I'll write some other
date.

The Fashion Club at Sugar Pine.

I reside at Cable Mansion, and my name is Sarah
Jane.

I am not up in grammar, and I talk exceeding plain;
But, as well as I am able, I will try to tell you how
The Fashion Club at Sugar Pine disbanded in a row.

But first I would interpolate that I have never joined,
And the information I submit has chiefly been pur-
loined

From a post of observation close beside the parlor
door,

And it's accurate and truthful, if it isn't nothing more.
Now, nothing could be finer or more proper, I opine,
Than the opening proceedings of that Club at Sugar
Pine.

Till Miss Potwin of Sonora brought a gaudy fashion-
plate,

And submitted it as something very neat and very
late;

And she quoted lots of poetry, and warmly urged the
Chair

To aid the introduction of a style so debonair.
Then Miss Dugan the elder begged permission of the
floor,

Till she could prove that fashion-plate appeared in
'34.

Then Miss Potwin made apology, and closed with the
remark

That it seemed she had encroached upon some relics
of the ark;

And, putting on her sweetest smile, she said that she
was sure

She would yield to an experience so varied and mat-
ure.

Now, I hold 'twas not expedient, nor soothing to the
mind,

To introduce statistics there of this peculiar kind;
Nor did it help the matter for the lady who was meant
To raise her voice an octave and ignore the president.

Then the stately Miss McGowan tried to say a word
or so;

But her style was rather heavy, and she didn't have
a show;

So she sank upon the sofa with a melancholy air,
And awaited the conclusion of this intricate affair.

For, in less than half a minute, every member took
her stand

Upon one side or the other of the topic then in hand;
And they all expressed opinions with a frankness that
is rare,

Until five were in hysterics, and the rest were swap-
ping hair.

I do not need to tell you the recital gives me pain,
For I live at Cable Mansion, and my name is Sarah
Jane;

And, as well as I was able, I have tried to tell you
how

The Fashion Club at Sugar Pine disbanded in a row.
October, 1882. WM. A. CALDWELL.

Mrs. Langtry.

To bear with ease the strokes of envious hate,
God gave to Langtry shoulders grandly great,
A spirit by a form too brightly graced
To manifest the wasp—ave in the waist.

Then, to perfect a workmanship so rare,
He asked advice of Madame Lahouchère!

—New York World.



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Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
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A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman.
Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and
harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and
firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the
eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh
roses of the spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving
for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight
and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex
this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER
will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the
Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of
man or woman of child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared
at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of
either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form
of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box
for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of
inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

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LIVER PILLS. Cure constipation, biliousness,
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Advancing years, sick-
ness, care, disappointment,
and hereditary predisposi-
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and either of them incline
it to shed prematurely.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by
long and extensive use, has
proven that it stops the
falling of the hair imme-
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growth; and always suc-
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or gray. It stimulates the
nutritive organs to healthy
activity, and preserves both

the hair and its beauty. Thus brassy, weak, or sickly hair
becomes glossy, pliable, and strengthened; lost hair re-
grows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and
stabilized; thin hair thickens, and faded or gray hairs re-
sume their original color. Its operation is sure and harm-
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scalp cool, clean, and soft—under which conditions, dis-
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[Department No. 7.]

SHERIFF'S SALE—EXECUTION.

THE HIBERNIA SAV-
INGS AND LOAN SO-
CIETY, Plaintiff,
vs.
JAMES DALY, ET AL.,
Defendants.

Superior Court.

No. 22,921.

(Late 4th District Court,
ALIAS EXECUTION.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Alias Execution issued out of the Superior Court of
the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,
duly attested on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1882, in the
above entitled action, wherein The Hibernia Savings and
Loan Society, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judg-
ment against James Daly and Michael Hawkins, defend-
ants, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1879, for the sum of
Six Thousand (\$6,000.00) Dollars, lawful money of the U-
nited States, which amount is entitled to a credit of \$2-
783.18 made on two former executions, with interest
thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right,
title, and interest which the said defendants, James Daly
and Michael Hawkins, had on the sixteenth day of Oc-
tober, 1882, the day upon which the hereinbefore described
property was levied upon in the above entitled cause, or
which they may have subsequently acquired in and to the
hereinafter described property situate, lying, and be-
longing to the City and County of San Francisco, State of Cal-
ifornia, standing of record in the office of the County Re-
corder said City and County in the names of James Daly,
Michael Hawkins, John O. Kane, and A. J. Moon, and
bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point
on the northerly line of Broadway Street, 95 3-12 feet
easterly from Baker Street; thence running westerly along
said line of Broadway Street 65 2-12 feet to the easterly line
of Baker Street; thence running northerly along said line of
Baker Street 136 feet; thence easterly parallel with Broad-
way Street 63 5-12 feet; and thence southeasterly to the
point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 13th
day of NOVEMBER, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day,
in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of
San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title, and interest
which the said defendants, James Daly and Michael Hawkins,
had on the 16th day of October, 1882, the day on
which the above property was levied upon, as aforesaid, or
which they may have subsequently acquired in and to the
above described property, to the highest and best bidder
for lawful money of the United States.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
TODIN & TODIN, Att'ys for Plff.
San Francisco, October 27, 1882.
21-23-4-11

THUNDER POWDER COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California; location of works, Alameda County, California.

NOTICE.—There are delinquent upon the following de-
scribed stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on
the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set
opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as fol-
lows:

Name.	No. Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee...	37	10,000
Charles DeLacy, Trustee...	73	200
Charles DeLacy, Trustee...	74	300
Charles DeLacy, Trustee...	79	14,995
Charles DeLacy, Trustee...	87	6,000
F. M. Pixley, Trustee...	4	5 not issued
F. M. Pixley, Trustee...	5	995
W. W. Dodge, Trustee...	7	995
W. W. Dodge, Trustee...	8	5
E. G. Waite, Trustee...	9	2,495
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee...	10	5
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee...	11	995
Wm. Sherman, Trustee...	12	5
Wm. Sherman, Trustee...	13	2,495
R. M. Anthony, Trustee...	14	2,000
John A. Benson, Trustee...	15	2,000
Theodore Wagner, Trustee...	16	1,000
M. Baldrige, Trustee...	17	1,500 not issued
Fredrick Lund, Trustee...	18	1,000
Charles Camden, Trustee...	19	2,000
Jackman Hart, Trustee...	20	1,000
R. D. Lennox, Trustee...	21	300
Daniel Gorham, Trustee...	22	500
Theodore Greene, Trustee...	24	1,000
Eugene A. Sullivan, Trust...	25	2,000
Wm. Heick, Trustee...	26	500 not issued
J. H. Fish, Trustee...	27	500
T. E. Frasier, Trustee...	28	1,000
T. E. Frasier, Trustee...	29	1,000
T. E. Frasier, Trustee...	30	1,000
L. C. Kelly, Trustee...	31	1,000
Chas. S. Kendall, Trustee...	32	5
Wm. F. Flick, Trustee...	33	5
Chas. H. Hopkins, Trustee...	34	5
Wm. Wilson, Trustee...	35	5
Benj. Teal, Trustee...	36	5
F. C. Kiel, Trustee...	52	1,000
F. C. Kiel, Trustee...	53	1,000
Wm. Heick, Trustee...	54	1,000
Wm. Heick, Trustee...	55	1,000
F. M. Pixley, Trustee...	56	1,000 not issued
John F. Baxter, Trustee...	57	3,000
David S. Sherman, Trust...	58	3,000
W. H. Campbell, Trustee...	59	1,000
R. N. Bourne, Trustee...	61	500
Theodore Wagner, Trustee...	62	500
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee...	63	200
Wm. Wilson, Trustee...	64	100
L. E. Crane, Trustee...	65	50
S. B. Herriman, Trustee...	66	50
A. P. Baurton, Trustee...	67	50
W. W. Glazier, Trustee...	68	50 not issued
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee...	69	250
J. Hafen, Trustee...	81	250
Theodore Wagner, Trustee...	82	1,000
Matthew Clark, Trustee...	103	500
James S. Porteous, Trustee...	110	500
Thos. Legg, Trustee...	110	100

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board
of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so
many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be neces-
sary will be sold at public auction in the company's office,
No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the
hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent
assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and
expenses of the sale.

Office—Room 3, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the sixteenth (16th)
day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

R. H. McDonald,
President,
San Francisco,
Cal.

PACIFIC BANK
Established
1863.
Capital Stock
\$1,000,000.00
Surplus 460,800.70

San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1882.
We take pleasure in presenting for your consideration the following Thirty-eighth Semi-Annual Statement of the condition of this Bank:

RESOURCES.	
Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 65
Loans and Discounts.....	1,755,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30
LIABILITIES.	\$3,752,099 09
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

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For the Care and Treatment of Men-
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called **THE PACIFIC ASYLUM**, where the insane of the State of Nevada have been kept for several years, will be opened as a **PRIVATE ASYLUM** for the care and treatment of Mental and Nervous Diseases, on the 10th of August, 1882, the Nevada patients having been removed to the new State Asylum at Reno. The buildings are capacious and comfortable, having been constructed for the accommodation of over two hundred patients, and they are pleasantly situated in the suburbs of Stockton, and are surrounded by attractive grounds of forty acres in extent, with cultivated gardens and pleasant walks. Its advantages over public institutions in facility of admission and in procuring extra accommodations if required, are obvious. For terms and other particulars apply to the Proprietor and Superintendent, **DR. ASA CLARK**, Pacific Asylum, Stockton, Cal.

References—**DR. L. C. Lane**, San Francisco.
DR. G. A. Shurtliff, Stockton,
Sup't State Insane Asylum.

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PIANO BOX, WITH TOP.

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When requested, I give a written guarantee as follows with each vehicle:

First—I warrant it to be wholly free from that tedious and annoying lubbing motion common to other two wheeled vehicles, which tires the occupant and hurts the horse's back, and to ride as smoothly and easily as the best buggy. I think no other responsible maker dare give such a warranty.

Second—My Patent Leveling Device simply perfects two-wheeled vehicles, and makes my Village Carts, in connection with their admirable system of springs and link-hangings, equal in every important respect to a four-wheeled vehicle. The Leveling Device enables the occupant to level the body in a moment, whether a large or small horse is used, and entirely prevents the seat from tipping backward or forward. This advantage is peculiar to this vehicle alone.

Third—The body is independent of the shafts, and can move up and down freely 10 or 12 inches, remaining level while doing so.

Samples of these Carts may be seen at Studebaker Bros., corner Main and Market Streets, San Francisco.

Prices from \$90 to \$135. Send for illustrated circular and price list. Address

JACOB PRICE, San Leandro, Cal.

(At works of San Leandro Plow Co.)

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, Nov. 8, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 35) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was declared, payable on Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 358 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close Nov. 9, 1882, at 3 P. M. **JOSEPH NASH, Secy.**

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Nov. 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 47, of Twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Monday, November 13, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. **WM. WILLIS, Secretary.** Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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DRINK FALK'S MILWAUKEE BEER.

The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 18, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

INTO THE SUN.

The Flaming Transit and Fiery Death of the Comet of Eighty-Two.

SCENE—San Francisco. TIME—1883.

"And so you think, doctor, that the comet which has just been reported from South America is the same as last year's comet—the one discovered first by Cruls at Rio Janeiro, I mean, and which was afterward so plainly visible to us here all through the month of October?"

"Judging from the statement in the papers regarding its general appearance, and the course in which it is traveling, I do not see to what other conclusion we can come. It is approaching the sun from the same quarter as last year's comet; it resembles it in appearance; its rate of motion is as great, if not greater; all these things are very strong arguments of identity."

"But, then, how do you account for so speedy a return? This is only the end of August, and last year's comet was computed to have passed its perihelion about the eighteenth of September—scarcely a year ago. Even Encke's and Biela's comets, which are denizens of our solar system, so to speak, have longer periods than that."

"I account for it simply on the hypothesis that this comet passes so close to the sun that its motion is retarded, and its course consequently changed after every such approach. I believe, with Mr. Proctor and Professor Boss, that this is the comet of 1843 and 1880; that it is moving in a succession of eccentric spirals, the curvatures of which have reduced its periods of revolution from perhaps many hundreds of years to—at its last recorded return—thirty-seven years, then to two and a fraction, and now to less than one; and that its ultimate destination is to be precipitated into the sun."

"This is certainly startling, supposing your hypothesis to be correct; and should such a casualty happen, what result would you anticipate?"

"That demands some consideration. Take another cigar, and we shall look into the matter."

The foregoing conversation took place in the rooms of my friend Doctor Arkwright, upon Market Street; the time was about eleven o'clock at night; the date, the twenty-seventh of August; the interrogations had been mine and the answers the doctor's. I may add that the doctor was a chemist of no mean attainments, and took great interest in all scientific discussions and experiments.

"The effect of the collision of a comet with the sun," observed the doctor, as he lit his cigar, "would depend upon a good many conditions. It would depend primarily upon the mass, momentum, and velocity of the comet—something, too, upon its constitution. Let me see that paragraph again. Ah, here it is," and the doctor proceeded to read from the paper:

"RIO JANEIRO, August 18th.—The comet was again visible last evening, before and after sunset, about thirty degrees from the sun. Mr. Cruls pronounces it identical with the comet of last year. It is approaching the sun at the rate of two and a half degrees a day. R. A., at noon, yesterday, 178°, 24'; Dec. 83°, 40', S."

"Now this," he went on, "corresponds exactly with the position and motion of last year's comet. It came from a point nearly due south of the sun, consequently was invisible to the northern hemisphere before perihelion."

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "but you remember the newspaper predictions regarding last year's comet were to the effect that it would speedily become invisible to us here, whereas it continued to adorn the morning skies for weeks, till it faded away in the remote distance."

"That was because the nature of its orbit was not distinctly understood. The plane of the comet's orbit cut the plane of the earth's orbit nearly at right angles, but the major axis, or general direction of this orbit in space, was also inclined some fifty degrees to our plane; and so it came about that while the approach of the comet was from a point somewhat east of south, its return journey into space was along a line some twenty degrees south of west, which threw its course nearly along the line of the celestial equator; consequently, last year's comet was visible in the early morning, not only to us, but to every inhabitant of the earth between the sixtieth parallel north and the south pole, until the vast distance caused it to disappear. But, as I was going to say when you interrupted me, if the distance of the comet from the sun was only thirty degrees when observed at Rio Janeiro, nine days ago, and its speed was then two and a half degrees a day, it can not be far from perihelion now, especially as its speed increases as it approaches the sun."

"Suppose it should strike the sun this time," said I, "what results would you predict?"

"A solid globe," replied the doctor, "of the size of our earth, if falling upon the sun with the momentum resulting from direct attraction from its present position in space, would engender sufficient heat to maintain the solar fires at their existing standard, without further supply, for about ninety years. This calculation does not involve great scientific or mathematical knowledge, but, on the contrary, is as simple as it is reliable, because we have positive data to go upon in the mass and momentum of our planet. But with a comet the case is different. We do not know what elements its nucleus is composed of. It is true we know the value of its momentum; but what does that tell us if we do not know

its density or its mass? A momentum of four hundred miles a second—the estimated rate of speed of the present comet at perihelion—would undoubtedly engender fierce combustion were the comet a ponderable body. On the other hand, large bodies composed of fluid matter highly volatilized might collide with the sun without any appreciable effect."

"Have we any data to go upon in this matter?" I inquired.

"With regard to our own sun," replied the doctor, "we have not; but several suggestive circumstances have occurred in the case of other suns which lead us to infer that something similar might happen to our own. Some years ago, a star in the constellation Cygnus was observed to suddenly blaze out with extraordinary brilliancy, its lustre increasing from that of a star of the sixth magnitude—but faintly distinguishable to the unaided eye—to that of a star of the first. This brilliancy was maintained for several days, when it resumed its original condition. Now, it is fair to infer that this great increase of light may have been caused by the precipitation of some large solid body—a planet, a comet, or perhaps another sun—upon the sun in question; and, as light and heat are now understood to be merely different modes or expressions of the same quality of motion, it is fair to infer further that the increment of heat corresponded to that of light."

"What, then, do you suppose would be the natural effect upon ourselves here, on this planet, by some such catastrophe as you have just imagined happening to our own sun?" I asked.

"The light and heat of our luminary might be increased a hundred fold, or a thousand fold, according to the nature of the collision. One can conceive of combustion so fierce as to evaporate all of our oceans in one short minute, or even to volatilize the solid matter of our planet in less than that time, like a globule of mercury in a hot-air chamber. 'Large' and 'small' are not absolute, but relative, terms in Nature's vocabulary; both are equally amenable to her laws," sentimentally observed the doctor.

"A comforting reflection, certainly," I remarked. "Let us hope we shall not be favored with any such experience."

"Who can tell?" rejoined the doctor, as he rose from his seat. "Excuse me for a minute. You know there is a balloon ascension from Woodward's Gardens to-morrow, and there is a new ingredient I am going to introduce at the inflation. The stuff wants a little more mixing. Take another cigar. I won't be a minute."

I sat back and meditated as I listened to the retreating footsteps of the doctor, as he passed into an adjoining room. I looked at the clock. It was half past eleven. It was a warm night for San Francisco in August—remarkably so, in fact. I got up to open the window, and as I did so the doctor entered the room again.

"What is that?" I exclaimed, involuntarily, as I threw up the sash. And the spectacle which met my gaze as I did so, certainly warranted the exclamation.

Doctor Arkwright's rooms were on the north side of Market Street, and the inferior height of the buildings opposite afforded an uninterrupted view of the horizon to the south and east. Over the tops of the houses to the east could be seen a thin, livid line, marking the waters of the bay, and beyond it the serrated outline of the Alameda hills. All this was normal and just as I had seen it a hundred times before, but in the northeast the sky was lit up with a lurid, dull red glow, which extended northward along the horizon in a broadening arc, till the view was shut out by the street line to our left. This light resembled in all respects the *aurora borealis*, except that of color. Instead of the cold, clear radiance of the northern light, we were confronted with an angry, blood-red glare which ever and anon shot forks, and tongues, and streamers of fire upward toward the zenith. It was as if some vast conflagration were in progress to our north. But what, I asked myself, could produce so extensive, so powerful an illumination? Vast forest fires, or the burning of large cities, make themselves manifest by a sky-reflected glare for great distances, but they do not display the regularity—or the harmony, so to speak—which was apparent in the present instance. The conclusion was inevitable that the phenomenon was not local in its source.

As we looked out at the window we could see that the scene had arrested the attention of others besides ourselves. Little knots of people had collected on the sidewalk; larger knots at the street corners; and the passers-by kept turning their heads to gaze at the strange spectacle. At the same time the air was growing heavier and more sultry every minute. There was not a breath stirring, but an ominous and preternatural calm seemed to brood over the city, like that which in some climates is the precursor of a storm, and which here is frequently known as "earthquake weather."

The doctor broke the silence.

"This is something quite out of the common run of events," he exclaimed. "That light in the north must have a cause. All the Sonoma and Mendocino redwoods, with the pines of Oregon and Washington Territory thrown in, would not make such a blaze as that. Besides, that is not the sort of sky-reflection a forest fire would cause."

"Just my own idea," I asserted.

"Let us see if we can not connect it with a wider origin. It is now nearly midnight. That light is in the north. The sun's rays are now illuminating the other side of the globe. It is, therefore, sunrise on the Atlantic, noon in eastern Europe, and sunset in western Asia. When you came

here, scarcely an hour ago, the heavens were clear, and the temperature normal. Whatever has given rise to this extraordinary phenomenon has done so within the last hour. Even since we began to look I see that the extremity of the illuminated arc has shifted further to the east. That light has its origin in the sun, but it altogether passes the bounds of experience."

"Might we not connect it with the comet we have just been speaking about?" I suggested. "It should now be near its perihelion point."

"That must be it," acquiesced the doctor. "Who knows but that the fiery wanderer has actually come in contact with the sun? Let us go out."

We put on our hats, and left the building. All along the sidewalks we came upon excited groups staring at the strange light, and speculating upon its cause. The general expression of opinion referred to some vast forest fire, though there were not wanting religious enthusiasts who saw in it a manifestation of divine wrath, or a portent of the predicted consummation of all things; for in the uninformed human mind there is no middle ground between the grossly practical and the purely fanatical. We hurried along Market Street and turned down Kearny, where the crowds were even denser and more anxious-looking. Arrived at the *Chronicle* office, I noticed that a succession of messengers from the various telegraph offices were encountering each other on the stairs of the building.

"If you will wait a minute," I said to the doctor, "I will run up-stairs and find out what is the matter."

"Strange news from the East," said the telegraphic editor, hurriedly, in answer to my question, at the same time pointing to a little pile of dispatches. "These have been coming in for the last half hour from all points of the Union."

I took up one, and read the contents:

NEW YORK, 3:15 A. M.—Extraordinary light just broke out over the eastern horizon. Very red and threatening. Seems to proceed from a great distance out at sea. People unable to assign cause.

Another ran as follows:

NEW ORLEANS, 4:10 A. M.—Vivid conflagration reflected in the sky, a little north of east. General sentiment that vast fires have sprung up in the cane-brakes. Population abroad and anxious.

"There are a score more," remarked the editor, "from Chicago, Memphis, Canada—everywhere, in fact—all to the same purpose. What do you make of it?"

"The phenomenon is evidently universal," I said. "It must have its origin in the sun. Do you notice how hot and stifling the air is getting? Have you any dispatches from Europe?"

"None yet. Ah, here is a cablegram repeated from New York," said the editor, taking a dispatch from the hand of a messenger who just then entered; "this may tell us something. Listen:

"LONDON, 7:45 A. M.—Five minutes ago sun's beat became overpowering. Business stopped. People falling dead in streets. Thermometer risen from 52° to 113°. Still rising. Message from Greenwich Observatory says—"

"The dispatch stops abruptly there," interpolated the editor, "and the New York operator goes on thus: 'Message cut short. Nothing more through cable. Intense alarm everywhere. Light and heat increasing.'"

"Well," said I, "it must be as Doctor Arkwright suggested. The comet observed again at Rio Janeiro, ten days ago, has fallen into the sun. Heaven only knows what we had better do."

"I shall edit these dispatches and get the paper out, at any rate," said the editor, with determination. "Ah, here comes the ice for the printers," as half a dozen men filed past the door, each with a sack upon his shoulder. "The paper must come out if the earth burns for it. I fancy we can hold out until sunrise, and before then the worst may be over."

I left the office, rejoined the doctor in the street, and told him the news.

"There is no doubt about it," he remarked at once. "The comet of last year has fallen into the sun. All the telegraphic messages were nearly identical in time, as it is now just midnight here, and consequently about four o'clock in New York, and eight o'clock in England."

"What had we better do?" queried I.

"I do not think there is any cause for immediate alarm," replied the doctor. "We shall see whether the heat increases materially between now and sunrise, and take measures accordingly. Meanwhile let us look about us."

The scenes of alarm were intensified in the streets as we passed along. It seemed as if half the population of the city had left their houses, and gathered in the most public places. Thousands of people were pushing and jostling each other in the neighborhood of the various newspaper offices in frantic endeavors to get a glimpse of the bulletin boards, where the substance of the various telegrams was posted up as fast as they came in. Multitudes of hacks and express wagons were driving hither and thither, crowded with family parties seemingly intent upon leaving the city, and probably without any definite aim or accurate comprehension of what they were doing or whither they were going.

As the hours wore on toward morning the angry red arch moved farther along the horizon, its outlines grew bolder and brighter, and its flaming crest towered more and more ghastly, more calculated to produce feelings of brutality

and to convince the spectator of his utter powerlessness to cope with an inevitable and inexorable event, than this blood-red arch of flame which spread over one-fourth of the apparent horizon. The air, too, was momentarily growing heavier and more stifling. A glance at a thermometer in one of the hotels gave a temperature of 114°.

Between two and three o'clock four successive alarms of fire were sounded from the lower quarters of the city. Two large wholesale houses and a liquor store, in three contiguous blocks, caught fire, evidently the work of incendiaries. Multitudes of the worst rabble collected, as if by concert, in the business quarters. Shops and warehouses were broken into and looted—the police force, though working vigorously, not being strong enough to arrest the work of pillage, backed as it was by the moral terrors of the night, and the general paralysis which unnerved the better class of citizens. Strange scenes were being enacted at every corner and on every street. Groups of women kneeling upon sidewalks, and rending the air with prayers and lamentations, were jostled aside by ruffians wild and furious with liquor. A procession of religious fanatics, chanting shrill and discordant hymns, and bearing lanterns in their hands, passed unheeded through the crowded streets, and we could afterward watch them threading their way up the steep side of Telegraph Hill. In short, the terrible and bizarre effects of that fearful night would overtax the pen of a Dante to describe, or the pencil of a Doré to portray.

"Let us go home," said the doctor, looking at his watch. "It is now half past three. The temperature of the atmosphere is evidently rising. The chances are that it will become unbearable after sunrise. We must consider what is best to do."

We pushed our way back through the crowded streets, past despairing and terror-stricken men and wailing women; but as we passed the bulletin boards at the corner of Bush and Kearny streets, it was encouraging to mark that at least one earthly industry would continue to go on till the mechanism could run no longer, and that the world would, at any rate, get full particulars of its approaching doom, so long as wires could transmit them, compositors set them in type, and pressmen print them. I felt that the power and grandeur of the press had never been more fully exemplified than in the regular and ceaseless pulsations of its machinery as the daily issue was being thrown off, with the news that the other hemisphere was in conflagration, and that a few short hours would in all probability witness the same catastrophe in our own.

The last two wagons which had driven up with ice for the employees had been hoarded and sacked by the thirsty mob, and, looking down into the press room, as I entered the building, I could see the pressmen stripped to the waist in that terrible hot-air bath, while up-stairs the telegraphic editor was in similar *deshabille*, with the additional feature of a wet towel bound round his temples. He motioned to the latest dispatch from New York as I entered. I took it up and read as follows:

NEW YORK, 6 A. M.—Sun just risen. Heat terrible. Air suffocating. People seeking shade. Thousands bathing off the docks. Thousands killed by sunstroke.

"Almost a recapitulation of the London message of three hours ago," I said, as I hurried out. "Three hours hence we may expect the same here."

I rejoined the doctor in the street, and together we proceeded to his apartments.

"Now," said he, as I told him the purport of the last message, "there is only one thing to be done if we wish to save our lives. It is a chance if even this plan will succeed, but at all events there is a chance."

"What is it?" I asked, eagerly.

"I take it," answered he, "that the increase of heat and light which will accrue as soon as the sun rises above the horizon, must prove fatal to all animal life beneath the influence of his beams. The population of Europe, and, by this time, I doubt not, of all this country east of the Mississippi, is next to annihilated. With us it is but a question of time, unless—"

"Unless what?" I exclaimed, excitedly, as he paused meditatively.

"Unless we are willing to run a great risk," he added. "You are philosopher enough to know that heat and light are simply modes of motion—expressions, so to speak, of the same molecular action of the elements they pass through or agitate. They have no intrinsic being in themselves, no entity, no existence, as it were, independent of outside matter. In their case the two forms of outside matter affected by them are the ether pervading space and the atmosphere of our planet. Do you follow?"

"Certainly," I replied, impatiently, for I dreaded one of the doctor's disquisitions at such a critical moment as this. "But, my dear sir, what is the practical application of your theorem? How can we apply it to the case in point?"

"In this wise," he went on: "heat—that is, the heat we have to do with now—is caused by the action of the sun's rays upon our atmosphere. If we get beyond the limits of that atmosphere, what then? Simply, we have no heat. Ascend to a sufficient altitude, even under the cloudless rays of the vertical sun, and you will freeze to death. The limit of perpetual snow is not an extreme one."

"I catch your idea perfectly," I assented. "I concede the accuracy of your premises. But what does it avail us? The Sierra Nevada mountains are practically as far off as the peaks of the Himalayas."

"There are other means," rejoined the doctor, "of attaining the necessary altitude. A balloon ascension, as you are aware, was to have taken place to-day from Woodward's Gardens. I was going to assist at the inflation, to test a new method of generating gas. I now propose that we endeavor to gain possession of the balloon and make the ascension. I do not think we shall be anticipated or thwarted in doing so."

"Agreed," I said. "Any risk is preferable to being roasted to death."

"We must remember that the risk of the balloon bursting, through the expansion of the gas, is great; for we shall be exposed, not only to its normal expansion, should we penetrate the upper atmospheric strata, but to its abnormal expansion through heat, should we fail to do so in time."

"It is shaking the dice with Death in any case," I answered, and proceeded to assist the doctor in packing the

apparatus and chemicals he had prepared over night; and, having done so, we left the building, and hastened southward along Market Street. The cars were not running, and the carriages we saw paid no heed to our importunities; so the precious time seemed to fly past, while we swiftly covered the mile which separated us from the gardens. The gates were luckily open, and none of the employees visible, so we made for the spot where the balloon, half inflated, lay like some slimy antediluvian monster in its lair. We adjusted the apparatus and arranged the ropes as speedily as possible, and waited anxiously while the great bag slowly swelled and shook, rearing itself and falling back by turns, but gradually assuming more and more spherical proportions.

Meanwhile we had again opportunity to observe the condition of the atmosphere and the heavens. It was already half past four, and in less than an hour the sun would spring up in the east. The pale, bluish tints of daybreak were beginning to assert themselves beside the lurid semi-circle which flamed above them. This latter changed to a hard, coppery hue as daylight became stronger, but preserved its contour unchanged. The heat became more oppressive, the thermometer we had brought with us now registering 133°. Strange sounds were wafted in from the city—meaningless, indeed, but rendered fearfully suggestive by the circumstances of the morning. The animals howled unceasingly from their cages, and we could hear their frantic struggles for liberty. One cat-like form that had made good its escape shot past us in the gloom. Had the whole menagerie been set free at that moment, we should have had nothing to fear from them, so great is the influence elemental crises exert over the brute creation.

We had at last the satisfaction of seeing the great globe swing clear of the ground, though not yet fully inflated, and tug at the ropes which moored it. We had already placed the ballast-bags and other necessary articles in the car, when, perspiring at every pore, we simultaneously cut the last ropes, and rose heavily into the air. There was not a breath of wind stirring, but our course was guided slightly east in the direction of the bay.

It was now broad daylight, and the upper limb of the sun appeared above the horizon as we estimated our altitude, from surrounding objects, at about a thousand feet. As the full orb appeared the heat became more intense, and by the doctor's direction we swathed our heads in flannel, sprinkled sparingly with a preparation of ether and alcohol, the swift evaporation of which imparted coolness for a short time. The sky had now assumed the appearance of a vast hazen dome, and the waters of the ocean to the west and the bay beneath us reflected the dull, dead, pitiless glare with horrible fidelity. We had taken the precaution to hang heavy blankets upon the ropes sustaining the car, and these we kept sparingly moistened with water. Our own thirst was as intense as our perspiration was profuse, and we had divested ourselves of everything but our woollen under-clothing—wool being a non-conductor, and therefore as effective in excluding heat as retaining it. We were provided with a powerful ship telescope, and also a large binocular glass of long range, and so far as the discomforts of the situation would permit us we took observations of the prospect beneath. To the unaided eye the city simply presented a patch of little rectangles at the end of a brown peninsula, but through our glasses the streets and houses became surprisingly plain. Little squat black forms were to be seen moving, falling down, and lying in the streets. Down by the city front the wharves were seen to be lined with nude, or semi-nude bodies, which dived into the water and remained submerged, with the exception of their heads, though these disappeared at short intervals below the surface. Thousands upon thousands of people were thus engaged. The spectacle would have been utterly absurd and ludicrous had it not been tremendous in its awful suggestiveness.

"The mortality will be terrible, I fear," said the doctor, "if things do not change for the better soon, and I see no prospect of that. Our thermometer already marks 147° even at this altitude. We are in the *lepidarium* of a thrice-heated Turkish bath. And if this is the case at a barometric altitude of eleven thousand feet—nearly two perpendicular miles—what must it be down there? It is too terrible to contemplate!"

"It is only seven o'clock yet," I remarked, looking at my watch. "The sun is scarcely an hour high."

"We must throw out more ballast," said the doctor, "and reach the higher strata at all hazards;" and he threw out a forty-pound bag of sand.

We shot upward with tremendous velocity for several minutes, when our ascent again became regular. We now remarked, with intense relief, that the thermometer did not rise—that, in fact, it had fallen about two degrees; though this relief was counterbalanced by the extreme difficulty of breathing the rarefied air at this immense altitude, which we estimated by the barometer at twenty-five thousand feet, or nearly five perpendicular miles. We therefore opened the valve and discharged a quantity of gas, and presently descended into a stratum of dense fog. This fog reminded me of the steam which rises from tropical vegetation during the rainy season, and I mentioned the fact to the doctor.

"If these fogs," replied he, "would only rest upon the city, they might shield it from destruction, but in a case of this kind we have no meteorological data to go on. No one can estimate either the amount of heat, or the meteorological results it is now producing on the surface of the earth five miles below us."

The stratum of fog in which we now were was dense and impenetrable. We lay in it as in a steam-bath, the balloon not seeming to drift, but swaying sluggishly from side to side, like a sail flapping idly against a mast in a calm.

Hour after hour passed like this, the temperature still ranging between 130° to 140° F. The doctor preserved his wonted equanimity.

"I have grave apprehensions," he remarked, impressively, as if in answer to my thoughts, "that the final fiery cataclysm, a foreboding of which has run through all systems of philosophies and religions through all ages, and which seems to be, as it were, ingrained in the inner consciousness of man, is now upon us. I am determined, however, not to fall a victim to the fiery energy that has been evoked, and shall anticipate such a fate by an easier and less disagreeable one," and as he spoke he motioned significantly toward his right hip.

"Do you think, then," said I, "that an act under such circumstances"—designedly employing a vague periphrasis on such an unpleasant topic—"is morally defensible?"

"What can it matter?" returned the doctor, with a shrug. "Of two alternatives, both leading to the same end, common sense accepts the easier. A refusal to touch the hemlock would not have saved Socrates."

In spite of the terrible forebodings which filled me, the exigencies of the situation seemed to render my brain preternaturally concentrated and abnormally active. The surrounding stillness, the lack of sound of any description, the dreamy warmth of the dense mist in which we lay, exercised a sedative influence, and rendered the mind peculiarly impressionable to action from within.

"We have no means, then, of calculating the probable intensity of the heat at the earth's surface?" I asked.

"None whatever," replied the doctor. "We are now at an indicated elevation, by barometrical pressure, of twenty-two thousand feet. We are probably actually much higher, as the steam in which we lie is acting on the barometer. Atmospheric conditions like the present, at such an altitude, are totally beyond the experience of science. They might be, and probably are, caused by the action of intense heat upon hotter surfaces below us. To the fact of their presence, however, we owe our existence. This atmosphere, though peculiarly favorable to the passage of heat rays through it, is incapable of retaining them."

"Supposing," I went on, in a wildly speculative mood, engendered by the excitement of the occasion, "supposing that the heat of the surface of the earth were sufficiently intense to melt metals—iron, for instance—the most refractory substances, in fact. Take a further flight: supposing that such heat were ten times intensified, what would be its effect upon our planet?"

"The solid portions—the crust with everything upon it—would be the first to experience the effects of such a catastrophe. Then the oceans would boil, and their surface waters, at any rate, be converted into steam."

"What then?" I continued.

"This steam would ascend to the upper regions of the atmosphere till it reached an equilibrium of rarefaction, when its expansion would cool it, upon which rapid condensation would follow, and it would descend to earth in the form of rain. The more sudden and energetic the heat, the sooner would this result be accomplished, and the more copious the precipitation of the succeeding rain. After the first terrible crisis, the grand compensation of natural law would come into play, and the face of the planet would be protected from further harm by the shield of humid vapor—the *vis medicatrix nature*, so to speak. Equilibrium would be restored, but most organisms would meanwhile have perished."

"Most organisms, you say?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"It is possible," said the doctor, "that ocean infusoria, and even some of the comparatively higher forms of ocean life, might survive. It is also possible that terrestrial animals occupying high altitudes—mountaineers for example, whose homes are deep snows and glaciers, denizens of the frozen zone, and beings similarly situated—might escape. This would altogether depend upon the intensity and duration of the heat. We must remember that *size*, looked at from a universal point of view, is merely relative. If we consider our planet as a six-inch ball, our oceans, with their insignificant average depth of a few miles, would be aptly represented by a film of the finest writing paper. How long, think you, would a watery film, such as that, last a few feet from a suddenly stirred fire?"

I howed acquiescence to the conclusion drawn from the simile, and the doctor proceeded:

"There can be no longer any doubt that the present elemental convulsion is due to the collision of the comet with the sun. Knowing what we do of its orbit from last year's computation, its precipitation upon the solar surface has taken place on the side farthest from our own position in space. We do not, therefore, experience so sudden and so fierce an atmospheric excitement as would otherwise have followed. It now remains to be seen what the duration of the effect will be."

During the latter portion of our conversation a low moaning sound, which had been heard for the past few minutes, was growing more pronounced and seemingly coming nearer. At the same time the barometer was observed to be falling rapidly.

"That is the sound of wind," I exclaimed. "I have heard it on tropical deserts and on tropical seas. I can not be mistaken. It comes from the east."

"The hot air from the parched continent is approaching," said the doctor. "Scientifically speaking, atmospheric convection is taking place, and we shall hear the brunt of it."

As he spoke the balloon was seized with a violent tremor. It vibrated from apex to car, and the next moment was struck by the most terrific tornado it is possible to imagine. The blast was like the torrid breath of a furnace, and we involuntarily covered our heads with our blankets, and clutched convulsively to the frail hulwarks of the car, which was being dragged on at a tremendous velocity, and at a horribly acute angle, by the distended gas-bag which towered ahead of us. Luckily we had both clutched mechanically at the railing on the side whence the wind came, to let go which hold would have meant instant precipitation over the opposite side of the car into the yawning gulf beneath. For less than a minute, so far as my stricken and scattered senses could compute, we were borne on by this terrific simoom, when, suddenly, we found ourselves as before, in the midst of a preternatural calm. We had evidently drifted into an eddy of the cyclone; for I could hear its sullen and awful roar at some distance to our right. Hardly had we composed ourselves when the blast struck us again; this time on the opposite side of the car. Again we were hurled forward by the relentless elemental fury; but this time in a sensibly downward direction. The blast had struck us from above, and was hurling us before it—down, down, to inevitable destruction. Fortunately the comparative bulk of the balloon offered more resistance than the car to this downward progress. Down, down, we sped, till, of a sudden, we emerged from the cloud-strata and obtained a brief and abrupt glimpse of the scene below. The counterblasts of the past few minutes had apparently compensated each other's action, for we found ourselves just over the city,

The city? There was no city. I recognized, indeed, the contour of the peninsula, and the well-known outlines of the bay and islands, through casual rifts in the dense clouds of steam which rose in volumes from below. Well nigh stupefied and maddened as I was by the intense heat, a horrible curiosity seized me to peer into the dread mystery beneath, and while with one scorched and writhing hand I held the blankets, which had not yet parted with the moisture gathered from the clouds above, to my aching head and temples, with the other I raised the powerful binocular to my eyes. Through drifting rifts of the steam-clouds that obscured the scene, I caught glimpses which filled me with unutterable and nameless horror. Neither streets nor buildings were decipherable where the city once had been. The eye rested upon nothing but irregular and misshapen piles of vitrified slag and calcined ashes. Everything was as scarred in a ruinous silence as the ruined surface of the moon. There was neither flame nor fire to be seen. Things seemed to have long passed the stage of active combustion, as though all the elements necessary to sustain flame had already been abstracted from them. Here and there an ominous dark red glow showed, however, that the lava into which the fair city had been transformed was still incandescent. The sand dunes to the west shone like glaciers or dull mirrors through the steam fissures, and long shapeless masses of what resembled charred wood were strewn here and there over the surface of the bay. Less than five seconds served to reveal all that I have taken so long to describe. The binocular, too hot to hold, dropped from my hand. At the same moment the balloon was again struck by the cyclone, and dashed eastward with the same fury as before. The doctor caught convulsively at the railing of the car, missed his hold, and with a wild, despairing shriek, outstretched arms, and starting eyes fixed upon mine, disappeared headlong in the abyss.

I am alone in the balloon—perhaps alone in the world. My companion has been hurled to a fiery death below. His awful shriek still rings in my ears. It sounds over the sullen roar of the cyclone. I am whirled resistlessly onward.

The last shifts. Again the balloon pauses in one of the strange eddies formed by this strange simoon. The wind flies away to a moan. It rises again. It writhes around the car like the convulsive struggles of some gigantic reptile in the throes of death. It seizes me again in its resistless clutch. The balloon is being whirled toward the earth.

I am falling. But no—it seems to me that the earth—the plutonic, igneous earth—is rising toward me. With lightning-like rapidity it seems to hurl itself up through the air to meet me. I hear the roar of flames mingling with the roar of the blast. I see the seething, bubbling waste of waters through rifts in the clouds of steam.

I am nearing the molten surface. My feeling has changed. I am conscious that it has ceased to seem to rise. I feel that I am falling now—falling into the fiery depths below. Nearer—nearer yet; scorched and blackened by the awful beat as I approach—I fall—down—down—down—

Nowadays, writes a French correspondent, with that craze for showing off and posing for better than one is—which is the curse of French republican society—Paris is no longer the gastronomic paradise that it was of old. The Parisians line on the architecture of set dishes, on damask linen, on the brilliancy of the glassware, on the flowers that are on the table, on the white cravats of the waiters, but on butter at thirty cents a pound, and on ordinary wine from the wine shops round the corner, on fish with the bones painted in lustre on the fillets by one of those mysterious and ingenious artists whose specialty is to do "kitchen painting." The inventor of this industry was one named Chapellier, who invented the trade of "painter of turkeys' feet." He had noticed that the poulterers lost largely on stale stock. The sign by which the staleness of a turkey, for instance, is betrayed, is the increasing paleness of the legs and feet. Chapellier invented a varnish to tone up the color. His successors have invented many other tricks which are the providence of second-class game and fish dealers. Oh, the meanness of some apparently brilliant Parisian households is awful to think of! Perhaps the painter Ziem's table is the most phenomenal. Ziem hires half the dishes by the hour, and the nests are, of course, not allowed to touch them. The dessert is generally in wax, except one plate of cheap apples and dish of nuts.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Sun says of the late A. T. Stewart: He gave a commission to a celebrated artist in Paris to paint a little Parisienne, and offered to pay treble the ordinary price if the painter would put a cap of head-work on the little lady's costume. "That is a strange fancy," said the painter. "It is not a fancy at all," replied Mr. Stewart; "that picture will be exhibited at New York. All the elegant women will look at it, and if they see that the Parisiennes wear bead ornaments they will buy beads. Now, my house—A. T. Stewart & Co.—has a big stock of these articles, and by that means, you understand"—and the artist understood enough to refuse the commission.

Nine girls of Wheeling took some pictures of actresses in age costumes to a photographer, and posed as nearly as possible in the same attitudes and raiment. The portraits somehow got into circulation in society, and the earnest efforts of the girls' parents have failed to gather the cards for destruction.

Edward Lytton Bulwer once declared that an Englishman as proud of his country, not because of its public buildings, its laws, its public men, and its writers. "He is vain of his country for an excellent reason—it produced him."

The latest novelty in Paris clubs is a Club des Chauves—club of bald-heads. The vaudevilleist Siraudin will be elected by acclamation, and the long-haired Alphonse audelet will be politely black-balled.

Theodore Child asserts that Octave Feuillet, in his reception speech at the Academy, wrote an essay on the modern novel and forgot Balzac. This is as if, in the history of the art of war, one forgot Napoleon.

OLD FAVORITES.

Where Shall the Lover Rest?
Where shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast—
Parted forever?
Where, through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.
Eleu lora
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, where the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake
Never, O never!
Eleu lora
Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying:
Eleu lora
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted;
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, O never!
Eleu lora
Never, O never! —Sir Walter Scott.

Eveleen's Bower.
O weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came!
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds passed soon
From the chaste, cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's lame.
The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway,
When the Lord of the Valley crossed over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Showed the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false lord came;
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.
—Thomas Moore.

The Sisters.
We were two daughters of one race:
She was the fairest in the face:
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O the Earl was fair to see!
She died; she went to burning flame:
She mixed her ancient blood with shame.
The wind is howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait:
O the Earl was fair to see!
I made a feast; I had him come;
I won his love, I brought him home.
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head:
O the Earl was fair to see!
I kissed his eyelids into rest:
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O the Earl was fair to see!
I rose up in the silent night:
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabbed him through and through.
O the Earl was fair to see!
I curled and combed his comely head,
He looked so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O the Earl was fair to see! —Alfred Tennyson.

The Mother's Last Snog.
Sleep! The ghostly winds are howling,
No moon abroad, no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!
I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
'Twas melted away by his looks of fire,
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.
The world is cruel, the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,
But fly—fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest depths—and die?
—Barry Cornwall.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Ideal Mule.

Along the tramway the patient, much-enduring, long-suffering mule holds his steady way, hauling a few tons of coal—as much as the car can stand at a load. The mule is never overloaded. Oh, no. Nobody ever worries about putting on more coal than the mule can haul. But the capacity of the car is limited, and it must not be loaded beyond a certain strain. No wonder the mule is a kicker. Were I a mule, love, I, too, would kick. Every time I got a chance I would lift somebody higher than a kite. I know just exactly what kind of a mule I would be. A bay mule. One of those sad-eyed old fellows that lean back in the breeching and think. With striped legs like a zebra. And a dark brown streak down my back, and a paint brush tail. And my mane cut short, and my foretop banded, and a head as long as a flour-barrel, and I'd be worth two hundred and a half in any market, and I'd wear a flat harness and no blinders, and some day when some man hitched me up to a dray, and piled on a ton and a half of pig iron, a cord of wood, six barrels of flour, a good load of household goods and a steamboat boiler, I would start off with it patiently and haul it steadily until I got to the top of the grade, and right about there and then a falling maple leaf, fluttering down in a spark of gold and crimson, would scare me all but to death, and the authorities would have to drag the Mississippi River six weeks to find all of that load and some of that driver, while in three minutes after the *émoute*, I would be tranquilly browsing on the grassy heights that smile above the silver flowing river. That is the kind of a mule I would be.—Burdette.

Chapter XXXI.

"Give me another doughnut."
Reine McCloskey's voice is husky with grief as she speaks these words, and over the dimpled cheek that looks so fair and white in the moonlight, the blushes are chasing each other in rapid succession. Standing directly in front of the girl, and lending to the *tout ensemble* a soft warmth of coloring not otherwise obtainable, is a large jar. Immediately behind it stands Hercules Perkins.

"I am going away," he says.
The girl does not reply. The shadow of the doughnut-jar conceals the look of haunting fear that passes across her face, and the white lines around the drooping mouth are not seen by the one whose words have caused their presence.

"Shall you miss me?" he asks.
The little white hand that rests upon the back of a chair is trembling now, and in the deep brown eyes there are hot tears of sorrow and pain. Suddenly Reine speaks:
"Go away," she says, in agonized tones; "go away before I tell you that which had best remain unsaid," and sobs choke her utterance.

A great light breaks upon Hercules. Stepping quickly to the girl's side he places his arm around her. "Tell me, truly, sweetheart," he says, "do you love me?"

For answer she places a soft white arm around his neck, and as he bends over to kiss her the other hand reaches forward, feels cautiously around for an instant, and then, with a wild cry of agony, Reine McCloskey falls forward in a swoon. The doughnut-jar is empty.—From "Life's Mockery," by Joseph Medill, the Chicago Tribune Novelist.

Bill Nye on the Elections.

We have met the enemy, and we are his'n. We have made our remarks, and we are now ready to listen to the gentleman from New York. We could have dug out, perhaps, and explained about New York; but when almost every State in the Union rose up and made certain statements yesterday, we found that the job of explaining this matter thoroughly would be wearisome, and require a great deal of time. We do not blame the Democracy for this. We are a little surprised, however, and grieved. It will interfere with our wardrobe this winter. With an overcoat on Wyoming, a plug-hat on Iowa, a pair of pantaloons on Pennsylvania, and hoots on the general result, it looks now as though we would probably go through the winter wrapped in a bed-quilt and profound meditation. We intended to publish an extra this morning, but the news was of such a character that we thought we would get along without it. The cause of this great Democratic freshet in New York yesterday—but why go into details?—we all have an idea why it was so. The number of votes would seem to indicate that there was a tendency toward Democracy throughout the country. Now, in Pennsylvania, if you will look over the returns carefully—but why should we take up your valuable time offering an explanation of a political matter of the past? Under the circumstances some would go and yield to the soothing influences of the maddening howl, but we do not advise that. It would only furnish temporary relief, and the recoil would be unpleasant. We resume our duties with a feeling of extreme *ennui*, and with that sense of surprise and astonishment that a man does who has had a large brick block fall on him when he was not expecting it. Although we feel a little lonely to-day—having met but a few Republicans on the street, who were obliged to come out and do their marketing—we still hope for the future. The grand old Republican party—but that's what we said last week. It sounds hollow now and meaningless, somehow, because our voice is a little hoarse, and we are snowed under so deep that it is difficult for us to enunciate. Now, about those bets. If the parties to whom we owe bets—and we owe 'most everybody—will just agree to take the stakes, and not go into details—not stop to ask us the state of our mind, and talk about how it was done—we don't care. We don't wish to have this thing explained at all. We are not of an inquiring turn of mind. Just plain facts are good enough for us, without any harrowing details. In the meantime we are going to work to earn some more money, to bet on the next election. Judge Folger and others, come over and see us when you have time, and we will talk this matter over. Mr. B. Butler, we wish we had your longevity. With a robust constitution, we find that 'most any man can wear out cruel fate, and get there at last. We do not feel so angry as we do grieved and surprised. We are pained to see the American people thus betray our confidence, and throw a large wardrobe into the hands of the relentless foe.—Boomerang, November 8.

SOCIETY.

DEAR BESS: The weather is as chilly as the cold water which has lately been thrown on our political aspirations, and, while it has a tendency of driving one in doors, it probably will act as an effective agency in opening the salons of those hospitably disposed. As a preface to a round of merry-making, there seems a disposition to congregate at entertainments—and we have had a series of them.

The Carnival seems only to have added zest to the diversions which have followed in such rapid succession. To the music-lovers, the Philharmonic concert is supplying a want that is as wide-spread as it is sincere. Music has become more than an affectation with our community. It has become a necessity. To those who have been reared in a musical atmosphere the absence of music is literal starvation. That the taste for a higher order of music is becoming universal is owing much to the efforts of some of our musical leaders, who have battled against adverse circumstances, and carried their point at serious inconvenience and loss to themselves. Though there have been many to appreciate and assist, still the community is small, and the proportion of true art lovers consequently smaller. We still remember the efforts of Herold, who, laboring under physical difficulties, encountered all the tortures which experiments are liable to. Toepke's industrious perseverance is developing a first-class orchestra out of amateur and crude material. The Schmitts, by their readiness and musical intelligence, have done much to elevate the general tone. Hinrichs is now to the front, and we all remember the impressions made by his admirably trained orchestra in their artistic accompaniment of Joseffy, which then suggested the idea of inaugurating a series of Philharmonic concerts. The same tortuous road to success has been the lot of greater geniuses does not seem to have fallen to Hinrichs. Immediate recognition and patronage have crowned his efforts, as was evinced by the attendance last Friday evening.

The Lorings propose entertaining us at B'nai B'rith Hall next Tuesday evening. Enough can not be said of Mr. David Loring, who, as much from true love of his art as from public spirit, so successfully inaugurated so excellent a voice orchestra. True, it is not made up altogether of amateur element, and contains many gentlemen of well-trained artistic merit; but, as an artist tones his colors, so Loring has blended the artist and amateur in one harmonious whole. These concerts, too, our society people see fit to number among "one of the things."

An art reception was another occasion for bringing society together. Nahl, who has been many years with us, and whom we number as one of our local artists, had a request from over the sea, thanks to the uncle whose timely demise gave us remote ones an opportunity to enjoy his hoarded collection. Regardless of the expense of transportation, which the receipts of the exhibition here will not by any means cover, Nahl must have been actuated by a spirit of philanthropy to entrust to the treacherous mercies of the sea his treasures, that we might enjoy them with him.

Those of dancing proclivities will be pleased to hear of the proposed Pacific Yacht Club reception next Saturday, and also of the inauguration of a series of Germans by a number of young society men, who are desirous of reciprocating the hospitalities extended to them by their lady friends. They will take place at Red Men's Hall, December 6th, January 3d, and February 7th. The subscription list is already filled, and the lady patronesses are recognized society leaders—Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. J. B. Haggins, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. William Lane Booker, Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Mrs. Lieutenant Buford, and Mrs. J. C. Flood.

It is to be hoped the efforts of the Amateur Dramatic Company, who for sweet charity's sake have volunteered to increase the funds of the British Benevolent Society, met with the pecuniary and artistic success they strove for. The disappointment is to be deplored at the non-arrival of the Princess, whose expected presence would, no doubt, have added to the coffers of the society, as well as the *clat* of the occasion. The Scotch element is on the alert, while the Caledonians have anticipated the arrival of the royal pair by a ball last Friday. The St. Andrews hope to banquet the Marquis on the 30th instant.

I must not omit mentioning a very commendable effort some of our ladies of æsthetic taste are engaged in at present—the Decorative Art Society, which we all remember, gave a very creditable as well as interesting loan exhibition in May, 1881. The competitive prize exhibition is at present attracting great numbers. Each visitor is entitled to a vote regarding the best executed design, which will no doubt influence the committee's decision. The privilege of entering competitive work is extended beyond this State, although my inclination would be to encourage the home-workers, desirable though it is to gather all that is new and meritorious from everywhere. Among the most noticeable articles on exhibition is a portière on terra-cotta turcoman cloth. The design at the bottom is a mass of rocks and natural grasses, above which spring hollyhocks, shaded in harmonizing tones, and extending to the centre. This portière is from New York, and will most likely take the prize, as it excites the most admiration. Very unique is a drawn design in colors of a portière, the lower portion of which is in dark blue plush surmounted by a band of kaleidoscopic pattern. The centre is of light blue satin, upon which a spider's web is designed in tracery stitch, topped with a cornice of cream in designs of wasps and butterflies, edged with variegated fringe. Another portière is of Pompeian red with yellow bands. The centre is done in tracery of flowers and birds-of-paradise. Two pretty designs for mantel lambrequins are cardinal plush embroidered with pink clematis, and black satin embroidered in wild roses, swallows, and butterflies. Among the several piano scarfs was one noticeable on terra-cotta plush, edged with a band of old gold, on which is appropriately designed the treble clef entwined with convolvulus. Then there are two pretty designs in baby quilts, one on white satin with white plush band embroidered in yellow, then one on blue satin in daisies. It is to be regretted that the tracing was not more in relief, as the motto was pretty and appropriate:

"The stars are tiny daisies high,
Opening and shutting in the sky;
While daisies are the stars below,
Twinkling and sparkling as they grow."

There is a cream-colored baby-blauket, traced in pink wild roses and cherubs with appropriate motto; also, various varieties of fire screens, the newest designed in golden sumach and thistle. One attractive design is a pretty pattern for table-cover in pansies; also, a letter-case in brown worked in yellow pansies. A very prettily finished photographic case is of cardinal plush lined with blue satin, painted in various designs.

While the Nob Hill mansions remain so persistently closed, it does not promise much for the festivities which were to have been accorded royally on their return here. The Stanfords have gone East by the southern route. The Hopkins are still at the Windsor, New York, where there is quite a colony of San Franciscans registered. The Crockers are yet in Paris, where, according to late accounts, Miss Hattie entertained Miss Sibyl Sanderson (a prospective debutante of Washington society this winter) at dinner. Miss Flora Low dined Miss Dora Miller previous to her departure. The floral decorations were elaborate, the menu cards unique, and the dinner a culinary triumph.

Were I to gossip about everybody and everything, I should not be done till night, and have nothing to tell you in my next. So, reserving something for the future, I remain your friend,
DORA.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 15, 1882.

Notes and Gossip.

General Alexander McDowell McCook, accompanied by his niece and daughter, arrived here last week, and will spend some time in San Francisco. Senator Miller and family departed for Washington on Saturday last. The Mrs. Mark Hopkins who arrived here a few weeks ago, is the wife of a brother of E. V. Hopkins; Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the rich widow, will not return until just before the holidays; she is at present in New York, accompanied by her niece, Miss May Crittenden. Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hovey, of the Palace, are visiting at the Sierra Madre Villa. Mrs. General Stoneman has lately been the guest of Mrs. Elliott, daughter of the late General Meyrick. Miss Belle Nichols has returned from Vermont. Mrs. Charles Sonntag will return from San Rafael in a week or two. Mrs. Cutter and the Misses Cutter have returned to the city for the winter, after a long sojourn in the country. Colonel Weller and family have returned to the Palace for the winter. Mrs. McNeil, of the Grand, is visiting in Sacramento. Mrs. General

Crook has joined her husband at Prescott, Arizona. Colonel and Mrs. Creed Haymond have returned from Sacramento. General and Mrs. Schofield have taken up their permanent residence at Black Point during the present week. Mrs. D. D. Colton has been passing a few days in Los Angeles. Miss Mamie Perry, who has been visiting in this city, has returned to Los Angeles. Lieutenant Strother, of the Third Infantry, U. S. A., was brought from his horse a few days ago near Tucson and injured. Mrs. Wroughton and her two daughters have returned from the country and taken up their residence at the Grand for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Harlow H. White, who were married in this city last week, and who subsequently went on a short bridal tour, have returned and taken up their residence in this city. The Misses Adams, of Menlo, have come up to the city for the winter. General and Mrs. Cullum of New York, have returned from Monterey, and are at the Palace. Mrs. J. H. Jewett has returned to Monterey. Miss Jennie Brumman is also at Monterey. Lieutenant-commander Rockwell, of the Coast Survey, and family are at the Lick. Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Foster, of Sacramento, who have been on an extended Eastern trip, have returned. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Canfield, of Santa Barbara, are in the city. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Southard, of Tucson, are passing a few days in San Francisco. Mrs. S. B. Smith, of Washington, D. C., is visiting Mrs. W. O. Bowers, at Sacramento. Mrs. Daniel Cook is at the Pico House, Los Angeles. Mrs. J. B. Haggins arrived in New York on Monday last. Hon. Frank Page and Governor Pacheco have left for Washington. Miss Kittie Woods and Miss Georgie Richards have returned from the Navy Yard. Mrs. Hamilton has returned from Alameda County. Mrs. Edgar Mills, who has been visiting Mrs. J. H. Carroll, at Sacramento, has returned to Menlo. Mr. George K. Porter, of San Francisco, and Miss Katie A. Cavill, of Los Angeles, were married in this city on Saturday last, by the Rev. Elias Birdsall. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, arrived from New York a few days ago. Mrs. Fannie B. Edgerton, who has been in Europe for nearly two years, has returned to America, and is visiting in Providence, Rhode Island, at present. Lieutenant M. H. Livingston, of Santa Fé, is at Monterey. Mrs. Judge Sanderson and her daughter Sibyl are expected to return from Europe in a few days, and, after a short sojourn in New York, to proceed to Washington for the winter. Miss Eades has arrived in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Montague have returned to the city for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Ford, of Oakland, and Miss Hutchinson, of this city, are at Monterey. Messrs. C. E. Low and Adolph Low, of New York, arrived in this city on Thursday last. Miss Mamie Hammond, Mrs. Adam Grant's niece, will probably not depart for her home in Chicago until after the holidays. Commodore Charles L. Baldwin, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Thursday last. Mrs. McMullin and her daughters, who have been passing a long time at their place in San Joaquin County, returned to the city for the winter on Tuesday last. Major Montgomery Bryant, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bryant are at the Occidental. Hon. Frank Page was given a dinner on Monday evening last at the Maison Dorée, at which Irving M. Scott, Governor Pacheco, Senator Jones, Colonel J. P. Jackson, Hon. Horace Davis, Claus Spreckels, and other representative citizens were present. Lieutenant George W. Goethals, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sargent, who have lately returned from their bridal trip, give receptions at the Palace on Tuesday and Thursday evenings next. Mr. and Mrs. James C. Flood and daughter took up their residence at the Palace on Tuesday last for the winter. Alphonz Munson, son of the noted wine manufacturer of that name, is at the Palace.

The Thanksgiving Kettledrum.

A rather novel entertainment, to be styled a Thanksgiving kettledrum, is promised on Monday evening, the 27th instant, from eight to eleven o'clock, in B'nai B'rith Hall. It will be given for the benefit of the California State Woman's Hospital, an institution wholly unsectarian in character, and worthy of the pecuniary assistance it requires to provide for the comfort of its present inmates, as well as to extend its future usefulness. This entertainment, coming as it does upon the threshold of Thanksgiving Day, will afford the charitably disposed a fitting preparation for that feast. The affair is in the hands of some of the most benevolent and enterprising of our leading ladies, and will, no doubt, be a great success in all respects. The First United States Artillery Band will discourse music, refreshments will be provided, and something extremely beautiful and unique may be expected in the floral displays and offerings. Tickets may be obtained from either of the following-named lady patronesses: Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. Ashe, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Buford, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. William Barnes, Mrs. William Blanding, Mrs. James L. Coleman, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Eyre, Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mrs. Jarboe, Mrs. Charles Keeney, Mrs. John Kittie, Mrs. A. V. Kutz, Mrs. N. G. Kittie, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. L. Henry Newton, Mrs. Richard Ogden, Mrs. F. M. Pixley, Mrs. Jules C. Reis, Mrs. John Scott, Mrs. Lloyd Tevi, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Samuel Wilson, or at the residence of General McDowell, No. 1605 Van Ness Avenue.

Receptions and Dinners of the Past Week.

Excepting the performance at the Baldwin Theatre, on Wednesday evening last, and the response made by a fashionable audience to the efforts of the British Benevolent Society, the past week may be said to have been gay, but not brilliant. There were quite a number of small dinners, and a few dancing parties, conspicuous among which were the Olympics' reception and the Cadets' dancing party last evening, the reception of Company F on Wednesday evening last, a party last evening at Mr. Lohse's, on Tyler Street, and a hop at the Presidio on the same evening. Among the many present at the entertainment of the British Benevolent Society, we saw Mr. and Mrs. William Lane Booker, Mr. Charles Mason and son, and Miss Mason, Senator and Mrs. William M. Gwin, Miss Carrie Gwin, Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and the Misses Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. General McDowell, Miss McDowell, and Harry McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. William Sillem, Miss Philpott, Doctor and Mrs. Barnett, Miss Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Hager, Mr. and Mrs. De Guigné, the Misses Parrott, Mrs. and Miss Ashe, Miss Atherton, Captain Payson, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Jarboe, George Page, Miss Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mr. and Miss Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Blanding and the Misses Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson.

Engagement.

The engagement of Mr. Timothy Hopkins and Miss May Crittenden is announced by authority, and also the statement that the wedding will take place at St. Thomas's Church, New York, on Tuesday week, the twenty-eighth instant. Miss Crittenden is a niece of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, and provoked admiration from acknowledged belles, even, while in society here last winter, on account of her superior beauty of face and form. It is no secret that an English gentleman of wealth and title, who visited San Francisco some months ago, became dazzled with Miss Crittenden, and sought her hand in marriage. Nob Hill will be well represented at the wedding, as there are in New York at present, besides those above mentioned, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, William Crocker, and Hon. and Mrs. Leland Stanford. W. E. Brown, Senator Miller and family, Joe Grant, and other prominent Californians, are also in New York.

There will be no lack of gaiety from now on, although nothing stunning may be looked for, while a majority of our very wealthy and most pretentious entertainers are away. Their closing hop of the season will be given this afternoon at Sausalito by the Pacific Yacht Club. On Tuesday evening next, Mrs. James Robinson will give a party to Miss Nina Platt at the Palace Hotel, in the public parlors.

The Finnish newspapers record a striking instance of the extent to which the land on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia is being gradually upheaved. It appears that on June 25, 1755, a surveyor made a mark in the smooth rock at an elevation of two inches above the level of the sea. On being lately measured, the present height was found, after the lapse of one hundred and twenty-seven years, to be six feet five inches.

CORRESPONDENCE.

San Francisco Statuary.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Did it ever strike you what an extremely unlovely gang of "statues" and "mashers" have come to inlaid Kearny Street? The evil is an old one, it is true; succeeding generations of mashers have followed each other, have grown up either into pimps or convicts, and have gone (according to their respective tastes) either to the county jail as vagrants or to the State prison as felons. Yet the crop is a rank one; as fast as their fellows fall, new aspirants take their places.

There are two places on Kearny Street which seem to be headquarters of these fellows. Both purport to be tobacconists' shops, or at their owners would doubtless call them, "stores"; both—judging from the signs hanging over the doors—seem to be kept by foreigners; both—judging from the noses hanging over the counters—seem to be kept by Jews. Both stores are in the same block—Kearny, between Bal and Sutter—and the name of one is like a sneeze and that of the other is like a grunt—to wit, Michalischke and Gunst.

In these two "stores" may be seen daily the same kind of a gang—a gang of grinning, winking, leering, jabbering apes. They resemble the ape in everything, except the use of tobacco; even the ape, I fancy would be loath to bedeck the forest aisles along which the female ape should pass with lestoons of slimy saliva. They resemble the ape, too, in the ostentatiousness of their amours; if a painted prostitute or brazen hawd pass with answering smirk and leer, then turns the favored ape to his fellow-apes, and all grin and chatter.

I have carefully noted the composition of the gangs in these places and being one who knows the town thoroughly, I think my analysis is not far out. Here it is: Occasional decent men, 3 per cent; puppy Jews, 40 per cent; sports, 10 per cent; furo-dealers, 5 per cent; cap pers, 10 per cent; billiard-markers, 2 per cent; nigger-singers, 3 per cent; pimps, 25 per cent.

Perhaps the most offensive and least dangerous portion of the gang is that going to make up the Jewish contingent. What insufferable whelps they are! How a man does long to kick them! And their conversation is so extremely foolish that the mere hearing of it gives you a sort of mental sea-sickness.

I suppose that no exception can be taken to the existence of these creatures. Perhaps they serve some useful end in the economy of nature. I have never been able to understand the necessity for fleas and other vermin; correspondingly, the mission of the masher is a mystery to me.

But while they may be endured, they should not be allowed to be come too bold. A lady now can scarcely pass these places, lest she should soil her skirts with saliva or her ears with snuff. Let these fellows ogle and wink at the female of their kind, if they choose; but they must not lift their defiling looks to ladies. Let them hum the bawdy song and mutter the obscene jest as the trollope minces by; but let them keep their foul tongues in their teeth when others pass.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 15, 1882.

DIAGENES.

Gorham and Estee.

I remember the return of George C. Gorham to San Francisco, on the 31st of August, 1867, a few days before the election. He was then a boy's candidate for Governor of California. He had made a splendid talking campaign. The Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man was his battle cry. He was received with torchlights and banners waving in the evening breeze, and followed by the party rank and file. A four-horse brouche bore him from the boat and landed him at Platt's Hall, where an immense assemblage was awaiting the coming of the conquering hero. His speech was full of confidence. He was sure of being the next Governor of California, and there was no flattery to gross, nor praise too fulsome, for the "young Napoleon," from the hundreds of hangers-on, awaiting the distribution of the coming political pap. Election day came—September 4th—and he was defeated by ten thousand majority. I was a friend of Gorham's, and voted for him, not because I thought him entitled to be Governor of California either by ability or long party service, but because he was the regular nominee. A week later, a life insurance agent (Steve King), a very bright, business, and pushing man, conceived the idea of employing Gorham as a solicitor, (about that time we were all insuring our lives in rotten companies.) It would be a splendid advertisement for his company, and he could afford to pay for it. So I was specially deputized to call on George which I did that evening, at his residence on Bryant Street, with the offer of five hundred dollars a month and an engagement for one year. I found him sitting all alone in a little sitting-room, reading Macaulay's essays, and I presume, philosophizing on the vexations and vanities of politics. He received me kindly, but he declined the offer. He was going East, etc., and there sat the "young Napoleon" of only a week ago, deserted by all, and despised by many—particularly by those who had shouted the loudest. Now for the other picture. I happened to be in the Palace Hotel the night (not many weeks since) when Estee arrived from Sacramento, after receiving the machine's (the boys') nomination for Governor of California, and the same crowd that cheered lustily for Gorham were there, even many of the same individuals, playing the farce over again, with huzzahing, drinking, hand-shaking, band playing, and speechifying. Enthusiasm is no word to express the satisfaction of all the would-be office-holders. I asked one individual, who seemed less excited than the rest, whether he thought Estee could be elected. He nearly snapped my head off, and looked at me with hardly suppressed feeling of contempt at such want of political sagacity. I modestly mentioned Gorham, and he replied: "The cuses are no the same at all. Estee is a great man, and will make a magnificent campaign." I had grown older and politically wiser, however, and I held my peace. I saw Mr. Estee arrive a few nights before the election and he also went to Platt's Hall. He was cheered, and surrounded by flatterers. We all know the result—bested by over twenty thousand majority—twice the majority against Gorham. Evidently the regular nominee had lost his hold on the party. On last Thursday evening (two days after the election) I was in the office of the Palace Hotel waiting for a friend, and there sat the Republican candidate for Governor, alone, deserted by all, tired and worn out with his work and anxiety, and politically dead—laid up on the topmost shelf for the rest of his mortal existence. I felt really sorry for him, and wondered whether he had learned the lesson. "Let not the blue-jay try the flight of the eagle." Moral for would-be machine candidates before Republican conventions—Gorham getting seventy dollars a week on a "star route" Washington daily; Estee returning to his little law-office, making a motion before Judge Tooley.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 15, 1882.

OBSERVER.

A California lady in Boston, has just written home a long list of the grievances she has experienced by the "servant galism" (as *Punch* calls it) of the Hub. She says:

You will doubtless be anxiously awaiting another bulletin from my kitchen, and, as my pen is a great solace in all my woes, I am ready to give it. Intervening has been my principal business of late, with view to obtain two domestic servants. After being told that *this is free country* several times, I feel more like a slave than ever! It was a question of going to town to teach somebody, as I did the Chinese man fourteen years ago, I could roll up my sleeves and set about it with some hopes of success; but without the material to work with—a barbarian who can be surprised into a term of faithful service, until civilization unfits him for it—nothing can be done in that direction. Such a state of domestic degradation as American women have brought to pass upon themselves, in this matter, I never dreamed of until now and only until they know enough and have pluck enough to establish this department upon a business basis, will we cease to go from bad to worse. I have seen that a woman (even though she be a Californian crusader) can not expect to undo this mischief single-handed. House-keeping ought to be carried on upon business principles. How long would a man's business survive the panics caused by demoralized clerks, incompetency, and dishonesty? It is because it is not looked upon as a business, but rather as a sentiment, that our homes are on such an unstable basis.

At Schwalbach, in Germany, some Englishmen got up lawn-tennis. After a day or two the mayor requested that the gentlemen would play with their coats on, as the ladies were shocked at their want of decency.

WAS IT AN ANTI-RAILROAD VICTORY?

The Popular Feeling Expressed in the Recent Election.

The New York *Sun* is authority for an alleged interview with Mr. Beskirroff, a distinguished Russian engineer who had been sent to the United States of America to study our system of transportation. In Russia the canals, highways, and railroads are under government management and control, and yet, he says, "thousands of tons of grain rot annually at our railroad stations, for there are no stores. In the southern part of Russia there is abundance of fish, meat, vegetables, and other provisions, and yet in the northern part of the country the people can not afford to buy those provisions, for the cost of transportation puts it beyond their means. We have plenty of coal and kerosene, but at St. Petersburg, and even at Moscow, the English coal and the American kerosene are cheaper than the Russian. Our canals and railroads don't pay to the government the cost of keeping." It would seem that, if any form of government could withdraw the business of transportation from the hands of private individuals, and conduct it with profit and advantage, it would be the autocratic system. If the Russian Government has found that its system of railroad management is ruining the country, and contemplates the abandonment of the system, and the adoption of the methods of business in vogue here, it is valuable testimony in support of our methods, and ought to have weight with those people who have hastily concluded that Government should either become the owner of our transportation system, or subject it to the direct control of political managers. Between the ownership of railroads by the Government and the assertion of its authority to regulate the fares and freights, there is no substantial difference, except that the latter system is based upon the idea that the political authorities have the right to confiscate private property and take it from its owners without compensation. The right to establish fares and freights without acquiring ownership in property is practical confiscation. It is no privilege to permit the individual to have control of his own property, if the right to "fix" the profits attending its use rests in another. It is but a scant privilege to permit the owner to retain his property at all, if he is not to be permitted to use it his own way—always, of course, within the requirements of law. It has been demonstrated in Belgium and in Germany, as well as in Russia, that a government can not run a railroad or canal with profit to itself or with profit and convenience to its people. We know of no exception to this rule. It has been demonstrated in England, France, and in the United States of America that railroads are run more economically, and to better advantage, and to the best convenience of the people, by private enterprise, and that private ownership and private direction attain results altogether more advantageous to the public at large than by any government interference whatever. In his country no grain is permitted to rot at railroad stations, and there can be no permanent lack of accommodations, simply because it is the interest of the railroad-owner to furnish sufficient means of quick transportation. It can never happen in this country that abundant provisions in one part will not be speedily transferred to another where there is a market demand for them. All such difficulties as these are remedied by the requirements of self-interest. A private road is built and run to make money. A government may allow grain to rot and people to starve, but the private corporation, under the unerring money-making instinct, renders such things impossible. The Russian railroads do not pay the cost of keeping, and hence the people are but poorly and inadequately served. These same roads in the hands of private capitalists would be profitably run, with less cost of freights and with reduced fares. The history of transportation in all countries, and in all times, and under all circumstances, has demonstrated the carrying trade must be in the hands and under the control of private ownership. And yet in California the contrary doctrine has its adherents. The heresy of governmental control has been exploded in all the older States of the Union; yet it lingers in the minds of a few demagogue politicians in this State who had hoped to be able to ride into office under the false cry of opposition to monopolies, and the right to regulate fares and freights by a political commission. These men, by a clamor which is as false as it is loud, have persistently and determinedly asserted that the railroads were conducting their business in a criminal way, were unjustly discriminating in favor of localities and individuals, were overcharging in their fares and freights, and were in the receipt of incomes and earnings extravagantly disproportioned to the capital invested in their enterprise. The truth of these assertions, and those of a kindred character, has been made an issue in this political campaign. For some years the railroads have been drawn into the arena of politics, very much to the disadvantage of the corporations, and very much to the demoralization of the people. We shall assume that no private individual, company, or corporation would willingly allow his or its business to be dragged into the political arena if it could be helped. No individual or corporate director would become the victim of popular discussion, of newspaper vindictiveness, or of obnoxious blackmailing, if he could avoid it. When the Central Pacific company had provided for its right of way, made its contracts, and arranged its government credits, it must naturally have desired to withdraw itself from the field of politics. That it did not, is evidently the result of circumstances it could not control. Every blackmailing editor, every worthless politician, and every aspiring party demagogue has resolved in his own mind how he could make this corporation subservient to his selfish interest or personal advancement. The prevailing sentiment with an individual of this class is: I will become its friend and servant, if it will employ me. I will do its bidding in public life, if it will push me to some place of public trust. I will write for it, and talk for it, and steal for it, if it will divide. I will be its servant, slave, or friend, if my interest shall thereby be subserved. If I can not be its friend, I will be its enemy. If I can not be advanced by it, I will aid to tear it down, and destroy it, that I may climb to position over its ruin. Perhaps in too many cases the company has taken these worthless demagogues at their own valuation, and used them. Perhaps it has feared their malign influence, and endeavored to placate them. It is perhaps true that the railroads have been forced

into the field of politics for self-defense. It is not unlikely that, when hostile legislation has menaced their interests, they have been compelled to defend themselves. We more than suspect that criminals and rogues have been employed to prevent criminals and rogues from despoiling the company. It is just within the limits of possibility that political bureaus have been formed, the members of which did not confine themselves to lines of legitimate defense, or keep within the bounds of propriety. If these things are charged, the corporations are ready with the plausible answer that all this was necessary for self-protection, and that it all came within the lines of an imperative demand for self-defense. This class of demagogue politicians, controlling a majority of the press of this State, had worked up this prejudice against railroad corporations, till in California it had been brought to assume the importance of a political issue. First one party and then another had made it available as a hobby to ride to political power. It has been alternately used by the Democratic, the Dolly Varden, and the Republican parties. The Democracy was the first to seize hold of it, because the railroad was a Republican measure—the growth of a war necessity—and because its builders were Republicans. Then the Dolly Vardens leaped to the front, and by a grand *coup de main* carried off the prize of victory. Then the Democracy seized the banner of anti-monopoly and raised the slogan of anti-railroad tyranny, and elected an administration which claimed that it knew more about railroad management than the railroad-builders themselves, and undertook to regulate fares and freights, and establish the rules of transportation necessary to conduct the transcontinental and inter-State trade. Then came the Sand-lot revolution and the new Constitution frenzy, and an organic law was framed by all sorts of odds and ends of curious, ignorant, nondescript men, who were brought together under the pretext of undisguised communism. The leading idea was to regulate railroads by a political commission. All of this had been so successful, that at the last election all the politicians in the State determined to outbid each other in their efforts to make political capital out of railroad prejudice. Democrats, Republicans, Sand-lotters, and Dolly Vardens, rivaled each other in denunciation of railroads. The Democratic party, having the first rip at the railroad bull, built an anti-railroad platform, and with an earnestness that indicated its entire sincerity, endeavored to place Mr. Lloyd Tevis's partner, Hearst, upon it as the candidate for Governor. So pronounced and determined an anti-railroad man as Mr. Hearst was known to be was, however, defeated by one of more moderate views, and General Stoneman became the candidate. This was the railroad's first victory. It was achieved in the Democratic nominating convention, and should have admonished the Republican party of the temper of the country, as expressed by the country delegates in that convention. Seventy-five city delegates voted for Hearst, yet against such odds the friends of the railroad triumphed. When the Republican convention was assembled, Mr. Morris M. Estee bid for the championship in the battle against the railroads. He made his primary fight in this city and won it upon that issue. In the Republican State Convention a majority of the country delegates were opposed to Mr. Estee. They were opposed to an ultra anti-railroad platform, and were in favor of keeping the railroad out of politics. They would have preferred as a candidate for Governor one not so pronounced and bitterly hostile to railroads as Mr. Estee was known to be. But bolting Republicans, Dolly Vardens, and the machine struck hands. Seventy-five b'hoys delegates from San Francisco voted for Estee, and Estee was nominated. Booth presided over the Convention. Swift was upon the committee on resolutions, and the result was a most pronounced anti-railroad platform, a most vindictive and hostile anti-railroad candidate, and a most resolute and determined anti-railroad campaign. The railroad was the issue, and the only issue. *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, like a Chinese orchestra, sawed together on a single string. Stoneman said little, and made, as we remember, no allusion to the railroad. Estee harped upon it *ad nauseam*. Sumner, Morrow, Glascock, and Booth all made anti-railroad speeches. All the Railroad Commissioners stood upon the same platform, and held nominally the same attitude of hostility to the railroads. It was charged by the Republican party press, and not successfully denied by the Democratic party press, that the railroad people were friendly to the success of Stoneman, had aided his nomination, and were desirous of his election. Of the truth of this we know nothing. We are simply endeavoring to demonstrate that the only important issue in this campaign was "railroad;" that it was believed by the people that Stoneman was more friendly, or—perhaps a better form of expression—was "less hostile," to Governor Stanford and his railroad management than Estee. Estee burned his bridges from the beginning to fight the corporation. He was aided by Booth, Morrow, Knight, and other stump orators of lesser distinction, to emphasize his irreconcilable hostility to Stanford & Co. So that the only important and direct attack on the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad companies and their management was made in the interest of Estee. He was the embodiment and personification of the anti-railroad fight. Anti-railroad sentiment, passion, and prejudice all centered in Mr. M. M. Estee. It was a distinct issue, testing the opinions of the people of this State upon the broad general fact as to whether the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad companies were so mismanaging their affairs, so oppressing the people by exorbitant fares and freights, so unjustly discriminating as to persons and localities, and so generally misbehaving themselves, as to necessitate an interference in their business by a meddling political commission. Out of thirty-nine thousand votes in this city, Mr. John Doyle, anti-railroad extremist, obtained less than five thousand votes, while William P. Humphreys, charged with being a friend of the railroad company, and charged with being nominated by them, obtained twenty-one thousand out of thirty-six thousand votes. In the State at large Mr. Estee received but sixty thousand votes out of one hundred and fifty thousand. General Stoneman beat him in nearly every city, county, township, and precinct in the State. Mr. Estee ran behind every candidate on his own State ticket, and behind every local candidate that was upon his ticket in the State. He received less votes for Governor than did any other candidate for any other office, and is the worst defeated man who ever ran for office in California. He double discounts the bad record of Black-

and-Tan. Is not this conclusive that the people of this State do not look with disfavor upon railroads?—do not desire to embarrass them with the interference of party commissions, or bedevil them with political meddling?—that this railroad issue was a false one, and this clamor of partisans, newspapers, and candidates is a hollow, senseless, campaign whoop-up, started for a sinister purpose by political demagogues? We do not claim that the result of this election has demonstrated that the railroad company is blameless in its transactions, or that it has not done things it should not have done; but we do claim that the people of the State, after an open contest on an issue fairly presented, have determined that it will not be wise, prudent, or politic to wrest from the owners of railroads the management of their own affairs. We claim that this is a declaration by the people of this State that the railroad companies are not blamable for all the offenses charged against them. It is a notice to the Democratic party and the *Examiner*, to the Republican party and the *Chronicle*, to the party machines, Democratic and Republican, to call off their dogs, their demagogues, and their blackmailers, and let the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad companies have an opportunity to retire from politics. This is a fair interpretation of the wishes of the people, as expressed at the ballot-box on election day. It is a wise party leader who will heed the meaning of this handwriting upon the wall. If any further evidence were wanting to corroborate the general fact that this recent election is a substantial victory for, and vindication of, the general railroad policy, it is found in such facts as this: Of all the Railroad Commissioners in nomination, the two that were believed to be most moderate in their views and most friendly to the corporations, were elected. Foote was scratched, though he made a direct appeal to the most sordid and selfish motives of the most ignorant of his constituents. He made a pilgrimage through the valley of the San Joaquin, and, inflaming all the vindictive passions of the meaner mob, he excited all the local jealousies that his rude declamation could stir. Nevertheless he ran some four thousand votes behind his ticket. The only defeated candidate on the Democratic ticket is Mr. Crutcher, of Placer. This questionable distinction came to him because of his ambition to be regarded as the most unreasonable opponent that the railroad had in the most unreasonable county of Placer. The beggarly vote of John T. Doyle in this city is an indication and proof that this entire anti-monopoly howl was a hollow sham, the echo of which would never be heard did it not come from party demagogues, disappointed politicians, and an unprincipled and mercenary press.

Lonely Morehouse.

L. C. Morehouse is the only Republican elected on the State ticket. He deeply feels his lonely situation, and speaks sadly of his prospective companionless life at the State capital. The Democrats at the capital should show kind consideration and deep sympathy for this lone man, and do everything in their power to make his solitary official walk as little disagreeable as the circumstances will allow.—*Morning Paper*.

He stalketh through official halls,
Whence all his ilk have flown,
"Alack!" he cries, "here must I rest
Alone.
"Here seemeth it like desert isle,
My lot like Crusoe's own,
Like him, I'm cast up by the wave
Alone.
"Even the girl-child points me out,
The boy-child heaveth stone.
He knows, God wot, 'tis safe, for I'm
Alone.

"How desolate a lot is mine!"
It sounded like a groan,
The whistling winds e'en seemed to say:
"Alone!"

Z.

The following is the extraordinary heading with which the Cincinnati *Enquirer* prefaced the election returns: "Doomsday!—The Grand Old Party—Shivered from End to End!—Thirty-three Sovereign States have Spoken,—And from Their Edict There is no Appeal.—The Lakes Speak to the Rivers, the Mountains to the Sea—Ring Out, Wild Bells, to the Wild Sky,—The Old Party is Dying; Let it Die!—Ring out the Old, Ring in the New,—Ring out the False, Ring in the True!—Move Up, Ohio, and Make Room for Your Sisters!—Room for the Empire State, with 150,000 Majority!—Room for the Keystone State, with 25,000 Majority!—Room for the Old Bay State, with 16,000 Majority!—Room for the Hoosier State, with 10,000 Majority!—Room for the Granite State, with 1,000 Majority!—Room for the Wooden Nutmeg State, with 4,000 Majority!—Room for a Good Many Other States Too Numerous to Mention!—Room in the Capitol for a Democratic House of Representatives!—And Room in the White House for a Democratic President in 1884!"

Money will not accomplish everything, it appears, even though one possesses as much of it as does Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington. That well known and philanthropic millionaire wished, a short time ago, so says a Washington paper, to enlarge the Arlington Hotel in that city, and accordingly sent a note to Mrs. Freeman, who owns a fine brown-stone house adjoining it, asking what value she placed on her property, and offering to send her his check for the amount. But great was his chagrin on receiving a reply to the effect that Mrs. Freeman had for a long time wished to have a larger flower-garden, and that if Mr. Corcoran would kindly denote the value he placed upon the Arlington Hotel property, it would afford her great pleasure to send him her check for the amount. And now they say Mr. Corcoran has abandoned his ideas of hotel management.

"I wonder," says a writer in a London paper, "if many parents and husbands are aware of the dangerous abominations their daughters and wives are now wearing? I ask, because I have lately been horrified to learn that instead of corsets, ladies in the extreme of fashion now wear either broad bands of steel or else a complete steel cuirass. Now, it requires no great perception to recognize the injurious effects of such implements of torture tightly strapped on."

HE BEING A PHILOSOPHER.

A Story of the Carnival.

She looked as though early in the evening—possibly while dressing—she had laid on her satisfied smile, and that through all the subsequent rush of business she had neglected to let it off duty. The smile remain fixedly upon her mouth, while she talked business to Elias, in a manner which reminded him of a sticky rim of molasses candy on an infantile mouth, which remains until it is washed off, whether the infant laughs, cries, or sleeps. I think it was ungenteel in Elias to conceive such an idea regarding a lady manager of the Authors' Carnival; but then it was in Elias's way to conceive candy smiles, for he was in the candy business.

Elias was a philosopher, and a candy-maker's apprentice. Like all true philosophers, he was exceedingly simple-minded. and unaware of the fact that he was a philosopher, or of the meaning of that monstrously abused word, for that matter. We who know everything, you know, and generally think we are philosophers, really are not, having nothing unknown to philosophize about.

Elias stood in the presence of the Authors' Carnival for the first time. Having been sent there hurriedly by his employer to fill an unexpected order for that sterling stimulant, chocolate creams, he appeared there in his white paper cap, bare arms, and long, blue apron. He delivered his message, and received an order from the party of the forgotten smile, who, wearing silk and satin, oppressed him, and then turned, in relief, to talk with one of the girls, in cap and apron like himself, selling candy in the Bon-bon Booth. That she was capped and aproned like himself gave this simple-minded philosopher prompt courage to speak to her. There is a fraternity in all callings; it makes the sellers of white goods single each other out in the hat-room of a jam, for purposes of confidence; it prompts the horseshoers to toast the blacksmith at the Sunday picnic; the poet and his affinity are part of this grand scheme, and it emboldened Elias Tucker to speak to Arabella Lascombe of the Bon-bon Booth—else this story were not. It was not alone because Elias had never read anything that he understood nothing of the Authors' Carnival. Other people who had read much were like Elias in that respect. He was a candy-maker's simple-minded apprentice, and knew no more about the Carnival than of authors, because all of his working life had been passed in conscientious application to his trade, and to philosophizing about new things that he saw. And surely he had never before seen anything that startled him into such pleasant and active thinking as Arabella selling candy—candy he had made—behind the counter of the Bon-bon Booth. Was she not, like himself, in the candy trade? Could she not understand the trials and tribulations, the hopes and aspirations, the disappointments, and joy, and hardships, and pleasures of his life?

"Whoever owns this candy-stall has better looking apprentices than my master has, and I should like to take service under him, even if he is such a bad tradesman as to run short of caramels, and have to buy, instead of make."

This thought suggested an endless succession of days working at a bench with Arabella, rolling and cutting candy, and ever talking with her about the trifles they made for other people's amusement. "With her to work with," Elias thought, "I'd invent all sorts of new candies. We'd study the public taste, without even seeing the public—which is such fun—and make goods together that would suit them. We'd soon leave our apprenticeship, and then—"

Thus Elias to himself. This to Arabella: "You've a pleasant place here, miss; and if you need any help, I'd like to give it you, for I'm off for the night."

Arabella observed Elias cautiously, then answered: "It would be nice to have a man to help us, for some of our people are gone, (I wonder what booth he is in?) and so, if you are in earnest, come in."

Elias quickly dodged under the pink-and-blue counter, and stood by the side of Arabella, whom he at once asked: "What is your name?"

Arabella, a trifle taken by surprise, laughed and said: "Well, it's all for sweet charity's sake, so I suppose it's all right. Arabella Lascombe. What's yours?"

Elias had not understood much that she said; but as he understood enough to learn all that he wanted to, he was perfectly satisfied—he being a philosopher—and told her his name.

"I suppose you know most of these people here," she next said, motioning to the others in the booth.

"Yes," Elias promptly lied—for that which sharpens the wit of the stupidest fool suggested that he would progress better in his acquaintance with Arabella if he appeared to be familiar with her surroundings.

Then they talked and worked together, and Elias had never known such hours in his life. Arabella, it quickly appeared, was no end interested in candy-making, and Elias could tell her all about it, which pleased them both equally. The best of us love to talk shop. Conversation sails along so evenly when one is permitted to reply to an interested questioner about that which one is especially posted in. It removes the distracting necessity of a constant lookout for snags and shoals. And Arabella was really interested. I would make her romantically engaging, if I could, but the fact is, she was as simple-minded and honest as Elias, and who can tell what aspirations in the candy-making way may have possessed her soul?

Arabella told Elias of some of her own attempts at candy-making, and flattered his pride by asking his advice regarding future ventures, and then he found that she had original notions about novel shapes, and colors, and flavors for candy, that made him open his eyes wide in admiration. She may have wondered how this picturesque participant from some unknown booth happened to know so much about such an interesting subject, but she did not question him, and they prattled playfully about future conquests, and discoveries, and sensations in the candy-making way, when they should work together. Thus the night; and when Elias left Arabella he took her sweet image with him in his simple heart, and all that night, in dreams, he stood by her side, rolling and cutting candy for the public, whose taste it was such good fun to study—with her. And all next day, over his work, his mind was filled with thoughts of Arabella; and be-

cause it made him happy to think of her, he did not strive to drive her from his mind—he being a philosopher.

Of course, he contrived to get ordered to deliver some candy at the booth that night, and, of course, he talked, and worked, and laughed, and fell in love with Arabella. At last, just as he was saying good-bye, the lady of the neglected smile hurriedly approached, and spoke:

"Are you not the young man from Grump's?"

"Yes, ma'am; what can I do for you?" answered Elias, with shoppy promptness.

What he could do for her he never knew, for what he said made Arabella start, reddened, and turn from him in a manner that drove even the over-taxed smile and its woman out of his mind—as an earthquake might distract the mind of a man in a dentist's chair.

Arabella laughed a little nervously, as she covered her fancy dress with her fur-lined circular, before going home that night. It was all so supremely ridiculous. She had certainly thought Elias a participant, which was an excuse for the acquaintance; but it was not an excuse for the extent of interest she felt in him. It was ridiculous and annoying, but she did have such a preference for the candy trade. Thinking thus (for have I not said she had no soul above confectionary inspiration?) she resolved not to destroy the play, but to leave that unpleasant task to Elias, who, though nothing but a sharp fellow, certainly had relieved the cause of charity of its tediousness. Elias went home that night with his mind in more of a whirl than it had ever been before. By some process of reasoning he could not explain, he had arrived at the conclusion that Arabella by his side, over the work-bench, was something to be confined strictly to dreams. Of course, he set himself learning about the Author's Carnival, and proceeded to the booth the next night with a pretty clear understanding why it would be foolish for him to hope for Arabella's genius in the candy way, and her singularly congenial tastes in connection with his future life.

"I will see as much as I can of her," he thought, poor wretch, "and then it can all go out of my life."

He did not mean to, but the last night of the Carnival he had said:

"The hours are very unhappy when I am away from you, Arabella."

"You must not say such things to me, Elias."

"I know I must not, and that makes all time unhappy."

He went home with his basket on his arm; made just so much more miserable by his love as it had made him more happy than ever before in his life. Went home with a life as lonely, purposeless, and mournful as the ruins of Persepolis, with only its low, leaning desert sky for companionship. Went home with his life chilled with the dull sense that Arabella must be driven from his heart and mind—he being a philosopher.

BOUTVILLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1882.

A strange accident, arising out of a previous accident, happened recently in the Alps of Upper Savoy. The road between Gietatz and Flumet skirts a deep abyss, known in the neighborhood as the precipice of Bellavardaz. Early in the present year a man named Lansard, while walking along the road, made a false step, fell down the precipice, and was killed. Thereupon, in accordance with local custom, a wooden cross was erected on the wayside, in memory of the defunct and as a warning to passers-by. On October 4th a gentleman named Bibolot, a native of Savoy, but a resident of Turin, was returning by the same road from Flumet to Gietatz, accompanied by two Jesuit school-teachers from Clusaz. When they reached the cross, all stopped to look at the place where poor Lansard lost his life. "I can not understand what Lansard was doing to lose his footing here," said Monsieur Bibolot, "and still less how he should have been killed. Why did he not see this point of rock which juts out at the foot of the cross?" As he spoke these words, Monsieur Bibolot stepped forward, as if to examine the place more closely, and, before his companions could raise a hand to help him, overbalanced himself, and fell headlong down the precipice.

The judge who presided at the recent trial for murder of Fenayrou, his wife, and brother, the phenomenal French criminals, studied his speeches and comments with oratorical gems of "purest rayerene," quite worthy of Jack Bunsby or the grave-digger in "Hamlet." "As a rule," he said to the wife, "a woman does not like to have her husband know that she is unfaithful to him." "It was probably to prevent the cries of your victim from being heard that you gagged him." "There are, as everybody knows, two kinds of tapers—those which are commonly used and the other kind." "The fact that you were in a church should have inspired you with better ideas than those of murder." "At least, if you had killed him single-handed on that former occasion, you would not now have your wife and brother standing here as your accomplices."

M. Elisée Reclus, says the London *World*, the illustrious author of the Universal Geography, has inaugurated free marriage, and united his two daughters "freely" to two young men of their choice. This adverb "freely" means that M. Reclus has dispensed not only with the religious ceremony of marriage, but also with the civil marriage in presence of the Mayor. He simply invited his friends and relatives to a banquet at the Grand Hotel, over which he presided, and there, and then, literally "across the walnuts and the wine," he declared the union of his two girls with their respective sweethearts. Free marriage is decidedly simple, expeditious, and economical, inasmuch as it involves no fees, either to church or State. In short, it is the last word of progress.

A mob took Andrew Elliott out of jail at Grand Forks, Dakota, and adjusted a rope round his neck; but he argued convincingly that his crime did not merit a death penalty, and suggested that a coat of tar and feathers would be about the right punishment. The lynchers took his view of the matter.

"Here is an excuse from father for absence yesterday," said a school-boy at Paris, Ky., handing a piece of paper to Professor Yerks, "and here is something from me;" and he shot the teacher.

ENGLISH ACTORS IN NEW YORK.

What Three Members of the London Stage are Doing at the Metropolitan.

I was present at the dinner given by the Lotus Club, on recent Saturday night, to Charles Wyndham, the English comedian, and Bronson Howard, the American playwright. The dinner was very exclusive. Only one reporter was allowed to sit in the lower hall, to catch such portions of and brilliancy as floated down stairs, and he was from *Tribune*. The dinner hour was six o'clock.

The crowd surged into the dining-room, and found the proper places at the tables. There were about a hundred and fifty members present. Among the half-dozen guests were Lester Wallack, John T. Raymond, and Oscar Wilde. Wallack has ceased dyeing his hair, and now appears in natural condition, with a mass of wavy ringlets as white as snow. He looks much older, but is still a very handsome man. Raymond appeared exactly as usual; and Os Wilde, who has become so common a sight of late that no longer excites interest, looked like a very disagreeable fanatic. His face has become mottled and swollen, and teeth very much discolored. I have seldom seen a more revolting face than Oscar Wilde's when he laughs.

Bronson Howard sat on Mr. Reid's right hand. He stoutly built man, bald, with a gray mustache and dog chin. He wears glasses and eats hurriedly. His "Young Mrs. Winthrop," is very successful at the Madi Square Theatre. Charles Wyndham sat on the president's left hand. He is, as every one knows, the greatest of English light comedians, as well as the wealthiest actor of day. The most of Wyndham's money was made in that remarkable translation from the French, "Pink Domino." The play was presented here after an exhaustive amount of purification, but even then it was so vulgarly broad, glaringly immoral, and palpably suggestive that an outcry was raised against it that spoiled its anticipated run. But in English it went like wildfire. When Wyndham produced it at Criterion Theatre in London, he expected it to take moderate run if its immoralities did not condemn it, and it up in good style. For the first two weeks the crowds surrounded the theatre for blocks, and struggled to get Wyndham saw his chance; he organized companies and sent them out on the road, until he had half a dozen representations of "Pink Dominoes" going at once. The British public seemed absolutely inappetent, and hungered for a new what it fed upon. Wyndham had an odd way of traveling about the country, and dropping in on his different engagements at all times and places, and playing the principal role himself for a night and then rushing off again. I kept the standard up and boomed the play. At the end of the first year of the "Pink Dominoes" craze Mr. Wyndham transferred three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to bank account, and went right on with the play. His standpoint is the perfect discipline of his company. In the Criterion comedy company every actor and actress is a star in one sense. The people who play small servants' parts in many instances far better than some of our leading players, and the *ensemble* of the company is ahead of that of any stock organization in this country. They opened Tuesday at the Union Square Theatre, and scored a big success.

The dinner was eaten in about two hours, and then speech-making began. Mr. Reid rose slowly in his seat and introduced Bronson Howard.

Speeches followed from every one of any prominence, including a gentleman of rotund and happy personality, whose name was A. A. Cohen, who came from San Francisco, who made a bright little speech in honor of his election to membership of the Lotus. At one A. M. the affair broke with every man talking, joking, and laughing.

Rather hard lines on Mrs. Langtry, to have the Park Theatre burn down on the very night of her *début*. It was so what harder on Mr. Abbey, however, as he comes out so thing like one hundred thousand dollars loser. I Marcus R. Mayer, who is somewhat eminent here in consequence of the vast quantity of abuse that is heaped upon him, a few days ago. He goes to San Francisco on the 25th instant, to prepare the way for Langtry. He is Abbey's right-hand man, and would deserve a good word if it were not for the immovable rule that proclaims that must be abused at all times. We are done up brown Langtry. She is everywhere, and takes rank as the most extensively advertised woman in the world, not excepting Bernhardt. She shrinks from notoriety, and is excessively discreet. Most of her time is spent at rehearsals. She appears next Monday at Wallack's.

The exclusive and aristocratic "split" from the F. C. D. is overrun with applications for membership. The break occurred last winter at a ball of the F. C. D. C., in Delmonico's north rooms, when a party of very objectionable people got in through loosely distributed invitations. Mamma's papas made a great ado about it. There are a great many young girls in the F. C. D. C., and "rosebuds" must be tenderly kept. Mr. Ward McAllister, the progenitor, projector, and prime mover in this dancing-class, was berated for allowing objectionable people to enter, and he lost his temper for once, and said that the tone of the balls was good enough for any one that he knew. This was taken as a mortal personal insult by no less than five extremely exclusive social women, who at once organized an opposition class, called the "Small and Early." Here it will be safe for *débutante* to appear without seeing any one who is not every sense proper. The genial Mr. McAllister has sneered openly at the Small and Early, and announced that the F. C. D. C.'s first ball of the season on December 4th would squelch the bolters, so that they will be glad to return.

Wrong, Mr. McAllister. People worship the exclusive. The success of the Small and Early is already assured. The other mighty social factor—the conglomeration of gentlemen known as "Patriarchs"—is in a flourishing condition. The new members of vast wealth and irreproachable social standing have been elected. They are George Peabody Williams, Henry S. Fearing, and Robert E. Livingston. The Patriarchs propose to give the greatest series of balls in the year that the city has ever seen. The proper thing would be a "split" from the Patriarchs to be called the "and Tardy."

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 5, 1882.

CRIMINAL OR CRANK?

By J. T. Goodman.

II.

"As we passed from the glare of the lamps that lighted the front of the theatre into the comparative gloom beyond, I raised my arm and carried it at a rest breast high. A man with heavy whiskers pushed athwart me; the movement of my hand was not at all noticeable or unnatural in such a struggling crowd, and he fell upon the pavement like a clod, without uttering a sound or making a gesture. The force of the throng bore me some distance beyond him before it was discovered that some one had fallen, and a space was opened about the spot. They attempted to raise him, but he was lax and insensible. After a little confusion he was borne into a drug-store near by, and medical aid was speedily summoned."

"During the brief interval I had been intent upon two things—to discover if anybody had observed my proximity to the man when he fell or had seen the movement of my hand, and to ascertain if any odor of the prussic acid was discernible. No one had recognized me or noticed the motion. Those who witnessed the result stated solely that the man was walking along with the crowd, when he suddenly fell without any apparent cause. Evidently I had performed the operation so skillfully that no acid had been spilled, as there was not the faintest smell of it to be detected. So far all was well. After a while I pressed my way through the crowd that surrounded the drug-store, and gained admittance. Two doctors, a policeman, the clerks, and a few other persons, were present. All efforts to resuscitate the man had been abandoned; he was dead beyond any doubt, and the coroner had been notified to take charge of the remains. I asked casually what was the trouble, and was told that a man had dropped dead coming out of the theatre."

"I stepped to the spot where the body lay a little apart, and examined it carefully. It was that of a man of about forty years of age, rather large, and powerfully developed by active pursuits; features regular, expression pleasing, and general appearance that of a sea-faring man. It was a little singular that one whose vigorous manhood promised a ripe old age should have drawn the solitary prize in my lottery of death. I turned the head carelessly, in order to see if the operation had left any trace. None was visible; and if there had been any, it would have been concealed by the blood which flowed from a contusion of the temple, matting the hair and whiskers on that side. One of the physicians asked if I had any particular opinion regarding the case. I inquired if there had been any more noticeable symptoms when he was first called. He said: 'None whatever; the man was dead; the only noticeable feature was the extreme relaxation of the muscular system.' 'That was not enough,' I replied, 'to base any definite opinion upon; it might result, as well as death itself, from a number of causes not discoverable by ordinary examination; an autopsy is the only means of arriving at any conclusion.' But the autopsy, as you will have surmised, revealed nothing."

"The man was identified as the first-officer of a British vessel recently arrived in port. There was no derangement of the vital organs, no traces of poison, no marks of violence; in short, there was absolutely nothing to account for the tragedy. The baffled coroner's jury rounded off its verdict with the convenient phrase of, 'Came to his death from causes unknown'; the remains were buried, and there apparently was the end of it. My experiment had been successfully performed. I had committed murder—a premeditated, deliberate, flagrant murder. The deed had passed the authorities unchallenged, unsuspected; and now the only evidences of it were buried in the earth and in my own breast. No human power could ever obtain a clue to it unless I furnished it voluntarily—which was a precluded contingency. Surely, here was a murder that would not out. I might exult over the proverb as it had exulted over me, and bid the stultified falsity, with its cap and bells, and empty rattle, begone from my mind. And it did go, so far as the tiresome reiteration of it was concerned, but not by my volition or its own; it was crowded out by an intruder so incalculably more tormenting than itself that I prayed the old torture to return, if it could banish the new. Until the deed was done and my purpose achieved, I had been too intent upon its accomplishment to think of any consequences to myself, other than those I had forestalled by secrecy. I had regarded it simply as a philosophical experiment, whose only danger was to be overcome by skillful manipulation. No moral, mental, or conscientious view of it ever suggested itself to me. My random selection had been made with as much indifference as impartiality. I had thought that upon whomever the choice might fall the subject would be a matter of no more moment to me than those that came under my knife in the operating-room. The object in view appeared of sufficient magnitude to justify the sacrifice of whole hecatombs of lives. How much of this was peculiar to myself, how much the effect of professional training, are questions that can be submitted to no sure arbiter."

"The old English law excluded butchers from the jury-box in capital cases, because their calling brutalized them, and rendered them careless of life. There would have been more sense in excluding the medical fraternity on that ground. I am not an unfeeling man in other respects, but until this fearful lesson I placed a light estimate upon human life, in common with the whole guild. I learned too late that I was mistaken in my preconceptions. After the affair was over, and properly should have been dismissed from my mind, it began to stalk before me at all hours and in all places, like a vengeful apparition, presenting itself in aspects I had never seen before. My motive dwindled to a pitiable whim, unworthy the serious consideration of a rational being, while the killing expanded itself to a monstrous crime which no inducement could justify. I experienced an unprofessional curiosity concerning the murdered man. Who was he that had thus unexpectedly encountered my fatal spleen? What aims and usefulness had been destroyed by my silly prejudices? What ties had been sundered, what hearts bereaved, by my wanton inhumanity? Such were the thoughts that drove the monotonous adage from my mind, and filled it with an anguish compared with which the former torture was happiness."

"The first reflection of this character was aroused when I examined the body in the drug-store, and saw what a splendid physical development I had overthrown. Thereafter the interest in my victim became intensified day by day. I collected all the accounts from the different journals respecting his death; I secured a transcript of the testimony taken at the inquest; I visited the ship to which he was attached, learned all that his shipmates knew concerning him, and obtained his photograph from one of the officers; I sought out his grave, and made frequent pilgrimages to it; and time after time I found myself at the scene of the murder, rehearsing its incidents in my imagination. The interest grew until the dead man took complete possession of me; the thought of him interfered with my studies, obstructed my professional labors, intruded upon my social life, and entered into my dreams. But the worst was yet to come. So far the consciousness of him had been only subjective; but at length he appeared to me as a visible apparition, and has never since quitted my sight. He always moves or stands just in front of me, presenting his side-face temptingly for the fatal operation, as he did the night I performed it. I know the spectre is unreal; but that knowledge in no wise mitigates the remorse and horror excited by it; my mental suffering could not be greater were I actually chained to his corpse."

"This is what has wrought the change in me that has attracted your attention; this is the weight that has become unendurable. The despised adage has vindicated itself; the murder is out. In asking you to respect my confidence, I have no selfish wish to escape punishment, for anything that the law could inflict would be a relief compared with what I already suffer; but the crime may be properly expiated without entailing upon innocent parties, and upon my profession, the pain and disgrace of a public execution. Any atonement would be incomplete, however, unless, when the end comes, some one should know the cause, and be able to bear witness to this additional proof that no moral law can be transgressed without bringing punishment in one shape or another. That consideration, and the uncontrollable impulse of misery to unburden itself, have induced this confession."

"I thank you for your patient attention; may no painful recollection of what you have heard prove an evil requital of your kindness."

"I am more than ever satisfied that this is only hallucination, Waldegrave," I said, when he had finished speaking. "There is no material point in your statement but is so utterly at variance with your character and disposition, that I can more readily believe the whole thing to be delusion than that you have undergone a change which could render it in the least degree probable."

"No change was necessary to make it actually true," he replied. "You fail to distinguish between what you believe me to be and what I am. I doubt if any one ever had an entirely correct conception of another. From certain observations and experiences we idealize characters which we confer upon different persons, and esteem or dislike them accordingly; whereas it is not likely that in a single instance the real character of the individual is anything like the one we ascribe to him. I infer from your remark that your conception of me was so exalted that it would be as possible for the leopard to change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin as for me to commit a crime, in your estimation. It was simply a misconception. There were no spots or skin to change. The impeccability you imputed to me existed only in your imagination; my nature really is full of turpitude. You have judged me solely from the practices by which I have tried assiduously to overcome my proneness to evil. They were borrowed virtues; the native disposition all the while was the brutal one that now comes forth and confesses to this ghastly deed."

"Your assertions simply confirm me in my theory of hallucination; they are as illusory as your other statements. But it is useless to pursue the argument in that direction, as it would be impossible to bring it to any determinate issue. I will take a shorter course, and declare the alleged facts improbable and absurd in themselves; they never existed, except in your fancy."

"In that phase the question is demonstrable; it no longer depends upon my assertion," he answered, taking from a wallet a number of newspaper clippings and a photograph, and placing them before me. "Here are reports of the death and inquest; this is the likeness of the murdered man; the killing and the spectre I can not show you, but they are as true as the other details."

A glance at the excerpts showed that the obvious circumstances were substantially as Waldegrave had related them, while the picture conformed to his description of the asserted victim.

"I did not mean the facts had never occurred in this sense," I said. "I have no doubt that a man fell dead and was taken into the drug-store, and that this is his likeness. I meant that you never had any association with the tragedy further than being near by, perhaps, at the time of its occurrence, and possibly looking at the remains as you have stated. The rest was the work of a disordered imagination, which wrought out of these simple incidents a mysterious crime in which morbid fancy represented you to be the guilty agent."

"You admit more than you intend to. You do not appear to perceive that the disordered imagination, which you concede, would render me as capable of committing the crime as of simply conceiving to have committed it. No, the murder can not be reasoned away by any theory, however plausible. If it could, my conscience would grasp at the conclusion more eagerly than does your friendship. But the crime must remain a grim, unalterable fact, and while I live there is no escape from the guilt and remorse with which I have blackened my soul."

"Waldegrave," I said, after some reflection, "this is too serious a subject for me to maintain my part of the discussion in the unprepared way I am doing. My inability to overcome your sophistries only confirms you in your error. You have not shaken my belief that your participation in the man's death is pure hallucination; but I must have more tangible arguments to oppose to your assertions. Allow me a day for thought and investigation. I will proceed with every caution you could desire. Will you come here again to-morrow evening, or shall I visit you?"

"If your doubt of my statement did not imply a higher respect than I deserve," he replied, a little bitterly, "I might

feel it to be offensive—were I capable of a minor sensation in my overpowering consciousness of guilt. As it is, I feel nothing but an abject sense of having sunk so low that even my word is entitled to no credence. I have no objection to your investigating as fully as you like; but it will result in nothing. The secrecy I observed in executing the deed precludes any possibility of tracing or disproving the crime. At the end of your labors you will find yourself exactly where you now are, with nothing but my word to prove that I was in any way connected with the man's death."

"Leave that to me," I said; "only promise to afford me any reasonable assistance I may ask. Where shall we meet?"

"I can not say, in my unsettled state of mind. Perhaps we may never meet again. Let chance decide that, as it is likely henceforth to decide everything else for me."

"Such a state of feeling is unworthy a man of your intelligence, Waldegrave," I said, somewhat sternly. "You know that it originates in disease. This whole wretched fallacy has sprung from the same source. You require treatment. Give over your labors for a while, and put yourself under the care of some trusted physician."

"It is not worth while discussing the matter further," he replied; "we should never agree. To uproot a favorable impression of one's self is an unpleasant task at best; but little inducement is required to forego it. I am weak enough almost to hope I may continue to live in your memory a better man than I am. Good-bye!"

I extended my hand again, but he refused to take it, and was gone before I could make any instance or qualify the harshness of my last remarks by more sympathetic words.

Reviewing the subject in my mind, I could arrive at no fixed conclusion, and felt myself drifting away from the tentative one to which I had held. When I considered the purity of Waldegrave's nature, and the humane purposes by which he had always been actuated, together with the improbable character of the alleged crime, his statement appeared preposterous to the last degree, and accountable only on the theory of hallucination; but against such a conclusion stood the statement itself—calm, rational, circumstantial—the corroborative facts of the death as reported in the public journals, and the remarkable change that had come over him. My argument that the murder was a fiction which his disordered imagination had wrought out of a simple, sudden death, had been fairly met by his suggestion that such a disordered imagination would be as capable of committing the deed as of conceiving to have done so. Indeed, he had overborne me at every point of the discussion. If there was any mental infirmity in his case, it had not revealed itself during our interview. Nothing could be more coherent than his narrative, or more forcible than his reasoning. These considerations unsettled my original conviction of hallucination, and left me in a state of doubt that was more tantalizing as I saw no means of dissipating it. The quickness with which he discerned the futility of any effort in that direction was an additional proof of the readiness and clearness of his intellect, which helped to dispel the theory of a diseased mind. Whether he was wholly unconnected with the man's death, or whether he had murdered him in the manner asserted, were questions equally indeterminate; the absence of all association in one case, and the profound secrecy observed in the other, would alike baffle investigation.

The result of a night's reflection was the conclusion that my surest course of procedure lay with Waldegrave himself. I would ask him to show me the instrument, the acid, the way in which he had handled them, the route he took upon the streets, the points at which he stopped—in short, every minute circumstance that could have attended the commission of the deed. If he was at a loss upon any of these points, I should feel satisfied that the crime had existed only in his imagination. If, on the other hand, he was ready and positive respecting every particular, I saw no alternative to accepting his statement as true.

With this object in view, I went to his residence early in the day. As I mounted the steps I was startled at seeing crape on the door. My errand was useless; Waldegrave had been found dead in his study that morning. The autopsy revealed no cause for his death. I took occasion when no one was present to examine the remains. There was a slight puncture in the skin concealed by the left whisker, which, with the subsequent discovery of a hypodermic syringe on a table close to where the body was found, left no doubt in my mind as to the manner of his death.

Did the act confirm his guilt, or was it only the culminating proof of his madness? The question was debatable as the other points that had been raised by his purported confession; the deed could be urged with equal force in support of either conclusion. I finally allowed it to weigh in favor of my original conviction. Patient and thorough investigation threw no additional light upon the subject; it was impossible to advance a step beyond the point at which our discussion had ended. In consequence, I naturally clung to my first prepossession, and I still believe that Godfrey Waldegrave died a victim to pure hallucination.

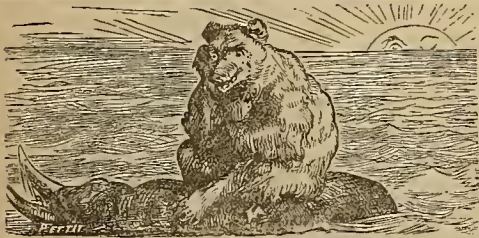
R. L. Stevenson tells a pretty story illustrative of the power of romance. A friend of his, a Welsh blacksmith, was twenty-five years old and could neither read nor write, when he heard a chapter of "Robinson Crusoe" read aloud in a farmhouse. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance; but he left that farm another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written, and printed, and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy but one that was in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length, and with entire delight, read "Robinson."

Berlioz, the composer, when he was in love, said to the adored one: "Ariel, I adore you, I bless you—in a word, I love you more than the weak French tongue can say. Give me an orchestra of one hundred performers, and a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, and I will tell you."

"Between the ages of twenty and thirty," says a cynical philosopher, "love is an event; between thirty and forty, it is an accident; after forty, it is an incident."

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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This great political revolution that has swept the continent is a successful uprising against the corrupt methods of the Republican party. There has been no such political revolution in the United States since the Harrison campaign. It is anomalous in all respects. It is without precedent in the history of popular government in any country of the civilized world. It possessed none of the elements of party enthusiasm that characterized the great Whig uprising of 1840, but is the result of the calm, deliberate reflection of the best and most intelligent men of the nation. It is evidence, if evidence were wanting, that the Republican party is the party of moral ideas, the party of patriotism, and the party that has the moral courage to correct abuses within its ranks. No political organization ever existed that had so loyal a following, no party whose history indicated so high a purpose, and whose achievements were so splendid in results. It had successfully accomplished a civil war upon which depended the integrity of the national Union and the preservation of the national life. It had rescued a race from bondage, and emancipated four millions of slaves. It made them citizens of the Republic, and clothed them with equal civil rights under the law. It reconstructed rebellious States and restored to them sovereign authority. It preserved the national credit, and, at the rate of ten millions of dollars per month, was paying the national debt. The country was honored abroad and prosperous at home. Peace and plenty everywhere prevailed. All industries thrived. The ambition of party-leaders had over-leaped itself. The methods of Republican party rule had become corrupt. Aspiring senators had become intriguing politicians. The long use of power had begotten abuses, and there was formed a political conspiracy that had for its end the subjugation of the country, its offices, its honors, and its revenues to an organized class of officials. The first exhibition of this insolent and dangerous conspiracy was made at the National Convention at Chicago, where the triumvirate of senators marshaled their hosts to control the party. There assembled at Chicago Don Cameron of Pennsylvania with his men-at-arms, Conkling in the pride of a strong following. John A. Logan with his cohorts, with General Grant in hiding in Galena ready to be summoned as conquering hero, when in violation of party rules and national traditions he should have been nominated to a third Presidential term. This conspiracy was in defiance of public sentiment, and was to have succeeded by the votes of delegates from those Southern States that had no possible vote in the Electoral College. The defeat of this plot was the first staggering blow at the national bosses. It was the first disarrangement of the party machine. Then came the election of Garfield, though all the Stalwart chief-

tains sulked in their tents, the organization of a cabinet with Blaine, the appointment of other than Stalwarts to a proper share of the offices and dignities of the country, the inauguration for the first time of a foreign policy that should maintain honor upon the American continent, the death of Garfield, the succession of Arthur, the reinstatement of Stalwarts to high places, the removal of Blaine and all of Garfield's friends from office, the repudiation of the American policy, and then for the first time the complete organization of a national machine that had the President of the United States for its boss. After that followed practical politics, and the President, working with objectionable machine methods, goes to New York to secure the defeat of Cornell for Governor, and the nomination of a cabinet officer by means that were as disgraceful as the terms "fraud" and "forgery" can express. In Pennsylvania the better Republicans revolted against the Cameron rule. All over the nation, from this side of Maine—which was rescued by Blaine and which is a significant fact—to the Pacific, came such an uprising and revolution against Republican leaders and the machine, as has never occurred before in the history of the country. It is the declaration of intelligent, disinterested, and patriotic Republicans that the party is not above the country, nor corrupt leaders above the party. It expresses the unmistakable determination of the honest rank and file to destroy party bosses, great and small, to annihilate the machine, and to reform the methods that were used to control the masses. It means purification of the party from within. It means that Conkling, Cameron, Logan, the Hoars of Massachusetts, Tilley of St. Louis, Estee of California, the ring-thieves, the postal thieves, Robeson and the navy thieves, the land-rats and the water-rats, shall no longer be permitted to prey upon the country in the name of Republicans, and under the shadow of the Republican party. To speak of this uprising as a "Democratic victory" is a misuse of terms. It is a Republican victory, second in importance to none that it has achieved, because it is a victory over itself. It is a convincing demonstration that the party has the moral courage to discipline its own criminals, and punish by banishment and exile from influence or leadership its own corrupt members. The vote in New York and in California can, we think, be accounted for on no other hypothesis than the one we have suggested. The party leaders had become corrupt. The bosses had obtained control. The machine and its methods were relied upon to work out infamous results in defiance of the wishes of an honest majority. A well-meaning and unorganized majority had become helpless, as against the practiced chicanery of a vicious and organized minority, and the only real, thorough, and practical remedy that could be found was to permit the Democracy to attain power. This was achieved in different ways. A great many Republicans abstained from voting—about forty-five per cent. in New York, and about twenty-five per cent. in California. Many thousands voted directly for Cleveland and Stoneman. Some voted for prohibition, but all for reform. Some of those, who through force of habit and party discipline voted the ticket, did so as an act of desperation, and perhaps because they had no confidence that any good could come from the Democratic Nazareth; and even these men, or such of them as had no personal and selfish motives, are rejoiced at the result.

And now, is not the logical outcome of all this the nomination of James G. Blaine as the next Republican candidate for the Presidency? He has, it is true, declared that he is no longer ambitious. We can well understand his feelings in view of his past history, for he is the most distinguished victim of this conspiracy. He was the first martyr to the national machine, after it had attained the distinction of being run by a Presidential boss. Six years ago he would have been nominated if Boss Conkling had not intrigued against him. Two years ago he would have been nominated, if bosses Conkling, Cameron, and Logan had not combined for his defeat. He was expelled from the Cabinet by Boss Arthur. These political persecutions have emphasized his popularity. His distinguished ability is not questioned. His distinguished party and national service is confessed. His foreign policy has been vindicated. His patriotism and integrity are challenged by no loyal or honest man. He is beloved and honored by the masses of the Republican party above any man in it, and, in our judgment, he is the only Republican statesman who can unite and enthuse the party as its Presidential candidate in 1884 sufficiently to make an election possible. Arthur, Grant, Conkling, Logan, and Cameron are no longer available. A military man we will not have. Sherman is vain and shallow, and is not a Republican. If E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, could overcome the influence of Logan and beat the local machine, he would be available; would be strong with the Germans, by reason of his splendid service as minister to France during the Franco-Prussian war. Harrison, of Indiana, is perhaps available. He would not be popular upon this coast, by reason of his votes upon the Chinese question, but it is otherwise a fairly representative Republican. Cornell, of New York, is within the category of possible candidates, if the feud in that State can be adjusted. Beyond this list there are dark horses. But the party is not in position to again become

enthusiastic over an unknown nobody; nor, in our judgment, will the party again submit to the sacrifice of a prominent statesman, like Blaine, because he is not satisfactory to the ambitious managers, who are themselves unable to attain a nomination.

The Democracy of San Francisco have wisely determined not to celebrate their victory by a procession with bonfires and illumination, and to refrain from any exultant demonstration. The wisdom of this abstinence from any display rests in the fact that the Democracy has obtained no victory. Like a walk-over at a horse-race, when all the entries save one are scratched, the walking winner takes the purse. The Democracy has had no contest, either in State or city. The Republican party did not give battle. Some of the Republican camp-followers threw out a line of skirmishers, threw up dirt entrenchments, mounted them with Quaker guns, and set up the very devil of a yell when the enemy approached; but the guns were not shotted, and there was no army behind the entrenchments. It is very kind and very considerate of Judge Pat McGuire not to "exult over a vanquished foe," and if this newly elected member of the judiciary, this most unfortunate judicial accident, would let politics alone and study law, he might make a less stupendous ass of himself on the bench than he is certain to do if he remains a ward politician. This same remark applies to Judge-elect Clough, who has before him the task of convincing even Democrats that he is not an unlearned and altogether unfortunate incident of this party accident. We make no apology for this exhibition of contempt toward these two small, noisy politicians. Our contempt is unbounded for the man who, holding a judicial position, has not the sense and dignity to withdraw from small politics and party manipulation. For Judge-elect Coffey we have great respect. He has the requisite learning to adorn his position. He has integrity and dignity. The writer voted for him, and we are certain we shall not hear of him in ward politics. We shall utter no criticism against Judge-elect Toohy, if he will confine himself to the performance of his judicial functions. Any person elected by the Democracy is entitled, now that he is elected, to a fair opportunity to demonstrate by his conduct his fitness for position. It is not generous to prejudice him, or in advance to criticise him. The Democracy in San Francisco, in California, and throughout the nation, is now in position to win a great and permanent victory. If it can use power without abusing it; if it can administer government with honesty and economy; if it can demonstrate that it possesses the purpose to conduct the national, State, and municipal offices for the benefit of all the people; can preserve order, protect property, and guard personal rights better than the Republican party did—then it will be entitled to maintain its present ascendancy. In order to do this, let it remember that its present position is not owing to its own strength of numbers, or its own virtues, but to the fact that such Republicans as those who edit the *Argonaut* had the courage to chastise the corruptions and insolence of Republican bosses by destroying the party machine.

There are Republicans in this city by thousands, in the State by tens of thousands, and in the nation by hundreds of thousands, who are in no haste for a political reaction if the Democracy will behave itself, and who will gladly see that party retain power, if, by its acts, it shall demonstrate its worthiness. There is a great, intelligent, tax-paying, and independent middle class which cares but little for politics and nothing for party. It is indifferent as to which party is in power, if it does not abuse its power. Its members would be gladly left to pursue private vocations undisturbed, if they could do so in safety. But they are keenly and intelligently sensitive to the conduct of politicians and parties, and are ever ready to join the minority in punishing the crimes of the majority. If the Democratic party had the courage to correct the immigration and naturalization laws, reduce the extravagant expenditures of the nation, forget the war, and not attempt to pay the Confederate debt; if it would modify the revenue laws in the direction of free trade, firmly resist Chinese immigration, keep free from political bosses and party machines, then it might enjoy an immortality of power, and this recent political revolution would become a great party victory.

The recent Democratization of the Senate and House of Representatives of the nation has stamped the final seal of approval upon the recent anti-Chinese immigration movement. There was a possible danger that a Republican Congress would have attempted some modification of this law. It is undoubtedly true that in New England, in New York, and probably in other sections of the country, there is a feeling that this law, which excluded one class of foreigners and admitted another, was not in harmony with the general sentiment of republican institutions. Had the Republican party been as strong as it was in war times, or should it have again attained the strong position it once held in the nation, there was a probability that it would have encouraged an effort to repeal the anti-Chinese bill. The danger has now passed. The Democratic party is composed of a majority

of alien voters and voters of alien parentage, with whom the sentiment of opposition to the Chinese is almost a universal one. The Irish element, almost to a man, is fixed in its hostility in this direction, and is nearly unanimous that the present law shall be neither repealed nor modified. This is in accordance with our own opinions, and is a result which we would not desire to change. Our reasons for limiting the invasion of Chinese laborers have been so often repeated that it is not necessary at this time to reproduce the argument. To limit the immigration of Chinese is, we hope, but the entering wedge of a kind of civilization that shall be extended to Europeans. We have established the precedent that we may prevent undesirable classes from coming to the United States. This is a great and pregnant fact. It blazes out the path for further progress in the same direction, and we hope that the time is not far distant when an American Congress will have the courage to consider how far it may be desirable to change and modify our immigration laws that we may limit the influx of criminals, paupers, and undesirable classes from all other lands; also, whether it will not be well to so change the form of our laws of naturalization that we shall withhold from all foreign-born persons the privilege of the election franchise. We are quite confident that laws of this character will meet the approval of a very large part of the more intelligent, wealthy, and better class of our adopted citizens. Those respectable men of foreign birth who have domiciled themselves among us, acquired property, raised families, and thoroughly and permanently identified themselves with us, have the same interest in these questions as those who may trace a longer ancestral American lineage. Their interests are in common with us, and while the character of laws we suggest would not interfere with them or their acquired rights, we feel confident that the more intelligent of them would be found willing to cooperate with Americans in forming an American party, which shall correct the abuses we are now laboring under, and prevent the disastrous results that are the inevitable outcome of unrestricted immigration and our present loose system of naturalization. Legislation of this character can only be initiated by a minority party and by an American party. The Democracy embraces so many foreigners and the Republican party so few that we are justified in calling the Republican the American party. There is a poetic justice in invoking against the Pope's political Irish a doctrine that they have themselves insisted upon in reference to the Chinese. The political millennium will have begun when the Congress of the United States shall have the courage to declare that the immigration of European ignorance, bigotry, crime, and mendicancy is no longer possible, and when an American Congress shall dare to say that no one, not born upon the American soil or under the American flag, shall be entrusted with the privilege of making, interpreting, or executing our laws.

There is all over this broad land an exultant and confident feeling as to the future of Republican institutions. The intelligent and thoughtful persons of all parties recognize the fact that there is such a thing as a national conscience, and that, when it is stirred to think and act, it thinks intelligently and honestly, and acts wisely and well. This election has demonstrated that the people of the whole country can be stirred by a common sentiment, and can act as a unit for the accomplishment of a national reform. The rapid interchange of opinions, through the press and by the telegraphic system, makes it possible for all the people to strike at once, and thus the blow is felt simultaneously in every part. The party wrong that is perpetrated in Maine, Louisiana, or California, touches the public nerve, and stirs the public pulse all through the nation. The Democracy think this is for them a party success. They are mistaken. It is the death-blow to all parties and party organizations that think to live by party discipline and to thrive by plunder. To be able to destroy Republican party machines, to annihilate Republican party bosses, to sweep out of existence Republican party rings, to punish Republican party thieves, and correct Republican party abuses, is but the beginning of a movement that will sweep all political machines, bosses, rings, thieves, and abuses out of existence. It emancipates every honest man from party thralldom. It breaks down and destroys party government, and introduces into national and State politics intelligent deliberation, to be followed by independent patriotic action. The Democracy should be the last to laugh at the prospect of intelligence and independence in the politics of the country.

The evidence continues to accumulate that the Democracy has carried the country "from Siskiyou to San Bernardino, from the Sierra to the sea"—in fact, both seas; bounded "on the north by Canada, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean," with Central and South America to hear from. Estee, McQuiddy, and McDonald are neck and neck. They are on the home-stretch, and will be in some time next week. Stoneman has been weighed and sent to the stable. Estee would have made a brilliant run, if he had not been handicapped and over-weighted. If he had been allowed his own head, he would have bolted the track, jumped the

fence, and legged it across lots for Napa. But with Higgins on his back, and Chute hanging to the tail, Peter Cornwall at one stirrup, and Colonel Gannon at the other, loaded down with beer and whisky, and suffering from the gravel, he did very well—very well, indeed, when we consider his pedigree and his training for the race. Of course, we are delighted at the result. There is such a thing as feeling too good. We are experiencing the sensations of one of Moody's converts. The newly-snatched was asked to pray, and did so somewhat as follows: "We thank Thee, O Lord, for the many benefits we have received at Thy bands. Weary not in well doing, O Lord, but from Thine abundance continue to shed Thy blessings upon us. Thou art rich, O Lord, and we are poor. We are rich enough in spiritual graces, but we lack the material things of this world. Send us, O Lord, a barrel of flour, a barrel of potatoes, a barrel of sugar, a barrel of salt, and a barrel of pepper—oh, 'h—! that's too much pepper. Amen." There are too many of the Pope's Irish to afford us real, unqualified satisfaction. We wanted a shower—a good drenching, pouring Democratic wet-down; but we did not want a tidal wave or a deluge. We are cold water in our politics; we are for McDonald; but we do not want to be drowned. We are like the Irish member of the Father Mathew Society found drunk, who was interrogated by his priest, as follows: "Pat, I thought you a teetotaler." "And so I am, your reverence; but I am not a bigoted one." Of the successful candidates in San Francisco, out of some ninety, forty-six are Roman Catholics. To a narrow-minded and prejudiced American this looks like carrying religion into politics. However, we are not disposed to be severe upon the Catholic clergy for carrying their religion into their politics, so long as the preachers of the Methodist Church North carry their politics into their religion. We believe now in the sudden conversion of Saint Paul. We believe that Balaam's ass saw a vision in its path and spoke. We believe that Jonah was swallowed by a whale, and that Nebuchadnezzar went out to grass. We are no longer incredulous of the miracles of the olden time, since the great body of the Methodist clergy on the Sunday preceding the election did, from their pulpits, preach and pray that the male members of their congregations would vote for the president of the Viticultural Society for Governor, in order to secure the more rigid enforcement of the Sunday law. The following incident is told of an Irishman who was preparing his ballot to vote. He was overheard to say, as he scratched his head, that "bedad, there's too many Americans, and domned Jews, and bloody furreigners on the thing to suit me." He read aloud, with great satisfaction, the names of Pat Connolly, Phil Roach, Tim McCarthy, Johnny Harrigan, Sullivan, Murphy, Moriarty, and McGuire; but when he came to the name of Toohy his Celtic indignation boiled over, and he exclaimed: "Too-Hy! Oh, the devil take the heathen Chinaman; be 'has no business on the Democratic ticket! I'd rather vote 'for an out-and-out Chiv. I'll vote the regular straight ticket, 'anyhow. This comes from having a blind boss. If Mr. 'Buckley could have seen, he'd never let a heathen Chinese 'slip by him on to the court bench."

"There are sermons in stones." Wonder if St. Stephen thought so when he was being pelted to the death by the order of the Sanhedrim of Jerusalem? The elective franchise is the "bulwark of liberty and the palladium of freedom." Wonder if Estee thought so on Tuesday evening, when the ballots were pouring in, and there came over him the agony of doubt whether he would beat Doctor McDonald or lead McQuiddy. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Estee during the week. He bears himself with a fortitude worthy of the most heroic of Christian martyrs. At times he smiles. It is but the germ of a sickly public smile that steals silently up from a heart surcharged with painful emotions; and, while it is not probable that it will ever grow to the boisterous hearty laugh of the olden time, it is hoped that it may survive and attain sufficient strength to rejoice over the defeat of those who did not vote for him. Here is a wide margin of joyful possibilities: 25,000 good citizens stayed away from the polls, and he was beaten some 29,000 votes; 22,000 by General Stoneman, 6,000 to be added for Doctor McDonald, and 1,000 for McQuiddy. To these add the matter-of-course Republicans who never scratch, the office-holders, who must vote, the office-seekers, whose bread and butter hangs upon the chances of success for the ticket, the party machine and its multifarious loafers, and how many intelligent, reflecting, honest gentlemen in California voted for Mr. M. M. Estee? That Mr. Estee, making this computation, and reflecting upon it, can smile, without inhaling laughing-gas, is a fact that commands our unqualified admiration. It shows a soul superior to the calamity of annihilation, and tends to prove the doctrine of its immortality.

In event of an equally balanced Senate, Black-and-Tan will, as a matter of course, again become ambitious of being Secretary. It is, however, scarcely probable that the Senate of the United States will desire to reenact its former farce of "dead-lock" in order to give this worthless profligate another opportunity to steal. General Miller will scarcely be

willing to sacrifice himself, and be retired to private life—as he will be compelled to do—if his vote is cast as it was before. Very good reasons existed for his attitude at that time which can never occur again, or, if they do occur, will never be accepted by the Republicans of this State as an apology for impeding the public business in the interest of two such men as Gorham and Riddleberger. This Republican crime of Senatorial dead-lock was one of the offenses remembered by the people of California, and punished on the 7th of November. That and the action of Republican leaders on the Chinese question are hard to sponge out of the recollections of such Republicans as regard the national welfare first, the party second, the party leaders last, and the party dogs not at all.

At the presidential election of 1880 there were polled in this State 164,321 votes, of which Garfield received 80,348, and Hancock 80,442. Weaver, the Greenback candidate, got 3,394, and there were 137 scattering. The latest returns from the State election—incomplete as we write—give Stoneman 79,000 votes, and Estee 58,000—a majority for the Democrat of 21,000 votes. Hancock's majority was 94. The vote of Weaver in the election of 1880 plays about the same rôle as that of McDonald in the contest just closed. Weaver, it is true, drew more largely from the Democrats; McDonald, on the other hand, took his following largely from the Republican party. It is probable that McDonald will reach six thousand votes; at any rate, over five thousand. We here have again the peculiar phenomenon of the Republican disappearance—a phenomenon which repeats itself at times with a suddenness most alarming to the bosses, and with a certainty which is calculated to demoralize the best laid plans of the machine. In 1880, the Republican vote was 80,348; deduct say 1,500 votes cast for Weaver—the result is 78,848. In 1882, the Republican vote is 58,000; deduct say 2,500 votes cast for McDonald—the result is 55,500. This deducted from 78,848, the vote of 1880, shows a balance (on the wrong side) of 23,348. It would seem, then, that 23,348 able-bodied Republican voters have either skipped the State, or have climbed trees until the tidal wave subsides. We think they will climb down again, however, before 1884.

The Reverend Frank F. Jewell, of the Methodist Church, is desperately and most piously indignant at the "whisky triumph" and the "awful consequences of the damnable traffic," and believes that, "out of the ashes of lost hope and over the shame of the people, the stream of reform would come and lift suffering humanity in the course of a not distant future." If the waters of reform never run through the ashes of the political ley-tub till the Reverend Frank F. Jewell and those Methodist parsons who, like him, turned their backs upon the Prohibition party, direct them thither, it will be a long time before the soap is manufactured which will wash out the sins of intemperance. These Methodist preachers lost an opportunity to demonstrate their practical usefulness as reformers. Prayers and preachments do not amount to much in the way of "lifting up struggling humanity," unless followed by votes, and some practical common-sense effort to produce results.

In explanation of our statement that Doctor Briggs voted for the issuance of a license for the sale of intoxicating drinks in the Valley of the Yosemite, he writes us, and says: "Rum is now sold in the valley, and has been for years, in a saloon under license granted by the predecessors of the present board, which license has been modified by the insertion of a clause making any case of drunkenness or gambling on the premises work a forfeiture of the lease." *The truth is, liquor is sold at three houses in the valley.* This statement is made to us personally by one of the Commissioners. It is a matter of the least consequence whether the liquor traffic in the Valley of the Yosemite exists by the consent of Commissioner Briggs, or in spite of him. *It exists,* and if Doctor Briggs shall do no more to prevent its sale than he did for the prohibition cause at the last election—viz., to pray against it—it will continue to exist.

The decision of Judge Hoffman in reference to the admission of the Chinese merchant, Fook Ah Heim, is not fairly open to any unjust criticism. Ah Heim is a merchant and former resident of San Francisco. He was entitled, under the treaty and under the recent law, to come and go to and from San Francisco as often as it pleased him to do so. Any limitation of this privilege by the courts would be an act of judicial tyranny. Any hesitation to declare his rights under the law would be judicial cowardice, and any small criticisms by the press are in obedience to a public clamor that comes from a class of foreign demagogues whose prejudices still exist.

What becomes of Black-and-Tan in this political upheaval? Is there to be another dead-lock in the Senate that Mahone and Riddleberger may provide for Gorham? We wonder if it has occurred to any of our more prominent statesmen at Washington that this disgraceful episode of the party history was remembered by the people on the 7th of November? How these Arab chickens did come roosting home.

VANITY FAIR.

The recent experience of a London lady of rank, who wished to sell some jewels, goes to prove that shams are not newer than other things under the sun. Regarding what were supposed to be splendid rubies, the jeweler said: "They are certainly very showy, madame, but, unfortunately, only clever imitations in glass." The lady, much chagrined, then called attention to the heavy setting; to which the jeweler replied, after the usual tests: "The setting is only gilt." Another article produced for appraisal was a superb bracelet, the gift of a Continental sovereign to the wife of a distinguished diplomatist. The skillful manufacture and specific gravity of this splendid object had been extolled for generations in the family of the possessor, and so highly was it prized that it was invariably sent to the bankers whenever the family went out of town. The jeweler scrutinized it carefully, and pronounced it to be extremely heavy; "but, he added, 'if you will allow me, madam, to raise the very thin plate, I shall be able to show you that the bracelet is filled up with—lead.' Yet it is quite possible that the original purchasers of these articles believed them to be genuine, and paid for them as such. A few years ago an English gentleman took a bracelet to a leading provincial English jeweler to have the clasp mended. The jeweler looked at the stone carefully, and then said: 'You are aware that this is not genuine?' 'Not genuine!' exclaimed the gentleman; 'you must be mistaken.' 'This was given to my wife on her marriage, by my uncle—the last man in the world to give sham jewelry.' But the jeweler—an eminent man in his line—persisting, the donor was informed. He wrote back that it cost five hundred guineas, and ordered that it be at once sent to him; and taking it to Messrs. —, a firm of the first eminence, indignantly stated his case. It was sham. They offered a check at once, or a new bracelet, and seemed terribly chagrined. The explanation was that, do what they would, they were at times the victims of their workmen, who substituted admirably made bogus gems for real ones. Probably scores of persons have jewelry thought to be real, which in truth is not so.

The New York *Mail* tells of a lady at a wedding reception who put her card on one of the presents exhibited, destroying the card that was on it, and thus got the credit of being generous, whereas she had not given the bride anything.

Court quarrels in Russia, remarks London *Society*, are not uncommon occurrences. The last of the kind was one that has led to the temporary expatriation of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who is now in Paris, where he has just been visited by the Prince of Wales. The Grand Duchess, who is full of sparkle and wit, found the court life of Gatchina insufferably stiff and dull, duller even than an ordinary English watering-place is to an English lady accustomed to foreign travel. In a letter addressed to a Parisian correspondent the caustic writer turned the court circles of Gatchina into fun of the rarest description. In order to avoid mentioning by name her high and mighty imperial relatives, the Grand Duchess borrowed nicknames from zoology, aptly fitted to those whom her caustic wit played with. The cat, the rat, the mouse, the wasp, the scorpion, the toad without the jewel in its head, conveyed to her correspondent her ideas of the people who buzzed or prowled about her, or stung her feet as she walked through the courtly circles of Gatchina. As ill luck would have it, the letter, intercepted by Imperial Ignatieff, was handed to the Czar, who would not forgive his imperial relative for turning Russia and its court and its manners into ridicule. The Empress, like a woman, was still more unforgiving of what she regarded as a personal slight. The Grand Duchess received peremptory orders to quit Russia at once. The Grand Duke soon followed her into exile; and the expatriated couple are now enjoying themselves at Paris, where the Grand Duchess takes her revenge and her pleasure in rehearsing to delighted ears the cause of all her woes.

Lady Brassey, of "Voyage in the Sunbeam" fame, has contributed largely to the Lace and Fair Exhibition at Brighton, her entries including some very rare specimens. Among them is a curious collar and pair of cuffs in Spanish point lace formerly belonging to Charles I. An antique piece of old Flemish lace represents in crude eccentric figures the "Nativité des enfants Jésus." Old lace has ever been a hobby with English women of high degree, but now there is a great craze for it among all art collectors, who would scorn to lift a finger to possess the oldest old lace in creation.

For style in stockings there is no place like the stage. Mary Anderson is on the stocking question what a bibliomaniac is on books. She must have a ton of stockings, all exquisitely embroidered or clocked with fine leather stitching. The spindle limbs of Bernhard borrow roundly from bull red, blocked blue, and dull pink, fretted with gray. She could not be induced to wear white, as, she says, "they do not of themselves impart any beauty, nor bring out what there is." Madame Patti has the plumpest of legs, that hang over her trim little boots, abbreviating her really large feet, but find salvation in ebony stockings that are made for her by a Lyons firm. Materna is whimsical, and ugly ribbed stockings are chosen. Carey doted on dull gray, brown, and set blue, picked out with the bright silks and gold thread. For full dress, on or off the stage, and also for tights, flesh-color was always selected. Kellogg rigs up with genteel taste for the stage; but her private goods are with frize and dado, making three colors of her shapely limbs; enough to set the straightest eyes on bias. She has a weakness for corn-color, and her black, red, blue, and maroon hose are embroidered just above the shoe-top and half way to the knee, with borders of yellow daisies, corn flowers, or vines hung with tinsel berries. Miss Wynant leans toward blue, and Careno chocolate, with satin garters of blue, Emma Thursby laces her boots over polka dots, and Emma Abbott selects latitudinal stripes in lilac-thread. Sara Jewett has tact, and knows the value of cardinal. Minnie Palmer is young, but she knows all about shoes and stockings. She has individuality that most actresses lack. Her love for still-life extends to her silk and lisle-thread novelties, all of which serve as a back-ground for nice ripe cherries, berries, nuts, and small fruit. Aimée takes the bun on general principles. She is never without new shoes. The squeak of new leather is sweeter to her ear than is her own squeaking to the auditory nerves of her friends. A pair of red silk tassels always dangle from her boot-tops, and a myrtle green stocking always worn, in commemoration of a Spanish lover, who presented his heart and a box of the above novelties at the same time.

Madame Adam's new *bijou* farm-house near Orsay is likely to be one of the sensations of the coming season in Paris. She is determined to make bucolics fashionable and chic, and rumor says that there will be positively "At Homes" next season, on the cards of invitation to which will appear the word "Milking." And the *grandes dames* are expected to milk, too, in bewitching dairy-maidish costumes specially designed; while the cows are to be "real beauties," decorated with rosettes and garlands, like Arcadian cattle. Butter is to be made, too, for charity; and if the talented and versatile editress of *La Nouvelle Revue* carry out her intentions, all Paris will be raving about her farm before many months are past.

A correspondent, says the *Hour*, writes from Aix-les-Bains: "It is very amusing to see the bathers carried home in their chairs, all covered with an awning, taken up to their rooms, and tumbled into bed by the *porteurs* and kept there for twenty minutes. Sometimes in the large hotels stupid mistakes are made, people being taken to the wrong rooms, and tumbled into the wrong bed. You can not rectify the mistake, as you are so bandaged up; and if you can not speak French it becomes rather awkward, for the legitimate owner of the bed may be en route homeward and you may meet on the stairs. As for gambling, I have seen as much money lost at baccarat at an evening at Aix-les-Bains as at Monte Carlo. One lady, after her husband's departure, amused herself last week by losing over one hundred and thirty-seven thousand francs. I often see thirty or forty louis put down by a player at one time. I am sorry that so many Englishwomen consider it 'the proper thing' to play. The men are mostly a seedy lot of simple gamblers. The form you have to go through to get into the playing-room of the Casino is very strict. This is to make it as much like a club as possible. It is, of course, a mere blind, but sufficient to keep the police away.

They close the room at the end of October and go off to Nice. But more damage is done by this play than at the open table of Monte Carlo. It is said that the *cercle* makes one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year from the baccarat table. Keeping in view that they get from forty to fifty francs each deal from the bank, there is ample chance for their making a very large sum a year.

A little bird whispers, gushingly writes the editor of London *Society* that there are expectations at no distant date of two additions to our list of means small royal family. The Duchess of Connaught and the Duchess of Albany are both in that condition in which ladies who love their lords delight to be.

"Letter-paper in New York," says Clara Belle, "was never finer. Envelopes are things of beauty. I suspect that thousands of letters are written by women merely to display stationery. It is not considered in good taste this season to use an illustrated envelope, but the paper may be embossed, or painted in water-colors. The writer may have a device. Notes are still written on stiff cards, gilt-edged or not on their heveled edges. Terra-cotta and brick-colored papers are used. To my taste, the best paper for all occasions is a full sheet of Irish linen, unruled, and nothing further in the way of embellishment than a fair water-mark. Cards and letters are provided for every day in the week, with the name of the day printed in French or English; but I don't like them. Nor do I admire paper adorned with Kate Greenaway maidens and other æsthetic figures, while comic devices are positively vulgar. I was surprised to see a 'Ready Letter-writer' on sale in the most fashionable stationery stores in town. 'Goodness me,' I exclaimed, 'do wealthy and refined people need books to tell them how to correspond?' 'But wealthy people are not invariably refined,' replied the clerk. 'We don't sell many of these books, but there is a steady demand for them.'"

One of the newest designs for an inkstand is a brass alligator of life-size proportions; and another terrifying ornament for an elegantly appointed library table is the Zulu paper-weight. The little bronze figure, quite as cleverly modeled as that more peaceful subject, the flock of sheep, is really a masterpiece, and creates a profound impression with all who see it. Knick-knacks this season are of a much higher order than has been seen in the past, each design having some motive for being, besides manifesting an artistic inspiration that is most creditable. Many are the choice Christmas fantasies, and many will be the possessors thereof if all holiday signs do not fail.

An English correspondent sends the following curious fashion notes to a New York journal: A dramatic audience in London always merits a manager's best efforts. It is a social gathering, and the men in evening dress, and the women en *toilette*, do their part in preserving the unities. At a recent "first night," a young lady with an Eastern air, who sat in a box, wore a Turkish costume—trousers and short tunic of creamy Turk satin, with suggestions of gold and unobtrusive reliefs of black velvet. Some pretty Delilah, not strongly impressed with the needs of her sex, has decreed the sacrifice of superfluous tresses. An infinitesimal coil at the nape of the neck, if it follow rigidly the outline of the head, may be tolerated; but the front hair must be cut short, parted literally on the crown, and converted into a frizzled nap. The effect, if occasionally startling, is eloquent of the virile age in which we live. As the ordinary sealskin is just a trifle vulgar at present, the fur-dealers are introducing it in its natural color—a pile tawny brown. A muff, which was intended as an addenda to a traveling dress for a bride, was made, like the rest of the costume, of myrtle-green cashmere, and surmounted by a full-fledged comb in all the glory of crimson comb and variegated plumage.

At the Fan and Lace Exhibition, now being held at the Aquarium, in Brighton, England, is shown a magnificent antique rose Venetian point flounce, which measures over six yards in length, and is nearly three-quarters of a yard wide. It is in splendid condition, and its value is estimated at nearly one thousand guineas; it is believed to be the nest specimen of this lace in the world; certainly the best in Europe. It has been heavily insured while on view.

A London correspondent writes to the New York *World* concerning a "high art tea" given by a fashionable artist to his lady friends: "He dresses in the most eccentric fashion, and models his manner after his garb. To-day he was enveloped to his ankles in a gray tweed overcoat, his collar was opened slightly at the throat, and bound together with some loops of brilliant scarlet ribbon. A tiny skull-cap of deep ruby velvet rested on the crown of his head, and his expression was humorous, with a tincture of gloom, as he gazed upon one of the votaries. She was a small woman, with a crudity and paucity of feature which suggested some notable specimens of antique art in the Cesnola collection. Her hair was yellow, fluffy, and ethereal, and with her gown of Bordone red, which she wore without stays, of course, made her 'a fine bit of color.' 'It is an ugly age,' said the master, dreamily, gazing fixedly into her face, 'and wherever the eye turns it rests on something ugly.' No one smiled, but the votary made some weak tea immediately, and brought it to us in cups of most dainty Sévres, and we drank it sitting on spidery Chippendales."

The Empress of Austria has spent the summer at Ischl, upper Austria, in a regular course of training for the hunting season, which, according to present arrangements, will be spent in Hungary. She has risen at six, then exercised in the gymnasium for two hours, then taken a bath, and after it a simple, hearty breakfast. To this succeeded walking, riding, and lately, indeed, she has been running for two hours a day; but that was deemed tame work until some beagles arrived, which her Majesty bunted on foot. Much of her time has been spent in training horses in her own riding-school. Her usual walking costume, in wet or cold weather, is a long water-proof Newmarket coat, brown straw hat, and heavy laced boots. Whether the temperature be hot or cold, her throat is always bare. But, although so fond of field sports, the Empress is no stranger to domestic arts. She is a capital cook, and has lately invented one or two new dishes. Her outdoor life has preserved her youth, and, although a grandmother, she still looks a comparatively young woman. Her figure is perfect.

"We have the largest pair of matched diamonds in the United States," was the answer a jeweler gave a St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* reporter regarding what curiosities his house afforded the market. "We never exhibited them but once, and they are still in the West, having created a sensation at the Denver Exposition. They are named Venus and Apollo, and weigh together fifty-two and a half carats, being of a greenish-yellow shade. They formerly belonged to the Sultan of Turkey, and no doubt were disposed of to preserve peace in the royal harem. In 1856 the Marquis of Hastings brought them from India, and his wife wore them in ear-rings. They were afterward sold to the late Duke of Brunswick. The price placed upon them in London was fifty thousand dollars. We value them at ten thousand dollars. If they were the pure white or blue-white stone the cost would be enormous."

The Chicago *Tribune's* Paris correspondent, speaking of some queer American ladies who have flourished in the gay capital, says: "The most prominent and successful of these adventuresses flourished toward the end of the Second Empire. She was very pretty, very fascinating, and as clever and scheming a little witch as ever wore pearl-powder. She went everywhere—winning entrance to the very best of Parisian society by dint of the influence she contrived to exercise over several prominent French noblemen. She actually at one time supervised the lists of American ladies who were to be admitted to the state balls of the Tuilleries, and struck from the list the names of all those who refused to receive her. Twice she was on the point of marriage with a titled and elderly Frenchman; and on both occasions the engagement was broken, simply because the intended bride could not produce the necessary papers. She returned to the United States after the downfall of the empire, and has drifted wholly into obscurity."

LITERARY NOTES.

"Césaire," by C. W. Woolsey, from the French of Emile Pouillon, is a story of peasant life in the south of France. Its plot is strong but simple, and is well wrought out. The translation is better done than usual. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.00.

"Those Children" is a story by B. A. Brooks. Its title is rather misleading, for, although dealing with a juvenile element, it is more for adults' reading. The plot is rather feeble, and the book shows the hand of the novice. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

"Miss Leighton's Perplexities," by Alice C. Hall, is the story of a girl who has the traditional rival lovers—one rich, the other poor. She, of course, is wealthy. Other characters in the book serve to work up a proper entanglement of plot, and the story ends with the wealthy lover's success, and the consoling circumstance that the youth of smaller fortune is united to another and more congenial maiden. Published by Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The latest two numbers of the "Home Books Series" are "Home Occupations," by Janet Ru-z-Rees, whose well-known papers in the New York *Times*, and other journals, have won her much praise, and "The Home Needle," by Ella R. Church, who has already made several other contributions to this lengthy series. The books are well prepared, and contain numerous illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, 60 cents.

Frederick Anstey, the author of "Vice Versa," is the son of a London tailor. The day before his book appeared he was known but to an immediate circle of friends. Two days afterward his name was on the lips of every reader. Since the famous excitement over the appearance of "Jane Eyre," no volume has had such a success. Seven editions in succession were issued, and at once exhausted, and the firm of Longman & Co., out of all the host of eager publishers, secured from him a story for their new magazine. Some of the London papers do not hesitate to rank him with Dickens. The book certainly merits a great deal of praise, and is written by a genuine humorist. The author resembles both Dickens and Hood, although in many points he differs from either. The fun is very much like that of Hood's in its turns and expressions. In fact, the reader is continually reminded of some of Hood's shorter prose pieces. But Hood was never equal to a sustained effort, while Mr. Anstey, like Dickens, can ring the changes in chapter after chapter. But we shall have to see further specimens of this author's work before raising him to a pedestal beside either of the other humorists referred to; for, although his humor is not injured by a comparison, he falls far short in pathos or emotional qualities. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, \$1.00.

We have received No. 2 of a magazine entitled *The Universal*. The surprise excited by this all-comprehending title will be allayed when we state that this magazine is published in St. Louis, Missouri.—We have also received *Wide Awake*, *Little Folks Reader*, and *Baby Land*, for November, all juvenile publications, from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. They are all handsomely printed, with many beautiful illustrations and bright stories.—The article which will attract most attention in the *Critic*, of November 4th, is one by Frank H. Stockton, on "A Sabbath for Brain-workers." Miss Edith M. Thomas contributes a poem to the same number.—The *Caterer* is a magazine which will fill a long vacant space. As its name indicates, it is devoted to the gastronomic art. Its editor is James W. Parkinson, whose fame as a caterer long years ago spread far beyond Philadelphia, his home, to other cities, so that he has of late years conducted as many affairs for the Knickerbockers and Baltimoreans as for the prim *gourmets* of the Quaker City. The first number started with a bright paper by Sam Ward; that for November is above the mark in every way, its pages being filled with original articles on "Choice Recipes," "A Wayside Dainty," "Roman Punch," etc. Published by E. C. Whitton & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$2.00 per annum.—We have received *Le Français* for November. It contains the usual interesting number of articles, among which is a paper on "Bastien Le Page," edited by Jules Lévy, 17 Story Street, Cambridge, Mass.; price, for nine months, \$1.50.—The sermon preached by Reverend Henry Ward Beecher on November 1st is just out in the *Plymouth Pulpit*. Published by Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York; price, \$2.00 per annum.—The Longfellow Calendar for 1885, has a portrait of Mr. Longfellow, and contains selections from Mr. Longfellow's writings for each day of the year. Price, \$1. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Announcements: A new edition of Jacob Abbott's "Rollo Books" will be brought out in the spring by S. E. Cassino.—A volume entitled "Francis Bacon's Promissus of Formularies and Elegancies" being private notes in manuscript circa 1594, hitherto unpublished, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co.—Dodd, Mead & Co. intend to print a handsome edition on large paper of Bell's "Songs from the Dramatists."—Mrs. Augustus Webster has written, and will shortly publish, a new drama entitled "In a Day."—Mr. James Bryce, M. P., will have an article on "Some Aspects of American Politics" in the November number of the *Fortnightly Review*.—E. de Amicis' "Sketches of Military Life in Italy," and Lady Bloomfield's "Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life," are in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, and will shortly be published.—Boston is to have a new magazine, which promises to be partly original and partly eclectic. A. H. Rolfe & Co. are to be the publishers, and the magazine, which is to be called *The Periodical World*, will devote much of its space to facts, news, and comments upon current periodical literature.—A volume called "Edens of Italy," by the Rev. J. Cross, will shortly be published by T. Whittaker. It will be profusely illustrated.—The third volume of George Sand's correspondence, just published in Paris, contains letters addressed by the novelist to many famous politicians. In one, written in 1853, to Prince Jérôme Napoleon, she expresses her conviction that his character has not been changed by temporal grandeur, and adds: "I love and believe in you, monseigneur though you be."

Miscellany: "A Reverend Idol," now in its eleventh edition, is still being rapidly sold.—Richard Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," does not trust to his imagination for the delightful landscapes which seem now to glow and anon to darken under his pen. He spends months at a time in the places wherein he lays the scenes of his stories, and his studies of moor, forest, and garden are pursued with the keen eye of a painter and a naturalist, and the ardor of a lover.—Harper & Brothers have published in New York the following card in regard to the alleged piracy: "The telegraphed statement of Mr. Clark Russell, published in the *Tribune* and *World* of October 29th, to the effect that he 'had never received one single farthing from America,' admits of a simple explanation. We follow one of two courses in paying for English works which we reprint. If we receive advance sheets from the author, we deal directly with the author, to whom we remit the sum agreed upon. On the other hand, if we receive advance sheets from the London publisher, we deal directly with him. In the case of Mr. Clark Russell, we have in every instance received advance sheets of his works from his London publishers, to whom we have remitted the honorarium agreed upon for each."—Mr. Paul Meritt, the dramatic author, whose work is now almost as well known here as in London, was born at Kiev. His real name is said to be Paul John Maierker, his father having been a native of Prague, in Bohemia.—The unpublished novels of Balzac that were found, at a recent auction sale of personal effects left by his deceased widow, stowed away and forgotten in the drawer of a writing-table, have been turned over to a Belgian nobleman and scholar, the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, and are to be prepared by him for publication. This gentleman succeeded in saving a large number of letters written by Balzac to his wife that were in danger of destruction.—The authenticity of the new Hawthorne romance is now conceded. The *Century*, by the way, will shortly publish two of the first drafts or plans which Hawthorne made of the story.

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What a strange, old-fashioned look the play-bill at the Grand Opera House has had this past week! There was a time when the public would not have its drama without a "roaring farce" preceding it, but the roaring farce which was the delight of our fathers and our grandfathers is held in esteem to-day only by those who still retain respect for black hair-cloth furniture. The woman who would furnish her parlor in black hair-cloth to-day would count the hours by an erratic ormolu mantel-clock under a glass shade, would marry a man with long-legged boots, and go calmly through life with him unconscious that there was anything queer about his legs. And they would sit and laugh through roaring farces together, confident that the theatre had fulfilled its mission.

The roaring farce is a date behind the emotional drama, yet it has not looked unfamiliar beside such names as "East Lynne," "Under the Gaslight," and the "Woman in Red." It is wise to resurrect these old plays now and then. There is always some one left who has not seen them, and one can not think without a pang of any reasonable English-speaking person not having wept over "East Lynne." It is a part of one's sympathetic education.

Once knew a man who grew eloquent only upon one subject, and that was Madame Celeste as the Woman in Red, and ever since, although there is no obvious connection between the two, I have been wanting to hear some one sing "Wapping Old Stairs," and to see the play of the "Woman in Red." Ideas, you know, will pair off quite as inconsequently as lovers. "Wapping Old Stairs" has not yet come in my way, but Mrs. Bates put on an odd, clinging, flame-red gown, shot with sparse black hieroglyphics, one night last week, and played Rudiga. I was fresh from a very modern comedy, Gilbert's "On Guard," and it made the artificial staidness of the old play a delicate, unconscious burlesque.

The company at the Grand Opera House is quite good enough for the plays they have been running during the week, and Mrs. Bates is manifestly the fit star for them. She is a pretty woman with a good ringing voice, an experienced style, and a dead earnestness which permits her to play even the "Woman in Red" without cracking a smile. She is an actress who has not picked up one of the stage mannerisms of the past decade. You will see them now and then. Charlotte Thompson is one, and you will find the theatres dotted from floor to ceiling with long-time play-goers, who will assure you warmly, though in other words, that they prefer the stilted measures of these two actresses to the affected realism of the modern metropolitan star.

Going from "On Guard" to the "Woman in Red," I felt, poetically, like Owen Meredith going from the Marchioness of Carabas to his only love with her primrose face:

"In short, from the present back to the past,
There was but a step to be made."

For "On Guard," though not in Gilbert's best vein, is a pleasant little comedy of to-day, with a very general nineteenth-century atmosphere of artistic drawing-rooms, yachting costumes, tennis shoes, blouses, subalterns, and flirtation. At least, these things all go to form a heterogeneous memory of it, and it all means something of to-day, from the lively Mrs. Fitz Osbourne and her ingenious young friend to the returned African traveler. People once were not accustomed to dropping in upon you from Africa. Nowadays it is the man who has not been anywhere who is a curio.

What a genius some people have for laying their hands upon the vitality of the little things going on around them. "On Guard" is but a transcript from a bit of every-day English life, yet it made a long evening's pleasure. The most experienced theatre-goer enjoyed the entertainment, for the amateurs played the little comedy most neatly, all of them well, and two or three with the ease and aplomb of professionals. Our English cousins turned out in large numbers in the cause of charity, and it is strikingly comfortable to be charitable in this way—to give the orthodox nite, to sit at ease, and see a witty comedy intelligently played. Sometimes I wonder at our strong metaphysical digestions. An absconding wife and mother, an unconscious bigamist, a touch at poaching, a bit of necromancy, child-stealing, brigandage, the slums of New York, railroad wrecking, wholesale poisoning at a supper party, and the career of a consumptive lorette, have been the main points of the Grand Opera House this week. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the wild succession of incident in the "White Slave." Watch the people emerge from the theatre limp with reaction to realize of how many stirring plays the "White Slave" is composed. After all, the drama of the past is not so much more vivid or lurid than that of the present. Perhaps it draws a little more heavily upon the imagination, for when Rudiga threw open the door of her secret closet the other night, and requested the Countess Constanza Donati to help herself to gold and jewels, a pair of very rocky looking silver pitchers and a golden ewer were all that presented themselves to the imagination riotous. The fact that they were obviously of paper, and wobbled badly, detracted considerably from the riot.

In a modern play, the man who is going to pay out money always brings out his check-book. Everyone has a check-book of involuntary respect for even a faint check-book. It is not picturesque, nor spectacular, but it is beautiful, but it is endlessly, boundlessly, de-

lightfully suggestive; and one can always feel a gentle thrill pervade the circle during the signing of a check. It is so much more dangerously like real business than silver pitchers and golden ewers, for it really, after all, would have been quite absurd on the part of the Countess Constanza Donati to have carried off a lot of this stuff to pay her noble husband's debt with.

The founding alone holds her own in the old drama and the new. In order to be properly interesting, the young person in any drama must be of undetermined parentage, for, to return to Wednesday night, to the absolute contrast of the old and the new, Miss Jessie Blake, in "On Guard," was not quite sure of her own papa at the Baldwin, while in the "Woman in Red," Miss Francesca Donati was turning out to be the daughter of the red enchantress, instead of the Countess Constanza, and Lisa, the white slave, was looking up a mother, at the California. Yet the orphan never became funny till Gilbert burlesqued its woes in the "Pirates of Penzance."

As for Miss Blake, in the comedy, her paternity was in debate only to give the villain, who is not, indeed, a very wicked villain at best—a little chance; for a situation is needed now and then in comedy, as well as brilliancy and repartee. Talking of situations, what mood can have come over the melancholy Alfred de Musset when he boldly appropriated the plot of the tragedy "Cymbeline," and turned it into comedy simply by twisting its ending; for the French Iachimo, in "Barberine," is suspected of his nefarious designs by a pretty slave, Barberine's maid, and locked up in a dark closet, where he is kept on very light fodder till the return of the French Posthumus, whatever his name may be. The tragedy of it all ceases when Iachimo becomes ridiculous.

The slave girl, an Oriental maiden, is a picturesque bit in the play, and given curious prominence, as if De Musset had some one in his mind's eye for the part when he wrote. This was the part that the beautiful young Russian was rehearsing who killed herself the other day in the apartments of the Duc de Morny, so that it is evident the French stage-manager was seeking to abide by the tradition which De Musset intended to give it. "Barberine" is entirely a comedy of situations, and, in so much, different from most of its kin. We have not many of them in our own language, which is odd enough, too; for the quick American temperament is much given to and enjoys nothing more than repartee. No other audience appreciates more keenly those bristling points of dialogue which glance between a pair of wits.

I heard what I thought a clever retort the other day, and I beg the young fiancée's pardon for reporting it. "My dear," said her friend, "how could you ever nerve yourself up to accepting him at last?" "Ah, well," said the one addressed, with a sigh, "I began to think his name would look better on my visiting-cards than my own name on my tombstone, and so I said yes."

There is a bow of promise in the theatrical sky—a holiday season at the Baldwin with the Madison Square plays, the Jersey Lily in the distance at the Grand Opera House, and a change of bill at the California. "My Geraldine," Mr. Bartley Campbell's next play, is said to be an unorthodox Irish drama without Fenianism or famine, and as such certainly almost unique; for the translated, transposed, and transported "Kerry" is too bold a plunder to be accounted a genuine picture of Irish life.

Another one of Mrs. Henry Norton's charming song recitals is announced, with a programme as varied and satisfying as her programmes always are. Meanwhile the charitable ladies of the city, noting an opening place in public amusements, have seized the opportunity to announce an evening kettledrum at Bnai B'rith Hall on the Monday of Thanksgiving week, for the benefit of the California State Woman's Hospital.

The Christmas play is not much spoken of yet, but "Siberia" is under way at the California, and that seems to mean furs and sleigh-bells, frost and snow, and Christmas weather generally. BETSY B.

Obscure Intimations.

"North Columbia."—No, Josie, the editor does not "apprize" the value of MSS., he appraises them; then he apprises the writer of their fate. "In the event of their rejection, are they returned, if stamped envelope is enclosed?" Josie, we should smile. Send along your MSS.—with a stamped envelope, Josie.

"Elizabeth."—You ask "whether the 'obscure intimations' are not 'dummy,' and if the bad poetry therein appearing is not written in the office?" No, Betsy, it is not; when we write bad poetry we print it as "Argonaut Verse." Other bad poetry we print here. Send us some.

"J. M." Santa Barbara.—The article has been read. We are holding it until the advent of some tragedian shall excite public interest, and make the subject more timely.

"Rye Patch," Nevada.—Please send us your name. "H. L. B." Milwaukee.—MS. received, and will be considered. To your remark: "I read the Argonaut regularly, and especially enjoy Betsy B.'s and Zulano's every-day philosophy. May I ask if they are the products of 'the glorious climate of California?'" we are regretfully obliged to reply in the negative. Betsy B. hails from Nova Zembla, and Zulano flings in where he heard the wolf's long howl on Onalashka's shore. But then that is not the fault of the climate. We still produce gigantic squashes and things.

A. E. W., New York, and F. D., Milwaukee.—Thanks; taffy forwarded to the scribbler in question. "D."—1. Yes, we do; 2. according to value, like other commodities.

"C. C. R." London.—The verses are good, but their strong flavor of Rotten Row, and the fact that they have ceased to be timely, render them unavailable. Thanks, all the same.

"H. W. V." Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—If the story is forwarded very soon, there is some chance, otherwise not. Verses to appear shortly.

At Haverly's California the "White Slave" has been drawing good houses all the week. "My Geraldine" will take its place on Monday next. "Siberia," Bartley Campbell's new play, is in active preparation, with probably Sara Jewett and Charles Thorne in the leading parts. It will, to all appearances, open on the 27th instant.

The Bush Street Theatre opens on December 25th with Leavitt's Specialty Company, after which will follow the Harrisons.

The Baldwin Theatre has been leased by the Froben brothers, but will not come under their régime until January.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Second Philharmonic Concert.

"Gade, Overture, 'Im Hochland,'" read the first of the eight variously noted numbers, whose combined attractions and renown secured so large an audience last week, for the second Philharmonic concert. "And what does 'Im Hochland' mean?" the ignorant of us had time to ask our linguistic betters, while yet it was before eight o'clock, and the lights turned discreetly low. "In the Highlands, of course," said these wise people, with one accord; and the title proved to be no idly chosen superscription of the gifted North-man's selection. Gade wrote with art when he allowed himself the repose and preparation of the short *andante*, increasing to a *moderato*, which prefaces the dominant idea and intention of his Scottish overture. Those opening measures of refined and serious thought impart all their worth to the lusty *allegro molto*. That, indeed, is a hearty, whole-souled movement; but without those first beautiful and simple reminders of humanity's hope, fear, and, indeed, it would be nothing more than the picture of a heather-grown upland, where the air is crystalline, and the sweep of the hills magnificent, yet every association of life and memory is lacking. As it is, we are carried on the wings of music to free, bracken-covered heights; but reminiscence, too, is there, and the senses and heart are charmed together. One is tempted to linger long over the spirit of this particularly fresh and spontaneous composition, whose rendering, under Mr. Hinrichs, was so good in many ways. Its orchestration is such as to give the effect of the instruments all joining hands, while, at the same time, no prolonged or insipid unisons exist. It is like a general conversation which flows easily and well, because all in the room take equal part. Hesitancy and awkwardness of response only appear when silence falls upon the majority, and a single voice finds itself unsupported and alone. Those are apt to be the times in parlors and concert-rooms when smoothness of connection is not everything that could be desired.

The same illustration serves to set forth the precise difference in method that exists between two works so widely unlike as Gade's overture and Schubert's B minor unfinished symphony. In an entirely concerted movement, like the overture, the main points are so definitely set forth, and the swing is so rhythmic, that while a certain roundness of effect may be perceptibly missing, and the sparkle and shine of clear-cut precision be altogether absent, a thousand minor imperfections easily pass unnoticed—in fact, are wholly covered and hidden by the universal speech. But when, as in the *allegro moderato* of Schubert's delicately constructed symphony, part answers to part, instrument to instrument, and a recurring melody is now here, now there, the tiniest discrepancy must necessarily come to light. Throughout the length of its admirable programme, this one matter seemed the chief cause of trouble to the Philharmonic orchestra: namely, the difficulty of making smooth exchanges and transfers of melody and accompaniment, and when there was nothing to do, of "doing it" all together. Only the first of the two movements which form the unfinished symphony was given at this time. Its difficult syncopated passages were for the most part successfully played, and Mr. Hinrichs's standard of feeling and musical expression is always high. The exceeding beauty and interest of this strange composition—regarded by musicians as Schubert's "most individual creation"—stands in need of no comment. Its poetical loveliness speaks for itself, under all circumstances.

Three movements from Lachner's Suite in D minor—the Præludium, Menuet, and Marsch—excited lively interest. That a short little man, who swears a great deal, wrote the Præludium, might be easily divined; for although it is not precisely profane, its presiding genius seems to be an impish sort of a spirit, whose chief business consists in rushing around, and setting all the instruments down hard at regular intervals, with a tremendous accent. But how came the pure and graceful Menuet, with its delicious trio, in such black company? It seems an estray from some realm of fancy, where ethereal, golden-haired beings salute each other in a dance unknown to our material clumsiness. The March was distinguished by high and loud-voiced aspirations on the part of the wood-wind, which, being out of tune, appealed to a limited sympathy; but the Suite as a whole was exceedingly enjoyable, and should have been more warmly acknowledged.

The *allegro molto*, from the concerto for violoncello, by Raff, was carefully played by Mr. Julius Hinrichs, whose interpretations are always finely felt and conscientiously executed. The movement in question possesses points of rare beauty, and was bappily accompanied. Mr. Hinrichs has not a strong tone, and in extreme registers it is in danger of becoming harshly vibrant; but the quality which determines its character and individuality is very ingenious and pure. Whatever that gentle and appealing something may be is hard enough to say, yet out of the *allegro molto* (with whose restless force so mild a spirit was scarcely fit to cope), it looked forth from quiet, lamb-like eyes, and won the recognition of all honest appreciation.

Two Saint-Saëns numbers, "Une Nuit à Lisabonne," and "Danse des Prêtresses de Dagon," bore the unmistakable stamp of that composer's musical trade-mark, and were exceedingly smooth and pleasing. Mr. Solano, at the harp, contributed in a good degree to this fortunate end. The Albumblatt, "Mein Schönes Wien," by Strauss, received marked applause, and was a pretty trifle. The familiar Pilgrim Chorus from "Tannhäuser," by Wagner, was lately introduced, but improved toward its end, and gave rise to the reflection that, with better brass-wind at his command, Mr. Hinrichs's resources would be materially improved. Meyerbeer's "Schiller-Marsch," given for the first time, as were numbers four, five, and six of the programme, concluded the evening's profitable entertainment. The third concert of the series will take place December third.

Prominent among coming musical events is a recital to be given by Mrs. Norton, assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, on Friday evening, the twenty-fourth of November. F. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 15, 1882.

At the Grand Opera House Mrs. Bates and company opened on last Monday night in "East Lynne," to a large audience. On Wednesday she changed to the "Woman in Red," and on Thursday to "Lucretia Borgia." Last night "Camille" was played, and this and to-morrow evening will be devoted to "Under the Gaslight." Next Monday night Jay Rial opens with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." On December 20, "Youth" will be produced, with Harry Lee, Emily Rigel, and others. Milton Nobles is in prospect.

LANGTRY'S FIRST NIGHT.

Who Wrote the Criticisms for the New York Press.

Mrs. Langtry's début has had a devastating effect on the critics of New York. Never before did that worthy band suffer as it did on Monday night. The *Sun's* regular dramatic critic, W. M. Laffan, is in Europe, and Mr. Odion is acting for him. At the last moment it was decided not to send Mr. Odion, but to turn the matter over to Mr. Bowman, who is the musical critic of the paper, and perhaps the best critical writer in New York. However, the musical critic preferred to attend Patti's rény at the Academy, and a muddle occurred in the matter, so that to-day it is not known out of the office who wrote the *Sun's* admirable account.

The *Herald's* critic, Mr. White, did not appear at all, but in his stead was Jim Fisher, of the *Herald's* police department, Joe Howard, general reporter, John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," and Harry McDonough, of the *Herald's* Arctic Expedition. It will be seen at a glance that this was a nice conglomeration of men, well adapted to pass erudite critical judgment on a theatrical performance. The *Tribune* sent a sad-eyed "sassy" reporter, who was subsequently supplemented by the sadder-eyed Willie Winter, and the *Times* appeared in the person of a young man whose blonde hair was banged down to his eyebrows, and who was accompanied by several handsome women.

The *World* outfit itself. Mr. Kobbé, the regular critic, was calmly set aside, and that long-haired abomination, Oscar Wilde, sent in his place. Oscar's appearance, as he walked in beside Jim Fisher, of the *Herald*, was interesting. The *World*, however, seemed to fear that Mr. Wilde might go a little astray, and considerably sent another man along to help him out. The other man was not the regular dramatic critic, however, but a man who gathers police news in the suburban wards above the city. I am sorry it was impossible to range these men in a row on the stage, that the public might have an opportunity to judge of the men who are supposed to direct their thought. But if they were personally incongruous, how much more so were their criticisms? I am told by a managing editor that these productions were telegraphed all over the country, and went by Associated Press to England, so that the entire English-speaking race is at present basking in the radiance of their brilliancy. My sympathies are with the entire English-speaking world. You have probably suffered from their outbreak of critical genius, and are wondering quite as much as I how under heaven ten or twelve men can write columns about a certain woman and yet disagree all around about every point of her beauty, voice, manners, movement, and acting. One would think that the exigencies of the English language alone would cause them to agree in some minor points, at least; but it has been proved that each is of his own particular kind, and nothing is left for us to do but raise our eyes and pray.

I am told that the lovely Jersey Lily cried after she had read the papers, because her efforts to please had been so oddly received. I confess that I myself was almost moved to tears when I read the combined production of the police reporter, the general reporter, the author of "Helen's Babies," and the Arctic correspondent in the *Herald*, while the article evolved by Mr. Wilde cast a settled gloom over my breakfast, and made the coffee bitter. I wonder why it is that our great dailies do not engage competent men for theatrical criticism? It must be because the position is regarded as a rather "soft" thing, and usually filled through influence, for there are certainly men of enough ability among the newspaper fraternity of New York to supply all the papers with good writers in this particular branch. I never aspired to be a dramatic critic in New York, and fail to understand the charm that the position seems to possess. I think it rather good fun to go to the theatre on first nights with friends, and talk scandalously about actresses afterward at supper; but I don't see the attraction when you have to go every night in the week, and he obliged to rush down town after the second act, and grind out an article for the paper. However, the position is very much sought after.

The bitterest contest I ever heard of was when Cyrus W. Field bought the *Evening Express*, and made it a joint paper with the *Mail*. The paper is now called the *Mail and Express*, but is more widely known, on account of its general weakness, as the *Female in Distress*. The *Mail* had a dramatic and two musical critics, and the *Express* had a dramatic editor, two dramatic critics, and a musical critic. The men on afternoon papers have nothing to do nights, which is invariably regarded as a good training for dramatic criticism. When the *Mail* and the *Express* came together, these seven men were brought face to face, and the most intense and bitter fight in the annals of American dramatic criticism was begun. The war still wages, but alas! only two are left to carry it on; and as one of them is sickly, the end may come at any time. During all this struggle the proprietor and the editor of the paper steadfastly refused to interfere, leaving it all to the warring editors.

NEW YORK, November 11, 1882. FLANEUR.

During the performance on last Monday night, at the London Globe Theatre, of Tennyson's new drama, "The Promise of May," the Marquis of Queensbury twice arose and protested against Tennyson's representation of the principles of free thought, which, he said, was a travesty on the sentiments of freethinkers. His remarks created a sensation, and the Marquis left the theatre. The plot of this new drama is said to be suggested by Tennyson's poem of "The Sisters," which is printed in another column of this week's issue.

Mr. Samuel M. Fabian, who went to Germany last year for the purpose of perfecting his musical education, has already attracted considerable attention, especially in Berlin. The Prussian press speaks very highly of his abilities. The *Stuttgarter Zeitung* says of his performance at Wintergarten, on October 13th, that it was a great success, and that the performer received many successive encores. The fact that he has been engaged by Madame Gerster to play in her concerts speaks for itself.

Manager Abbey has leased the Grand Opera House for the second week in December, when Christine Nilsson, supported by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, will give three concerts.

Emerson's Minstrels have had their usual success during the past week, and have many novelties in prospect.

CCLV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, November 10.

Clam Chowder.
Cantaloupe.

Chicken Cutlets. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Brussels Sprouts. Lima Beans.
Roast Venison, Currant-jelly Sauce.
Vegetable Salad.

Raspberries. Cream Cakes.
Apples, Peaches, Pears, Figs, Japanese Persimmons, Pomegranates, Plums, and Grapes.

CURRENT-JELLY SAUCE FOR DUCKS OR VENISON.—Take a glass of currant jelly, put it in a small saucepan over a slow fire; when it melts add a tablespoonful of butter, a salt-spoonful of cayenne, and the juice of a lemon; stir rapidly for a minute and serve very hot.

CHICKEN CUTLETS.—Season pieces of cold chicken with salt and pepper; dip them in melted butter; let this cool on the meat, and dip in beaten egg and fine bread crumbs. Fry in butter till a delicate brown; serve on slices of hot toast, with either a white or army sauce poured around. Pieces of cold veal make a nice dish if prepared in this manner.

Fashion in Champagne.

When the Prince of Wales suddenly decided, about two years ago, that no wine was suitable for the royal palate but Pommery Sec, the reason was certainly apparent—in fact, just as apparent as it is that kings and princes generally prefer the best of everything. All other wines were banished from the little suppers which the prince gave to his friends, and Pommery became the proper thing. If a nobleman prepared a banquet, Pommery was the first consideration. The London dealers were so surprised that, until they communicated with the French headquarters, they could hardly supply the demand. It was the same way in America. New York society was seized with the craze, and in every fashionable novel of the season Pommery Sec figures prominently. The witty correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* writes from the fashionable Virginia White Sulphur Springs that at that gay resort Pommery was at a premium. In fact, this boom may be said to have attained immense proportions; for last year the sale in this country amounted to thirty-eight thousand cases.

When Doctor Norman McLeod was minister of the Barony parish in Glasgow, and loved, as few men have been, by his flock, another minister in the city was called upon to visit a case of sickness. As the applicants were strangers and seemed decent, God-fearing people, he asked if they did not attend any church. "Deed, ay," they said, "we gang to the Barony, but this is a bad case of typhoid and we couldna risk Norman!"

—ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8TH, the Original Lytton Club gave a party at Lunt's Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The six young ladies who comprise the society had done everything in their power to secure a signal success, and their efforts were well rewarded. A large number were present, and dancing was continued until a late hour. Among other dances, the singing lancers, which was very successful.

—ATTENTION SHOULD BE DIRECTED TO THE advertisement in another column of a complimentary concert tendered to Mrs. L. P. Howell and Mrs. A. E. Stetson, to take place next Thursday evening, November 23d, at the First Congregational Church. The beneficiaries are well and favorably known in our community as vocalists of the first order, and on this occasion they will be assisted by several prominent society ladies and gentlemen, as well as the Orchestral Union. The programme, both vocal and instrumental, is an excellent one, and promises an enjoyable entertainment.

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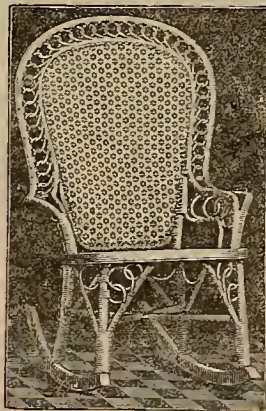
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Mrs. Lonisa Norris, Soprano,
Mrs. Chas. N. Shaw (nee Towne), Pianiste,
Miss Fannie Danforth, Pianiste,
Rev. C. D. Barrows, Tenor,
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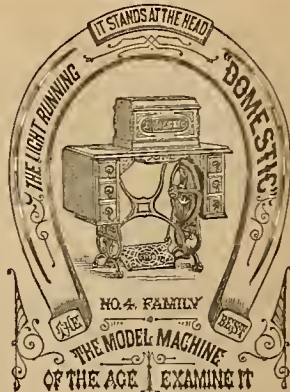
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

She tripped daintily down the street, half smiling at the adoring glances cast by the men at her white neck and arms, as they shone through the flimsy meshes of her lace overwaist. Two visitors from the rural districts were transfixed at the lavish and unaccustomed display of feminine loveliness; but one of them recovered sufficiently to remark: "Well, by gosh, if I had a dress like that I'd wear an undershirt."

Bob Ingersoll's beautiful burst of eloquence over the duties of a devoted wife in the Star Route trial is not likely to be remembered as long as the retort of one of the Government counsel to an ill-tempered speech of Bob's. "Go to—," said Bob. "Thank you," was the reply; "I have you a servant to answer the door-bell, or shall I take your latch-key?" This might be termed the retort sulphurous.

Dublin once boasted a magistrate, one Justice O'Malley, whose eloquence and erudition made him the pride and delight of the city. "So, sorr," he thundered to an old offender, who had often escaped what the judge always spoke of as "the hutt-end of the law." "Y'arre about to incur the pinity of your malefactions. Justice, sorr, may pursue wid a leaden heel, but she smites"—here the quotation eluded him—"she smites"—triumphantly—"she smites wid a cast-iron toe!"

A German paper has a rather good story about a lady, who, not feeling as well as she liked, went to consult a physician. "Well," said the doctor, after looking at her tongue, feeling her pulse, and asking her "undry questions," "I should advise you—yes, I should advise you—ahem!—to get married." "Are you single, doctor?" inquired the fair patient, with a significant yet modest smile. "I am, mein fraulein; but it is not etiquette, you know, for physicians to take the physic they prescribe."

A good story comes from Geneva concerning a lady and gentleman who recently arrived there, and found all the hotels so full that they ultimately were accommodated with a bath-room turned into a bed-chamber. During the night the husband, wishing to call for a light, pulled a cord attached to the wall, under the impression that he had got hold of the bell-rope. The immediate response was a deluge of cold water. Monsieur and madame yelled for help, bringing out a crowd of guests and waiters in all sorts of light and airy costumes. Tableau.

A man in Fort Worth Texas, purchased a mule from a farmer for seventy-five dollars. Some days later he returned, his countenance glowing with an expression of gratitude, and begged the seller to accept twenty-five dollars more. "But I got all I asked," remonstrated the honest agriculturist. "Never mind," persisted the man, "make it a clean hundred." The farmer reluctantly accepted the money, and the two were about parting, when the purchaser of the animal said: "You'll come to the funeral, won't you?" "Whose funeral?" asked the other, with a puzzled look. "My wife's," "You don't tell me she's dead, poor thing?" "Yes; the mule kicked her."

Many queer stories are told about the absurd way in which uneducated people muddle the Prayer-book, especially the marriage service part of it. A comic paper makes a Humpshire incumbent responsible for the following: "He said that, in his own parish, it was quite the fashion for the man, when giving the ring, to say to the woman: 'With my body I thee wash-up, and with all my hurdle goods I thee and thou.' He said the women were generally better up in this part of the service than the men. One day, however, a bride stilted him by promising, in what she supposed to be the language of the Prayer-book, to take her husband 'to 'ave and to 'old for this day fortnight, for better horse, for richer power, in sige-ness health, to love cherries, and to bay.' What meaning this extraordinary vow conveyed to her own mind, the incumbent said it baffled him to conjecture."

As William R. Travers, of New York, was leaving his office a well-dressed man approached him, and, greeting him very cordially, said: "How do you do, sir? I am very glad to see you. When did you arrive in the city?" "Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Travers; "you—you have evidently mistaken me for somebody else." "Are you not Mr. Andrews, of Poughkeepsie?" queried the man. "No, sir; my name is Travers," he replied; whereupon the man, with many apologies, made off. Mr. Travers quietly walked up Broadway, looking in the shop-windows, as his habit, when he was suddenly stopped by a man, who, rushing up to him, offered his hand, and said: "How do you do, Mr. Travers? I am so glad to see you! I heard you were in town, and have been looking out for you everywhere." "Pardon me, sir," said Mr. Travers, blandly; "My name is not Travers; I am Mr. Andrews, from Poughkeepsie."

Henry was a good boy, but unfortunately was not possessed of tact. I do not know that you understand precisely what tact means, therefore I will illustrate. One day a gentleman was walking along the street, when all of a sudden an avalanche of dust descended upon him from a second-story window. Henry, who was standing near, saw the accident but he did not have tact. It seemed so funny to see a strange gentleman suddenly subjected to a dust-shower that he laughed aloud. But John was unlike Henry. Notwithstanding it was he who had precipitated the dust upon the strange gentleman, he was in the street and addressing the strange gentleman in a moment. He said he was exceedingly sorry that such an unfortunate accident had befallen the gentleman, and volunteered to brush the dust from the latter's clothing; but while pretending to do this, he rubbed chalk all over the gentleman's back. The gentleman thanked John for his kindness, and said John should be only too glad to do him a favor. John then showed him tact; but Henry, who saw the whole transaction, did not offer to assist the gentleman. Henry laughed. This angered the gentleman, and in his efforts Henry was discharged from employment while John secured a remunerative situation. There is nothing like tact.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]



Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will entirely cure the worst forms of female diseases."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

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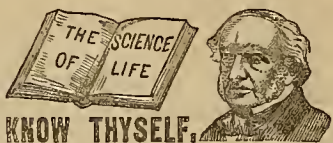
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Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name.	Cert. No.	Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy.....	3	5	\$2 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee..	37	10,000	4,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee..	73	200	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee..	74	300	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee..	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee..	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley.....	4	5	not issued
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	5	995	do 398 00
W. W. Dodge.....	6	5	do 2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	7	995	do 398 00
E. G. Waite.....	8	5	do 2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	9	2,495	do 998 00
Geo. W. Prescott.....	16	5	do 2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee..	11	995	do 398 00
Wm. Sherman.....	12	5	do 2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee....	13	2,495	do 998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee....	14	1,000	do 400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee..	15	2,000	do 800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	16	1,000	do 400 00
M. Aldridge, Trustee.....	17	1,500	not issued 600 00
Fred'k Lux, Trustee.....	18	1,000	do 400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee..	19	2,000	do 800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee....	20	1,000	do 400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee....	22	500	do 200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee..	23	500	do 200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee..	24	1,000	do 400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trust.	25	2,000	do 800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee....	26	500	not issued 200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee.....	27	500	do 2 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	28	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	29	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	30	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	31	1,000	do 400 00
Chas. S. Neal.....	32	5	do 2 00
Wm. F. Flick.....	33	5	do 2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins.....	34	5	do 2 00
Wm. Wilson.....	35	5	do 2 00
Benj. Teal.....	36	5	do 2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	37	1,000	do 400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	38	1,000	do 400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	39	1,000	do 400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	40	1,000	do 400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	41	1,000	not issued 400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee..	42	3,000	do 1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trust.	43	3,000	do 1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee..	44	1,000	do 400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee....	45	500	do 200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	46	500	do 200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee..	47	200	do 80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	48	100	do 40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee.....	49	50	do 20 00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee..	50	50	do 20 00
A. P. Bauton, Trustee.....	51	50	not issued 20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee....	52	50	do 20 00
H. W. N. Wabner, Trustee	53	250	do 100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee.....	54	250	do 100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	55	1,000	do 400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee..	56	500	do 200 00
Jas. S. Rousseau, Trustee..	57	100	do 40 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee.....	58	100	do 40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the company's office, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the sixteenth (16th) day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the thirtieth (30th) day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the sixth (6th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the thirteenth (13th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the twentieth (20th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

R. H. McDonald,
President,
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Capital Stock
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Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,755,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,363 30
LIABILITIES.	\$3,752,099 09

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

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References—**Dr. L. C. Lane**, San Francisco,
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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, Nov. 8, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 35) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was declared, payable on Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close Nov. 9, 1882, at 3 P. M. JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Nov. 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company, held this day, dividend No. 47, of Twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Monday, November 13, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary. Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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VOL. XI. NO. 22.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 25, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE MAN-EATING TREE.

A Tale of Nubia.

Before committing this paper to the ridicule of the Great Mediocre—for many, I fear, will be inclined to regard this story as incredible—I would venture on the expression of an opinion regarding credulity, which I do not remember to have met before. It is this. Placing supreme Wisdom and supreme Unwisdom at two extremes, and myself in the exact mean between them, I am surprised to find that, whether I travel toward the one extreme or the other, the credulity of those I meet increases. To put it as a paradox—*whether a man be foolisher or wiser than I am, he is more credulous.* I make this remark to point out to those of the Great Mediocre, whose notice it may have escaped, that credulity is not of itself shameful or contemptible, and that it depends upon the manner rather than the matter of their belief whether they gravitate toward the sage or the reverse way. According, therefore, to the incredulity found in the following, the reader may measure, as pleases him, his wisdom or his unwisdom.

Peregrine Oriol, my maternal uncle, was a great traveler, as his prophetic sponsors at the font seemed to have guessed he would be. Indeed he had rummaged in the garrets and cellars of the earth with something more than ordinary diligence. But in the narrative of his travels he did not, unfortunately, preserve the judicious caution of Xenophon between the things seen and the things heard, and thus it came about that the town-councilors of Brunshüttel (to whom he had shown a duck-billed platypus, caught alive by him in Australia) had him posted for an importer of artificial vermin.

Thus, for instance, who could hear and believe the tale of the man-sucking tree from which he had barely escaped with life? He called it himself more terrible than the Upas. "This awful plant, that rears its splendid death-shade in the central solitude of a Nubian fern forest, sickens by its unwholesome humors all vegetation from its immediate vicinity, and feeds upon the wild beasts that, in the terror of the chase or the heat of noon, seek the thick shelter of its boughs; upon the birds that, flitting across the open space, come within the charmed circle of its power, or innocently refresh themselves from the cups of its great waxen flowers; upon even man himself when, an infrequent prey, the savage seeks its asylum in the storm, or turns from the harsh foot-wounding sword-grass of the glade to pluck the wondrous fruit that hang plumb down among the wondrous foliage." And such fruit!—"glorious golden ovals, great honey drops, swelling by their own weight into pear-shaped translucencies. The foliage glistens with a strange dew, that all day long drips on to the ground below, nurturing a rank growth of grasses, which shoot up in places so high that their spikes of fierce blood-fed green show far up among the deep-tinted foliage of the terrible tree, and, like a jealous body-guard, keep concealed the fearful secret of the charnel-house within, and draw round the black roots of the murderous plant a decent screen of living green."

Such was his description of the plant; and the other day, looking it up in a botanical dictionary, I find that there is really known to naturalists a family of carnivorous plants; but I see that they are most of them very small, and prey upon little insects only. My maternal uncle, however, knew nothing of this, for he died before the discovery of the sun, dew, and pitcher plants; and, grounding his knowledge of the man-sucking tree simply on his own terrible experience of it, explained its existence by theories of his own.

"How," he would ask, "can we claim for man the consequence of perceptions, and yet deny to beasts that hear, see, feel, and taste, a perceptive principle coexistent with their senses? And if in the whole range of the animate world there is this gift of self defense against extirpation and offense against weakness, why is the inanimate world, holding as fierce a struggle for existence as the other, to be left defenseless and unarmed? And I deny that it is. The Brazilian epiphyte strangles the tree and sucks out its juices. The tree, again, to starve off its vampire parasite, withdraws its juices into its roots, and, piercing the ground in some new place, turns the current of its sap into other growths. The epiphyte then drops off the dead boughs on to the fresh, green sprouts springing from the ground beneath it, and so the fight goes on. Again, look at the Indian peepul tree, and the fierce yearning of its roots toward the distant well.

"Is the sensitive plant unconscious? I have watched for miles through plains of it, and watched, till the watching almost made me afraid lest the plant should pluck up courage and turn upon me, the green carpet paling into silver gray beneath my feet, and fainting away all round me as I walked. So strangely did I feel the influence of this universal aversion, that I would have argued with the plant; but what was the use? If only I stretched out my hands, the mere shadow of the limb terrified the vegetable to sickness; shrubs crumpled up at every commencement of my speech; and at my periods great sturdy-looking bushes, to whose robustness I had foolishly appealed, sank in pallid supplication. Not a leaf would keep me company. A breath went forth from me that sickened life. My mere presence paralyzed life, and I was glad at last to come out among a less timid vegetation, and to feel the resentful spear-grass retaliating on the needlessness that would have crushed it. The vegetable world, however, has its revenges. You may keep the guinea-pig in a hutch, but how will you pet the basilisk? The little sensitive plant in your garden amuses your children, (who will find pleasure also in seeing cockchafer spin round on a pin,) but how could you transplant a vegetable that seizes the running deer, strikes

down the passing bird, and, once taking hold of him, sucks the carcass of man himself, till his matter becomes as vague as his mind, and all his animate capabilities can not snatch him from the terrible embrace of an inanimate tree?

"Many years ago," said my uncle, "I turned my restless steps toward Central Africa, and made the journey from where the Senegal empties itself into the Atlantic to the Nile, skirting the Great Desert, and reaching Nubia on my way to the eastern coast. I had with me then three native attendants—two of them brothers, the third, Otona, a young savage from the gahoon uplands, a mere lad in his teens; and one day, leaving my mule with the two men, who were pitching my tent for the night, I went on with my gun, the boy accompanying me, toward a fern forest, which I saw in the near distance. As I approached it I found the forest was cut into two by a wide glade; and seeing a small herd of the common antelope, an excellent beast in the pot, browsing their way along the shaded side, I crept after them. Though ignorant of their real danger the herd was suspicious, and, slowly trotting along before me, enticed me for a mile or more along the verge of the fern growths. Turning a corner I suddenly became aware of a solitary tree growing in the middle of the glade—one tree alone. It struck me at once that I had never seen a tree exactly like it before; hut, being intent upon venison for my supper, I looked at it only long enough to satisfy my first surprise at seeing a single plant of such rich growth flourishing luxuriantly in a spot where only the harsh fern-canes seemed to thrive.

"The deer, meanwhile, were midway between me and the tree, and looking at them I saw they were going to cross the glade. Exactly opposite them was an opening in the forest, in which I should certainly have lost my supper; so I fired into the middle of the family as they were filing before me. I hit a young fawn, and the rest of the herd, wheeling round in their sudden terror, made off in the direction of the tree, leaving the fawn struggling on the ground. Otona, the boy, ran forward at my order to secure it, hut the little creature seeing him coming, attempted to follow its comrades, and at a fair pace held on their course. The herd had meanwhile reached the tree, but suddenly, instead of passing under it, swerved in their career, and swept round it at some yards distance.

"Was I mad, or did the plant really try to catch the deer? On a sudden I saw, or thought I saw, the tree violently agitated, and while the ferns all round were standing motionless in the dead evening air, its boughs were swayed by some sudden gust toward the herd, and swept, in the force of their impulse, almost to the ground. I drew my hand across my eyes, closed them for a moment, and looked again. The tree was as motionless as myself!

"Toward it, and now close to it, the boy was running in excited pursuit of the fawn. He stretched out his hands to catch it. It bounded from his eager grasp. Again he reached forward, and again it escaped him. There was another rush forward, and the next instant boy and deer were beneath the tree.

"And now there was no mistaking what I saw.

"The tree was convulsed with motion, leaned forward, swept its thick-foliaged boughs to the ground, and enveloped from my sight the pursuer and the pursued; I was within a hundred yards, and the cry of Otona from the midst of the tree came to me in all the clearness of its agony. There was then one stifled, strangling scream, and except for the agitation of the leaves where they had closed upon the boy, there was not a sign of life.

"I called out, 'Otona!' No answer came. I tried to call out again, but my utterance was like that of some wild beast smitten at once with sudden terror and its death-wound. I stood there, changed from all semblance of a human being. Not all the terrors of earth together could have made me take my eye from the awful plant, or my foot off the ground. I must have stood thus for at least an hour, for the shadows had crept out from the forest half across the glade before that hideous paroxysm of fear left me. My first impulse then was to creep stealthily away, lest the tree should perceive me, but my returning reason made me approach it. The boy might have fallen into the lair of some beast of prey, or it might be the terrible life in the tree was that of some great serpent among its branches. Preparing to defend myself, I approached the silent tree, the harsh grass crisping beneath my feet with a strange loudness, the cicadas in the forest shrilling till the air seemed throbbing round me with waves of sound. The terrible truth was soon before me in all its awful novelty.

"The vegetable first discovered my presence at about fifty yards distance. I then became aware of a stealthy motion among the thick-lipped leaves, reminding me of some wild beast slowly gathering itself up from long sleep, a vast coil of snakes in restless motion. Have you ever seen hees hanging from a bough—a great cluster of hodies, blue clinging to hee—and by striking the bough or agitating the air, caused that massed life to begin sulkily to disintegrate, each insect asserting its individual right to move? And do you remember how, without one bee leaving the pensile cluster, the whole became gradually instinct with sullen life and horrid with a multitudinous motion?

"I came within twenty yards of it. The tree was quivering through every branch, muttering for blood, and, helpless with rooted feet, yearning with every branch toward me. It was that terror of the deep sea which the men of the north-

ern fiords dread, and which, anchored upon some sunken rock, stretches into vain space its longing arms, pellucid as the sea itself, and as relentless—maimed Polyphe me groping for his victims.

"Each separate leaf was agitated and hungry. Like hands, they fumbled together, their fleshy palms curling upon themselves and again unfolding, closing on each other and falling apart again—thick, helpless, fingerless hands, (rather lips or tongues than hands,) dimpled closely with little cup-like hollows. I approached nearer and nearer, step by step, till I saw that these soft horrors were all of them in motion, opening and closing incessantly.

"I was now within ten yards of the farthest reaching bough. Every part of it was hysterical with excitement. The agitation of its members was awful—sickening yet fascinating. In an ecstasy of eagerness for the food so near them, the leaves turned upon each other. Two, meeting, would suck together face to face, with a force that compressed their joint thickness to a half, thinning the two leaves into one; now grappling in a volute like a double shell, writhing like some green worm; and at last, faint with the violence of the paroxysm, would slowly separate, falling apart as leeches gorged drop off the limbs. A sticky dew glistened in the dimples, welled over, and trickled down the leaf. The sound of it dripping from leaf to leaf made it seem as if the tree were muttering to itself. The beautiful golden fruit as they swung here and there were clutched now by one leaf and now by another, held for a moment close enfolded from the sight, and then as suddenly released. Here a large leaf, vampire-like, had sucked out the juices of a smaller one. It hung limp and bloodless, like a carcass of which the weasel has tired.

"I watched the terrible struggle till my starting eyes, strained by intense attention, refused their office, and I can hardly say what I saw. But the tree before me seemed to have become a live beast. Above me I felt conscious was a great limb, and each of its thousand clammy hands reached downward toward me, fumbling. It strained, shivered, rocked, and heaved. It flung itself about in despair. The boughs, tantalized to madness with the presence of flesh, were tossed to this side and to that, in the agony of a frantic desire. The leaves were wrung together as the hands of one driven to madness by sudden misery. I felt the vile dew spurting from the tense veins fall upon me. My clothes began to give out a strange odor. The ground I stood on glistened with animal juices.

"Was I bewildered by terror? Had my senses abandoned me in my need? I know not—but the tree seemed to me to be alive. Leaning over toward me, it seemed to be pulling up its roots from the softened ground, and to be moving toward me. A mountainous monster, with myriad lips, mumbling together for my life, was upon me!

"Like one who desperately defends himself from imminent death, I made an effort for life, and fired my gun at the approaching horror. To my dizzied senses the sound seemed far off, but the shock of the recoil partially recalled me to myself, and starting back I reloaded. The shot had torn their way into the soft body of the great thing. The trunk, as it received the wound, shuddered, and the whole tree was struck with a sudden quiver. A fruit fell down—slipping from the leaves, now rigid with swollen veins, as from carven foliage. Then I saw a large arm slowly droop, and without a sound it was severed from the juice-fattened hole, and sank down softly, noiselessly, through the glistening leaves. I fired again, and another vile fragment was powerless—dead. At each discharge the terrible vegetable yielded a life. Piecemeal I attacked it, killing here a leaf and there a branch. My fury increased with the slaughter till, when my ammunition was exhausted, the splendid giant was left a wreck—as if some hurricane had torn through it. On the ground lay heaped together the fragments, struggling, rising and falling, gasping. Over them drooped in dying languor a few stricken boughs, while upright in the midst stood, dripping at every joint, the glistening trunk.

"My continued firing had brought up one of my men on my mule. He dared not (so he told me) come near me, thinking me mad. I had now drawn my hooting-knife, and with this was fighting—with the leaves. Yes, but each leaf was instinct with a horrid life; and more than once I felt my hand entangled for a moment, and seized as if by sharp lips. Ignorant of the presence of my companion, I made a rush forward over the fallen foliage, and with a last paroxysm of frenzy, drove my knife up to the handle into the soft hole, and, slipping on the fast congealing sap, fell exhausted and unconscious, among the still panting leaves.

"My companions carried me back to the camp, and after vainly searching for Otona, awaited my return to consciousness. Two or three hours elapsed before I could speak, and several days before I could approach the terrible thing. My men would not go near it. It was quite dead; for as we came up, a great-billed bird, with gaudy plumage, that had been securely feasting on the decaying fruit, flew up from the wreck. We removed the rotting foliage, and there among the dead leaves, still limp with juices, and piled round the roots, we found the ghastly relics of many former meals, and—its last nourishment—the corpse of little Otona. To have removed the leaves would have taken too long, so we hurried the body as it was, with a hundred vampire lips still clinging to it."—From Philip Robinson's "Under the Sun."

FROM FRIENDS OVER SEAS.

Arriving at Amsterdam.

Sailing up the Ij Canal—A Silent Wharf and no Hackmen—The Confusion of Tongues—A Ride through the City.

A more delightful sail can not be imagined than gliding over the waters of the Ij Canal on a fine sunny day, such as we were favored with, and gazing from the steamer deck at the very quaint and picturesque scenery on both sides. True, little of it is due to nature, so liberal to our own blessed land; but brain-work and industry have made up for her shortcomings in Holland. Skillful engineering and Dutch persevering tenacity have now converted swamps into land made fertile under steady cultivation; not an inch of it but is now made subservient to the wants of man. Numberless cottages, barns, and wind-mills stud these fields, where cattle of all kinds graze, and where the peasants and working-men, women and children go briskly to and fro, while steamers, sailing vessels, and fishing-boats ply the waters up and down. The *tout ensemble* presents a living picture, in which cleanliness is a great feature—so much so that one might fancy it a mechanical panorama in working order, where neither mud nor dust could possibly be found. Had I been obliged to cross those fields on foot, perhaps I might have had a prof to the contrary, but even at the short distance of the steamer deck, they looked like fit walking-grounds for fashionable city people.

Just fourteen days after her departure from America, our steamer anchored at her dock in Amsterdam. The scene at the landing was widely different from one in an American seaport. No deafening cries nor urgent appeals of hotel agents, hack-drivers, expressmen and newspaper boys; none of the rushing and hustling so strongly characteristic of the arrival of steamers in our country. Here all was calm and quiet—too much so, indeed; only a certain number of idlers, mostly boys, stood around the pier, and passengers were left to their own resources to devise how and when they should land, unless expected by relatives and friends who came on board to greet them and take them home. After sundry inquiries and much delay every passenger succeeds in getting a carriage, which takes him to some hotel for one guilder, forty cents of our coin, baggage and all, unless he be encumbered with too many trunks and bundles.

At most public places in Amsterdam—hotels, restaurants, stores, etc.—foreign languages are supposed to be understood and spoken; but I would sincerely recommend every foreigner to go where no such announcement is made. There he may have a chance to find somebody who can understand one foreign tongue, perhaps the German, which is most generally spoken; but heaven protect him from the polyglot establishment where set answers will be dealt out to him with a coolness which will impress him with the idea that he is talking to dead people. I had my full share of trouble with the confusion of languages and dialects in Amsterdam. After considerable useless skirmishing in English and French, and remembering that Holland had long been under the dominion of Spain, I ventured on a Spanish phrase. That was too much for the polyglot Dutchman, who, instead of smiling benignantly and answering in his native affirmative, "ja," as is his invariable habit, was brought to a dead stand in conversation, and actually muttered "nein," which must have hurt his heart to pronounce, as by nature he is so very obliging and dislikes that negation. Fortunately for me, although no universal language has yet been adopted, and probably never will be, pantomime, the natural resource for desperate cases of interpretation, was left me, and resorted to with success; but not without one great objection—viz., standers-by, whenever they notice a person endeavoring to make himself understood by signs, gradually draw up toward him, and form a circle, all volunteering their services. This coöperation is rather embarrassing, and does not always help to settle matters.

After my useless efforts in several languages, and a fair display of pantomimic ability, I succeeded in securing comfortable quarters, and, after resting a little, sallied forth to see the city. This can be done here almost without recurring to carriages, since the American street-car system is fairly established. From the Dam, which is a large square, and the great artery of Amsterdam, all the lines of cars diverge to different streets, and to the suburbs. The cars are much handsomer and better finished than ours, have plate-glass windows, and are upholstered with velvet. In size and shape, they look very much like ours. The driver remains standing, and the conductor at the back comes in, in due time, to collect the tickets, which cost twelve cents in their coin, about five cents of ours. These consist of slips of printed paper, and can be bought either as you step in the car, or at any of the ticket stations around. Some cars have one horse, others two; and their motion is very even and gentle. Carriages are always expensive to foreigners, even where—as here—the rates are moderate, in comparison with those at home. But where is the driver who can not, or will not, find the means to fleece travellers? Nobody can reasonably expect that any one of them should thus break through the traditional principles of their class. So here, as everywhere else, if you must and will have a carriage, you have to abide by the consequences. I will only add that it is seldom absolutely necessary.

Among the places which I visited, and to which an historical recollection is attached, I would mention the house of Michel Ruyter, the front of which is adorned with the bust of the great admiral; the Muiderport, or last of the eight gates that formerly enclosed the city; the old Catholic Cathedral built in 1300; the Westerkerk, or old Protestant church, which has the highest tower in the city and a remarkably fine chime of bells; the tombs of some of Holland's great men, and the statues erected to the memory of others. Among the modern institutions are the Sailors' Home, the Botanical Garden, the Palace of Industry, the Exchange, the Museum of Paintings, the Academy of Sciences, the Military Hospital, the Institution for the Blind, and many others.

To see the canals, sluices, and dams of Amsterdam would need a day alone; to examine them and in any way to appreciate them would need many weeks and a goodly knowledge of engineering. They are the work of many, many years, and have cost immense sums. To the profane eye it

is simply a matter of wonder that the idea ever occurred to undertake such work, and that the same has been completely successful. The famous Ij Canal is considered one of the most gigantic works of the present age. It was finished and solemnly inaugurated in 1876, and has contributed largely to the material prosperity of the country. It is a question, however, whether the public health is not affected by the waters of some canals, as they are partially stagnant by the time they reach the city, where they are made the receptacles for much of its refuse. VIATOR.

AMSTERDAM, November 3, 1882.

The Czar's White Elephant.

One of the Features of the Zoological Gardens at St. Petersburg—The Gift of an Eastern Monarch—The Enterprise Displayed by a Yankee Circus Manager.

I dare say there are many people who have heard of a white elephant, but who have scarcely ever expected actually to see one. White elephants have by some skeptical minds even been derided as creatures wholly of the imagination, without actual existence at all, while the exceptional animal has, by others, been made to do duty in a proverbial way as the synonym of an unwieldy encumbrance which it was a very dubious advantage to become possessed of. I am glad to be able, from personal observation, to put the white elephant in a better light than the foregoing opinions have cast upon the creature, and to assure those who may still have doubts that not only is there such an animal, but also that it would be a most enviable object of acquisition. The individual quadruped of which I write is the pride and boast of the Zoological Gardens of St. Petersburg, and, if I am correctly informed, was a royal gift from an eastern sovereign, the King of Burmah, to the Emperor of Russia. Being rather too large for a household pet, his majesty wisely put the beast in the care of the superintendent of the public gardens, and shortly thereafter "Chin-Chee" was installed in a neat and commodious dwelling especially designed for his personal comfort. The house is, as you might suppose, a one-story dwelling, but has an ample portico, with folding doors between it and the main, and, in fact sole, apartment of the house. I may add that there are two insignificant wings to the mansion; in the left of these the keeper of Chin-Chee resides, while that on the right is the place where potatoes and sundry other delicacies are stored for the use of the sacred brute.

I have not been informed as to the family antecedents of Chin-Chee, but am warranted, however, in stating that his parents were of a much darker hue than himself. Aside from any more scientific surmises as to the amelioration of his tints, I may refer to the belief of the eastern nations, who have regarded the white elephant as the embodiment of some radiant spirit which could rightfully command the veneration of the masses. From the particularly accommodating manner of Chin-Chee, as regards the reception of any kind attention, I am of opinion that the animal would willingly lend himself to a ready connivance with such a superstitious idea. Chin-Chee would also bring to the position a certain dignity, which was never possessed by the hawks, beetles, cats, or bulls, which the ancient Egyptians apotheosized. In his present position, and among the picture-worshipping Russians, Chin-Chee, although a most noble creature, is only a simple beast, merely a private citizen in the animal kingdom, and, since his arrival in Russia, Chin-Chee has led a quiet and almost uneventful life. It is said that on one occasion he was brought out and led over the bridge to the Champ de Mars, to do honor to a military review. The blare of trumpets and rattle of drums not proving agreeable, he quietly turned about, and, after certain warning gestures, intimating distinctly enough that he did not wish to be interfered with, he walked back to his more tranquil and secluded abode, and has not since come before the public.

For him at present the routine of daily life comprises his regular meals—which are generous—a sunning, when the weather permits, and a private exhibition, (at any unoccupied hour,) wherein he goes through an interesting programme of exercises. We called on the illustrious quadruped a few days ago. After presenting ourselves outside of the portico of his dwelling, and announcing our wish to see Chin-Chee, the keeper gave three raps at the double doors of the salon of royalty. An instant's pause, then the ponderous doors moved outward, and a moment later we saw for the first time the white elephant. He advanced a few paces, then made a graceful bow; at the suggestion of the keeper he rang a bell, and, thus opening the exhibition, he performed various tricks which showed at once a gentle disposition and an intelligent mind. He has a quick aptitude for gathering up the smallest coin, and in the absence of his keeper he generally solicits on his own account. If the audience does not respond, he has an ingenious way of appealing to the resources of his pantry, which, however, on this occasion, afforded us more amusement than it did any profitable return to Chin-Chee, as a patient search did not reveal to his proboscis the position of the potato-sack.

Chin-Chee is now under engagement to Mr. Forepaugh, the circus manager, to make a three months' tour in the United States. Forty thousand dollars is the consideration, and a deposit of seventy thousand dollars is made to insure the life of the valuable creature. Who would not wish to have a white elephant? RICHARD WYLIE.

ST. PETERSBURG, November 1, 1882.

The French, says the New York *World*, are beginning to complain of the competition of foreigners in their own markets, and especially of the introduction of German articles which are passed off as Parisian. Their competitors, however, have not yet reached the pitch of enterprise attained during the last days of the Second Empire by a lithographer at Frankfurt, who wrote to one of the great dealers in perfumery something as follows: "For several years past I have been engaged in reproducing *fac-similes* of your labels and wrappers for use in the foreign trade, and this department of my business has increased so rapidly that I have patented a new and improved process, by means of which I can furnish you with labels and wrappers, absolutely undistinguishable from those you now employ, at a price which defies competition. Hoping to be honored with your patronage, I am, etc."

STUDIO LIFE IN PARIS.

[Much that has already been written on this subject is being continually added to by the fresh experiences of the young art-students of today. Fred Yates, the artist, who has recently returned from Paris, gives us a sketch of his atelier life, while studying there during the past two years.]

In Bonnat's atelier, which comprised a school of fifty men, we had representatives of every nationality of Europe, besides Japanese, South Americans, Egyptians, and Algerians. Our atelier bore no reputation for being orderly; the place was generally in a semi-uproar, except on one occasion in each week, when Bonnat came to correct our drawings. Then every voice would be hushed, pipes and cigarettes put away, and every man hard at work. The master would stay with us about an hour, during which time he gave every student his individual attention. His remarks were laconic and full of meaning; his "pas mal" being considered a fair reward for a week's work. He took sincere interest in every hard-working student; but the lazy ones be disposed of with little ceremony. On one occasion he asked an idler what his father was. "A farmer," replied the fellow. "Then go home and help your father," was Bonnat's response, and that was the last we saw of the idler.

The mixture of sounds in the atelier almost defies description—some one was always singing, others imitating the tuning of the different instruments of an orchestra, another giving High Mass, in which the intoning of the priest, the tinkle of the small bell, and the rumbling of the organ would be heard. Such were our entertainments; our customs were various. A new man coming among us was termed a "nouveau"; after being accepted as a pupil by Bonnat, he presented himself to the "massier" or treasurer of the atelier. The first few weeks he was the fag and butt of the place, his earliest privilege being to pay his "bienvenu." Punch being served from the proceeds, he would next be asked to sing, his efforts usually being brought to a speedy termination by cries of "assez, assez!" which, if not immediately understood, were explained more clearly in the language of hard crusts of bread, which came flying in from all sides of the room. If the nouveau was a swell—for counts, barons, and even live marquises have been among us—the manner in which he received the order to make the fire was attentively observed, and if he was stubborn and refused, he was immediately broken in by means of the "douche." This was prepared previously, and consisted of a can of cold water suspended above the door of the atelier. The unsuspecting nouveau would enter by this door, then the can was upset, and, as a rule, produced a wholesome effect upon him.

Another practice which worked very effectively was called the "broche." Any one who made himself obnoxious by singing or whistling some hackneyed air, or even committed some lighter offense, was put *à la broche*. The victim was first bound hand and foot, his knees touching his body, then a pole was inserted, spit fashion, under the knees and in that condition the individual would be bung up until he was considered sufficiently subdued.

In the Atelier des Beaux Arts, an offender is crucified, the hands and feet being tied to a cross for some hours. On one occasion a man was suspended on the cross and left hanging, the students intending to return later in the evening to release him. By some unpardonable forgetfulness, he was left in the position until the next morning, when the poor fellow was found dead.

Practical joking, however, never went that far with us. During the course of the day many models came in to be engaged. They strip, assume a pose on the platform, and the students vote by show of hands which model meets approval. The models are paid by the week, the men receiving twenty-four francs, and the women thirty francs, for morning or afternoon school.

Every year we gave a fête, to which Bonnat and several other artists of note were invited. The evening opened with a play, which was followed by a masquerade. Picture a room of wild costumes from that of a "chiffonnier" to a Turkish sultan. Every color of the rainbow whirling and blending together, and some of the men half-seas over from the effects of our liberal punch-bowls. Two hundred guests were usually invited, married men bringing their wives, and those of us in the miserable state of celibacy taking the prettiest of the models; most of whom were Italians. No celebration of the kind was over before daylight, and the remaining days of the week were spent in recovering from the effects of that night.

Our life outside the atelier was of course governed by the length of our purses. Some men lived in luxury; others had to rough it, and did so cheerfully. Most of us had a knowledge of cooking, and could compete with any French cuisinier in grilling a steak, frying an omelette, or in making coffee. Two-cent cigars, smoked in contentment, proved the very finest brand, and "Caporal ordinaire" equal to the best Virginia "Straight-cut." In a word, we were Bohemians, who, bar none, live the merriest of all existences.

The following is one of the New York *World's* literal translations from the French: "The richest man, M. Stewart, there is some years, offered one day to a painter of the *high life* who seizes to marvel the little Parisians, and the exquisite and the refined of the life of Paris, a triple price for a picture, at the condition that the artist should put upon the vestments of the woman a quantity infinite of jet, ear-rings of jet, laces ornamented of jet, everywhere the jet. The painter was stunned, finding the fantasy a few singular. 'This is not a fantasy,' said M. Stewart. 'This picture will be exposed at New York. All the elegants will regard it. If they see that the Parisians carry the jet, they will buy the jet; and I have precisely in the magazine a stock considerable of jet, and then, you understand.'"

At a recent banquet in London, Lord Charles Beresford, whose gallant exploits with the gunboat *Condor* at Alexandria made him so conspicuous and so popular, in response to the toast of "The Navy," paid a warm tribute to the service rendered by the Americans after the bombardment. The Americans, he said, like brothers, joined the small band which he had under his command, saying that blood was thicker than water; they worked splendidly, and he could never thank them enough.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

City Boys—By a Countryman.

Some one writes to a Detroit paper to ask why it is that the proportion of country boys who succeed in life is greater than that of city boys, who have by far the greatest advantages from the cradle up. It does seem as though people would get that little secret pounded into them after it has been told a few thousand more times by newspaper men and other philosophers who have given such matters a study all their lives. Take a boy who has grown up in the country, and either spent his time on a farm or worked around in a country town learning a trade, and he does not have the time nor the opportunities to acquire the peculiarities and the habits that become a burden to the city boy before he has got half through life, but which the city boy thinks he can not live without. The boy in the country who works all day plowing with a pair of rebellious steers, and being jerked over the stumps, is not hussing his mind with some scheme to paralyze a town. He is not working up some plan to win in a game of poker as soon as he finishes his supper and gets down town. The boy in the country may be hussy thinking all day how he will beat his neighbor's boy out of a certain girl at singing-school that night, but he don't want to learn a confidence game that is surer than a lightning-rod peddler for taking in folks. The country boy may look outlandish in a suit of clothes made over from some his father wore, pants that hag at the knees and at the seat of war, only one suspender, and his arms, and face, and neck, and for a yard down his spinal column, where his shirt opened, may be burned to a delicate brown by the summer sun; but that boy has not acquired the tight pants, and the cigarettes, and the latest styles of profanity of the city boy. While the boy in the city is taking lessons in draw-poker, the country boy is running a fanning-mill or a corn-sheller in the barn, and listening to his uncle tell of the improved styles of sharpers and confidence men that cities are thronged with nowadays. And when, a few years afterward, the country boy, with only a smattering of an education, but a large bulk of common sense, leaves the old farm and goes into business in the city, he is called "fresh" by the city "boys," who have grown up to be sporting men, and men who would go their last dollar on a horse-race. The young man from the country goes about the city and attends to his business, and when some city sharp stops him on the street, and endeavors to "work" him for a "snap," and play any confidence on him, he simply says: "Oh, go along, old fellow; you'll have to excuse me." But the city boy who is smart, and onto all the fine "rackets" of the day, will bite like a sucker, and the confidence man will play him for all he is worth, because the boy thinks he is smart. That is the reason the proportion of country boys who succeed is greater than that of boys who are horn and brought up in the city. The boy from the country is not so badly mashed on himself that he loses his presence of mind and his common sense, or gets off his hase, as it were. —*Peck's Sun.*

Country Boys—By a City Man.

What is this? This is a Suburban Road. Who are these two people coming our way? They are Two Young Men. They are of the same Age. What are they doing? They are Taking a Walk. Do they know each other? No. One is a City Young Man, and the Other is a Country Young Man. Which is the City Young Man and which is the Country Young Man? One of them is Big. His Feet are Large and Heavy. He walks with a Slouch. His Shoulders are Bent. The Other Young Man is Small. He holds his Head High and keeps his Chest Out. He has Little Hands and Feet. He Walks with a Spring. The Big Young Man is the Country Young Man. The Small Young Man is the City Young Man. If you want to look at the City Young Man you must look Now. He will be Out of Sight in About Two Minutes. Where is he going? He is Taking a Little Constitutional. His Little Constitutional is Ten Miles Out and Ten Miles Back. Will the Country Young Man walk Twenty Miles? Oh, no; he will walk About a Mile. Then he will Sit on a Fence and Chew a Stick for the Rest of the day. Does the Country Young Man wear good Clothes? No; he is above such Vanities. He believes in Republican Simplicity and a Bad Tailor. The City Young Man has a nice Suit and a Stand-up Collar. The Country Young Man would call him a Fine Dandy. Then why does not the Country Young Man call him that? Because he does not Dare To. Why does he not Dare To? Because it would be very Unwholesome for him if he did. Would the City Young Man Hurt the Country Young Man if they should Fight? Yes, I think the City Young Man would Inconvenience the Country Young Man. But the Country Young Man is the Bigger of the Two. Oh, yes; but the City Young Man has a Big Chest for his Size; and he belongs to an Athletic Club and he has a Large Muscle in his Fore-arm. Besides, he can Box. Can the Country Young Man Box? No; and he would Scorn to Learn. Is the Country Young Man a Member of an Athletic Club? No; he says he has no time for Such Nonsense. Does the Country Young Man Work Harder than the City Young Man? Oh, no; he is a Farmer's Son, and he works Hard; but not So Hard as the City Young Man. The City Young man is a Clerk in a Wholesale Store. In the Busy Season he sometimes Works from Eight one Morning until One the Next. Why is the City Young Man a Better Man than the Country Young Man? Because he takes Systematic Exercise, and That gives him Muscle. Because he Grooms himself well, and That keeps him Fresh and Bright. Because he has Plenty of Amusement, and That put Spirits into him. Because he eats Good Food, and That keeps him Healthy. Does the Country Young Man take Systematic Exercise? No; and he Slouches over his Work. Does he Groom himself well? No; he thinks it is Frivolous. Does he have Plenty of Amusement? No; he has only Loafing and a Circus once a Year. Does he Eat Good Food? No; he eats Pie for Breakfast, and Saleratus Bread, and very Little Meat, (and That is either Boiled or Fried.) But are not all Country Young Men Stout, and Strong, and Healthy?—and are not all City Young Men Thin, and Feeble, and Sickly? Oh, no, my child; that is one of the Things learned in the Nursery, and you must Put it Away with the rest of the Fairy Tales.—*Puck.*

ARGONAUT VERSE.

Requiem.

Our lips with the sweets of love are wet;
The amber wine is aglow with light;
Ah, dear, in a year we may forget
The glory, the passion of to-night!
For years are cold as the drifted snow
That shines on the highest mountain crest,
Where the fierce, great winds forever blow,
And sing of sorrow and wild unrest.

We drain the wine, and our warm hands meet,
And far away, like a call, we hear
The toll of a bell. Yes, lips are sweet:
Are they sweet or bitter when on the bier?
The bell tolls on. There is death. Ah, yes,
Sad death, and sorrow, and wasting pain,
And the amber wine grows less and less:
And what are we reaping—loss or gain?

The years are cold, and they swiftly fade,
And centuries come—ay, come and go;
And their ghosts lie prone in a realm of shade—
Lie there unheeding earth's weal and woe.
Great giants they with their rusty mail
All rent in the battle's hurtling storm,
By the slash of swords, and fierce assail
Of lance-blows, seeking where blood ran warm.

But we, what care we for years long dead?—
For the waving plumes and crossing swords?
Lo, these belong to the days now fled.
Their fruits are garnered; they are the Lord's.
Enough for us that we bear far off
The solemn bell with its dreary toll
And drain our wine and our honnets doff
To the wail that tells of a passing soul.

You love me, sweet, and the night is fair;
We see its depths through the lattice-bars;
And leagues away, in the purple air,
There burns the glory of countless stars.
Who knows but that there, with glasses high,
Two souls in some bright celestial world
See this, our earth, in its orbit fly,
Like a meteor down through heaven hurled?

Who knows but that soon those shining spheres
Shall bear our passion through pathless space,
Free from the burning of bitter tears—
Love's deathless glory within each face?
Who knows? Yet a year is long—so long!
And death is sure, and the grave is cold;
And what comes after—a sigh or song?—
Hard chains of iron or chains of gold?

Who knows? Who cares? When the amber wine
Is bright in the glass, and lips are sweet,
And I feel your heart-beat answer mine,
What care have I that the days are fleet?
Enough for me if the world give this:
Warm lips, that with passion's breath are hot,
That meet death's cold with a fragrant kiss
Ere the silence comes when life is not.

November, 1882.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Magdalen.

In weariness she leans against the wall,
Crumbling and stained, with sombre, far-off eyes
Fixed in dumb pleading on the Judean eyes—
Wan eyes forgotten of their fatal thrall.

Her slender hands are wrung together hard;
Her tarnished hair trails down its ruined gold
Over her fair white bosom's marble mold;
Her sad sweet eyes are like late skies, unstarred.

The pale, mute lips, the strained brow marred with pain,
The drooping form, the passionless, still face,
Hold still a wider beauty, subtler grace,
Than in the days when warm Love lured, unslain.

November, 1882.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

A Dream of the Golden Gate.

Dreaming? Ah, yes; beside my window sitting,
Hemmed in on every side by city walls;
A patch of blue overhead, across it flitting
Soft, fleecy clouds, and where the sunlight falls
Upon the narrow pavement far below
Shadows, like spectres, gliding to and fro.

Dreaming? Ah, yes, like one whose eyes are holden.
The world without has faded into night,
And far beyond the western sunlight golden
A land of beauty floats before my sight,
Where every glowing tint beneath the sun
By subtle alchemy is blended into one.

Dreaming? Ah, yes. If such he called the mystery
Of this, our two-fold being, I but dream,
While o'er the page of life's unwritten history
A softer light than sunset's parting gleam
Reveals the outline of that distant shore,
By memory glorified forever more:

Mountains in soft and shadowy undulations,
Wave beyond wave, all tremulously fair,
Enwrapped in gold and purple exhalations,
In the diu, dreamy distance melt in air;
While the dazed sense, transfixed, still vainly tries
To trace the horizon-line twist earth and skies.

If only once, before the smouldering embers
Upon the altar of my heart expire,
A breath divine, such as my soul remembers
Ere time and care had quenched the sacred fire,
Should melt the seal of silence borne so long,
And let my unchanged soul break forth in song—

Oh, with what rapturous throes of re-creation
Would I embody that remembered scene,
When on the hill-top, wrapped in contemplation,
With naught of earth or sense to intervene,
My soul was borne along the purple sea—
The Golden Gate of Paradise to me.

November, 1882.

MRS. C. A. JEWETT.

Passed to New Lords.

I was made slave to Pleasure—a goodly mistress she;
Whose chains knew never measure, whose thralls despised the free;
Whose toil was others' leisure, whose grief was others' glee;

But, that dear lady dying, possess me in her stead
Her heirs, and, freedom buying, with tears I eat my bread.
Ah, cold and low she's lying, yet—were I with my dead!

November, 1882.

A. E. WATROUS.

FRENCH FIRE-EATERS.

The Band of Duelists which was Abolished by a Band of Bourgeois.

One of the most interesting and curious of modern additions to the literature of dueling, says the *Saturday Review*, is afforded by Monsieur Théodore de Graves's "Les Drames de l'Epee," to which Monsieur Jules Claretie has written a preface, which in its own way is equally interesting. Monsieur de Graves's very curious and interesting hook deals, to a very great extent, with the fortunes of a club which was formed at Bordeaux in the 1830 period, under the name of the *Fraternelle*, for the sole purpose of exterminating the professional hoolies and duelists—the *bretteurs*, as they were called—who infested the place and made the lives of wives and mothers an unceasing anxiety. There are still *bretteurs*, Monsieur Claretie tells us; but as the new romanticists are but the shadow of the *chevelus* of 1830, so is the modern *bretteur* but a poor creature to those who practised the *coup du Colonel Zanceschi* or the *coup du cochon*. The first of these, known also—as Monsieur Claretie omits to state—as the *botte de Nevers*, consisted in fixing your point just between your adversary's eyebrows. The second took the name from the fact that the point severed the artery beneath the ear. Monsieur Claretie goes on to tell a story of what befell one of these *bretteurs* who managed to pick a quarrel with an *honnête bourgeois* who occupied the same room with him at an inn. "We will fight to-morrow," said the duelist. "On the contrary, we will fight now," replied the *bourgeois*; and, attacking the bully with his fist, beat him into a mummy. "We will do this," he added, "as often as you like;" and the next day the knight of the foil left the town. Later on Monsieur Claretie tells again the pleasing story of the duel between Sainte-Beuve and Dubois of the *Globe*. Sainte-Beuve appeared upon the ground with a pistol of the time of Francis I., and holding an umbrella (it poured with rain) over his head. To all protestations he answered: "Gentlemen, Monsieur Dubois has undertaken to kill me to-day. Very well; I am willing to be killed, but I will not get wet." As late as the days of Benjamin Constant we find something like the conditions of editorial life in the Far West prevailing in Paris. Both Constant and a friend of his, a retired colonel, who was a shareholder and collaborator in his paper, were weary of continual challenges and duels, and set to work to find some one who should do the editorial fighting. Such a one was found in an old soldier, who had served under the colonel, and who said, when the place was offered to him, that he must consult his wife. "You have a wife?" said the colonel. "Yes, sir, and three children." "In that case let us talk no more of it; I will find you something else to do." The soldier, however, whom the colonel assumed to be a good fencer, insisted; his wife consented, and he took the place. Two duels came quickly upon him, and in both he was wounded, and thoroughly well looked after by Constant and the colonel, who showered presents upon his wife and children. A third duel came, and the colonel said: "Come, no child's play this time. One, two, and down with your man." The old soldier was wounded again, and the colonel asked him: "What has happened to you, Vincent? You, a vieux de la vieille, to be worsted like this three times running!" "Ah, mon colonel," Vincent replied, "what can you expect? I had nothing to do; I had a wife and three children; you offered me this place, which is well paid. I took it. But, as for fencing, I know nothing whatever about it." "Voilà cette fois," says Monsieur Claretie, "du vrai courage," and he does not seem to be far wrong. The club of the *Fraternelle*, with which Monsieur de Graves deals, was, as has been said, founded in the 1830 period in Bordeaux, and the things which led to its being founded were such things as these. The Comte de Larillière, one of the well-horn among the *bretteurs*, met one day in the street a business man named Castera walking with his young and pretty wife. He advanced to him, and said with a polite how, "I beg your pardon, but I have made a bet with my friend here, whom I beg to introduce to you, that I would kiss your wife while she was walking with you"—here the other man turned livid—"after having given you a slap in the face." Castera fought him next day with pistols. The count's first shot hit Castera on the right ear, his second on the left. Before the third he said: "Cette fois je ferai mouche," and with the third he shot Castera through the eye. Castera was avenged in a manner dramatic enough. One night, as Larillière sat in his favorite seat in a *café*, while a masked ball was going on hard by, a stranger in a domino and mask came up to him, overturned his glass of punch, and ordered a glass of orgeat instead. Larillière, for the first time in his life, turned pale and cried: "You scoundrel, you don't know who I am." "Oh, yes," the stranger replied, "I know who you are quite well," and with the words forced him down into the chair from which he had risen. The orgeat was brought, and the stranger, holding a pistol to Larillière's head, said: "Unless you drink this off I shall blow out your brains on the spot; if you drink it off, I will do you the honor of fighting you to-morrow." "With the sahré?" cried Larillière, who had lately been practicing with that arm, and had acquired some skill. "How you like," said the stranger. Then, as Larillière drank off the orgeat, he added: "I have humbled you enough to-night. I put off killing you until to-morrow." The morrow came, the adversaries met, and Larillière found that he had met his match. The stranger left him not a moment's breathing space; but never followed up his attacks, until at last Larillière cried, insolently: "When are you going to kill me?" "Now," said the stranger, for the first time using his sahré like a dueling sword, and lunging straight toward Larillière's heart. Masses were said in the churches of Bordeaux for this man, who kept his name secret, and who rid the town of its scourge. This, however, was before the days of the *Fraternelle*, and yet more terrible duels took place before the *Fraternelle* was founded. One was between the two principal *bretteurs* of the place, and was a duel which began, without witnesses, in a bed-room, and was continued from time to time until Claveau, having deliberately killed his infamous friend, accomplice, and subsequently enemy, the Marquis de Lignano, in a pistol duel, ended his own by suicide. In one of the duels with swords between Claveau, who hated the Marquis, made a feint at his head, and nailed his right foot to the ground with his sword.

A NEW YORK WEDDING.

A Marriage which took the Lustre from all of its Predecessors.

At last we have had a wedding in New York which takes rank indisputably as the most brilliant in the history of the city. For years we have wrestled with this problem. It has kept many worthy citizens awake at night, and induced numberless quarrels and heart-burnings. The first Miss Lorillard's wedding was about as fine as anything we had seen up to that time; but the wedding of Mamie Astor quite cast it in the shade. Then Bessie Morgan's marriage to August Belmont Jr. took first rank with some difficulty, until Miss Vanderbilt and Doctor Webb were united at the cash outlay of a couple of hundred thousand dollars. But Miss Berryman's nuptial ceremonies cast grave doubts on the position of the others, and all were jeopardized by Miss Jerome's marriage. A week ago it would have been impossible to fix upon any one wedding which would take rank as the most brilliant and impressive of them all. Now, all is settled, and we once more enjoy repose, for Fanny Ida Helmuth's wedding leaves everything else we ever had out of sight in the rear. It was a nuptial pageant on a scale of uncommon magnificence.

In the first place, Ida Helmuth is herself a girl of very superior beauty. She is above the average height of women, and carries her head like a queen. Her beauty is not of the soft or gentle kind, but clear, striking, and sharply cut. Her profile is as finely chiseled as a cameo, and her eyes bright and dazzling. She is the kind of girl who is more brilliant than her surroundings. She is the only daughter of a very wealthy and aristocratic physician, Doctor William Tod Helmuth, and has been reared with the idea of becoming a society woman. Her graces are natural; her accomplishments unlimited. The groom—poor devils are these grooms at a wedding, you know, and utterly unworthy of attention—is Lieutenant Wright Prescott Edgerton, son of ex-Governor Edgerton, of Ohio. He is a popular officer, stationed with the Second Artillery, U. S. A., at West Point. The bride some years ago went up the Hudson to West Point, with a party from New York, and met there the tall and distinguished looking young officer. He rides and dances well, and is popular among his comrades. I am told that he has many relatives and connexions in San Francisco. Three thousand invitations were issued for the wedding, and they were not cast about promiscuously either. The ceremony was performed in Saint Bartholomew's Church, by the Lord Bishop of Huron, Isaac Helmuth, assisted by the Reverend Doctors Cooks and Percival, of New York. As it drew near to the time the throng began to pour into the church, many ladies being obliged to walk several blocks in light evening slippers, so dense was the crush of carriages. It seemed as though all the diamonds in New York were at the wedding, and the glitter of the uniforms and decorations of the army and navy officers made a highly striking picture. General Hancock, looking simply superb in the splendor of his decorations, was present with his entire staff. His wife accompanied him. She is so very domestic, and has mourned the death of her daughter so long, that people are surprised when she appears occasionally, and say: "Why, I never knew her before that Mrs. Hancock was such a beautiful woman."

It would be tedious to describe the way the church was dressed. It seemed, in a word, to be walled in with flowers; and the people within talked and chatted vivaciously until the building fairly hummed. The wedding ceremony did not begin promptly—that would be vulgar. It is proper to be late. And so the assembly waited in chattering expectancy until half past eight, when the music of the "Bridal Chorus" burst forth, and the huge doors of roses swung open for the entrance of the bridal party. The aisle of the church was very long, fortunately, or the procession would have been too large.

First came two charming little children with roses, toddling along with happy faces and the grace inseparable from childhood. The boy—who looked like a cherub—wore one of those charming Van Dyke costumes, of garnet velvet; and the little girl, a Kate Greenaway dress, of pink silk. Hand-in-hand they wandered down the aisle, gazing with childish delight at the beautiful picture about them, and smiling happily. Following them, and at quite a distance apart, marched nine erect and handsome lieutenants of the army, in full uniform. After them, with their voluminous trains stretching out far behind, in a cloud of silk and filmy lace, walked eight bridesmaids. Four were in blue and four in pink, and each carried a huge bouquet of roses. Their corsages were cut low, and sixteen shapely arms were plainly visible to the naked eye. Then came the bride, on the arm of her father. Last of all marched another lieutenant of the army, erect, stately, and at ease. At the altar she was met by the groom and his best man, Lieutenant McComb, U. S. A. By-the-by, I may as well state here as anywhere that if you are looking for any more lieutenants, you are doomed to disappointment. The list is now complete. Twelve ought to satisfy any one. I am only surprised that there were twelve such handsome lieutenants at West Point, for the ones I have met heretofore have had a tendency to shortness of stature and weakness as to mustache. As the three clergymen moved forward to the rail the vast assemblage rose, and the ceremony was performed with the utmost impressiveness. Then the children walked gayly up the aisle—how charming they were! Their entire innocence and lack of conventionality contrasted wonderfully with the appearance of the wedding cortege, and provoked a smile that was almost tearful on many a woman's face. The bride and groom then walked slowly up the long aisle, as the deafening strains of the wedding march poured forth, followed by the father and the best man, the eight military ushers escorting the bridesmaids, and ending in the person of the handsome lieutenant who walked alone.

It was a magnificent wedding, and I hope every one is pleased that it went off without a flaw. But I fear it was almost too pretentious. It seemed to lack something that ought to be the feature of all weddings. I think, if I should ever have an insane freak and decide to get some one to share my lounging existence, our nuptials would be celebrated at a little church away from a pushing multitude of eager men. However, I find that this notion is not received with any degree of enthusiasm by the world at large. I men-

tioned it in deep and earnest tones to that portion of the world at large that was compassed in the person of a pretty girl at this particularly gorgeous wedding, and she remarked, with great decision:

"You are quite out of your mind. Nothing in all of this great earth could be better than this! It's just awfully splendid!"

"Yes, but, you see, it—er—sort—er—lacks something."

"What?"

"Soul."

"Well," she said, gazing at me with an air of candor that was somehow rather embarrassing, "it would be all right if you were in it. You are all soul, you know."

I perceived that this was satire, and said that I objected to being jeered at, but she only smiled and talked more rapturously of the wedding. I suppose women really believe that it is the only way to get married. This bride received one hundred and seventy-six presents, and was the bright particular star of the reception that followed the church service. A privileged society matron said to General Hancock, during the evening:

"Dear me, what a come-down it will be for the poor girl to settle down to the bum-drum life of a lieutenant's wife. And—horrors! suppose he should be ordered to the frontier! But I'm sure, general, you wouldn't do that?"

"Such are the vicissitudes of war, madam," with a smile.

"But you wouldn't do it?"

"Soldiers must suffer," answered the general, still smiling. She failed utterly in her efforts to get any sort of a half-way promise from the commander. He has a level head, has General Hancock, and only says what he means.

Mr. A. M. Palmer, manager of the Union Square Theatre, gave a charming little breakfast to Mr. Charles Wyndham Thursday morning, at which there were nearly all the prominent theatrical people now in town. The breakfast was served at twelve o'clock, in the new Hotel Dam—the name may strike you as being odd. It is the new hotel built by Andrew Dam, who runs the Union Square Hotel and the Astor House here. He insisted upon calling his new hostelry by a rather striking name, and one that really conveys no idea of its elegance and beauty. But to return to the breakfast. It was eaten in three hours, and was, I must confess, rather a dull meal. No long speeches were given, which was a blessing under the circumstances, and the guests went quietly home after the affair was over with the impression that they had been doing something highly decorous and courteous, but just a little stupid. I remember very well that some years ago I felt greatly delighted at getting my first invitation to an actor's supper in George Browne's old place. I went joyfully forth, expecting to have a howling night of gaiety. It seemed to me that actors must be the jolliest and wittiest of men at table, and I expected much. I was never more completely undeceived. It has occurred to me many times since that I will always be disappointed in these things. The fact is, the suppers a man gets at college totally unfit him for anything later in life, and he is bored by everything that has not snap, and vim, and go. But, for a sober fact, actors are undoubtedly stupid in social life.

NEW YORK, November 17, 1882.

FLANEUR.

It has been decided by a judge in Idaho that the refusal of a hoarder to eat codfish-halls does not justify the keeper of the restaurant in shooting him. A case occurred in Wyoming Territory, during the period of building the Union Pacific Railroad, where a person was acquitted of the crime of murder for killing a passenger who refused to eat sausages in the hall. We presume these cases must have rested upon the usage and custom of the country, rather than upon the quality of the fish-halls or the sausages. In our judgment the presumptions of law should favor the accused who refuses to eat either, except in self-defense. Now comes Nevada with another crime unknown to the code or the common law. Sullivan shoots Miller for wearing his hat in a hall-room. This has not yet reached a hearing. We can not anticipate what the theory of the defense will be, but the verdict will be, no doubt, justifiable homicide. If Wyoming, Idaho, and Nevada would send to the chain-gang every cowardly blackguard who carries a pistol, decent citizens might be permitted to refuse codfish-halls or sausages, and wear hats with impunity.

Saphir was a remarkably ugly Jew, who was deformed in person, who lived several centuries ago in Germany, and who was a marvel of satirical wit. Nobody was ever known to have got the better of him in repartee. Many of his retorts have been handed down to the present time. The following was his style of talking back to people: He was traveling in a stage-coach in company with two Jesuits, who made allusions to the personal appearance of Saphir, and were disposed to make fun of him generally. He put up with it for some time, but finally he asked: "Who are you two fellows, anyhow?" "We belong to the Society of Jesus." "Which society of Jesus?—his first or his last?" "What do you mean?" "Well, his first society were donkeys in the manger, and his last were thieves on Mount Calvary. Now I want to know to which of these societies you belong?"

The strange and horrible scenes enacted nightly in some of the ordinarily frequented quarters of Paris would make one imagine that the most civilized people of the universe had suddenly become more savage and lawless than the Ku-klux Klan of America. It is not an uncommon thing for a foot-passenger, returning home from the theatre, to be stayed in his promenade by a human form flung from an upper window and falling lifeless at his feet. Nor is it rare to be accosted by a group of brigands, who pinion their victim behind while the accomplice rifles his pockets.

Obscure Intimations.

"Orin Belknap," Spokane Falls, W. T.—You remark, apropos of our printing "John A. Logan" as "John M. Logan," that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Very true, Orin, so it is. The man who possesses it in such perfection as to always get middle initials correctly, is none the less valuable in a newspaper office. He generally gets \$2.50 a week. In addition to correcting initials, he sweeps out, during his leisure time.

"C." Anaheim.—1. We do not think either of the MSS. you mention would be available for us. 2. Editorial articles are not desired. 3. Yes, we pay.

SOCIETY.

DEAR BESS: With the cold weather has come an intimation that the holidays are at hand, and with them additional demand for the deft devices in Kensington, knitting, crochet, painting, etc. So busy have most of the ladies been in their various vocations, that they have hardly noted the unusual stagnation in the social community. Some efforts have been made at festivity, however, and among the most noticeable was the reception last Friday evening of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Lohse, introducing into society their daughter Jessie. The floral decorations were elegant, the supper nicely gotten up, and to the soft strains of music the dancers wended their way through the intricate mazes with spirit and enjoyment. This was strictly a young folks party, a feature quite national in its being so thoroughly American; for nowhere else could the indispensable chaperone be so nicely disposed of. Among those present were the Misses Durbow, Miss Bessie Kittle, Miss Georgie Hammond, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Kate Oiler, Miss Lulu Perry, the Misses Enlton, Miss Kate Hutchinson, Miss Jennie Vassault, Miss Elam, Miss Masten, Miss Carrie Corner, Miss Morrill, Miss Maud Miller, the Misses Bigley, and Miss Annie Shaw; of the gentlemen there were Mr. Walter Gilmore, Mr. Roundtree, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Harry Durbow, Mr. Pray, Mr. Bergin, Mr. Gerberding, Mr. H. Hall, Mr. E. Scott, Mr. Page, Mr. Eli Hutchinson, Mr. Perry Kewen, Messrs. Hellman, Mr. Stafford, Mr. Parker, Mr. E. Coleman, and Messrs. Herman.

Another young people's gathering was an informal musicale and dance given by Mr. E. Sheldon, Thursday evening, during his occupancy of the Collier mansion. It was the occasion of bringing together a number of our young society people, as well as many of the army officers stationed here. Mrs. Low, Mrs. Blanding, Mrs. Buford, and Mrs. Breckinridge assisted in receiving and acting as chaperones. The musical exercises displayed much amateur talent, and, with dancing and a good supper, concluded the evening's enjoyment. Among those present were the Misses Ogden, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Miss May Smith, Miss Jennie Flodin, Miss Addie Mills, Miss Blanding, Miss Lucas, Miss Bessie Slade, Miss Jarboe, Miss Ashe, Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Sullivan, and Messrs. George Crocker, R. Pease, Carlton Coleman, George Pinkard, J. Leroy Nikel, Lieutenant Tait, Lieutenant Bailey, Harry Gillig, H. McDowell, Charles Platt, A. Bowie, Harry Tevis, M. Wilson, Porter Ashe, Frank Carolin, Will Thornton, H. Redington, E. N. Greenway, Harold and Alfred Wheeler, H. Hussey, Captain Dillinbeck, Lieutenant Payson, Ernest White, and Messrs. Lucas and Nicholson.

Those participating last Saturday in the Pacific Yacht Club hop report an enjoyable time, though neither that nor the San Francisco Yacht Club closed with much gaiety as their auspicious opening promised; yet, after the music of Ballenberg and the informal good cheer provided, the guests dispersed at eight o'clock, well satisfied with the efforts of the members. An interesting feature of the afternoon was the presentation of prizes to the successful competitors in the last regatta. The first prizes, awarded to the *Aggie*, were a solid silver berry-dish and spoon, donated by John Ray Hamilton; also a silver goblet and champion flag, donated by members. The schooner *Adelle* was awarded the second prize of a silver berry-bowl, donated by the club, and the sloop *Annie* won the third prize, a silver goblet, donated by P. Magowan.

A most interesting event occurred last Wednesday in Oakland. It was the golden wedding of Judge Crockett, in commemoration of the time when he, a young man of twenty-two, plighted himself to be all that was nearest and dearest to a sweet young girl of sixteen. Fifty years have passed, and, after all the chances that fortune and health are liable to, they were again enabled to celebrate the anniversary by sitting down with their children and grandchildren.

I hear there are most energetic rehearsals going on for the first of the promised series of Grand Hotel musicales. This season's entertainments at the Presidio were inaugurated by a luncheon on last Wednesday, given by Major Breckinridge to several of his brother officers, and it was followed on Friday evening by an informal hop well attended by many of our society people. Apropos of military receptions, General and Mrs. Schofield have taken possession of the house at Black Point, and will receive Saturdays.

The kettle-drums promise to be revived, and, as an inaugural, next Monday, at B'nai B'rith, will be the occasion of benefiting one of the private hospitals of the city. The ladies impressed into service, (disbursing refreshments and vending tickets,) are some of our society leaders, which will no doubt add much to the selectness of the affair.

The banjo has become a popular and fashionable instrument East; and, catching the infection, some of our young society folks have organized a "banjo club." The members propose meeting at the house of Miss Lena Ashe. The club is composed of forty members. None of them are proficient as yet, but hope to be as assiduous effort.

The proposed Germans remain in statu quo. It is feared they will fall through; but the project will no doubt receive some impetus which will enable the arrangements to be concluded. As a suggestion, I would note very agreeable "Occasions" which have lately been introduced in Paris by a leading New York society gentleman, Mr. Ed. M. Curtis, and the Countess of Trobiand. Variety seems to be the feature—music, recitations, theatricals, and charades.

But I see I have exhausted the week's news, and must close with a promise of more anon. Ever your friend, DORA.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 23, 1882.

The Robinson Party.

The winter gayeties at the Palace, the general headquarters for winter gayeties, were inaugurated on Tuesday night by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, who gave a farewell party to Miss Nina Platt, who is on the eve of departure for Rochester, N. Y. The conveniences for entertaining have been so thoroughly arranged in the Palace, that a party given there can scarcely fail to be a success. The floral decorations were unusually abundant, and the supper-table was a *chef d'œuvre*. It was observed by many that the number of wall-flowers was unusually small, and the number of dancing men unusually abundant. It was essentially a young people's party, and the few who lined the walls were dowager chaperones, and held their place from choice. Youth and pleasure met and chased the glowing hours till none were left.

The party was a very brilliant affair, and in many ways alike abundantly testified the charming hospitality of the hostess and the esteem and affection in which the principal guest of the evening is held. The guests commenced to arrive a little before nine, and dancing commenced half an hour afterward. The party took place in the main parlors of the hotel, which were brilliantly illuminated and tastefully decorated, a most conspicuous feature of the floral ornamentation being dependent spheres of pansies and other flowers from the chandeliers, which were otherwise enlivened with smilax and kindred evergreens. There were no dance-cards, which is *en regle*. Refreshments were served during the evening, and supper at midnight on small tables.

Among the costumes the same predilection for white was observed that held sway last winter, and a growing tendency to trained dresses.

Mrs. Robinson received in a costume at once exceedingly rich and exquisitely delicate, a combination of very pale pink satin and duchesse lace. Miss Platt in white silk with lace quillings.

The growing fancy for the picturesque was displayed to some extent. Miss Nellie Wood wore a white satin with peplum of pale blue, with a chaplet of ivy leaves, *a la Norma*.

Miss Lillie Hastings, in a court-trained red satin and a picturesque coiffure, was reminiscent of the court of Louis XV.

Miss Amy Crocker, of Sacramento, in an elegant pink satin, cut *en cœur* and covered with rich bead-work. Two humming-birds were poised for flight upon her shoulders, and two tinier ones nestled in her hair.

Miss Johnson, in white, and her hair bound with thin filets of silver, was in the Greek style.

Miss Annie Bradley, in a short pink silk, with baby waist and broad sash, in the style of the First Empire.

Miss Bessie Sedgwick was in white, with Spanish lace trimmings.

Miss Mollie Dodge (just returned from her trip East) was in blue satin with cascades of Valenciennes.

Miss Nellie Trowbridge, long white satin.

Miss Kate Felton, short white satin with pearl embroideries.

Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, a rich Paris costume of cream color covered with oriental embroideries.

Mrs. Schmiedel, pale blue satin, and a parure of diamonds.

Mrs. Harry Newton, light blue silk and pearl embroideries.

Mrs. Rutherford, white satin, court train, with embroidered front of iridescent beads. Coiffure à la Langtry.

Mrs. R. C. Hooker, pink cashmere and black lace.

Mrs. James Withington, white satin and Valenciennes lace.

Mrs. Loomis, a cream satin richly embroidered and Elizabethan ruff. Miss Susie Russell had on a cream-colored satin, embroidered in pearls and trimmed with Spanish lace.

Among the many present there were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Mr. and Mrs. L. Henry Newton, Miss Nettie Schmiedel, Morris Newton, Judge and Mrs. Ross, General and Mrs. Schofield, Miss Nellie Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. D. Sharon, Senator Sharon, Miss Florence McKune, Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, William Bauman, W. R. Paine, H. Bolland, C. J. Swift, Charles Felton, Miss Katie Felton, Miss Mamie Kohl, the Misses McAllister, Harall Moore, the Misses Moore, Miss Minnie Mizner, Miss Addie Mills, Miss Haws, Miss Caldwell, Miss Polhemus, G. B. Polhemus, Miss Nellie Trowbridge, Consul Olarovsky, J. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Goad, Mr. Schofield, Lieutenant C. R. Schofield, Miss Schofield, John Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Miss Amy Crocker, Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Kittle, Miss Mamie Woodward, John W. Taylor, and many others. Those who attended the reception on Tuesday made their party calls last evening, and there followed an enjoyable affair, hardly second to that of the twenty-first. Miss Platt departs for the East this afternoon.

Notes and Gossip.

The many friends of Mrs. Harold Holderness gave her an affectionate greeting upon her arrival here from the East on Wednesday last. Mrs. Daniel Cook returned from Los Angeles on Sunday last. Dr. S. D. Cogswell and Mrs. Cogswell returned from the East on Wednesday last. Senator Miller and family are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, where they will remain until after the marriage of Miss May Crittenden. Hon. Leland Stanford and Mrs. Stanford, accompanied by their son and Miss Lizzie Hull, are at the Windsor Hotel, New York. Mayor Blake, who has been quite ill, is in a state of convalescence. William G. Griffin, United States Consul at Auckland, sailed for that place on the Zealandia on Sunday last. Miss Ada Ryland, who has been visiting in this city several weeks, returned to San José on Saturday last. General A. McD. McCook has been visiting Southern California, accompanied by his niece and daughter. Miss Minnie Mizner has been visiting the city during the week, but has returned to Benicia. Major and Mrs. Whitney, who were up here from San Diego most of last week, have returned to that place, where, of course, Mrs. Whitney at once became a great favorite. Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman have arrived in New York. Commodore Charles H. Baldwin, U. S. N., who has been at the Palace for a week or two, has returned to Washington. Mrs. Parrott and Miss Parrott have arrived in Paris. Medical Director Jacob S. Duncan, U. S. N., left for Yokohama on Wednesday last. John L. Chamberlain and Harry C. Benham, U. S. A., have been at the Occidental during the week. Major M. R. Morgan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morgan and her two children, are at the Palace. Lieutenant-Commander George E. Ide, U. S. N., was at the Occidental on Saturday and Sunday last. Mrs. Doctor Kellogg, of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. Louis Sloss, who has been roaming over Europe for nearly three years, returned home on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbs have gone East. Cards are out for the party to be given in Oakland on next Wednesday evening, by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Miller. Mrs. George D. Roberts and her daughter have returned to the city for the winter. Mrs. P. D. Brown, of Oakland, leaves for the East to-day, to remain away all winter. Mrs. W. R. Fisher, of Stockton, is visiting Mrs. John McMullin; the many friends of Mrs. Governor Kinkaid, of Nevada, will be glad to know that she will be in the city next week as the guest of Mrs. McMullin. Mrs. W. T. Coleman will return to the city from San Rafael on or about the first of December, permanently for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and their niece, Miss Mollie Dodge, who have been enjoying Indian summer in New York and elsewhere in the East, returned to San Francisco on Tuesday last. Assistant-Engineer George W. Snyder, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Tuesday last. Mrs. G. W. Jones and Miss Daisy Jones, of Benicia, who have been visiting in the East, have returned. Senator Grover, of Oregon, tarried here a day or two last week while on his way to Washington. Lieutenant Howell, U. S. N., is in Paris. Miss Josie Mallard, of Los Angeles, is visiting friends at the Navy Yard. Mr. Albert Castle returned home last week after nearly a year's absence in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Herman, accompanied by their granddaughter, Miss Mamie Tucker, went down to Monterey on Saturday last, to pass a few days. Colonel James Zabriske, formerly of the army, but now United States District Attorney for Arizona, is visiting in this city for the first time in many years; the colonel is a brother of Mrs. R. H. Sinton. C. Adolph Low has been passing a few days at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McMullin and Miss L. E. McMullin, T. R. McMullin, and W. O. Lake, of Chicago, arrived in Los Angeles by special car a few days ago, and will spend the winter at the Sierra Madre Villa and elsewhere in Southern California. Mrs. T. B. Reynolds, Miss Reynolds, Miss Stetson, and Miss Hastings went to Monterey for a few days on Saturday last. Hon. Eugene L. Sullivan has returned from his ocean trip up the northern coast. Miss Jennie Galatin has returned to Sacramento from Benicia. Mrs. E. B. Crocker went up to Sacramento on Saturday last. Mrs. Robert Graves and Miss Graves are at Monterey. Lieutenant Haskell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Haskell, who have been at the Grand for some few weeks, have gone East. The next "Literary" at the Navy Yard will take place on the first Thursday in December, at the residence of Captain and Mrs. Boyd. Captain William Kohl, of San Mateo, who has been in the East for nearly six months, returned home on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. William Norris also returned from the East on Thursday. Lieutenant George H. Morgan, of the Third Cavalry, U. S. A., who was wounded in the last Apache troubles in Arizona, and who is well known in this city, was married to Miss Mollie Brounson in Omaha on the first instant. The announcement in the *Argonaut*, some weeks ago, of the wedding-day of Miss Katy A. Hutchinson and Mr. John F. Olmstead, of Washington, may now be supplemented by the announcement of their nuptials, which were celebrated at Miss Hutchinson's home in Washington, No. 169 Massachusetts Avenue, on the eighth instant. Mrs. General W. H. L. Barnes, who tarried some time after leaving Cambridge with her relatives and friends on the Hudson, returned home on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. D. Ogden Mills will remain as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Maturin Livingston at their place on the Hudson during the winter. Mr. and Mrs. E. Barrett, of Oakland, returned from the East on Sunday last. Rev. C. T. Mills, of Mills Seminary, who has been visiting in Los Angeles, has returned. Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Garrett, have been spending the week in Los Angeles. Mrs. Colton has returned from Southern California. There are quite a number of San Francisco ladies in Los Angeles, among whom are Mrs. Captain Mrs. A. H. Wilcox, and the Misses Mamie, Fannie, and Tulita Wilcox, H. M. Newhall, and Mrs. G. Palache. Governor Pitkin, of Colorado, has been visiting in Southern California during the week. General G. Pitcher, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pitcher and son arrived here from the East yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sargent, who have lately returned from their wedding tour, gave receptions at the Palace on Tuesday and Thursday, the twenty-first and twenty-third instant. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Kimball, who have been at the Lick for a year or more, have taken up their residence at the Grand. Hon. T. D. Mott and Mrs. Mott of Los Angeles, and Miss George Mott, are at the Grand. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson have taken up their residence for a while at the Palace. Mrs. De Guigné gave a dinner to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donahoe at the Parrott residence on Folsom Street on Tuesday evening last. Evan J. Coleman returns from the East to-day, accompanied by a brother. There will be a hop at the Presidio on Friday evening next, and alternate Friday evenings thereafter during the season. Mrs. H. R. Judah, of Menlo, who has been in the East for a month or more, will return home to-morrow. Mrs. Samuel Holladay and her two daughters, who have been passing nearly a year in Europe, have arrived in New York, and will leave that city in time to arrive here on or about the first of December. Mrs. General Kautz is contemplating a European visit. Mrs. Major Samuel T. Cushing, of Vancouver barracks, with her family, will spend the coming winter at 914 Pine Street.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day. So declared by President Arthur. We are glad that he made his proclamation before election, else we fear this interesting festival had been postponed till the political reaction, and perhaps that is an indefinite period. Thanksgiving Day means, primarily, gratitude to the good God who is the hounteous giver of all good things, the source from whence all blessings flow; and, secondarily, it is the day of feasting upon fat things, the day upon which we piously stuff ourselves and our children, and in gratitude eat. It is a day of rejoicing to children, and a day of tribulation to turkeys; a day of roast and boiled fowls, chicken pie, and plum-puddings. Our own good and wise Governor also commends to all within his political jurisdiction that they be thankful, pray, and eat, in testimony of their appreciation of the gifts of the bountiful Giver. We have everything to be thankful for. First, for the elections; and then for national prosperity, peace with all nations, bounteous harvests, plenty abounding throughout the land, and in California a year of progress, health, and abundance. We have escaped the comet, elected Stoneman, and, in addition to a bounteous harvest and an abundant grape crop, we have our climate, and Doctor McDonald, and Holtz for city assessor, and other blessings too numerous to mention. In the midst of our own rejoicing and feasting, our own prosperity and happiness, let us not forget that in the vicissitudes of our history good people have come to grief, and that rich people have become poor. As we gather our own families around the happy fireside, and place our legs beneath the mahogany groaning with good things to eat and lemonade, let us remember those to whom God has not been good, those upon whom he has frowned, those whose poor homes are bare and destitute, those whose children wear pinched and hungry faces, those who are sick, and those who are poor and proud and are hiding away in tenement house and alley to escape the eyes that would pity them. There are such, and they are many in this great, rich, bustling, busy city of San Francisco. There is in our midst an association of young girls known as "The Flower Mission." They are fair-faced, rosy-cheeked, pretty girls; young, tender-hearted, and generous; full of kindness and sympathy; acting, and willing to act, as the almoners of the bounties of generous people; volunteering to visit the sick and the poor, and hunting out the shrinking and sensitive ones, who steal away to bide their crime of poverty in secret places—the proud poor, who have seen better days. These girls visit hospitals with flowers; carry soups, jellies, and good things to the poor and sick; carry their bright, saucy faces into sick-rooms, and make them blaze with the radiance of their sunny smiles. There is healing in the cool, soft, velvet touch of a bright, cheerful girl to the head that burns in fever or the heart that aches with pain. One such touch and one such smile are medicine to the mind diseased—worth more than all the prayers of paid preachers and all the ministrations of professional philanthropy. On Thursday next the girls of the Flower Mission, 713 Mission Street, will send out seventy-five Thanksgiving dinners to such poor people as, after personal investigation, they shall find to be deserving. There will be seventy-five boxes, each containing a Thanksgiving turkey, two heads of celery, vegetables in variety, cranberry sauce, and dessert, dried fruits, candy for the children, dates, prunes, figs, nuts, raisins, and all sorts of good things, with pies and cakes and sugar-cookies. And now we say to the readers of the *Argonaut*: We desire you, and each of you, to contribute to this charity. Send your gifts on Wednesday, in time for arrangement and distribution. Everything we have named will be acceptable, and, in addition, sugar, coffee, tea, and chocolate; butter—good, fresh dairy butter, no oleomargarine; pumpkin pies, and especially—very especially—nice, rich sugar-cookies, as they will keep. Fruit—fresh, dried, or in cans—is acceptable. Anything that is good for sick people, and any delicacy that will tempt the appetite, these girls will cheerfully receive and distribute. Persons having flower gardens and conservatories should send flowers for distribution. Violets are now in season, and the French hospital has not received a bouquet in over three weeks. Only think of the happiness of a sick Frenchman at the receipt of a bouquet of fresh violets with their rich perfume! People from the country are more generous, it is said, than people from the town. Let each send a box of apples, grapes, or other fruit, or a box of raisins. They come freight-free by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, and the boxes, baskets, and other packages returned. One country lady has promised ten turkeys. If this notice is read too late for Thursday, send along anything that will keep. And to all of those of our readers who have no turkeys, fruits, edibles, or flowers to send, send money. Money is always acceptable. During the first year of the Mission, it only received twenty dollars. The next year it had five hundred dollars. This last year one thousand dollars have been sent. Next year the girls want two thousand dollars. They want three hundred dollars to hire two carriages for distribution one day each week. Money, kind, generous reader—money for the sick and poor who have seen better days; money not to be wasted by professional philanthropists, bired secretaries, and paid almoners. The Flower Mission work is all done by young girls who volunteer—not a sour-face or a preacher among them. Let those who have an abundance think of this, and give; let those who have known poverty themselves think and give; let those who fear it may come to them think and give; and, our word for it, every dollar shall reach the head-side or fire-side of the suffering poor. The Flower Mission is No. 713 Mission Street, opposite the Grand Opera House. The time to fill thanksgiving baskets is Wednesday.

If there is one place in life more satisfactory than another it is the barber's shop. To sit in cushioned easy chairs, with legs extended across a carpeted rest, with head thrown back upon an adjusted support, nicely tucked about the neck with clean towels, and submit to the gentle manipulation of a colored artist, is to realize all that this world affords of creature comfort. The German or Italian barber is a failure. The Irish barber we never saw. The white barber we eschew. It seems to us that no white man should handle a razor or shears, and that no American should play a fiddle. The true barber is the colored man, and be should be clean

of person, sweet of breath, gentle of touch, low in voice, and full of gossip. When a white barber asks how we are, we resent the impertinent familiarity. When he takes us by the nose or plucks at our beard, we shrink from the touch as though we had had our nose pulled. Did any one, native American born, ever subject himself the second time to a hair-frizzing Frenchman, exuding garlic at every pore, or to a plethoric Dutchman filled with lager-beer and limberger cheese? The writer was shaved the other day by a female on Market Street, and he liked it. There is a ravishingly sweet sensation in having one's head gently supported just off the hard, crescent thing that clasps the base of the brain. A man likes the gentle, undulating motion that assures him that the respiratory organs of the fair barberous one are calmly performing their duty without heat or excitement. We have an ideal barber: a "lady," young, not too bewitching in manner, in perfect health, strong-limbed, deep-chested, with *embonpoint*, small hands, white arms, sweet breath, voice like the melodious cooing dove, low, musical, and soft, a touch of velvet, dressed neatly, cleanly of course, and redolent of sweet perfumes. The barber-shop should be a boudoir, with fresco, frieze, and dado; cool, soft pictures in oil, hidden here and there, animals switching flies, meadow, shade, and running brook; draperies of lace, subdued light, and only one barber's chair, with a waiting-room for the next gentleman. Then what becomes of our colored brother? We reconcile our tastes, and our ideal female barber shall be black.

SANTA CRUZ, November 20, 1882.—DEAR OLLA-PODRIDA: I am curious to know what distinction, if any, you make between the Pope's Democratic Irish and the Pope's Republican Irish? I am an Irishman, Catholic, but a strong Republican in politics. Took your advice, however, and voted against Este. Am I a good fellow, or am I a "flannel mouth?" Respectfully, PATRICK NOLAN.

DEAR PATRICK: There is no doubt about it: you are a good fellow. You are one of those exceptions we have been making all the way along. You are probably not a very good Catholic; hence, we are prepared to admit that you may be a very good citizen. And now, Patrick, let us ask, if you had sore eyes, would send to the holy spring at Lourdes for miraculous water? Would you wear a tin medal blessed by Saint Anybody to prevent you from baving fits? Would you put this tin medal into a horse-trough to cure a sick horse, or, if you were going to sea, would you wear a blessed cross to prevent you from being drowned or hanged? If you had rheumatism, gout, or one leg were shorter than the other, do you believe that boly cement from the miraculous gable of the parish church at Knock has the power to cure you or make your leg grow? If you did a mean and wicked thing—if, for instance, you *had* voted for Este—would you go to a priest and confess?—and, if you did, are you ignorant and bigoted enough to believe that this priest could do you any good, or that he could get any nearer the great white throne to ask for divine intercession than you could? If your grandfather should be suddenly kicked to death by a mule, and sent all unprepared to his last account, do you believe he would bring up in purgatory, and that from purgatory he could be prayed up to the golden harp and golden pavement by masses for his soul, mumbled in Latin by an Irish priest for coin? And, dear Patrick, would you pay coin?—and, if so, how much for the repose of the soul of the ancient Nolan? Do you think the Pope is the civil as well as spiritual ruler of the world? If he is the viceregent of God—His representative on earth, infallible in wisdom, with the power of the All-powerful—then he ranks our President, and should have authority over our country and its people. Are you priest-ridden? When an election comes along, does some snuff-taking old man, or some flabby boy in a white cravat and coat with a stand-up collar, presume to take you aside and threaten you with extra purgatorial punishment if you don't vote for General Rosecrans for Congress, or Dave Belden for Superior Judge? And now, in conclusion, friend Nolan, if you edited the *Argonaut*, and were an American and not a Catholic, and didn't care a tinker's imprecation for Irish, Democrats, or priests, and you should observe a loud-mouthed, ignorant, bigoted Irishman hanging around primary conventions, getting up ward clubs, interfering in politics at all times, drunk and noisy at the polls on election day, shouting "Here's your regular Dimocratic ticket," working and sweating all day, and (when he goes home at night and passes before a church with a cross on its spire) crosses himself and mumbles a prayer; and if you were in the midst of ten thousand of this kind where they met on the sand-lot and rioted and made processions in the streets, smoking Chinese cigars, demanding that the Chinese "must go," and on banners declaring that they were suffering for bread; and if, to crown all, they got elected to State and city offices, and to judicial positions, then, friend Nolan, what in the devil's name would you call them? It strikes us that "Pope's Democratic flannel-mouthed Irish" is drawing it very mild. Yours, truly, OLLA-PODRIDA.

The December number of the *Californian* is the last. Henceforth this magazine will appear as the *Overland Monthly*. The present number contains a variety of interesting papers; among which are "The Bancroft Historical Library," by F. F. Victor; "Wandering Joe," a story by Miss Addis; and "Down the Mississippi." The prospectus for the coming year gives promise of many good things. Among the Eastern contributors will be Mrs. "H. H." Jackson, D. C. Gilman, Noah Brooks, Edgar Fawcett, W. E. Griffis, (the writer on Corea,) Doctor Edward E. Hale, William H. Baker, and others. Among the Pacific Coast authors will be John Muir, H. H. Bancroft, John R. Pomeroy, J. W. Gally, President Reid, and many others. The present number contains a largely increased advertisement list. From the fact that "Gaskell's Compendium" has finally appeared on the last page, it is to be supposed, probably, that the *Californian* is now accepted in the East as a magazine.

A very contemptible and altogether worthless Polish Jew by the name of Choynsky, who deals in second-hand hooks, has had the impudence to visit Los Angeles and to ask from General Stoneman an appointment as Registrar of Voters in San Francisco. We are opposed to the giving of this place to any foreigner, and certainly to neither of the Polish Jews who are now clamoring for it—neither Kaplan nor Choynsky.

SHE BEING A PHILOSOPHER.

After the Carnival—A Nocturne.

The man Grump had taken it into his wise head to present each participant in the Bon-Bon Booth with a box of *marrons glacés*, and Elias Tucker, knowing this beneficent intention, had said to Arabella, early in their acquaintance: "Shall I bring you yours?" with just the smallest hesitation, showing that he would not necessarily be the messenger selected; and Arabella had said: "Bring them!" with alacrity, for it established another opportunity to talk about her beloved candy trade. But when Elias spoke those few words to her on the last night of the Carnival, she thought of the day when she should receive the *marrons*, and her heart quailed a little; yet she did not tell him that he had best not bring them, and the next moment sternly asked herself why—she being a philosopher, and therefore introspective and retrospective, rather than prospective; which last might possibly do some good, whereas the first two never can.

Her answer to her self-asked question was beautiful. It was like this:

"The men in my world—really participants in the hooth, as it were—use just such phrases as Elias used, simply to give conversation a fillip and add a spice to an evening's companionship. They lay them aside and resume them as they do their canes, and why may not Elias, dealer in candy—by the stick, dear calling!—have caught up so much of a genuine participant's address? Probably he has done so. It is acting—and capitalizing assumed. I have told him that it does not please me; so when he brings the *marrons* we shall confine our conversation strictly to their manufacture. Oh, the candy trade!" Here she fell into an ecstasy. "Perversely, bitterly beloved, the wherefore of the attraction past all power of the most philosophical analysis to seize upon, why must Elias Tucker be the one man with whom it is easy to discuss these saccharine subjects, when he is under a ban? Yet why under a ban? After all, we are Americans!" Arabella's thoughts were quite startling in their boldness when she was alone—she being a philosopher.

Then she went down to the Bon-Bon Booth to receive the *marrons*, and saw Elias. They talked—how he had learned to make all his life and experience converge to the one great focus of candy-making; how he taught her that, if it ever was to be her trade, she must work into it every thought and feeling; even if she made a "sweet speech" immediately to consider its use as a motto to wrap round a burnt almond. And Arabella of the fervent temperament said, Amen! with all her might. It suited her to think of all the power in her tossed to the mighty engine that provides the world with the choicest candies, while she learned to work better and better, and, though the laurels of candy-making are so scant, amply rewarded by the absolute pleasure of the work itself, as is the case in all strenuous endeavor.

Coming out of her dream with a start, she saw Elias standing before her, with a blind look of pain in his eyes, as of one hurt to death—not shrinking at all, not appealing, but suffering exquisitely—and her heart smote her with a deep, unavailing remorse.

Arabella was accustomed to ridicule this sort of thing unsparingly. She was used to seeing the men of her world pay their little court with their cautious little vanity on the alert, their prudent little loophole of escape ever guarded for their inordinate self-esteem, their pale little preferences trying hard to catch ever so faint a glow from their lack-lustre imaginations; or else she had seen the sudden flame of unworthy passion blaze up and die, smothered in a laugh and quick curse. These vistas had not seemed of an auspicious nature.

The look in Elias's face did not, in any way, resemble these studies, nor recall them, and she felt singularly disinclined to laugh.

He had warned her and she had not heeded; she had hurt him and she was sorry. Oh, feeble, pitiful, pitiless story!

He said gently, with that simple, sturdy, ineradicable sense of justice that belongs to the Eliases, and, alas! almost never to the Arabellas of this tired world:

"You know it depends upon you whether I see you or not, Arabella."

And she, understanding the reproach, and with that bitter, passionate pang of pity even then rending her heart, told him how he might see her again, coward that she was, and weaker than a spent wave's wreath of foam. Because it was pleasant to see him, because it had become hard to refuse, and she had let it become so.

At home at night she leaned against the window and saw the lights spring up, here and there and everywhere, like fire-flies in the little homes clustered on the flat toward the west; saw the hills beyond, the red scar of the afterglow on the horizon, toward the north the frown of the mountains, and the hay darkling and quivering at their feet; and then saw, with the inward eyes, her own nature like a dim, starlighted waste, full of ruined columns of fair, heaven-reaching dreams overthrown, crumbling shrines of deserted gods, prowling wild beasts of the mind's cravings, famished for infinite delight, infinite comprehension. She caught her breath and stretched out her hands.

"You understand," she said, aloud, and her voice broke the spell—the dream was dreamed out.

Next day, or a week after, or any time, she stood upon the incoming *El Capitan*. The whole city was wrapped in a bank of warm, neutral-tinted vapor. All the houses were invisible, but the towers upon the hills that caught fire from the sun going down. It made the city like an old castled town. The sun was a disk of burning red, that, as it fell nearer the purple cloud-bank, burned away the upper, thinner films, and seemed strong enough to blaze triumphantly through all. Then one of the city's towers stood threateningly against the flaming shield, a black bar cutting the sun's plane across, while one might count seven, and then the god sank into the fleecy blue fog that he flooded and expanded with light, but could not dispel.

This pageant awoke no reverie in Arabella, as the skyey influences sometimes did—she being a philosopher. Each change merely made its impression, like lines of the printed page one is learning, and the whole remained a vivid, imperishable memory. Yet her mind was not adrift on the windless sea of mere passionate languor. She had a thought

—a distinct and controlling one—symbolized by two little words, not unmusical, that heat in her brain with tireless iteration, and shocked thought awake each time it would have gladly slept. The words were a woman's name, the name of Elias's sweetheart.

Does the phrase chime harshly, untunably with sunsets and windless seas? Does a theft jar discordantly with fair morality? She had robbed this girl of the allegiance of an honest heart. There was no surprise sprung; it was no news to Arabella that Elias had won the favor of a sweet young girl, who, but for her, would be—all a sweet young girl should be to the one who cares to woo and win.

And she should be so still!

She who had injured would atone, as far as in her lay—give back, give up, let go. The sentence she passed on herself rang these different changes.

Only a star-lighted sky should brood forever above the dim dream-landscape; the tremulous, golden dawn scorned such crape-hung heavens, and of the wrecked shafts and fragments it were well to build dykes against the inpouring desolation of the desert sand.

Smile on, Democritus, wise and well-contented old man! Pull the red scarf of creature-comfort over the brown of sere fancy, and, as you hurry away, shake a taunting finger at the heavy payment for the short delirium.

"The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!"

When thorns took place of moss for us,

Gone was all! Our hearts were graves

Deeper than the Bosphorus!"

The night fell, electric, convulsive, and snook fierce, flaunting pennons of color over the sky, but sleep was better, the heavy, dreamless sleep of exhaustion and grief. What care? The lovely, eternal changes play on above hunched fatigue and up-wondering eyes of worship, without slight to the one, without favor to the other, by the dear, the immutable, the bitterly wholesome indifference of Fate.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1882. PHILIP SHIRLEY.

Mr. F. Francis, in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*, speaks in the following terms of this city and its inhabitants: "San Francisco is rapidly forsaking the 'dandy rig' of the gambler, and assuming the sober garb of commercial propriety. Stocks have gone all 'endways.' The old times when fortunes were made and lost in a day, when a man might go to bed a pauper and wake a millionaire, or wake a millionaire and go to bed a pauper, have vanished. Nor is it probable that they ever will return. Those were times! Refer to them in the presence of any one who knew them in their golden prime and mark how his eyes will glisten. How eagerly will he launch forth upon a sea of anecdote!—how he will revel in the train of recollections thus induced! 'Dog gone if I know the place!' said an old fellow to me when I was last there. 'Ye never see a shot fired from year's end to year's end now. No, sir. Why, it isn't often ye even hear a champagne cork drawn.' Stead of the clink of gold, ye hear nothing but the scratching of pens. All the boys are gone, and there's only store clerks and society men—hummers we call 'em—t' associate with. Ye never saw such a change in all your life. I'll be dog if the women's half as pretty as they were. Hell! 'Tain't no sort of place to what it used to be. No, sir.' Nevertheless, to the stranger it will seem that a spirit of princely extravagance still characterizes the inhabitants of the Golden City. With his last ten-dollar-piece the true San Franciscan will dine sumptuously, take a box at the theatre, or a drive out to the Cliff House. His last twenty-five cents will be invested in a good cigar. The veriest 'dead beat' who asks for money in the street would feel insulted by a tender of coppers. The Californian will starve rather than pinch. Fortunately, he has only to work to be rich. There is no fight for existence there. No man need jostle his neighbor. Such being the case, men accept greater risks and experience losses with less concern than is the case in Europe. Returning to San Francisco, on one occasion, after an absence of some twelve months, I discovered that several men, who, during my previous visit, had appeared to possess bottomless purses, had vanished from the club circle. 'Where is A.?' I asked. 'A.?' Oh, he's got a mine down in Arizona. When the bottom tumbled out of that Polar Star Silver Mine, A. had to skin out of this. 'And what has become of B.?' 'Well, one of the boys met him prospecting down in New Mexico the other day. Said he was carrying his own pack, dead broke. B. will be up again, though. He's a rustler. You'll hear of him soon.' 'Has C. gone, too?' 'Yes. Soon after you left they knocked Golconda higher'n a kite. C. was a large holder. They do say he's prospecting a new mine down in the Tombstone country, and it's likely to turn out a bonanza. Hope it will, anyhow.' There is much that is very admirable in the character of these Western men. I speak not of the 'store clerks and society men or hummers,' for whom my old Frisco friend had such undisguised contempt, but of those who came in early days to California. They are lost in a crowd of a different type and of a later date now; but wherever you find one, though, you will find a large-hearted, generous man, with nothing 'small or mean' in his whole character. In the better stamp of the old Californian there is less of the snob than in any man in the world. He cares very little for what Pall-Mall would call 'good form,' but he cares a great deal for what is manly and unselfish, and in carrying out these views he is as fearless of what others may think or say as he is of what they may do." In the course of the article, while describing a "jerked-heef and jack-rabbit" dinner on the Mexican border, the writer remarks:

"We laughed as we compared these frugal meals with the extravagant breakfasts and dinners of a year ago at 'Marchand's,' the 'California House,' and the 'Poodle Dog,' in San Francisco.

Complaint is made by the *Pall-Mall Gazette* that in "a new and remarkable American novel, of which we shall have something to say another day," one of the characters is described as "dressed in a long frock of cheap diagonals, black cassimere pantaloons, a blue necktie, and celluloid collar." It acknowledges that it knows the "blue necktie," and that it can guess the "black cassimere pantaloons;" but the "cheap diagonals" and the "celluloid collar" are surely new to literature. "Is it not well," asks the *Pall-Mall*, "that the technicalities of a tailor's bill should remain out of literature?"

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A German peasant comes to a broker to exchange a hundred-mark note for silver. The broker gives him a hundred-mark roll, which the peasant opens to see if it is all right. He counts up to seventy-one, and then puts it all in his pocket. "It was all right so far, so I suppose the rest is right, too."

A Paris parvenu, having purchased an ancient castle with all the accessories, is found by his daughter on the first cold day warming his hands at a fire which he has had kindled in a suit of plate armor. "Oh, pa, what have you been doing?" The lord of the manor, with satisfaction—"The feller that patented that stove must have been crazy, but I've made the old thing heat up!"

Lord Alvanley had been dining on one occasion with Mr. Greville, whose dining-room had been newly and splendidly decorated. The meal was, however, a very meagre and indifferent one. Some of the guests were flattering their host upon his magnificence, taste and hospitality. "For my part," interposed Alvanley, "I would rather have seen less gilding and more carving."

At a hotel in Oswego, recently, a couple from the country, of Milesian extraction, took seats at the dinner-table. Directly after a young couple seated themselves opposite, and the young man took a stalk of celery from the dish and commenced eating it. The old lady opposite looked at him a moment with an air of disgust, and then nudged her husband and said, in a stage whisper: "D'ye moind the blackguard aiting the bokay?"

Cecco d'Arcoli argued against Dante that nature was more powerful than art. Dante asserted the contrary, and attempted to prove the truth of his assertion by exhibiting his cat, which, by dint of long practice, had been accustomed to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco, however, was not unprepared for this exhibition, but while Dante's cat went through his performance he let loose a couple of mice. Whereupon the cat immediately dropped the candle, and rushed upon the mice; so that nature once more triumphed over art.

A man, says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, was carrying a coon he had caught, when he met three little boys in the road. All of them said, excitedly and at once: "Mister, give me that coon; give me that coon, mister." "Well, boys, I'll tell you what I will do. If you will tell me the party you belong to and why, I'll give it to the boy who gives the best reason for his faith." "I'm a Republican, because that party saved the Union," said one. "I'm a Greenhacker, because that party is in favor of plenty of money." When the time of the third boy came, he said: "I'm a Democrat, 'cause I want the coon."

A bridal couple boarded the train at Kemptville the other day. The groom was a strapping fellow, and squeezed the bride into a seat next the window. Some of the train hands who were posted put the newshoy up to bringing in a box of baby-rattles and offering the embarrassed party their choice for five cents. All sorts of excuses were offered by the man as reasons for not buying. Finally he made a clean breast of the situation with: "See here, young feller, I've only been married a little over fifteen minutes. Give us a rest. We don't want to set up housekeeping right here in the car. Keep your tinware an' I'll be along next year. If the returns are satisfactory, I'll buy your hull caboodle."

One of the difficulties, says a writer in the *London World*, of manipulating the naval brigade on shore is to get them to understand military words of command. I can sympathize with the staff officer who tried, but in vain, to get a battalion of sailors to manoeuvre round the corner of a house. He gave all the orthodox and regulation words of command—"right wheel," "bring the left shoulder forward," etc.—but Jack remained obstinately fixed. At last a naval officer, who was standing by, on being appealed to, solved the question. "Get them round that house? Is that all you want? Here, blue-jackets!" he cried, "luff, and weather that house!" The sailors were round the corner in a twinkling.

Probably the politest and most considerate man who ever lived was General Bradshaw, of Arkansas. Some time ago, hoarding a train, he perceived his son, whom he had not seen for twenty years, occupying a seat, reading. The old gentleman sat down immediately behind the young man. After the train had gone about thirty miles, the young man laid aside his newspaper, and, discovering his father, seized the old man with affectionate warmth. "Why didn't you let me know that you were on the train, father?" "Because," replied the old gentleman, "I saw that you were reading, and I did not wish to disturb." "That would have made no difference." "And, besides," continued the father, "I thought that you might want to borrow a few dollars."

A hunter with an empty game-bag, says the New York *World*, enters a country tavern at nightfall, and with an air of gloom bids the host serve him with a glass of wine. "Yes, my friend; I did not hag a single thing. The first time such a thing has happened to me in the course of my life." (Sportsman's perjury at which Jove laughs.) "Well, if you are anxious to take something home, I have a hare out in the stable that I would not mind parting to you for ten francs." "A hare? Dead?" "No; alive. I caught it yesterday." "I'll take it." The landlord leads the hunter out into the yard and brings out the hare, which he ties to a stake by a cord fastened to its foot. "Now, sir, blaze away!" The sportsman retires a few paces, brings his gun to his shoulder, and blazes away, and the charge takes effect in the cord, and the hare hounds lightly over the fence, and disappears in the azure distance.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The latest Oxford incongruity is Professor Max Müller on a tricycle.

Sir Garnet Wolseley has changed his mind, and will enter the British peerage as Baron Wolseley of Cairo, instead of "of Egypt," as was at first intended.

Premier Gladstone is said to own a piece of land at Niagara Falls, between Table Rock and the Prospect House, which he refuses to sell at any price.

"The Reverend the Earl of Mulgrave" intends, it is said, soon resigning the vicarage of Worsley, England, and coming to America as a missionary in British Columbia.

Zola, the novelist, writes a round, rapid hand, every letter being formed distinctly, but hastily. His signature is bold and plain, and covers several lines of ordinary ruled paper.

Queen Olga of Greece carries with her on her travels a lap-dog of that rare breed so often represented by Sir Peter Lely in his pictures of the ladies of the Court of Charles II.

Two of Ismail Pasha's daughters have been placed in a fashionable school in Paris, and are described as being bright and winsome girls. The harem of their ex-royal papa is in the Rue Bayard.

Strauss, the composer, has recently purchased a house in Paris, and declares that he will end his days there. The cause of his removal is reported to be domestic infelicity and a consequent divorce suit.

The unhappy Emperor of all the Russias, on returning to St. Petersburg from Moscow, at his first meal in the royal palace found, it is said, a Nihilistic proclamation wrapped in his table napkin, placed there by a disloyal page.

Father Peter John Beckx, the general of the order of Jesuits, is now in his eighty-seventh year, and his declining health has of late given rise to much speculation concerning his probable successor. He has been at the head of the order for nearly thirty years.

Sir Archibald Alison, who commanded the Highland Brigade at Tel-el-Kebir, is eldest son of the late Sir Archibald Alison, sheriff of Lanarkshire, and author of a history of Europe. He lost an arm at the relief of Lucknow. He is a fine looking soldier aged fifty-seven.

Major the Hon. Oliver Montagu, remembered in New York as a "dancing" man, performed prodigies of slaughter in the charge at Kassassin, and, according to Lord Desart, has not yet allowed his sword to be cleaned from the sanguinary stains which show the deadly use he made of it.

The death is announced of the chief wife of Sidi Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco. She was the daughter of an Italian blacksmith, and firmly clung to the Christian faith all her life; notwithstanding which she was honored by the Mohammedan prince with the rank of legitimate Sultana.

When the ex-Empress Eugenie was in Paris, two weeks ago, on her way to the castle of the Duc de Mouchy, she stayed at the Hotel Bedford, in which, and close by her apartments, was living that very Prince von Hohenzollern who was the indirect cause of the war that wrought her and hers such ruin.

The cable brings word that Lord Dufferin is to be made a marquis for his diplomatic services. The career of Lord Dufferin, still a comparatively young man, has been a most brilliant one. Of the adage, "Nothing succeeds like success," we have a striking illustration in the careers of Lord Dufferin and Sir Garnet Wolseley.

Professor Barfoot, of the Museum of Natural History, Salt Lake City, was born at Warwick Castle, England, in 1816, a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce, and at the time of his death heir to the earldom of Crawford. He embraced Mormonism in London in 1836. A Mormon peer would have had all the charm of novelty at Westminster, where as yet there is not even a Jew.

Two natives of Maine have sought fortune successfully in Europe. One is Lilian Norton, a granddaughter of Camp-meeting John Allen. She is under engagement in Paris as a singer at twelve thousand dollars a year. The other is Frederick Gower, who is said to have made one million five hundred thousand dollars by forming telephone companies in London. They are to marry each other.

Gambetta, the ex-dictator of France, has a niece who is a very promising danseuse. Her services have been engaged in a London music hall, and it is believed that she is one of the most attractive women in her profession. It appears that Mademoiselle Gambetta belonged to an unsuccessful branch of the family, and as her uncle, like many other uncles of the present age, entirely ignored her, she adopted the stage as a means of livelihood. This ill-treatment of their poor relation is, it appears, peculiar to distinguished Frenchmen. At the very time when Thiers was President of France his sister kept a wretched little cook-shop. Of course, a great statesman could not recognize a woman who kept an eating-house, even though she was his sister.

Bonnat, the famous French painter, is a solid and muscular little man, with broad shoulders, a massive head, and strongly marked features. His dark hair is brushed back from a broad, high forehead, his black beard is only slightly marked with silver, and his black eyes sparkle with that vivacity peculiar to the Basques. He is neither a wit nor a brilliant talker, but is esteemed as a true friend and an excellent and amiable man. He is forced to put on full dress and appear in society every evening, the victim of his models; but he looks as if being socially victimized agreed with him. He has an elegant studio—the walls adorned with tapestry, faïences, Venetian mirrors, and rich works of art. On the mantel is his own bust, by Chapu, between massive silver and gold candelabra. To the right is a dais covered with green cloth, on which stands a chair upholstered with blue velvet. In that chair have been seated Thiers, Hugo, Grévy, and French statesmen and American millionaires innumerable, to have their counterfeit presentments placed on canvas by Bonnat's wonderful skill.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSE.

Found Drowned.

She searches, searches everywhere,
As one would treasure find—
Old Susan, with the wandering eye
And long-hewiddered mind.
All up and down the shining sands
With eager step she goes;
And speaks with hesitating voice,
Not knowing friends from foes.
"Oh, have you seen my pretty boy,
My little baby brother?
She left him to me when she died,
And made me be his mother—
Our mother. She frowns out of heaven
On me, as once she smiled;
So I go searching night and day
Until I find her child.
'Tis a few weeks ago"—(alas,
She has lost count of years!)—
"I laid him on the soft warm sand
Asleep, and had no fears.
I only went a little way,
And sat behind that stone,
Writing to William Beverley,
That is to India gone.
He will come back and marry me,
He says, in two years more;
I shall be then but just eighteen,
And he scarce twenty-four.
But can he marry me?" she shrieks—
"Me that was hanged? I mean
They would have hanged me, but perhaps
Somebody told the Queen,
And she said—what, I do not know;
I think I slept or died,
And woke up in a world of dreams
Most horrible and wide.
I did not kill the boy," she moans;
"I only left him here—
Forgot him—and the tide flowed in
And ebb'd out—no one near.
Not guilty! O my lord, my lord,
Not guilty!" sobbing wild;
"I only let him float away
And drown—my mother's child!
And so my mother made them shut
On me the prison door,
Till I was dead; yet now, it seems,
I am alive once more.
I walk along the shining sands,
I hear his shout of joy;
I know I'll find him very soon,
My little darling boy."
So on she goes with cautious tread,
And eager eyes and wild;
But never, never will she find
The little drowned child.
—Dinah Mulock Craik in December Harp.

Individuality.

Sail on, sail on, fair cousin Cloud:
Oh, loiter hither from the sea!
Still-eyed and shadow-browed,
Steal off from yon far-drifting crowd,
And come and hrood upon the marsh with me.
Yon laboring low horizon-smoke,
Yon stringent sail, toll not for thee
Nor me: did heaven's stroke
The whole deep with drowned commerce choke,
No pitiless tease of risk or hottomry
Would to thy rainy office close
Thy will, or lock mine eyes from tears.

Lo, Cloud, thy downward countenance stares
Blank on the blank-faced marsh, and thou
Mindest of dark affairs;
Thy substance seems a warp of cares;
Like late wounds run the wrinkles on thy brow.
Well mayst thou pause, and gloom, and stare,
A visible conscience: I arraign
Thee, criminal Cloud, of rare
Contempts on Mercy, Right, and Prayer—
Of murders, arsons, thefts—of nameless stain.
(Yet, though life's logic grow as gray
As thou, my soul's not in eclipse.)
Cold Cloud, but yesterday
Thy lightning slew a child at play,
And then a priest with prayers upon his lips
For his enemies, and then a bright
Lady that did but ope the door
Upon the stormy night
To let a heggan in—strange spite!
And then thy sulky rain refused to pour,
Till thy quick torch a harn had burned,
Where twelve months' store of victual lay
A widow's sons had earned;
Which done, thy floods with winds returned—
The river raped their little herd away.

What the cloud doeth

The Lord knoweth.

The cloud knoweth not.

What the artist doeth

The Lord knoweth;

Knoweth the artist not?

Well answered! O dear artists, ye—
Whether in forms of curve or hue
Or tone your gossips he—
Say wrong *This work is not of me,*
But God: it is not true, it is not true.
Awful is Art because 'tis free.
The artist trembles o'er his plan,
Where men his self must see.
Who made a song or picture, he
Did it, and not another, God nor man.

Oh, not as clouds dim laws have planned
To strike down Good and fight for Ill;
Oh, not as harps that stand
In the wind and sound the wind's command,
Each artist—gift of terror!—owns his will.
For thee, Cloud, if thou spend thine all
Upon the South's o'er-hrinning sea
That needs thee not; or crawl
To the dry provinces, and fall
Till every convert clod shall give to thee
Green worship; if thou grow or fade,
Bring on delight or misery,
Fly east or west, he made
Snow, hail, rain, wind, grass, rose, light, shade:
What matters it to thee? There is no thee.
Pass, kinsman Cloud, now fair and mild:
Discharge the will that's not thine own.
I work in freedom wild,
But work as plays a bride child,
Sure of the Father, S-H, and Love, alone.

—Sidney Lanier in December Century.

SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

Among dinner-table novelties are to be seen smoothing-irons, trowels, dust-pans, acorns, birds, cats, dogs, and dozens of other animals, though happily they are not all alive. Owls accommodate the guest with pepper, salt is derived from a humming-bird's open bill, a couple of oxen hold the knife and fork, and a milking-pail standing by a cow is intended for the napkin. Butter is placed in a smoothing-iron, and an angel holds a tiny shell for olives. All these things are just from Paris. There are also canary birds, cats appearing to jump out of hats, chickens, *fac-similes* of the Obelisk about three inches high; dogs of every description, from a poodle to a mastiff; butter-plates in the form of trowels; besides cupids, doves, monkeys, babies, and many other figures for holding the knife. For the napkins there are jaunty little crownless hats and dainty parasols, queer shaped shells, and miniature pails and jars. These articles are of silver, gold, and oxidized ware. In the salt and pepper receptacles, the silver is intended for salt, the oxidized ones for black pepper, and the gold for red pepper. For the desert comes in Cupid driving a swan of silver filled with ice cream; then an elephant with a huge acorn on his back that holds the nuts. Another new fashion is a card-receiver in the shape of an open fan on a high pedestal; also one fashioned out of a large pearl-shell, with a blue-bird holding a pencil. I see that Mrs. Langtry has started the fashion of wearing a narrow piece of ribbon around the neck, formed into a neat little bow in front. Of course, the ribbon or velvet, whichever it may be, must correspond in color with the costume of the wearer. Another fashion this professional beauty has started is the trimming of dark camel's-hair dresses with India camel's-hair borders, such as those used on India shawls. These borders are also used on morning wrappers, and make a novel and pretty border for the scarfs that are now the craze for tables, bureaux, and mantles. I saw some very pretty bracelets the other day that have just been placed on exhibition. The ornaments upon them were in quartz and oxidized work, and represented harps, fans, horse-shoes, open books, etc., the most novel being tiny frames for miniatures. Quartz and oxidized jewelry is becoming quite the rage for gentlemen, especially for scarf-pins and sleeve-buttons, and they are found in all sorts of shapes—oval, round, square, and octagon. I was told by a lady recently from the East that colored stones are becoming exceedingly fashionable, and in a lace-pin may be seen the pearl, emerald, ruby, sapphire, opal, topaz, amethyst, jasper, and the diamond. Shawl-pins are again coming into vogue, the more expensive ones being ornamented with stones, as the lace-pins. I saw a new material for dress goods the other day called "Ottoman brocade," although it has the appearance of appliqué work. One piece, which I much admired, had a ground work of a dark blue, with flowers in large designs of dark brown shades. Another piece was of bottle-green, with flowers of various shades of heliotrope. The goods were twenty-four inches in width, and marked at five dollars a yard. Ottoman reps are quite new. They come in such shades as terra-cotta, myrtle, and forest-green, electric blue and olive. An exceedingly beautiful material for cloaks and over-dresses is a fabric where the ground is of uncut plush, with raised plush flowers. It is soft, yet thick and elegant. It will undoubtedly take the lead in garments for which it is intended. There is quite a discussion among the milliners now regarding the coming fall and winter bonnets. Some ladies from the East declare that the smaller the bonnet one can find, the more in fashion they will be; while milliners just from Paris say the head-covering is to be of the largest sort of pattern. However, a week or two will decide the vexed question. A recently imported bonnet shown me was of electric-blue felt, something on the order of the poke-shape, and trimmed with velvet and feathers a shade or two darker. The rich, heavy cord that now finishes the bottoms of skirts is a pretty novelty, and give an excellent set to the skirt. When one is trimmed with a cord, it needs nothing else, and is quite devoid of plaitings, ruffles, or anything of the sort. The paniers of the body are considered quite enough of a finish. Especially tasteful are the new rugs that have recently been introduced here, particularly the Smyrna and those which are embossed. One that I saw was of a lovely shade of red, with embossed flowers of a darker shade of the same color, and cost twelve dollars. The latest fashion in rugs is to have them about one yard and a half long and only a half yard wide, giving something the appearance of a scarf. One which took my eye had a blue ground. At one end of it was a vase in terra cotta color, holding a flower of various colors, that swept off in a vine toward the farther end of the mat. These irregular designs are quite refreshing to one after having so long the stiff, set figures. A dress which I recently saw at a reception, worn by a young lady with raven black hair and large, bright blue eyes, was of black satin, long, with low neck, and had scarcely any sleeves. A garland of bright scarlet flowers fell from the shoulder across the front of the robe, and extended nearly around the train. Scarlet flowers were in the hair. Black silk hose, with scarlet satin slippers, scarlet kid gloves reaching above the elbow, and of the mousquetaire style, and a fan of black satin on one side and the other of scarlet feathers, completed this charming toilette. HELENA.

November 23, 1882.

Valentine, says the Washington *Capital*, the great varnish manufacturer of New York, lives in a fine house on Fifth Avenue, and is known to be a man of many millions. How many people know that Valentine takes more interest in the *Atlantic Monthly* than he does in his varnish business?—that it is his money that keeps the great publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. going in Boston? In New York he is known to a few as the owner of the *Christian Union* newspaper, Beecher's rival to the *Independent*, which has prospered well since Beecher went out of it. Valentine is a good friend to many literary men, and is, of course, a man of great business capacity.

Baron Willy Rothschild enjoys a daily income of thirteen thousand one hundred and twenty marks, or three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. This is at the rate of about four cents per second.

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The history of no civilized community has presented a more curious and anomalous condition of affairs than attended the adoption of the present Constitution of California—the "new" Constitution, as we are in the habit of styling it. California has had a strange history. The mode of her settlement and the character of her immigrants differed from that of any of our Western communities. She was born in the lap of wealth, with gold spoon and porringer. Not wealth for which other generations had toiled and suffered; not wealth inherited, with the axioms and admonitions of prudence; but the lucky, copious showers of gold. Our immigration was a frolic; our immigrants were in the heyday of their youth and pride of strength; they came to find wealth—not hidden under bowlders requiring strength to move, nor in the deep mines to be hunted with drill and blast, but scattered in the soil—placer diggings, rich in golden dust; gold to be picked up in nuggets, washed out in pan or rocker. Not here a speck and there a minute particle, to be treasured in a quill or homœopathic vial, but gatherable everywhere, by everybody, great buckskin bags full of gold. It was splendid while it lasted. We toiled and spent, gambled and frolicked, drank and dined. We laughed at poverty, and shook our fist at misfortune. We were poor to-day, rich to-morrow, generous, reckless, and extravagant always. Our climate had contributed to the formation of a character peculiar to ourselves. There were no realities of life to the early Californian. A house was not indispensable. No winter's cold required him to save a summer's harvest, nor provide for a day when work was impossible. So we drifted along, spending as we went, jovial, light-hearted, improvident, and gay. But time brought its wrinkles to our faces, its gray hairs to our heads. The placer mines gave out, and as the miner grew old and weary, he found himself toiling to turn rivers from their beds, hunting the precious treasure under great mountains, and seeking it in the caves of deep mines. The change from mining to agriculture was attended with embarrassments. It was after the mining era that we were compelled to face the realities of our situation, and lay the foundations of our government upon a somewhat more secure basis than the lottery of mines. Families gathered around us, and we had responsibilities and duties. Old age made us conservative. We had met and conquered the embarrassments of our early settlement; we had passed through booms and reactions; had our periods of speculative frenzy, and our depressions. The war had come and spent its fury, and had seemingly passed us, not leaving a

mark. The railroad had been built. Its value to us had been discounted, and we had survived the new distribution of industries, and again were prosperous. The great wave of hard times, that had swept the Eastern States and Europe, came to us at a late day. We had hoped to avoid it altogether, but the unfortunate incident of a dry winter in 1878-9, following an unfortunate era of stock speculations, and accompanied by an unnatural influx of Chinese laborers, precipitated upon San Francisco the double calamity of hard times and popular commotion. As Athens produced its Kleon, so San Francisco produced its Kearney. The Sand-lot had drawn together all the vicious and discontented elements of society. It was our misfortune that just at this time we had summoned a convention to revise our organic law, and a new constitution was to be created. No more serious calamity could have overtaken our State than the conjunction of the two facts—viz., the necessity of forming a constitutional convention, and the organization of a labor party, that was called into existence by hard times, a dry winter, unfortunate speculative enterprises, and a wide-spread fear and alarm at the incursion of Chinese laborers. The result of this was the selection of a most nondescript convention. The personnel of which it was composed was such as bad never before been gathered together. The influences that surrounded and overshadowed its deliberations were of the most unfortunate character. Intelligent people living in well-ordered communities can not realize the fact that the city of San Francisco and other parts of the State could have chosen, as makers of our organic law, such a conglomeration of ignorance, bigotry, communism, and chivalry as was gathered together for the purpose of forming a constitution. From out the very slums of our city there came a political force that imposed upon us, as delegates to this convention, ignorant and propertyless adventurers, who made no pretension of any knowledge of law; foreigners, who had no intelligent idea of our form of government, or its mode of conduct; a Parisian barber laid down his curling tongs, a German corset-maker was called from his shop, a French cook doffed his paper cap, an Irish butcher laid off his blood-stained apron, the janitor of a gin-mill gave up his occupation of cleaning spittoons and sweeping out a har-room; and there came a party of organized idlers, criminals, and adventurers, to give to the young, hopeful, growing State of California an organic law. At the head of this party was an adventurous Irishman. Next in authority was an ignorant shoemaker. A dirty Tombs lawyer from Nova Scotia was its brains. Germany, France, Italy, Ireland, and Scandinavia sent their worst representatives to compose a constitutional convention. In this mob there was an exceptional minority of educated, intelligent gentlemen; there was also a dangerous class of political demagogues who were willing to pander to the very worst elements that had obtained political ascendancy in our State. The result is easily imaginable—viz., an incongruous, ill-considered hotch-potch of crude absurdities. At this time a strong prejudice existed against railroads because they were supposed to be owned by successful and wealthy men. This was sufficient to direct against them the efforts of all the agrarian and political adventurers of which the convention was so largely composed. The cry of "monopoly" was raised. It was then as now, here and elsewhere, in San Francisco as in ancient Rome, the appeal of the party demagogue to the lowest passions of the brutal and jealous mob. It was the sentiment of agrarian communism that would govern society, not upon the principle that elevates, and builds up, and creates, but that levels by tearing down and destroying. This time—in April, 1879—the *Evening Bulletin*, which had not been blameless in respect to this Sand-lot uprising, and whose partner, the *Call*, had been an active and criminal abettor of this revolution, said: "There never was a new constitution drafted in 'America under the circumstances which attended that proceeding in California. The convention was the outcome of a class-fight as bitter and uncompromising as ever took place in the older civilizations of Europe. This is something that never occurred before in the United States. All the other conventions that ever met were embodied according to American methods. The divisions were, for the most part on general questions of policy, finance, and administration. The California convention, the contrary, was controlled by one class by reason of its superior organization, meditating aggression upon all others. The Constitution thus drafted corresponds with the peculiar circumstances of its evolution. It is intended to cinch the industrious, prudent, and thrifty class of the community for the benefit of the idle, vicious, and reckless. The new Constitution is not only a wretched bungle and jumble, but it is wholly and absolutely un-American. It is the evidence that we have caught a foreign disease against which our political constitution was heretofore considered to be proof." The proposed new Constitution for California is the first "real manifestation of European communism in America." This document effected an entire change in our organic law. It made a new departure for future legislation; it created new officials, both State and municipal; new judges under a new plan of judicial organization. It changed substantially our entire political system; it disturbed from the bottom all

the existing State and municipal institutions, schools, hanks, industrial organizations, and insurance companies; it enacted radical laws for the control of corporations; introduced commissions and boards with unheard of and most extraordinary powers, to whom it delegated legislative, judicial, and executive power; it created new property for taxation, and a new tribunal to impose and equalize it. The country went wild over the proposition of taxing mortgages and other securities, with the insane idea of punishing the money-lenders of the town. Anti-Chinese fanatics assaulted the treaty rights of the Chinese, and endeavored to set up the laws of California as superior to the Constitution of the United States, and to relegate the treaty-making power of the President and Senate to the San Francisco Sand-lot and its hairless alien and criminal adventurers. This Constitution so hampered municipal legislation that some departments of our city government are powerless. The result of the adoption of this new Constitution, and the two years' history that led up to it, were most unfortunate for our city and injurious to the State. San Francisco suffered most, because it was the centre of all the criminal demonstrations. It was just at this time that in Germany Bismarck was in conflict with the Socialistic forces, and was exiling them by the tens of thousands to America. It was just at this time that this Socialistic mob had become a terror, and had made an armed demonstration at Chicago. It was just about this time that the political parties, and, we are sorry to say, the State courts, and, we are still more mortified to admit, the Supreme Court of the United States, did not display the moral courage becoming to American organizations having confidence in the strength and permanence of republican institutions. In California the Democratic party tumbled to pieces, and became the abject and cowardly slave of the Sand-lot. Its best gentlemen and most courageous and respectable voters displayed a moral cowardice from which they have not yet recovered. The city of San Francisco fell under the rule of an organization which even at this late day we find it difficult to analyze. The criminal conduct of the young, ambitious, and brilliant proprietor of the *Chronicle* led to his death. He was murdered by the son of the mayor whom he had helped to make. The unworthy rivalry between the *Call* and *Chronicle*, and their shameful contest to secure the patronage of the Sand-lot mob; their encouragement to the armed hands of lawless men and dirty drahs of unsexed women, who paraded our streets under the lying pretense of wanting work and lacking bread; the incendiary mob that lighted suggestive bonfires on the hills crowned with our best residences, and were harangued by a crazy fanatic, who endeavored to usurp a seat on the Supreme Bench by seizing it; our final effort with clubs to heat down this riotous uprising—all this is part of the history that led to the formation of our new Constitution. We need not more particularly advert to the calamitous results of that disastrous period: how our property depreciated more than a hundred millions of dollars in value; how many of our most wealthy citizens left our city; how money, especially our foreign funds, stole silently away; how immigration was arrested; how for years we retrograded, and how for other years we stood still. It is unnecessary to recall this dark and dismal period in our history; for, thanks to the recuperative energy and dauntless courage of our people, we have, in a measure, recovered from this blow. Confidence has been in a large measure restored. Immigration again turns toward us; the Chinese question is solved by healthful national legislation; stock-gambling has cured itself, and there is no immediate menace of a new bonanza. Kearney has subsided; Kallcho is preaching; Wellock is dead. The *Chronicle* is no longer a political power. The *Call* has secured the small advertisements. The *Bulletin* no longer abuses the railroad corporations. The railroad issue is pronounced a sham and a fraud by the result of last election. The State progresses in wealth and population; the city is in healthful condition; money is plenty; interest is low; crops are good; the Democracy is in the ascendant; no epidemics; times are prosperous, and everybody happy, or, what is just as well, think themselves on the highway to happiness. This present condition of things is largely due to the judicial tribunals. Our Supreme Court and the Supreme Court of the United States have had the courage to so interpret some of the more uncomfortable provisions of our new Constitution, and so adapt them to existing conditions, that we have been less inconvenienced than at one time we supposed we would have been. Under this state of affairs, confidence, which is a plant of slow growth, is coming back to us. The attack upon the treaty rights of the Chinese found in Article XIX of the State Constitution, which undertook to give power to the State to exclude the Chinese, to prevent municipal and other corporations from employing Chinese labor, and to regulate the commercial intercourse between the United States and China, has been declared to be inoperative and void, and gives to the Chinese equal rights under the law, and invokes for them the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Section 9 of Article XIII of the State Constitution created a State Board of Equalization, and gave it power to raise or lower

the values of property. Acting under this supposed authority of law, three political and party commissioners served notice upon hundreds of citizens of California to appear at Sacramento, to show cause why assessments made by the local assessors should not be raised. When the territorial extent of our State is considered, the number of rich men and corporations in it who might be bled, and the personal character of the partisans who had secured the opportunity to exercise this power of equalization, is estimated, some idea may be conceived of the extent of alarm experienced by those who had something to tax—something to equalize. The Supreme Court of California, in the case of Wells, Fargo & Co. against the Board of Equalization, (56 Cal. Reports, page 196,) relieved us of this terror. In this case the Court decided "that the State Board had not the power to increase or lower any individual assessments," and Mr. Justice Thornton suggests the embarrassment that might attend the execution of this law, if the State Board could demand the presence of property-owners living at points most remote from the capital, to attend in person the equalization of their taxes. It would have clothed this board with power, and have been the cause of unending cost and vexation, if property-owners could thus have been summoned from the remote portions of our State to show cause why the assessment made by the local assessor should not be increased. A property-owner of dull imagination may be able to speculate upon the consequences of the continued existence of such a law under the manipulation of political machines, guided by political bosses in the interest of a party that draws its inspiration from the Sand-lot, and under the control of men who lack the moral courage of honest leadership. The word "equalization" expresses most distinctly the relation that the party official would hold toward the man or corporation that had property to tax. The framers of the new Constitution inserted a provision in this remarkable instrument which was intended to tax all the property of corporations, and in addition thereto the value of all stock to the stockholders in the corporation, thereby subjecting the same property to double taxation. This absurd and unjust proviso would have absolutely prevented the formation or existence of any manufacturing or industrial corporations. It would have driven out existing corporations, and would have closed all the larger and more important manufacturing, commercial, and mechanical enterprises. When this question was presented to the Supreme Court, it was held that it would be assessing the same property twice to assess to a corporation all its corporate property, and also to assess to each of the stockholders the shares held by him; and thus this mischievous provision was so interpreted that the evil was avoided. This decision was rendered by Mr. Justice Ross, and concurred in by all the judges except Mr. Chief-Justice Morrison, who expressed no opinion. (California Reports, vol. 57, page 594.) In the Montgomery Avenue case, Mulligan against Smith, decided at the April term, 1881, by our Supreme Court, it was held that no one could be taxed unless the law under which the tax was laid and the assessment made provided some notice to the person to be affected by the assessment. By the terms of Section 10 of Article XIII of the new Constitution, providing for the assessment of railroad property—viz., that "franchise, road-way, road-bed, rails, and rolling-stock of all 'railroads operated in more than one county of this State,' should be assessed by the State Board of Equalization," etc., there was no provision for any notice to the railroad companies. It was decided by the court, McKinstry, Justice, in the case of San Francisco against the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, (vol. 8, *Law Journal*, page 1061,) that the section was self-executing; in other words, that the aid of a statute was not necessary to enable the Board to act, and needed no legislation to carry it into effect. It does not provide notice, and, therefore, when the San Mateo County case, decided by Judges Field and Sawyer, came before the United States Courts, they being bound by these State decisions and the State courts, and the State courts having decided that the law itself must provide for notice, and that Section 10 was self-executing, the whole system had to fall. This decision was rendered by Judges Field and Sawyer at the last sitting in San Francisco. The case is now on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and has been advanced for hearing at the present term of the court. We can not be presumptuous enough to advise this august tribunal as to any case pending before it, but we may be permitted to suggest to it how important we regard this and other cases involving the consideration of kindred questions to the prosperity, progress, and welfare of our State. The decision rendered herein is acquiesced in by all our people. The press with unanimity accept it as the law, and as a solution of one of our vexed problems. We are beginning to see the end of our difficulties. We are getting back to our normal condition. The angry and passionate era has passed, leaving but the scars of this organic law. The new Constitution, generously interpreted by our courts, has been brought into working harmony with our institutions. Codes, both State and municipal, have been enacted to comply with it. The unreasonable communistic and agrarian sentiments, so rife among us five years ago, have passed away. The prejudice

against corporations, wealth, and large land-owners has assumed more reasonable shape. Our insane speculations in mining stocks have ceased. The Chinese question, under the new law of Congress limiting the immigration, is working satisfactorily, and California is on the high road to a legitimate and healthful progress. We hope it is not unbecoming that we should express the earnest wish to the Supreme Court of the United States and to our State courts, that they may consider our history, the troubles we have endured, and the perils we have passed in the social and political upheaval that we have experienced in the past five years, and, if the law is not altogether inflexible, that it may be so interpreted as to work in harmony with our present prosperity, and in relief of the embarrassments of an organic law passed by the reckless, ignorant, and vicious class, under the leadership of impetuous and ambitious demagogues, who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by subjecting society and property to the hazards of such an experiment.

If we understand the *Record-Union*, it desires to establish high schools to be maintained at public expense in sufficient numbers to have one within the reach of all children. This would be a costly venture, as it would require some hundreds in the State. We do not profess to be in favor of educating the children of the poor in the higher branches of education at the expense of the rich, and we are opposed to educating the children of the rich at anybody's expense but their own. It strikes us that there is a vast deal of absurd sentimentality expended over the question of education. If a man is too poor to give his children food and clothing, those children must be fed and clothed at the expense of the public until they are old enough to provide these necessities for themselves; if a man is too poor to send his children to school, we would provide them with a training in the rudimentary branches of an English education. If a man is able to feed and clothe his own children and neglects it, we would compel him to do it at his own expense; if a man is able to educate his children, we would compel him to do it at his own expense. We would demand only plain common clothes and healthy food; we would demand only the elements of an English education. If parents, rich or poor, desired to give their children a high school or university education, we would let them pay for it or go without it, upon the same principle that we would refuse to furnish champagne, French dinners, velvet frocks, and ten-button kid gloves. We would abolish the university as an eleemosynary educational institution, and compel the students to pay for their education, reserving certain scholarships as a reward to the deserving, toiling, and ambitious poor student. As education is not more indispensable than food and clothing, we recognize no higher obligation to supply the one than the other. The man who has the means to supply his own children with all these things, including education, has no right to them unless he pays for them. If, having the means, he refuses, he should be compelled by law. Mr. William H. Mills of the *Record-Union* is a man of independent means. Having deliberately assumed the responsibility of getting children, we see no reason why we should be compelled to contribute to their education, any more than for their food, clothing, medicine, and medical attendance when sick. If Mr. Mills were a poor man, and had been improvident enough to get children whom he could not support or educate, we would contribute. We would buy for the girls flannel frocks and poke bonnets; for the boys, blue jeans overalls and stogy hoots. We would help furnish cornmeal, beans, and cuts from between the horns for soup. They should be instructed in reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic up to and including vulgar fractions, and only this till they were old enough to work; there we would shut up our purse-strings, and let Mr. Mills's children scratch for better grub and better education. If there is anything in them, they will from this start get just as high up the ladder as it would be safe for them to climb.

The Freeholders' Convention, now engaged in the making of a municipal charter, is charged with an important duty. It is composed of intelligent and worthy men, each in his line having a large experience to qualify him in the discharge of this duty. We have a right to expect an almost perfect instrument, and one that will meet the approval of all classes of citizens and men of all shades of political opinions. We hope and we believe that there will be no display of demagogism. We are well assured that popularity will be best earned by intelligent and honest work. We beg these gentlemen not to shrink from, or attempt to shirk, any responsibility that the making of a good charter will demand. Especially do we hope that the civil service doctrine may be engrafted upon it, so that there may be permanence to those in subordinate positions. Especially do we hope that just as many officers as possible may be withdrawn from the political scramble, and just as many appointments as possible be given to the Mayor. Let the Mayor be charged with official appointments, and he held to the responsibility of securing good men. If the Mayor had the appointment of every official in our municipal government, except the Board of Supervisors and the Board of Education, and if those ap-

pointments were to be confirmed by the Supervisors, we have no doubt it would give us a better and more economical government than we have hitherto enjoyed. We believe in devolving responsibility upon the executive chief, and holding him responsible therefor. This is in keeping with our Federal system; it is analogous to the English system, and, if applied to the municipal government of San Francisco, would, in our judgment, be a great improvement upon our present system.

The Democratic State Central Committee can not do the honest politics of the country a better service than to expose and punish any Republican boss who at Mare Island or elsewhere has been intimidating voters. Mare Island politics, under Republican management, has been a shame and reproach to the country. It has been the centre for the operation of ring-thieves for twenty years. Its infamy culminated at the time of the tape-worm ticket, when Sargent managed affairs at Washington, when Robeson was Secretary of the Navy, when George M. Pinney was paymaster, when Montague was contractor, when Bill Carr was general fogleman, when Tom Rodgers furnished supplies, when Davis inspected lumber, and when every party loafer felt that he had a right to steal something from the Navy Yard at Mare Island, or to loaf in its employ. One bat-eyed old commodore after another has succeeded, till the whole business has become a stench in the nostrils of honest men and a reproach to every Republican who has not participated either in the stealings or social enjoyments of Mare Island. Enough money has been squandered there to build a fleet. A Democratic Presidential term would not be without its compensations if it should sweep the waters of reform through this particularly nasty stable at Mare Island.

Already the Democratic bosses are in deep and anxious doubt whether the election of Stoneman and Bartlett is not a mistake. General Stoneman will pay no more attention to the Irish machine party bosses in San Francisco than as though such vermin did not exist. General Stoneman is a gentleman and soldier, and he will have no regard for the working ward partisans of this city. They opposed his nomination. They did not aid his election, except by their votes, and they would have voted for a mule if it had been the party candidate. He knows them to be worthless as a class, personally dishonest, and politically unreliable. Washington Bartlett, as mayor, will have but little power and no inclination to serve the machine. He will endeavor to make an honest administration, and he recognizes the impossibility of doing so if he brings this vile element around him. Holtz has already quarreled with the bosses, and asserted his determination to make his own appointments, and he responsible for the workings of his office. Several others of the city officers elect have done the same thing.

"The Hamiltonian Church, Oakland!" What is the Hamiltonian Church? We have a general knowledge of the Church of Christ, and of the religions of Mohammed and Buddha. We know about the Roman Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Methodist, Baptist, and other churches; the Church of the Latter Day Saints, and "the little church around the corner;" the Early Primitive Church, and the Jewish Church. All these are familiar terms. But of the "Hamiltonian" Church we find no account in the writings of the fathers. There is no mention of it in either sacred or profane history. We do not find it alluded to in the Scriptures—old or new. If some one who is conversant with the rise, progress, and development of this "new" church will inform us what a "Hamiltonian" church is, we shall be pleased to become the medium of communicating its interesting history to the world. Last Sunday Mr. Levy preached in it.

The lager-beer Dutch are in a quandary. Hops have gone up. Camomile flowers, calumba root, and aloes have also advanced in price. The cost of lager increases, while its quality deteriorates. There is trouble in the ranks of the League of Freedom. The German mind is anxious. The German stomach is disturbed. The Republican Congress should seize the opportunity to recapture the German vote, by legislating for "free hops" and generous subsidies to breweries. Let the next Presidential election turn upon the question of cheap beer. A commission will undoubtedly be created at Sacramento this winter to "fix" the price of beer and regulate the size of "schooners." This is becoming a national question. Let Buhlert and Asmusen step to the front.

A strong force of laborers is now employed upon the Donahue road, from San Rafael to Point Tibarron. This road, when completed, will be the shortest and most direct between San Francisco and San Rafael, and will open up a new country. Villa residences will grow up along the line. We are pained, however, to observe that our friend Peter employs the "heathen Chinese." It was formerly his boast that all his railway work had been done by his Irish fellow-countrymen, and yet we ought to be pleased that the race prejudice existing between these immigrants is rapidly disappearing.

THE CLUBS OF LONDON.

Their Numbers, their Popularity, and Some of their Customs.

The autumn session of Parliament is now in full swing, and for the next six or seven weeks London will be as full of fashionable people as the counter attraction of fox-bunting, which either keeps men altogether in the country during November or draws them thither two or three days a week, will let it. There is no better indication of an influx of "our best society" in the metropolis than the fullness of the clubs; just as their emptiness is a certain sign of the departure from town of the swells whose presence and entertainments make the summer season what it is year after year. The clubs of London are an institution in themselves, and their influence—politically and socially—is a power in the land. Every man in England who considers himself anybody, or wishes to be thought so by others, belongs to a London club; and not only to one, but to as many as he can.

The Prince of Wales sets a good example in this respect, as he is a member of no less than seven clubs—to wit, the United Service, Travelers', White's, Army and Navy, Guards', Junior Naval and Military, and Marlborough. Of course, he could belong to every club in London if he liked, for his name in the list is considered a high honor; but he has to stop somewhere. There are, however, clubs whose prestige and reputation are sufficiently established to do without royal patronage. There are about ninety clubs in London—clubs of all sorts they are, from political and literary to racquet and chess clubs. Of this number, the leading clubs, *par excellence*, are the United Service, the Army and Navy, Arthur's, Boodle's, Brook's, White's, the Travelers', the Carlton, the Reform, the Conservative, the Guards', the Junior Carlton, the Athenæum, and the Marlborough. The "U. S.," as the United Service is commonly called, the Army and Navy, (famously known as "the Rag"), and the Guards', are the chief military and naval clubs. The membership of the U. S. is limited to senior officers of both services, while the Army and Navy admits junior officers as well, though a junior officer, to get in, would have to have his name on the club-books from the date of his birth; otherwise he would be a senior before a vacancy occurred and his name could come up for ballot.

This, indeed, is the case in most of the favorite and old-established fashionable clubs, where, without exception, the number of members being limited, it is by no means an uncommon thing for a man to have had his name on the books previous to election for fifteen or twenty years, and sometimes longer than that. The membership of the Guards' Club is confined to officers of the three regiments of foot guards, the Grenadiers, Scots, and Coldstreams. Boodle's, Brook's, and White's, with Arthur's, are the most aristocratic, exclusive, and longest established social clubs. White's is the oldest club in London, having been founded in 1730, though the other three all date from years in the last century, before which they were well known and fashionably frequented coffee-houses, retaining still, as clubs, the names they were then known by. Boodle's, Brook's, and White's are proprietary clubs; but, with a few exceptions, the rule is the other way in London clubs, the club building being owned or leased by the members, and the club affairs managed by a committee and secretary. The Travelers' Club limits its members to those who have traveled in a straight line from London at least five hundred miles. In these days of wandering and exploring this limit of distance seems absurdly small. But having traveled half a thousand miles from home is not the only credential required, though it be a *sine qua non* of eligibility; for the Travelers' is unquestionably the most exclusive and difficult to get into of any club in London. This may be, in a great measure, owing to the fact that it has but seven hundred and fifty members, and four times that number of Englishmen who could fill the bill in every other respect, go abroad every year considerably beyond the requisite goal. Among the members of the Travelers' are the dukes of Aberdeen, Argyll, Buccleuch, Edinburgh, Cambridge, Bedford, Westminster, Northumberland, and Sutherland, the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Kimberley. It is the only club that the Duke of Sutherland belongs to.

Among political clubs the Carlton is the leading conservative club, just as the Reform is the leading liberal club. Lord Salisbury, the late Lord Chancellor Cairns, Lord Derby, and Sir Stafford Northcote are among the most prominent members of the Carlton, while the Reform may boast of Gladstone, the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster, Lord Hartington, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and Sir Sidney Waterlow. The Junior Carlton was established in 1864, to ease the senior concern, of which it is virtually an offshoot, its members being generally the sons of members of the senior club. Both club-houses stand nearly facing each other, on opposite sides of Pall-Mall, so that the elder establishment keeps a fatherly eye over its youthful scions. The Athenæum is the leading scientific and literary club, and within its portals men of every political complexion and bias meet and harmonize in behalf of the two great causes of the club's formation. Here may Lord Salisbury be found after a bard debate in the Lords, calmly discussing with Lord Kimberley the true authorship of Shakespeare's plays; or Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote, fresh from a bout in the Commons, be detected in earnest converse together over the probability of the comet's collision with the sun. The Marlborough, though a young club—it having been in existence but a little over twelve years—must, by force of its royal patronage, be classed as a leading club. It is social in its character, and is, in fact, the Prince of Wales's own club, its members including, for the greater part, the men who form the male portion of that none-too-select coterie known as the Prince's set. A few military and naval celebrities are scattered through them, to give the club the requisite ballast. Here may be encountered of an afternoon, or late into the small hours of the morning, people ranging downward from the Prince himself, his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Sir Garnet Wolesey, to Lord Beaumont, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Charles Forbes, and Captain Shaw, the Chief of the London Fire Brigade.

With the foregoing, as foremost clubs, might perhaps be classed the Savage and the Garrick—the former being a great

art, as well as literary, dramatic, and scientific club; and the Garrick the principal theatrical club, which can boast of Henry Irving and Toole as its brightest lights. The Duke of Beaufort is a member of the Garrick, his taste for dramatic art exhibiting itself more in his admiration for Nelly Farren and the other Gaiety enslavers than in any other way, however. But I am speaking more particularly of fashionable clubs, which are thronged with members when the season is on and Parliament in session, but are otherwise empty; not of those which seldom vary in their attendance of members from one year's end to another. Else, what with the Alpine, devoted to mountain climbing; the Road, in which coaching is a distinctive feature; the St. James, strictly diplomatic; the Turf, whose members are sporting men; the Universities' and the Public-School Clubs, there would be no end to it. Pall-Mall and St. James Street are the two thoroughfares of the West End chiefly devoted to clubs. Pall-Mall has no less than fourteen club-houses in it, and St. James Street nine. Piccadilly, too, is sprinkled here and there with them. The "U. S.," Reform, Carlton, Junior Carlton, Athenæum, Travelers', Guards', and Marlborough are all in Pall-Mall; St. James Street claiming Arthur's, Boodle's, Brook's, and White's, with the Conservative, Devonshire, Eton and Harrow, and others. They are, in the main, elegant and imposing structures, commodious inside, and furnished more with a view to luxurious ease and comfort than an ostentatious display of gilding and fresco, though by no means are they wanting in the decoration of art kept within the bounds prescribed by refined and cultured taste.

London club subscriptions generally run high. The United Service, Army and Navy, and Travelers' have the highest entrance fee—viz., forty guineas, the annual dues ranging from seven to ten guineas. The entrance fees to the other leading clubs vary from fifteen to thirty guineas, and the dues from eight to ten guineas per annum. The rules governing the clubs are very strict, and, to all appearance, observed to a nicety. To an American, accustomed to the delightful good fellowship among members and freedom from restraint for which the clubs of New York and other American cities are renowned the world over, there is a chill about a London club—so many have told me—that time can not wait. To him members appear to talk in whispers, others sit apart, or walk about by themselves, seemingly unknowing and unknown, while over all there is an atmosphere of almost total silence and absence of sound that is painful. But whatever its destructiveness to the encouragement of *bonhomie*, individual self-assertion in any shape is never tolerated in a London club—such as I speak of, at all events—and that's where it all is. Members are kept in check from the moment the door is entered. Hats are taken off directly one leaves the entrance hall, sticks and umbrellas must be left in the care of the hall-porter, and the lighting or smoking of a pipe, cigar, or cigarette elsewhere than in the smoking-room would be regarded as a misdemeanor punishable almost by expulsion. Yet among no people are clubs such favorite resorts, so popular, or so prosperous as among Englishmen. None of the leading clubs admit strangers as visiting members. Sometimes when one club is undergoing renovation or repair, another club will tender the use of its house to the temporarily unhoused members, but in no other case is a stranger given the right of a member. At a few of the clubs, among them the Army and Navy, a member can ask a friend to dine or breakfast with him. But he must take him to the "strangers' dining-room, an apartment separate from the members' dining-room, and dine or breakfast with him there. Afterward, should the guest wish to smoke, the member must retire with him to the "strangers' smoking-room and there indulge in the weed, *post matutinal* or *post prandial*, as the case may be. This is doing far more for the stranger than some other clubs, the United Service and Junior Carlton, for example, which have but a "strangers' room in which, only, is a member permitted to see and talk to any friend who may call upon him.

On first thoughts these strict regulations seem strained, without apparent cause, to the verge of downright inhospitality. But a moment's reflection must satisfy one, as all old club-men too well know, how necessary it is to preserve the uses of the club for the men who support it, and that lax rules in this respect would be but for the benefit of the worthless and adventurous, who, under the guise of acquaintance with members, would frequent and throng the clubs, and by their presence deprive the members themselves of the very comforts their club was intended to supply them with. Any man of any pretension in London belongs to some club, and he can not therefore need the use of another man's. If he has proper feeling he will not want to intrude himself. It is a pity that there is not some exception made in favor of foreigners who are temporarily in London, for against their honorary admittance as members while in England the same reasons for the rule can not be urged. But the custom is, like many other things in England, too firmly established not to have any suggested alteration or innovation in respect to it regarded with suspicion and disfavor. There is one club, however, which admits its members' friends who do not live in England to honorary membership for three months, without ballot, on being simply proposed and seconded. This is the Raleigh Club in Regent Street.

Though not strictly a leading club, the Raleigh is fashionable enough, and is, in its way, one of the most aristocratic clubs in London, having among its members no end of swells, and possessing a *chef* for a cook. It is, in club parlance, a "pot-house" club. That is to say, its dining-room and cellars are kept open all night, and there is more latitude allowable than at other clubs in many ways. Therefore, men who belong to other clubs for respectability join the Raleigh for convenience and fun. That there is plenty of the latter to be had at the Marlborough there can be no doubt, if all one hears is true. But, jolly and familiar as the Prince of Wales is pleased to make himself with his immediate friends, the constant presence at the club of himself or some one of his suite, can not have other than a dampening effect upon the otherwise unrestrained spirits of those who are not of his set. I don't include gambling with fun, though there are few of the swell clubs in London at which there is not enough and to spare of it from three o'clock in the afternoon till well into the next morning. Whist, baccarat, and, lately, poker, are the games. Stakes unlimited.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, November 3, 1882.

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Fannie B. Irving, the author of "Six Girls," is now dead. Her book evinces that, had she lived, some very good work would have been given to the world. The story is a breezy and pleasant description of the every-day life of some charming maidens. There are numerous illustrations, and all are well executed. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes" is a charming book of jingles for the little ones, by Mary D. Brine. It is beautifully illustrated by well-known artists, and although the verses are by no means of a light order of merit in either material or metre, the volume will give pleasure to the young readers for whom it is intended. Published by G. W. Harlan, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

A Philadelphia publishing house has for some time been translating Emile Zola's works. The last volume which has been issued is "Claude's Confession," translated by G. D. Cox. It is supposed to deal with several incidents in Zola's own life, and is written with the author's usual fidelity of description. The translation is a little better than usual. Published by Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price 75 cents.

"Elfin-land" is a Christmas book for children. It consists of a number of illustrated poems. The verse is written by Josephine Polard, while the pictures are designed by Walter Saterlee. The volume is very showy, the cover somewhat resembling an aurora borealis. The illustrations are what might be termed gaudy, although in several instances they are very effective. Published by G. W. Harlan & Co., New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

"The Young People of Shakespeare's Dramas" consists of selections taken from the plays of "King John," "Henry VI.," "Richard III.," "Coriolanus," "Cymbeline," "King Lear," and "Winter's Tale," which deal with youths and maidens. Comments and explanations are inserted when needed, and the whole is intended as a sort of study for youthful readers. Prepared by Amelia E. Barr. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"The Harmony of the Bible with Science" is an endeavor on the part of Samuel Kinns, Ph. D., member of numerous royal associations in Great Britain, to prove what has been frequently attempted with greater or less success. It is profusely and excellently illustrated, and is very entertaining and ingenious in many portions. The author has, however, brought forward many seemingly absurd theories, and his reconciliation of Holy Writ with Nature's book is frequently absurd. His opinions are assented to, however, by a dozen columns of subscribers—from the Lord Bishop of London down to Mr. Alderman Figgins; while at the end of this pretentious work appears a list of all the faithful among the scientists who have "declared that it is impossible for the word of God in the book of nature and the word of God in Holy Scripture to contradict one another." It consists of twenty pages of names, in which are included almost all the English, Scotch, and Irish doctors, known and unknown, in the United Kingdom, from Bigsby down to Tripe. There is a significance, however, in the fact that the names of such men as Balfour Stewart, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Lubbock, and Spottiswoode are absent from the list. They were, it seems, too full of prejudices to be written down in this new book of saints. Published by Cassel, Petter, Galpin & Co., London and New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 3s.

Announcements: Alexander Dumas is writing a book on the science of chironomy, in which he is an ardent believer. Miss Rose Kingsley, daughter of the late Charles Kingsley, will contribute several articles to *Wide Awake* during the coming year. An especially interesting one is entitled "Our Dogs at Eversley." Another is on the "Washingtons in England." The publication this winter of the third edition of "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature" will supply a striking proof of the value of coöperative labor when well directed. The contents of more than two hundred periodicals, beginning with the *Academy* and ending with the *Zotist*, are included in the undertaking, and the work has been done voluntarily by literary students in England and America. Nearly five thousand volumes have been indexed, and the number of slips which required sorting and arranging exceeded two hundred thousand. We learn from Mr. Stockton, says the *Critic*, that Pomona, during her brief stay in London, has been "alive with emotion." She has leaned on the tomb of Edward the Confessor, and been nearly stifled with the gas of the Underground Railway. She has also become familiar with chimney-pots, and has taken to drinking ale—unless, indeed, she has tired of England, and gone with her hero-torian to France. The scene of Mr. Tennyson's new village tragedy, "The Promise of May," is laid in a Lincolnshire village, and the heroines are two sisters, Dora and Eva Steer. Cassel, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York, have in press for immediate publication, "Evangeline, the Place, the Story, and the Poem," by Professor Noah Porter, President of Yale College, to be issued in a large folio volume, limited to five hundred copies, numbered and signed by Professor Porter, containing nineteen original illustrations by Frank Dicksee, A. R. A., fifteen of which are elegantly reproduced in photogravure by Messrs. Goupil & Co., of Paris, and four are proof impressions on India paper from the original blocks, beautifully illustrating Longfellow's poem of "Evangeline."—James T. White & Co., No. 23 Dupont Street, have had made especially for them, by Eastern houses, some Christmas cards that are quite original in their way. They consist of delicately shaded hinged slabs, between which are included old English Christmas poems. Some of the designs are very elegant.

Miscellany: Mr. Whittier says in regard to a vexed question that the family whose name suggested the title of "Maud Muller" pronounced the word "Muller." They were Hessians. F. Anstey's "Vice Versa; or a Lesson to Fathers," has gone into an eleventh edition in London. This lively bit of extravagance is one of the chief literary successes of the season there. The author is a young man of about five-and-twenty. "F. Anstey" is a *nom de plume*. His real name is Guthrie. Mr. Howells has changed the title of his forthcoming novel; it is to be "A Woman's Reason," instead of "A Sea Change"—again a Shakespearean title, as the readers of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" will remember. Julia asks Lucetta: "Your reason?" "I have no other than a woman's reason; I think him so because I think him so."—Mr. Trollope's new serial novel, "Land-leaguers," is to appear in *Our Continent* simultaneously with its publication in London. Mr. Trollope spent most of the summer in Ireland, preparing material for this novel. It is not impossible that that pleasant fellow, Phineas Finn, will make his reappearance again. The most important bit of "literary gossip" in the last number of *The Athenæum* is the statement that Mr. John Morley has "abandoned the idea of bringing out a new magazine."—Johann Arany, the author of some of the finest ballads and epic poems in the Hungarian language, is dead. One above all of them, "The Love of Toldi," a legendary hero of bercelean strength, may be placed, says the *London Times*, side by side with the best of what has been written of the kind in any language. No man probably ever was more completely master of his own language and its genius. Thus some of his Shakespearean translations come probably nearer to the original than others in any language, and have become favorites on the stage. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" always attracts crowds, and the effect of its humor tells as much on the Hungarian as it does on an English audience.

In Madise's well-known *Fraser's* portrait gallery is a group of the popular lady authors of the day. They were sitting around a table—Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., Miss Porter, and Lady Morgan—while between Mrs. Hall and Harriet Martineau appears one of the best known, who is described by Maginn: "And last, the jolliest of them all, soft-seated on a well-filled bustle, her coffee sips, by Mrs. Hall, dear darling Mitford (Mary Russell)!" "Regina's Maids of Honor" is the title of the engraving, "Regina" being the pet name of the defunct magazine.

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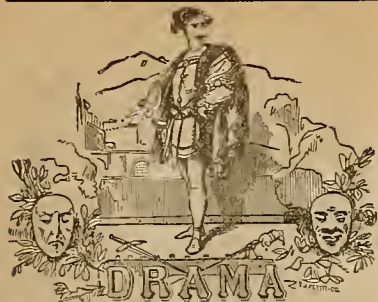
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In all the annals of the drama there is but one prologue which justifies its own existence, and that only by reason of its unexampled brevity. It runs:

"For us and for our tragedy,
Here, stooping to your clemency,
We ask your hearing patiently."

Shakespeare may be forgiven this miniature prologue to a miniature play, but a lesser man, never. And take warning by him, O dramatists of the day! Reveal no more in your prologues than he does in his, and your audiences will not only have a better opinion of your plays, but a better opinion of themselves, as well. One likes to have one's intelligence taxed a little, and if the heart of a mystery he plucked out and laid bare in a prologue, how is one ever to harrow up one's emotions when the play comes? The first two acts of "My Geraldine" do not claim to be a prologue, but they are in effect nothing more. What are they all about? Who can tell? I consulted my play-bills as the different people came on, but though they were painfully explicit, I gathered nothing. Squire Arden, who is described vaguely as a "man who repents," is apparently just launching forth upon a career of crime. A majestic butler, with a fine vocabulary and very marked literary tastes, does nothing in particular. A comfortably arrayed housekeeper, with a large stock of property aspirates, very inartistically employed, accomplishes the same feat. The pretty but singularly inefficient soubrette of the company is vaguely described as a colleen, and remains one throughout seventeen long years. Phil Carroll (a man of iron) takes his apparently erring daughter kindly to his heart, takes her daughter willingly to be equally agreeable to a long extension of lineal descendants. Mary Carroll, the silent woman, goes about telling all she knows in emotional bursts at brief intervals. Geraldine is simply put down as a "deedish," a word with which no one quarrels, because no one knows what it means. "What in the world is it all about?" cried an interested young woman; "years are elapsing, according to my programme, and nothing is happening." "Oh, yes," said another, "that small child, who has just been whirled off in a gale of emotion, is being educated in France. These things take time, and perhaps the dramatist will allow Miss Cayvan to come on in the third act, at least. He has kept her off about as long as is warrantable or endurable." And sure enough she did come at last, and a very pretty little French girl she looked to be sure; very like one just stepped out of one of Julia Kavanagh's novels. She has sent whole detachments of Irish maidens to France to be educated, and a most charming combination they turn out to be. Miss Georgia Cayvan had a soupçon of accent the first few moments, but it disappeared utterly under her fast-accumulating troubles. The Silent Woman, in the absence of her child, has determined not to reveal herself to the girl as her mother, and very considerably forbears for a time, but eventually reveals herself twice within twenty minutes. First, as a sort of flyer, she proposes to be her mother in *posse*, and ends with a tremendous emotional declaration that she is her mother in *esse*.

All these little preliminaries being decided, the curtain goes up on the fourth act, and the play begins. Geraldine, having been told by the villain that the Silent Woman is her mother under rather discreditable circumstances, immediately flies. Heroines always fly upon the heels of uncomfortable information. It never occurs to them to remain and face the music. It is the invariable custom of the species, and not one of them ever breaks through the traditions. Generally they go out into the midnight and the storm, in white gauze or pink tissue, but Geraldine makes a new departure; for some one, looking for her among the rocks of Craga Dhoul, finds a trace of her—a small sealskin sackage; at least such it appears to be from the front. Yet it staggers one a little to think of a sealskin in an Irish drama. I heard a prosperous citizen in a furrier's, the other day, say that he had been tossing half dollars to see whether he would buy his wife a homestead or a sealskin sackage, and, to his consternation, he had drawn the sealskin every time. His distress gave additional importance to the sealskin in the play. Besides, Miss Louise Sylvester gave quite a thrilling piece of acting over this little trace of the lost girl—perhaps the only acting in the play; for although they are a rather clever company, there is so little in "My Geraldine" to act about that everything seemed to be absurdly tense over nothing.

That extraordinary individual, Larry Loane, set down in the bills as having "the soul of a woman, the heart of a poet, and the form of a satyr," wandered about for some time without any ostensible reason, but eventually developed into the tool of the villain. It transpires that he has locked the lost girl up in the ruins of Gray Nun Abbey, and has there attempted her murder; but has not succeeded because it would abruptly end the scenic effects. So the villain, in disgust, determines to do the murder himself. And they roar their conspiracy at the tops of their voices—as stage villains always do—and the eavesdropping hero overhears it all—as eavesdropping heroes always do. He indignantly seizes the poet-souled, woman-hearted, satyr-formed Larry, drags him to the very top of Craga Dhoul, and they both go over the cliff together. Out of the play they would both be as dead as berrings; but when the enthusiastic Maurice reappears a moment later, disguised in the habiliments of Larry, the unsurprised villain simply bids him lead the way to the abbey, without seeing through a most transparent masquerade.

Arrived at the abbey, Miss Georgia Cayvan is discovered in a sweep of classical white drapery edged with swansdown, which she may have found awaiting her among the ivies, and, as there is nothing else to do, she looks terrified with her whole stock of expressions, and throws in some very pretty attitudes. The three parties play at hide-and-seek till

the audience have properly digested the scenery, when the villain takes off his coat and prepares to remove Geraldine with a case-knife. Then ensues quite a neat case of collar-and-elbow wrestling, in which, through several rounds, the frail young girl comes off triumphant. But the villain is at last about to succeed in his fell design—villains' designs are always fell—when her lover bounds upon the scene, and rescues her.

But why the villain, who appears to be only a bailiff, should wish to murder her, does not transpire. In point of fact, nothing transpires. The first acts are dull and meaningless, the last acts eventful and meaningless. There is really no rational excuse for anything in the play except that they are in Ireland, and nothing Irish in the play but the brogue, and not enough of that to go round once.

It can not be called a picture of Irish life, for it differs in no whit from life in any English-speaking country. Indeed the Carroll cottage looks vastly more like a New England kitchen than an Irish farmhouse, and Louise Sylvester fits appositely into its country atmosphere. In short, "My Geraldine" is a trivial play, hirling with absurdities rather than broad faults, and with scarce enough material in it to uphold the scenery. It will be superseded on Monday by "Siberia," upon which much lavish preparation has been expended, and to which we are promised a revival of the ballet, which was fast threatening to become historical in San Francisco.

German art came into fashion with the Geister season last year, and there has been a very liberal American sprinkling in the German theatre ever since, so that when Elmenreich came to town it seemed quite natural, and as it should be, that she should give performances in mid-week. From "Marie Stuart" to "Jane Eyre," is a wide leap; but versatility seems to be one of the characteristics of the German artists. Popular a novel as "Jane Eyre" has been ever since it founded a school, and teeming as it is with dramatic elements, it is strange that it is rarely well adapted for the stage; and quite as strange that the part attracts the fancy of such widely different women. Clara Morris and Madame Elmenreich elect to play the part, and are so far above its requirements that it needs as lurid a stage-setting as the book will allow. The Jane Eyre of the story is a small, plain, unattractive, intense little person, far more interesting between the covers of a book than she can ever be made to appear out of it. Madame Elmenreich is a tall, stately, finely formed woman, with a face full of character and strength, and a rich, full voice. The repressed intensity, which is the feature of Jane Eyre, she conveys with admirable repose, but one likes to see an artist who is capable of much more—play something more than repressed intensity. The play is but feebly adapted, and gives Madame Elmenreich an opportunity to rise to her own strength only in the last scene—the love-scene with Rochester, who, indeed, does not rise with her, and plays it tamely. It is at best but an abrupt ending. The Rochester type of hero is quite on a line with the German model in the Maritt novels, which are the best known to English readers. And he might easily have made one suspect it to be a German adaptation, so familiar and so popular, alas! has the growing, grumbling, bulldog hero become.

They have made a lord of Rochester, as in the later English versions, and have purified the moral atmosphere by saddling his little peccadilloes upon a convenient brother. Indeed, Charlotte Brontë would never recognize her own deliciously wicked Rochester in this latter-day one, who has little left of the original but his ill-humor, and is carefully shielded behind a certificate of respectability. Grace Poole glides but rarely across the family life, and the mad West Indian shrieks but once. Indeed, the play of "Jane Eyre" is simply a pleasant little domestic picture, in which an ill-natured man taws to love, and the part of Jane Eyre, so adapted, is beneath the capabilities of an artist who excels in the great roles, however agreeable it may be to see her play the small ones.

Madame Elmenreich will play the much-praised and much-abused "Odette," which has been so long promised and so long coming this way, for Modjeska, the Odette of Odettes, has thrown the French sinner over and taken to English Rosalind in a becoming doublet and a pair of yellow leggings, for it seems to be the later decree that the arch and merry Rosalind shall not make a point of her legs any more.

BETSY B.

Madame Elmenreich has caught all the German theatre-goers, who were already aware of the artist's fame throughout Austria and Germany. In "Marie Stuart" and "Jane Eyre" she has won much applause. To-day there will be a matinee at the Baldwin Theatre, when "Marie Stuart" will be played. To-morrow evening, "Adrienne Lecouvreur" will be produced at Haverly's California Theatre.

At Haverly's California Theatre, "My Geraldine" has been drawing good audiences during the past week. Monday evening Bartley Campbell's new play, "Siberia," will be produced with the full company in the cast and Mademoiselle Cornalba and a score of *coryphees* in the ballet.

Mr. Bartley Campbell has been seriously ill during the past two weeks, but is now on the road to a speedy recovery.

Jay Rial's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is bolder the boards at the Grand Opera House.

The minstrels are having their usual good success at Emerson's Standard Theatre.

The Langtry legs do not come up to expectation; neither, it seems, does the doublet skirt.

CCLVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, November 26.

Soup Brunoise.
Mountain Trout. Potato Croquettes.
Broiled Beefsteak.
Stewed Mushrooms. Brussels Sprouts.
Roast Ducks. Current-jelly Sauce.
Oyster Salad.
Pumpkin Pie. Strawberries.
Apples, Figs, Plums, Peaches, Pears, Oranges, and Grapes.
BRUNOISE SOUP.—Put an ounce of butter in a sauce-pan on the fire, and when melted add one carrot, one turnip, and a little celery all cut in dice; stir till they turn yellow, then add about a quart of broth, a middling-sized leek cut in thin pieces, with a few leaves of lettuce and of sorrel if handy, and a pinch of sugar. Simmer about two hours, skim off the fat, and add a few drops of burnt sugar to color. Have croutons in the tureen, turn the soup over them and serve.
OYSTER SALAD.—See No. CXXIII.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Concert of the Loring Club.

A Loring Club concert has never yet failed to be one of those fortunate affairs from which everybody goes home feeling as if the prince had married the princess, and all the world would consequently be happy for a year and a day to come. The story may not have been a Homeric tale, but disappointment finds no place in its denouement; and better is a modest programme where success is, than ultra-classicism and musical catastrophe therewith.

Part first consisted of three numbers only. "At Early Morn," by Aht, was clearly and evenly sung; and "Silent Night," by Von Weher, proved itself one of the most thoroughly harmonious and finished pieces of work ever undertaken by this able chorus. The accompaniment in *arpeggios*, and the tranquil melody it supported, could not have been more accurate in point of intonation and rounded, quiet strength; and while the climax of the *crescendos* trembled dangerously upon the verge of "sweet vociferation," the shading was yet most carefully managed.

Following upon these were two scenes from "Fritiof's Saga," opus 23, by Max Bruch, which, being the most involved, was the most important number of the evening. The solo part of "Fritiof," taken by Mr. Nello, (whose wealth of fine baritone might well charm the young lady delighting in a "rich gentleman's voice,") a chorus, quartet, and orchestral accompaniment, constituted the features of this interesting selection. The many beauties and musical combinations of so thoughtful a composition were scarcely to be appreciated in one hearing; and it is always a matter of regret that these more profound selections are not sometimes repeated at succeeding concerts. A presentation may be correct, and unmarred by any open breaks; but where varied elements are introduced, and much rehearsal is necessary, one is apt to feel (as with the "Saga," on Tuesday) that the whole thing wants "licking into shape." Indeed, somebody quoting from a flippant writer of the day, went so far the other night as to call Mr. Bruch's music a "harmonious gruel," which—he added of his own wit—had been insufficiently stirred; and, although criticism of this culinary cast may have been somewhat out of place, it must be confessed that certain crudities, both vocal and instrumental, were apparent in the first rendition of the "Saga."

A very quiet and lovely interpretation of Barnby's "Sweet and Low" introduced part second. "Morning in the Woods," by Rheinberger, was delightfully sung; and a "Finland Love Song," with string quartet accompaniment, was rapturously encored. This novel and charming composition, by Engelsberg, was entirely out of the ordinary, as also was the "Ruined Chapel," by Becker, with its pulsating bell-stroke and harmonies as poetical as they were clever. Nessler's "Invitation to the Dance," which the above-mentioned writer of flippancies would characterize as a "One, two, three, four, hop, hop, hop" composition, concluded the programme at an unusually early hour.

The third Philharmonic Concert will take place Friday evening, December first, and not on the third, as incorrectly stated last week. F. A.
SAN FRANCISCO, November 23, 1882.

At the third Philharmonic Concert, to be given next Friday evening, December 1st, at Platt's Hall, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Brahms's Hungarian Waltzes, and the introduction to Wagner's "Lohengrin" will be the principal orchestral numbers. Fraulein Emma Hopf, from Berlin, will make her first appearance in this city in an aria from Bach's "Odysseus." This lady comes with recommendations from eminent Germans, and more especially from Herr Buch, under whom she studied for some time. Herr Bruno Gortatowsky, the pianist, also makes his debut. He was a pupil in Berlin of the celebrated Raif, and finished at Stuttgart under Lebert and Pruckner. He will play a concerto of Mozart's, accompanied by the full orchestra. Mr. Gustave Hinrichs will, as usual, conduct. Mr. Henry Heyman, who has the entire charge of this enterprise, also takes the leading violin in the orchestra. A rehearsal will be given for subscribers at ten o'clock on the morning of the performance. Box-sheet open at Sherman & Clay's music store.

We have received from M. Gray, 117 Post Street: "May Be," a song by William Toepke; price, 50 cents. "Old Uncle Jim," words by Murdy, music by Tilton; and "The Old Minstrel," words by J. V. Cheney, music by Albert B. Cheney; price, 40 cents. George W. Hagans & Co., 532 Clay Street, have just published: "Sweet Lavine," words by Urmy, music by Reed; price, 35 cents. "Call Me Back Again," composed by W. D. Hendrickson; price, 35 cents. "I'll Call Thee Back Again," words by Johnson, music by F. J. Phelps; price, 35 cents. "Sing the Dear Old Song Again," composed by H. W. Luther; price, 35 cents. "The Spanish Cavalier," composed by W. D. Hendrickson; price, 35 cents; and "The Old and New," schottische, composed by C. H. Reed; price, 35 cents.

Carl Formes, who took six of his young lady pupils to New York last month, in order that they might have better opportunities for engagements, writes back a very encouraging report. Miss McClellan has already secured an engagement as *prima donna* in Italian opera from Colonel Mapleson, which is a chance not very often given to a young girl.

—MESSRS. MORRIS & KENNEDY ON THURSDAY reopened their art-gallery to the public. They have a number of important pictures which Mr. Morris has just brought from the East and Europe. One, in particular, is a view in the Paris Bois de Boulogne, which attracts much attention.

Two Nights.

The waving boughs above them bending low,
Made deeper darkness in the warm-pulsed night,
And passionately then he kissed her lips again,
Whence clover-scented words came burning forth:
"Ah, me! that love should be so sweet,
And time so brief!"

White-lipped, tear-eyed, he knelt beside her couch,
When for a moment from her fading gaze
Once more into his darkened life there flashed
The old love-look. Then, as her spirit fled,
A cold came backward on the damp night air:
"Ah, God! that sin should be so sweet,
Eternity so long!"

WASHINGTON, October 19, 1882.

T. H. S.

A Splendid Banquet.

PRINCESS LOUISE AND HER HUSBAND, the Marquis of Lorne, will return from their British Columbia trip shortly. They have become very popular among the upper and lower classes of the dominion. Their stay has been the occasion of one continual gala, and the people came from far inland to attend the Industrial Exhibition. The chief officers of the civil government, aided by the army officers stationed at Esquimaux, recently gave the vice-regal party a grand banquet at Victoria. The rarest delicacies were prepared for the feast, and hunters were dispatched into the interior, and also far up the coast, in order to procure the choicest land and water game. No expense, of course, was spared to provide the finest wines, but it is needless to remark that but one champagne was chosen, and that was POMMERY. This was due to two reasons: the first being that this champagne is the especial favorite of the English royal household, and second, that it is the king without equal over all other champagnes manufactured. The agents for the Pacific Coast are Messrs. Wolff & Reinhold, 506 Battery Street, San Francisco.

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HERR BRUNO GORTATOWSKY.....PIANIST.

From Stuttgart, first appearance.

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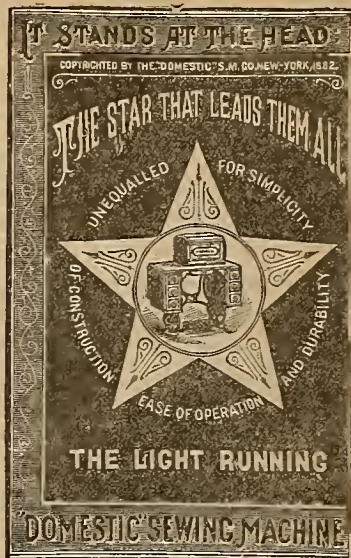
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A Lost Child.

Ye CRYER:
Here's a reward for who'll find Love!
Love is a-straying
Ever since Maying;
Hither and yon, below, above,
All are seeking Love!

Ye HAND-BILL:
Gone astray—between the Maying
And the gathering of the hay,
Love, an urchin ever playing—
Folk are warned against his play.
How may you know him? By the quiver,
By the how he's wont to bear.
First on your left there comes a shiver,
Then a twinge—the arrow's there.
By his eye of pansy color,
Deep as wounds be death free;
If its hue have faded duller,
'Tis not that he weeps for me.
By the smile that curls his mouthlet;
By the mockery of his sigh;
By his breath, a spicy South, let
Slip his lips of roses by.
By the devil in his dimple;
By his lies that sound so true;
By his shaft-sting, that no simple
Ever culled will heal for you.
By his heekonings that embolden;
By his quick withdrawals then;
By his flying hair, a golden
Light to lure the feet of men.
By the breast where ne'er a hurt'll
Rankle 'neath his kerchief hid—
What? you cry; he wore a kerchief?
Faith! I methinks the rascal did!

Here's a reward for who'll find Love!
Love is a-straying
Ever since Maying;
Hither and yon, below, above,
I am seeking Love.

Cryer: H. C. Bunner: ye fioder pray'd
Grub Street: ye hriog her to
Cry's Weddings:
Buryings: Lost
Childen, and eight
cheaply.
Ye Ild Knocker.

MASTER CORYDON.

Petticoat Lane.

A Love-knot.

My love and I—when I did love my love,
And my love loved me, ah! so very well—
Wandered together, and our faith to prove,
Cut in a tree the letters F and L.
We so adored each other, he and I,
The very winds low whispered through the trees,
And, breathing soft a tender, little sigh,
Would murmur: "Where are lovers like to these?"
We were to live in heaven while yet on earth;
We were to scorn the gods for very joy;
We challenged all to equal us in mirth,
Or in the arts we learned from Cupid-hoy!
We met at dawn, at noon, at fall of eve;
We parted sobbing, but to turn again;
We each the other could not, would not leave—
Pale, wan, and full of Love's enchanting pain.
To-day I chanced to walk—but quite alone—
Married am I, and married, too, is he!
I am the love who loved my love, and grown
Even prettier—so, at least, it seems to me.
And he who loved his love so very well—
Where dwells my love, who loved his love so true?
Oh, long ago chimed out his marriage-bell,
And, just before it, mine had chimed out, too!
Well, I to-day was walking, when the tree
(Which I had quite forgotten) caught my eye.
Romantic still, I feared what I should see—
Romantic still, I heaved a little sigh.
But soon I gazed upon the sacred spot
Where once our twined initials proved our faith;
The space had closed and formed a rugged knot:
Letters and love had died a natural death.

—Cora Linn Daniels.

Thelga and Ethred.

SESTINA.

[The sestina is the most complicated and difficult of all the old Provencal forms of verse. It is believed that the one below is the only one ever written in America, and the second of its kind in the English language, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse having published the first. There is also a rhyming sestina by Mr. Swinburne.]

Once on a time there dwelt Siehild, a king,
Far to the Northward, in the icy heart
Of barren peaks that lift their heads to kiss,
All passionless, the sun, their senile love;
Rich booty from the merchant seas he won,
And with a despot's sceptre ruled the land.

She who was famed as fairest in the land,
Was Princess Thelga, daughter of the king,
Prized by him more than all the spoils he won.
Gentle and proud, till Ethred came, her heart
Had never felt the stir of nestled love,
Her lips ne'er known the spasm of love's kiss.

And old Siehild had sworn that such a kiss—
By all the treasures of the sea or land!
Should never consecrate his daughter's love
For any suitor save the blustering king
Who ruled the realm adjoining, and whose heart
Chaste Thelga all unwillingly had won.

Hers Ethred, young and powerless, had won,
Unnoted by Siehild, until a kiss
The tyrant caught him stealing; then his heart
Of errand with rage that one with goods nor land
Should dare to woo the daughter of a king,
And hark a brother monarch of his love.

"Now, by my ships!" he stormed, "thou say'st thy love
By this unfaithful damsel has been won;
I'll prove you then: If you can tell your king
Of aught, ha, ha! that's sweeter than the kiss
You gave to her, dowered with goods and land,
Her hand is yours—as is, she thinks, her heart!"

"I can!" and Thelga pressed her angered heart
As Ethred spoke. "Then," roared the king,
"your love
Is false if aught's more sweet to all the land!"
"Nay," Ethred said, "I claim that I have won:
Sweeter than that I gave her was the kiss
She gave to me!" "I yield," confessed the king.

Ah, happy heart! the royal largess won
Of voluntary Love, in its one kiss,
Is more than sea or land can give a king.

—Harrison Robertson.

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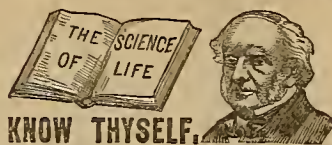
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BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City,
Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the eighteenth (18th) day of November, 1882, an
assessment (No. 25) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable im-
mediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at
the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block,
No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Friday, the 22d day of December, 1882, will be de-
linquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday,
the 17th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, California.

THUNDER POWDER COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California; location of works, Alameda County, California.

NOTICE.—There are delinquent upon the following de-
scribed stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on
the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set
opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as fol-
lows:

Name.	Cert. No.	No. Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	37	10,000	\$2.00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	73	200	4.00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	74	300	8.00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	79	14,995	120.00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee.....	87	6,000	5,098.00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	5	5	2,400.00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	5	5	not issued 2.00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	6	5	do 2.00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee.....	7	995	do 398.00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	8	5	do 2.00
E. G. Waite, Trustee.....	9	2,495	do 998.00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	10	5	do 2.00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee.....	11	995	do 398.00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	12	5	do 2.00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee.....	13	2,495	do 998.00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee.....	14	1,000	do 400.00
John A. Benson, Trustee.....	15	2,000	do 800.00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	16	1,000	do 400.00
M. Baldrick, Trustee.....	17	1,000	not issued 600.00
Fred'k Lux, Trustee.....	18	1,000	do 400.00
Charles Camden, Trustee.....	19	2,000	do 800.00
Jackson Hart, Trustee.....	20	1,000	do 400.00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee.....	22	500	do 200.00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee.....	23	500	do 200.00
Theodore Greene, Trustee.....	24	1,000	do 400.00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee.....	25	2,000	do 800.00
Walter Mead, Trustee.....	26	500	not issued 200.00
J. H. Fish, Trustee.....	27	500	do 200.00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	28	1,000	do 400.00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	29	1,000	do 400.00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee.....	30	1,000	do 400.00
L. C. Kelly, Trustee.....	31	1,000	do 400.00
Chas. S. Neal, Trustee.....	32	5	do 2.00
Wm. F. Flick, Trustee.....	33	5	do 2.00
Chas. H. Hopkins, Trustee.....	34	5	do 2.00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	35	5	do 2.00
Benj. Teal, Trustee.....	36	5	do 2.00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	52	1,000	do 400.00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee.....	53	1,000	do 400.00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	54	1,000	do 400.00
Wm. Heick, Trustee.....	55	1,000	do 400.00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee.....	56	1,000	not issued 400.00
John F. Baxter, Trustee.....	57	3,000	do 1,200.00
Davis S. Sherman, Trustee.....	58	3,000	do 1,200.00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee.....	59	1,000	do 400.00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee.....	60	500	do 200.00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	61	500	do 200.00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee.....	62	200	do 80.00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee.....	63	100	do 40.00
L. E. Crane, Trustee.....	64	50	do 20.00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee.....	65	50	do 20.00
A. P. Barton, Trustee.....	66	50	do 20.00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee.....	67	50	not issued 20.00
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee.....	80	250	do 100.00
L. Hafen, Trustee.....	81	250	do 100.00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee.....	85	1,000	do 400.00
Matthew Clark, Trustee.....	103	500	do 200.00
Jas. S. Porteous, Trustee.....	110	500	do 200.00
Thos. Legg, Trustee.....	104	100	do 40.00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board
of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so
many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be neces-
sary will be sold at public auction at the company's office,
No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the
hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent
assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and
expenses of the sale. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the sixteenth (16th)
day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the thirtieth (30th)
day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the sixth (6th) day of
November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the thirteenth (13th)
day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the twentieth (20th)
day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the twenty-seventh
(27th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour.
By order of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

R. H. McDonald,
President,
San Francisco,
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RESOURCES.

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,363 30
LIABILITIES.	\$3,752,099 09
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, vs. JOHN J. CONLIN, et al. Defendants.

Superior Court. Department No. 5. No. 2837. Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 5, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 16th day of October, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against John J. Conlin, John J. Conlin administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Catherine M. Conlin, deceased, John J. Conlin trustee of the estate of Catherine M. Conlin deceased, under her will, Josephine Conlin, William P. Conlin, and Catherine Ann Conlin, defendants, on the 31st day of July, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book 1, of said Court, at page 670, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Perry Street, distant one hundred and five feet southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fourth Street; thence southeasterly along said line of Perry Street, twenty-five feet; thence at right angles southeasterly eighty feet; thence at right angles northeasterly twenty-five feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty feet to the point of commencement. The same being part of the parcel of land known on the official map of the City of San Francisco as 100-vara lot No. 173.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 18th day of December, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, November 25, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

Tobin & Tobin, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
November 25, December 2, 9, 16.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of November, 1882, an assessment (No. 6) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 29th day of December, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 26th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.
Office—Room 21, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco Cal.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 22nd day of November, 1882, an assessment (No. 10) of twenty-five cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the twenty-seventh day of December, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 17th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco Cal.

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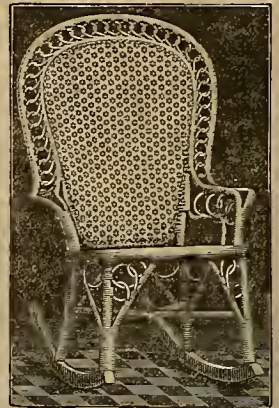
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The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 23.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 2, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE SLEEPING-CAR—A FARCE.

By W. D. Howells.

I.

SCENE.—One side of a sleeping-car on the Boston and Albany road. The curtains are drawn before most of the berths; from the hooks and rods hang hats, bonnets, bags, band-boxes, umbrellas, and other traveling gear; on the floor are boots of both sexes, set out for THE PORTER to black. THE PORTER is making up the beds in the upper and lower berths adjoining the seats on which a young mother, slender and pretty, with a baby asleep on the seat beside her, and a stout old lady, sit confronting each other—MRS. AGNES ROBERTS and her aunt MARY.

Mrs. Roberts. Do you always take down your back hair, aunty?

Aunt Mary. No, never, child; at least not since I had such a fright about it once, coming on from New York. It's all well enough to take down your back hair if it is yours; but if it isn't, your head is the best place for it. Now, as I buy mine of Madame Pierrot—

Mrs. Roberts. Don't you wish she wouldn't advertise it as human hair? It sounds so pokerish—like human flesh, you know.

Aunt Mary. Why, she couldn't call it inhuman hair, my dear.

Mrs. Roberts (thoughtfully). No—just hair.

Aunt Mary. Then people would think it was for mattresses. But, as I was saying, I took it off that night, and tucked it safely away, as I supposed, in my pocket, and I slept sweetly till about midnight, when I happened to open my eyes, and saw something long and black crawl off my bed and slip under the berth. Such a shriek as I gave, my dear! "A snake! a snake! oh, a snake!" And everybody began talking at once, and some of the gentlemen swearing, and the porter came running with the poker to kill it; and all the while it was that ridiculous switch of mine that had worked out of my pocket. And glad enough I was to grab it up before anybody saw it, and say that I must have been dreaming.

Mrs. Roberts. Why, aunty, how funny! How could you suppose a serpent could get on board a sleeping-car, of all places in the world!

Aunt Mary. That was the perfect absurdity of it.

The Porter. Berths ready now, ladies.

Mrs. Roberts (to THE PORTER, who walks away to the end of the car, and sits down near the door). Oh, thank you. Aunty, do you feel nervous the least bit?

Aunt Mary. Nervous? No. Why?

Mrs. Roberts. Well, I don't know. I suppose I've been worked up a little about meeting Willis, and wondering how he'll look, and all. We can't know each other, of course. It doesn't stand to reason that if he's been out there for twelve years, ever since I was a child, though we've corresponded regularly—at least I have—that he could recognize me; not at the first glance, you know. He'll have a full beard; and then I've got married, and here's the baby. Oh, no! he'll never guess who it is in the world. Photographs really amount to nothing in such a case. I wish we were at home and it was all over. I wish he had written some particulars, instead of telegraphing from Ogden, "Be with you on the 7 A. M., Wednesday."

Aunt Mary. Californians always telegraph, my dear; they never think of writing. It isn't expensive enough, and it doesn't make your blood run cold enough to get a letter, and so they send you one of those miserable yellow dispatches whenever they can—those printed in a long string, if possible, so that you'll be sure to die before you get to the end of it. I suppose your brother has fallen into all those ways, and says "reckon," and "ornary," and "which the same," just like one of Mr. Bret Harte's characters.

Mrs. Roberts. But it isn't exactly our not knowing each other, aunty, that's worrying me; that's something that could be got over in time. What is simply driving me distracted is Willis and Edward meeting there when I'm away from home. Oh, how could I be away! And why couldn't Willis have given us fair warning? I would have hurried from the ends of the earth to meet him. I don't believe poor Edward ever saw a Californian; and he's so quiet and preoccupied, I'm sure he'd never get on with Willis. And if Willis is the least loud, he wouldn't like Edward. Not that I suppose he is loud; but I don't believe he knows anything about literary men. But you can see, aunty, can't you, how very anxious I must be? Don't you see that I ought to have been there when Willis and Edward met, so as to—to—well, to break them to each other, don't you know?

Aunt Mary. Oh, you needn't be troubled about that, Agnes. I dare say they've got on perfectly well together. Very likely they are sitting down to the unwholesome hot supper this instant that the ingenuity of man could invent.

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, do you think they are, aunty? Oh, if I could only believe they were sitting down to a hot supper together now, I should be so happy! They'd be sure to get on if they were. There's nothing like eating to make men friendly with each other. Don't you know, at receptions, how they never have anything to say to each other till the escapoted oysters and the chicken salad appear; and then how sweet they are as soon as they've helped the ladies to

ice? Oh, thank you, thank you, aunty, for thinking of the hot supper. It's such a relief to my mind! You can understand, can't you, aunty dear, how anxious I must have been to have my only brother and my only—my husband—get on nicely together? My life would be a wreck, simply a wreck, if they didn't. And Willis and I not having seen each other since I was a child makes it all the worse. I do hope they're sitting down to a hot supper.

An angry Voice from the next berth but one. I wish people in sleeping-cars—

A Voice from the berth beyond that. You're mistaken in your premises, sir. This is a waking-car. Ladies, go on, and oblige an eager listener.

[Sensation, and smothered laughter from the other berths.]

Mrs. Roberts (after a space of terrified silence, in a loud whisper to her AUNT). What horrid things! But now we really must go to bed. It was too bad to keep talking. I'd no idea my voice was getting so loud. What berth will you have, aunty? I'd better take the upper one, because—

Aunt Mary (whispering). No, no; I must take that, so that you can be with the baby below.

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, how good you are, Aunt Mary! It's too bad; it is, really. I can't let you.

Aunt Mary. Well, then, you must; that's all. You know how that child tosses and kicks about in the night. You never can tell where his head's going to be in the morning, but you'll probably find it at the foot of the bed. I couldn't sleep an instant, my dear, if I thought that boy was in the upper berth, for I'd be sure of his tumbling out over you. Here, let me lay him down. [She lays the baby in the lower berth.] There! Now get in, Agnes—do, and leave me to my struggle with the attraction of gravitation.

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, poor aunty, how will you ever manage it? I must help you up.

Aunt Mary. No, my dear; don't be foolish. But you may go and call the porter, if you like. I dare say he's used to it. [MRS. ROBERTS goes and speaks timidly to THE PORTER, who fails at first to understand, then smiles broadly, accepts a quarter with a duck of his head, and comes forward to AUNT MARY'S side.]

Mrs. Roberts. Had he better give you his hand to rest your foot in, while you spring up as if you were mounting horse-back?

Aunt Mary (with disdain). Spring! My dear, I haven't sprung for a quarter of a century. I shall require every fibre in the man's body. His hand, indeed! You get in first, Agnes.

Mrs. Roberts. I will, aunty dear; but—

Aunt Mary (sternly). Agnes, do as I say. [MRS. ROBERTS crouches down on the lower berth.] I don't choose that any member of my family shall witness my contortions. Don't you look.

Mrs. Roberts. No, no, aunty.

Aunt Mary. Now, porter, are you strong?

Porter. I used to be porter at a Saratoga hotel, and carried up de ladies' trunks dere.

Aunt Mary. Then you'll do, I think. Now, then, your knee; now your back. There! And very handsomely done. Thanks.

Mrs. Roberts. Are you really in, Aunt Mary?

Aunt Mary (dryly). Yes. Good-night.

Mrs. Roberts. Good-night, aunty. [After a pause of some minutes.] Aunty!

Aunt Mary. Well, what?

Mrs. Roberts. Do you think it's perfectly safe?

[She rises in her berth, and looks up over the edge of the upper.]

Aunt Mary. I suppose so. It's a well-managed road. They've got the air-brake, I've heard, and the Miller platform, and all those horrid things. What makes you introduce such unpleasant subjects?

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, I don't mean accidents. But, you know, when you turn, it does creak so awfully. I shouldn't mind myself; but the baby—

Aunt Mary. Why, child, do you think I'm going to break through? I couldn't. I'm one of the lightest sleepers in the world.

Mrs. Roberts. Yes, I know you're a light sleeper; but—but it doesn't seem quite the same thing, somehow.

Aunt Mary. But it is; it's quite the same thing, and you can be perfectly easy in your mind, my dear. I should be quite as loath to break through as you would to have me. Good-night.

Mrs. Roberts. Yes; good-night. Aunty!

Aunt Mary. Well?

Mrs. Roberts. You ought to just see him, how he's lying. He's a perfect log. Couldn't you just bend over, and peep down at him a moment?

Aunt Mary. Bend over! It would be the death of me. Good-night.

Mrs. Roberts. Good-night. Did you put the glass into my bag or yours? I feel so very thirsty, and I want to go and get some water. I'm sure I don't know why I should be thirsty. Are you, Aunt Mary? Ah! here it is. Don't disturb yourself, aunty; I've found it. It was in my bag, just where I'd put it myself. But all this trouble about Willis has made me so fidgety that I don't know where anything is. And now I don't know how to manage about the baby while I go after the water. He's sleeping soundly enough now; but if he should happen to get into one of his rolling moods,

he might tumble out on the floor. Never mind, aunty; I've thought of something. I'll just barricade him with these bags and shawls. Now, old fellow, you may roll as much as you like. If you should happen to hear him stir, aunty, won't you—Aunty! Oh, dear! She's asleep already; and what shall I do? [While MRS. ROBERTS continues talking, various notes of protest, profane and otherwise, make themselves heard from different berths.] I know. I'll make a bold dash for the water, and be back in an instant, baby. Now, don't you move, you little rogue. [She runs to the water-tank at the end of the car, and then back to her berth.] Now, baby, here's mamma again. Are you all right, mamma's own?

[A shaggy head and bearded face are thrust from the curtains of the next berth.]

The Stranger. Look here, ma'am. I don't want to be disagreeable about this thing, and I hope you won't take any offense; but the fact is, I'm half dead for want of sleep, and if you'll only keep quiet now a little while, I'll promise not to speak above my breath if ever I find you on a sleeping car after you've come straight through from San Francisco, day and night, and not been able to get more than a quarter of your usual allowance of rest—I will, indeed.

Mrs. Roberts. I'm very sorry that I've disturbed you, and I'll try and be more quiet. I didn't suppose I was speaking so loud; but the cars keep up such a rattling that you never can tell how loud you are speaking. Did I understand you to say that you were from California?

The Californian. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Roberts. San Francisco?

The Californian. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Roberts. Thanks. It's a terribly long journey—isn't it? I know quite how to feel for you. I've a brother myself coming on. In fact, we expected him before this. [She scans his face as sharply as the lamp-light will allow, and continues, after a brief hesitation.] It's always such a silly question to ask a person, and I suppose San Francisco is a large place, with a great many people always coming and going, so that it would only be one chance in a thousand if you did.

The Californian (patiently). Did what, ma'am?

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, I was just wondering if it was possible—but of course it isn't, and it's very flat to ask—that you'd ever happened to meet my brother there. His name is Willis Campbell.

The Californian (with more interest). Campbell? Campbell? Yes, I know a man of that name. But I disremember his first name. Little, low fellow—pretty chunky?

Mrs. Roberts. I don't know. Do you mean short and stout?

The Californian. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Roberts. I'm sure I can't tell. It's a great many years since he went out there, and I've never seen him in all that time. I thought if you did happen to know him—

He's a lawyer.

The Californian. It's quite likely I know him; and in the morning, ma'am—

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, excuse me. I am very sorry to have kept you so long awake with my silly questions.

The Man in the Upper Berth. Don't apologize, madam. I'm not a Californian myself, but I'm an orphan, and away from home, and I thank you, on behalf of all our fellow-passengers, for the mental refreshment that your conversation has afforded us. I could lie here and listen to it all night; but there are invalids in some of these berths, and perhaps on their account it will be as well to defer everything till the morning, as our friend suggests. Allow me to wish you pleasant dreams, madam.

[THE CALIFORNIAN, while MRS. ROBERTS shrinks back under the curtain of her berth in dismay, and stammers some inaudible excuse, slowly emerges full length from his berth.]

The Californian. Don't you mind me, ma'am; I've got everything but my boots and coat on. Now, then, [standing beside the berth, and looking in upon the man in the upper tier.] you, do you know this is a lady you're talking to?

The Upper Berth. By your voice and your shaggy personal appearance I shouldn't have taken you for a lady—no, sir. But the light is very imperfect; you may be a bearded lady.

The Californian. You never mind about my looks. The question is: Do you want your head rapped up against the side of this car?

The Upper Berth. With all the frankness of your own Pacific slope, no.

Mrs. Roberts (hastily re-appearing). Oh, no, no, don't hurt him. He's not to blame. I was wrong to keep on talking. Oh, please don't hurt him!

The Californian (to THE UPPER BERTH). You hear? Well, now, don't you speak another word to that lady to-night. Just go on, ma'am, and free your mind on any little matter you like. I don't want any sleep. How long has your brother been in California?

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, don't let's talk about it now; I don't want to talk about it. I thought—I thought—Good-night. Oh, dear! I didn't suppose I was making so much trouble. I didn't mean to disturb anybody. I—

[MRS. ROBERTS gives way to the excess of her confusion and mortification in a little sob, and then hides her grief behind the curtains of her berth. THE CALIFORNIAN slowly emerges again from his couch, and stands beside it, looking in upon the man in the berth above.]

The Californian. For half a cent I would rap your head up against that wall. Making the lady cry, and making me so mad I can't sleep! Now, see here, you just apologize. You beg that lady's pardon, or I'll have you out of there before you know yourself. [Cries of "Good!" "That's right!" and "Make him show himself!" hail MRS. ROBERTS'S champion, and heads, more or less disheveled, are thrust from every berth. MRS. ROBERTS remains invisible and silent, and the loud and somewhat complicated respiration of her AUNT makes itself heard in the general hush of expectancy. A remark to the effect that "The old lady seems to enjoy her rest" achieves a facile applause. THE CALIFORNIAN again addresses the culprit.] Come, now, what do you say? I'll give you just one half minute.

Mrs. Roberts (from her shelter). Oh, please, please don't make him say anything. It was very trying in me to keep him awake, and I know he didn't mean any offense. Oh, do let him be!

The Californian. You hear that? You stay quiet the rest of the time; and if that lady chooses to keep us all awake the whole night, don't you say a word, or I'll settle with you in the morning.

[Loud and continued applause, amidst which THE CALIFORNIAN turns from the man in the berth before him, and restores order by marching along the aisle of the car in his stocking-feet. The heads vanish behind the curtains. As the laughter subsides, he returns to his berth, and after a stare up and down the tranquilized car, he is about to retire.

A Voice. Oh, don't just bow. Speak! A fresh burst of laughter greets this ally. THE CALIFORNIAN erects himself again, with an air of baited wrath, and then suddenly breaks into a helpless laugh.

The Californian. Gentlemen, you're too many for me. [He gets into his berth, and after cries of "Good for California!" "You're all right, William Nye!" and "You're several ahead yet!" the occupants of the different berths gradually release into silence, and at last, as the car lurches onward through the darkness, nothing is heard but the rhythmic clank of the machinery, with now and then a burst of audible slumber from MRS. ROBERTS'S aunt MARY.

II.

At Worcester, where the train has made the usual stop, THE PORTER, with his lantern on his arm, enters the car, preceding a gentleman somewhat anxiously smiling; his nervous speech contrasts painfully with the business-like impassiveness of THE PORTER, who refuses, with an air of incredulity, to enter into the confidences which the gentleman seems reluctant to bestow.

Mr. Edward Roberts. This is the Governor Marcy, isn't it?

The Porter. Yes, sah.

Mr. Roberts. Came on from Albany, and not from New York?

The Porter. Yes, sah, it did.

Mr. Roberts. Ah! it must be all right. I—

The Porter. Was your wife expecting you to come on board here?

Mr. Roberts. Well, no, not exactly. She was expecting me to meet her at Boston. But I—[struggling to give the situation dignity, but failing, and throwing himself, with self-convicted silliness, upon THE PORTER'S mercy.] The fact is, I thought I would surprise her by joining her here.

The Porter (refusing to have any mercy). Oh! How did you expect to find her?

Mr. Roberts. Well—well—I don't know. I didn't consider. [He looks down the aisle in despair at the close-drawn curtains of the berths, and up at the dangling hats, and bags, and bonnets, and down at the chaos of boots of both sexes on the floor.] I don't know how I expected to find her.

[MR. ROBERTS'S countenance falls, and he visibly sinks so low in his own esteem and an imaginary public opinion that THE PORTER begins to have a little compassion.

The Porter. Dey's so many ladies on board I couldn't find her.

Mr. Roberts. Oh, no, no, of course not. I didn't expect that.

The Porter. Don't like to go routing 'em all up, you know. I wouldn't be allowed to.

Mr. Roberts. I don't ask it; that would be preposterous.

The Porter. What sort of looking lady was she?

Mr. Roberts. Well, I don't know, really. Not very tall, rather slight, blue eyes. I—I don't know what you'd call her nose. And—stop!

Oh, yes, she had a child with her, a little boy. Yes!

The Porter (thoughtfully looking down the aisle). Dey was three ladies had children. I didn't notice whether dey was boys or girls, or what dey was. Didn't have anybody with her?

Mr. Roberts. No, no. Only the child.

The Porter. Well, I don't know what you're going to do, sah. It won't be a great while now till morning, you know. Here comes the conductor. Maybe he'll know what to do.

[MR. ROBERTS makes some futile, inarticulate attempts to prevent THE PORTER from laying the case before THE CONDUCTOR, and then stands guiltily smiling, overwhelmed with the hopeless absurdity of his position.

The Conductor (entering the car and stopping before THE PORTER, and looking at MR. ROBERTS). Gentleman want a berth?

The Porter (grinning). Well, no, sah. He's lookin' for his wife.

The Conductor (with suspicion). Is she aboard this car?

Mr. Roberts (striving to propitiate THE CONDUCTOR by a dastardly amiability). Oh, yes, yes. There's no mistake about the car—the Governor Marcy. She telegraphed the name just before you left Albany, so that I could find her at Boston in the morning. Ah!

The Conductor. At Boston? (Sternly). Then what are you trying to find her at Worcester in the middle of the night for?

Mr. Roberts. Why—I—that is—

The Porter (taking compassion on MR. ROBERTS'S inability to continue). Says he wanted to surprise her.

Mr. Roberts. Ha—yes, exactly. A little caprice, you know.

The Conductor. Well, that may all be so. [MR. ROBERTS continues to smile in agonized helplessness against THE CONDUCTOR'S injurious tone, which becomes more and more offensively patronizing.] But I can't do anything for you. Here are all these people asleep in their berths, and I can't go round waking them up because you want to surprise your wife.

Mr. Roberts. No, no; of course not. I never thought—

The Conductor. My advice to you is to have a berth made up, and go to bed till we get to Boston, and surprise your wife by telling her what you tried to do.

Mr. Roberts (unable to resent the patronage of this suggestion). Well, I don't know but I will.

The Conductor (going out). The porter will make up the berth for you.

Mr. Roberts (to THE PORTER, who is about to pull down an upper berth over a vacant seat). Ah! Er—I—don't think I'll trouble you to make it up; it's so near morning now. Just bring me a pillow, and I'll try to get a nap without lying down. [He takes the vacant seat.]

The Porter. All right, sah. [He goes to the end of the car, and returns with a pillow.]

Mr. Roberts. Ah—porter!

The Porter. Yes, sah.

Mr. Roberts. Ot course you didn't notice; but you don't think you did notice who was in that berth yonder? [He indicates a certain berth.]

The Porter. Dat's a gen'lman in dat berth, I think, sah.

Mr. Roberts (astutely). There's a bonnet hanging from the book at the top. I'm not sure, but it looks like my wife's bonnet.

The Porter (evidently shaken by this reasoning, but recovering his firmness). Yes, sah. But you can't depend upon de ladies to hang deir bonnets on de right book. Jes' likely as not dat lady's took de hook at de foot of her berth instead o' de head. Sometimes dey takes both.

Mr. Roberts. Ah! [After a pause.] Porter!

The Porter. Yes, sah.

Mr. Roberts. You wouldn't feel justified in looking?

The Porter. I couldn't sah; I couldn't, indeed.

Mr. Roberts (reaching his left hand toward THE PORTER'S, and pressing a half-dollar into his instantly responsive palm). But there's nothing to prevent my looking, if I feel perfectly sure of the bonnet?

The Porter. N-no, sah.

Mr. Roberts. All right.

[THE PORTER retires to the end of the car, and resumes the work of polishing the passengers' boots. After an interval of quiet, MR. ROBERTS rises, and, looking about him with what he feels to be melodramatic stealth, approaches the suspected berth. He unloos the curtain with a trembling hand, and peers ineffectually in; he advances his head farther and farther into the darkened recess, and then suddenly dodges back.

THE CALIFORNIAN hanging to his neckcloth with one hand.

The Californian (savagely). What do you want?

Mr. Roberts (struggling and breathless). I—I—I want my wife.

The Californian. Want your wife! Have I got your wife?

Mr. Roberts. No—ah—that is—ah, excuse me, I thought you were my wife.

The Californian (getting out of the berth, but at the same time keeping hold of MR. ROBERTS). Thought I was your wife! Do I look like your wife? You can't play that on me, old man. Forster! conductor!

Mr. Roberts (agonized). Oh, I beseech you, my dear sir, don't—don't! I can explain it—I can, indeed. I know it has an ugly look; but if you will allow me two words—only two words—

Mrs. Roberts (suddenly parting the curtain of her berth, and springing out into the aisle with her hair wildly disheveled). Edward!

Mr. Roberts. Oh, Agnes, explain to this gentleman! [Implovingly.] Don't you know me?

A Voice. Make him show you the strawberry on his left arm.

Mrs. Roberts. Edward! Edward! [THE CALIFORNIAN mechanically loses his grip, and they fly into each other's embrace.] Where did you come from?

A Voice. Centre door, left hand, one back.

The Conductor (returning with his lantern). Hello! What's the matter here?

A Voice. Train robbers! Throw up your hands! Tell the express messenger to bring his safe.

[The passengers emerge from their berths in various deshabille and bewilderment.

The Conductor (to MR. ROBERTS). Have you been making all this row, waking up my passengers?

The Californian. No, sir, he hasn't. I've been making this row. This gentleman was peacefully looking for his wife, and I misunderstood him. You want to say anything to me?

The Conductor (silently taking THE CALIFORNIAN'S measure, with his eye, as he stands six feet in his stockings). If I did, I'd get the biggest brakeman I could find to do it for me. I've got nothing to say except that I think you'd all better go back to bed again.

[He goes out, and the passengers disappear one by one, leaving the ROBERTSES and THE CALIFORNIAN alone.

The Californian (to MR. ROBERTS). Stranger, I'm sorry I got you into this scrape.

Mr. Roberts. Oh, don't speak of it, my dear sir. I'm sure we owe you all sorts of apologies, which I shall be most happy to offer you at my house in Boston, with every useful explanation. [He takes out his card, and gives it to THE CALIFORNIAN, who looks at it, and then looks at MR. ROBERTS curiously.] There's my address, and I'm sure we shall both be glad to have you call.

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, yes, indeed. [THE CALIFORNIAN parts the curtains of his berth to re-enter it.] Good-night, sir, and I assure you we shall do nothing more to disturb you—shall we, Edward?

Mr. Roberts. No. And now, dear, I think you'd better go back to your berth.

Mrs. Roberts. I couldn't sleep, and I shall not go back. Is this your place?

I will just rest my head on your shoulder, and we must both be perfectly quiet. You've no idea what a nuisance I've been making of myself. The whole car was perfectly furious at me one time, I kept talking so loud. I don't know how I came to do it, but I suppose it was thinking about you and Willis meeting without knowing each other made me nervous, and I couldn't be still. I woke everybody up with my talking, and some of them were quite outrageous in their remarks; but I didn't blame them the least bit, for I should have been just as bad. That California gentleman was perfectly splendid, though. I can tell you, he made them stop. We struck up quite a friendship. I told him I had a brother coming on from California, and he's going to try to think whether he knows Willis. [Groans and inarticulate protests make themselves heard from different berths.] I declare, I've got to talking again! There now, I shall stop, and they won't bear another squeak from me the rest of the night. [She lifts her head from her husband's shoulder.] I wonder if baby will roll out. He does kick so!

And I just sprang up and left him when I heard your voice, without putting anything to keep him in. I must go and have a look at him, or I never can settle down. No, no, don't you go, Edward; you'll be prying into all the wrong berths in the car, you poor thing! You stay here, and I'll be back in half a second. I wonder which is my berth. Ah, that's it; I know the one now. [She makes a sudden dash at a berth, and, pulling open the curtain is confronted by the bearded visage of THE CALIFORNIAN.] Ah! Ow! Ow! Edward! Ah! I—I beg your pardon, sir; excuse me; I didn't know it was you. I came for my baby.

The Californian (solemnly). I haven't got any baby, ma'am.

Mrs. Roberts. No—no—I thought you were my baby.

The Californian. Perhaps I am, ma'am; I've lost so much sleep I could cry, anyway. Do I look like your baby?

Mrs. Roberts. No, no, you don't. [In distress that overcomes her mortification.] Oh, where is my baby? I left him all uncovered, and he'll take his death of cold, even if he doesn't roll out. Oh, Edward, Edward, help me to find baby!

Mr. Roberts (bustling aimlessly about). Yes, yes; certainly my dear. But don't be alarmed; we shall find him.

The Californian (getting out in his stocking feet). We shall find him, ma'am, if we have to search every berth in this car. Don't you take on that baby's going to be found if he's aboard the train, now, you bet!

[He looks about, and then tears open the curtains of a berth at random.] That your baby, ma'am?

Mrs. Roberts (flying upon the infant thus exposed). Oh, baby, baby, baby! I thought I had lost you. Um! um! um!

[She clasps him in her arms, and covers his face and neck with kisses.

The Californian (as he gets back into his berth, sotto voce). I wish I had been her baby.

Mrs. Roberts (returning with her husband to her seat, and bringing the baby with her.) There! Did you ever see such a sleeper, Edward?

[In her ecstasy she abandons all control of her voice, and joyfully exclaims.] He has slept all through this excitement without a wink.

A solemn Voice from once of the berths. I envy him.

[A laugh follows, in which all the passengers join.

Mrs. Roberts (in a hoarse whisper, breaking a little with laughter). Oh, my goodness! There I went again. But how funny! I assure you, Edward, that if their remarks had not been about me, I could have really quite enjoyed some of them. I wish there had been somebody here to take them down. And I hope I shall see some of the speakers in the morning before—Edward, I've got an idea!

Mr. Roberts (endeavoring to teach his wife by example to lower her voice, which has risen again). What—what is it, my dear?

Mrs. Roberts. Why, don't you see? How perfectly ridiculous it was of me not to think of it before! though I did think of it once, and hadn't the courage to insist upon it. But of course it is; and it accounts for his being so polite and kind to me through all, and it's the only thing that can. Yes, yes, it must be.

Mr. Roberts (mystified). What?

Mrs. Roberts. Willis.

Mr. Roberts. Who?

Mrs. Roberts. This Californian.

Mr. Roberts. Oh!

Mrs. Roberts. No stranger could have been so patient and—and—attentive; and I know that he recognized me from the first, and he's just kept it up for a joke, so as to surprise us and have a good laugh at us when we get to Boston. Of course it's Willis.

Mr. Roberts (doubtfully). Do you think so, my dear?

Mrs. Roberts. I know it. Didn't you notice how he looked at your card? And I want you to go at once and speak to him, and turn the tables on him.

Mr. Roberts. I—I'd rather not, my dear.

Mrs. Roberts. Why, Edward, what do you mean?

Mr. Roberts. He's very violent. Suppose it shouldn't be Willis?

Mrs. Roberts. Nonsense! It is Willis. Come, let's hot go and tax him with it. He can't deny it, after all he's done for me. [She pulls her reluctant husband toward THE CALIFORNIAN'S berth, and they each draw a curtain.] Willis!

The Californian (with plaintive endurance). Well, ma'am?

Mrs. Roberts (triumphantly). There! I knew it was you all along. How could you play such a joke on me?

The Californian. I didn't know there'd been any joke; but I suppose there must have been, if you say so. Who am I now, ma'am—your husband, or your baby, or your husband's wife, or—

Mr. Roberts. How funny you are! You know you're Willis Campbell, my only brother. Now don't try to keep it up any longer, Willis. [Voices from various berths. "Give us a rest, Willis!" "Joke's too thin, Willis!" "You're played out, Willis!" "Own up, old fellow—own up!"

The Californian (issuing from his berth and walking up and down the aisle, as before, until quiet is restored). I haven't got any sister, and my name ain't Willis, and it ain't Campbell. I'm very sorry, because I'd like to oblige you any way I could.

Mrs. Roberts (in deep mortification). It's I who ought to apologize, and I do most humbly. I don't know what to say; but when I got to thinking about it, and how kind you had been to me, and how sweet you had been under all my—interruptions, I felt perfectly sure that you couldn't be a mere stranger, and then the idea struck me that you must be my brother in disguise; and I was so certain of it that I couldn't help just letting you know that we'd found you out, and—

Mr. Roberts (offering a belated and feeble moral support). Yes.

Mrs. Roberts (promptly turning upon him). And you ought to have kept me from making such a simoleon of myself, Edward.

The Californian (soothingly). Well, ma'am, that ain't always so easy. A man may mean well, and yet not be able to carry out his intentions. But it's all right. And I reckon we'd better try to quiet down again, and get what rest we can.

Mrs. Roberts. Why, yes, certainly; and I will try—oh, I will try—not to disturb you again. And if there's anything we can do in reparation after we reach Boston, we shall be so glad to do it.

[They bow themselves away, and return to their seat, while THE CALIFORNIAN re-enters his berth.

III.

The train stops at Framingham, and THE PORTER comes in with a passenger, whom he shows to a seat opposite MR. and MRS. ROBERTS.

The Porter. You can sit here, sah. We'll be in in about an hour now. Hang up your bag for you, sah?

The Passenger. No, leave it on the seat here.

[THE PORTER goes out, and the ROBERTSES maintain a doleful silence. The bottom of the bag, thrown carelessly on the seat, is toward the ROBERTSES, who regard it listlessly.

Mrs. Roberts (suddenly clutching her husband's arm, and hissing in his ear). See! [She points to the white lettering on the bag where the name "Willis Campbell, San Francisco," is distinctly legible.] But it can't be; it must be some other Campbell. I can't risk it.

Mr. Roberts. But there's the name. It would be very strange if there were two people from San Francisco of exactly the same name. I will speak.

Mrs. Roberts (as wildly as one can in whisper). No, no; I can't let you. We've made ourselves the laughing-stock of the whole car already with our mistakes, and I can't go on. I would rather perish than ask him. You don't suppose it could be? No, it couldn't. There may be twenty Willis Campbells in San Francisco, and there probably are. Do you think he looks like me? He has a straight nose; but you can't tell anything about the lower part of his face, the beard covers it so; and I can't make out the color of his eyes by this light. But of course it's all nonsense. Still, if it should be! It would be very stupid of us to ride all the way from Framingham to Boston with that name staring one in the eyes. I wish he would turn it away. If it really turned out to be Willis, he would think we were awfully stiff and cold. But I can't help it. I can't go attacking every stranger I see, and accusing him of being my brother. No, no, I can't, and I won't, and that's all about it. [She leans forward and addresses the stranger with sudden sweetness.] Excuse me, sir, but I am very much interested by the name on your bag. Not that I think you are even acquainted with him, and there are probably a great many of them there; but your coming from the same city and all does seem a little queer, and I hope you won't think me intrusive in speaking to you, because if you should happen, by the thousandth of a chance, to be the right one, I should be so happy.

Campbell. The right what, madam?

Mrs. Roberts. The right Willis Campbell.

Campbell. I hope I'm not the wrong one; though after a week's pull on the railroad, it's pretty hard for a man to tell which Willis Campbell he is. May I ask if your Willis Campbell had friends in Boston?

Mrs. Roberts (eagerly). He had a sister, and a brother-in-law, and a nephew.

Campbell. Name of Roberts?

Mrs. Roberts. Every one.

Campbell. Then you're—

Mrs. Roberts (ecstatically). Agnes!

Campbell. And he's—

Mrs. Roberts. Mr. Roberts.

Campbell. And the baby's—

Mrs. Roberts. Asleep!

Campbell. Then I am the right one.

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, Willis! Willis! Willis! To think of our meeting in this way! [She kisses and embraces him, while MR. ROBERTS shakes one of his hands which he finds disengaged.] How in the world did it happen?

Campbell. Ah, I found myself a little ahead of time, and I stopped off with an old friend of mine at Framingham; I didn't want to disappoint you when you came to meet this train, or get you up last night at midnight.

Mrs. Roberts. And I was in Albany, and I've been moving heaven and earth to get home before you arrived; and Edward came aboard at Worcester to surprise me, and—Oh, you've never seen the baby! I'll run right and get him this instant, just as he is, and bring him, Edward, you he explaining to Willis—Oh, my goodness! [Looking wildly about.] I don't remember the berth, and I shall be sure to wake up that poor California gentleman again. What shall I do?

Campbell. What California gentleman?

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, somebody we've been stirring up the whole blessed night. First I took him for baby, and then Edward took him for me, and then I took him for baby again, and then we both took him for you.

Campbell. Did he look like any of us?

Mrs. Roberts. Like us? He's eight feet tall, if he's an inch, in his stockings—and he's always in them—and he has a long black beard and mustaches, and he's very lanky, and stoops over a good deal; but he's just as lovely as he can be and live, and he's been as kind and patient as twenty jobs.

Campbell. Speaks in a sort of soft, slow grind?

Mrs. Roberts. Yes.

Campbell. Gentle and deferential to ladies?

Mrs. Roberts. As pie.

Campbell. It's Tom Goodall. I'll have him out of there in half a second. I want you to take him home with you, Agnes. He's the best fellow in the world. Which is his berth?

Mrs. Roberts. Don't ask me, Willis. But if you go for baby, you'll be sure to find him.

Mr. Roberts (timidly indicating a berth). I think that's the one.

Campbell (plunging at it, and pulling the curtains open). You old Tom Goodall!

The Californian (appearing). I ain't any Tom Goodall. My name's Abram Sawyer.

Campbell (falling back). Well, sir, you're right. I'm awfully sorry to disturb you; but, from my sister's description here, I felt certain you must be my old friend Tom Goodall.

The Californian. I ain't surprised at it. I'm only surprised I ain't Tom Goodall. I've been a baby twice, and I've been a man's wife once, and once I've been a long-lost brother.

Campbell (laughing). Oh, they've found him. I'm the long-lost brother.

The Californian (sleepily). Has she found the other one?

Campbell. Yes; all right, I believe.

The Californian. Has he found what he wanted?

Campbell. Yes; we're all together here. [THE CALIFORNIAN makes a movement to get into bed again.] Oh, don't! You'd better make a night of it now. It's almost morning, anyway. We want you to go home with us, and Mrs. Roberts will give you a bed at her house, and let you sleep a week.

The Californian. Well, I reckon you're right, stranger. I seem to be in the bands of Providence to-night, anyhow. [He pulls on his boots and coat, and takes his seat beside CAMPBELL.] I reckon there ain't any use in fighting against Providence.

Mrs. Roberts (briskly, as if she had often tried it and failed). Oh, not the least in the world. I'm sure it was all intended; and if you had turned out to be Willis at last, I should be certain of it. What surprises me is that you shouldn't turn out to be anybody, after all.

The Californian. Yes, it is kind of curious. But I couldn't help it, I did my best.

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, don't speak of it. We are the ones who ought to apologize. But if you only had been somebody, it would have been such a good joke! We could always have had such a laugh over it, don't you see?

The Californian. Yes, ma'am, it would have been funny. But I hope you've enjoyed it as it is.

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, very much, thanks to you. Only I can't seem to get reconciled to your not being anybody, after all. You must at least be some one we've heard about, don't you think? It's so strange that you and Willis never even met. Don't you think you have some acquaintances in common?

Campbell. Look here, Agnes, do you always shout at the top of your voice in this way when you converse in a sleeping-car?

Mrs. Roberts. Was I talking loud again? Well, you can't help it if you want to make people hear you.

Campbell. But there must be a lot of them you don't want to hear you. I wonder that the passengers who are not blood relations don't throw things at you—boots, and hand-bags, and language.

Mrs. Roberts. Why, that's what they've been doing—language, at least—and I'm only surprised they're not doing it now.

The Californian (rising). They'd better not, ma'am.

(He patrols the car from end to end, and quells some rising murmurs halting at the rebellious berths as he passes.)

Mrs. Roberts (enraptured by his companionship). Oh, he must be some connection. [She glances through the window.] I do believe that was Newton, or Newtonville, or West Newton, or Newton Centre. I must run and wake up baby, and get him dressed. I sha'n't want to wait an instant after we get in. Why, we're slowing up! Why, I do believe we're there! Edward, we're there! Only fancy being there already!

Mr. Roberts. Yes, my dear. Only we're not quite there yet. Hadn't we better call your aunt Mary?

Mrs. Roberts. I'd forgotten her.

Campbell. Is Aunt Mary with you?

Mrs. Roberts. To be sure she is. Didn't I tell you? She came on expressly to meet you.

Campbell (starting up impulsively). Which berth is she in?

Mrs. Roberts. Right over baby.

Campbell. And which berth is baby in?

Mrs. Roberts (distractedly). Why, that's just what I can't tell. It was bad enough when they were all filled up, but now since the people have begun to come out of them, and some of them are made into seats, I can't tell.

The Californian. I'll look for you, ma'am. I should like to wake up all the wroog passengers on this car. I'd take a pleasure in it. If you could make sure of any berth that ain't the one, I'll begin on that.

Mrs. Roberts. I can't even be sure of the wrong one. No, no, you mustn't—[THE CALIFORNIAN moves away, and pauses in front of one of the berths, looking back inquiringly at MRS. ROBERTS.] Oh, don't ask me! I can't tell. [TO CAMPBELL.] Isn't he amusing? So like all those Californians that one reads of—so chivalrous and so humorous!

Aunt Mary (thrusting her head from the curtains of the berth before which THE CALIFORNIAN is standing). Go along with you! What do you want?

The Californian. Aunt Mary.

Aunt Mary. Go away. Aunt Mary, indeed!

Mrs. Roberts (running toward her, followed by CAMPBELL and MR. ROBERTS). Why, Aunt Mary, it is you! And here's Willis, and here's Edward.

Aunt Mary. Nonsense! How did they get aboard?

Mrs. Roberts. Edward came on at Worcester, and Willis at Framingham, to surprise me.

Aunt Mary. And a very silly performance. Let them wait till I'm dressed, and then I'll talk to them. Send for the porter. [She withdraws her head behind the curtain, and then thrusts it out again.] And who, pray, may this be? [She indicates THE CALIFORNIAN.]

Mrs. Roberts. Oh, a friend of ours from California, who's been so kind to us all night, and who's going home with us.

Aunt Mary. Another ridiculous surprise, I suppose. But he shall not surprise me. Young man, isn't your name Sawyer?

The Californian. Yes, ma'am.

Aunt Mary. Abram?

The Californian. Abram Sawyer. You're right there, ma'am.

Mrs. Roberts. Oh! oh! I knew it! I knew that he must be somebody belonging to us. Oh, thank you, aunty, for thinking—

Aunt Mary. Don't be absurd, Agnes. Then you're my—

A voice from one of the berths. Lost stepson. Found! Found at last!

[THE CALIFORNIAN looks vainly round, in an endeavor to identify the speaker, and then turns again to AUNT MARY.]

Aunt Mary. Weren't your parents from Bath?

The Californian (eagerly). Both of 'em, ma'am—both of 'em.

The Voice. O my prophetic soul, my uncle!

Aunt Mary. Then you're my old friend Kate Harris's daughter?

The Californian. I might be her son, ma'am, ma'am; but my mother's name was Susan Wakeman.

Aunt Mary (in sharp disgust). Call the porter, please.

[She withdraws her head, and pulls her curtains together; the rest look blankly at one another.]

Campbell. Another failure, and just when we thought we were sure of you. I don't know what we shall do about you, Mr. Sawyer.

The Voice. Adopt him.

Campbell. That is a good idea. We will adopt you. You shall be our adoptive—

The Voice. Baby boy.

A Second Voice. Wife.

A Third Voice. Brother.

A Fourth Voice. Early friend.

A Fifth Voice. Kate Harris's daughter.

Campbell (laying his hand on THE CALIFORNIAN'S shoulder, and breaking into a laugh). Don't mind them. They don't mean anything. It's just their way. You come home with my sister, and spend Christmas with us, and let us devote the rest of our lives to making your declining years happy.

Voices. "Good for you, Willis!" "We'll all come!" "No ceremony!" "Small and early!"

Campbell (looking round). We appear to have fallen in with a party of dry-goods drummers. It makes a gentleman feel like an intruder.

[The train stops; he looks out of the windows.] We've arrived. Come, Agnes; come, Roberts; come, Mr. Sawyer—let's be going.

[They gather up their several wraps and bags, and move with great dignity toward the door.]

Aunt Mary (putting out her head). Agnes! If you must forget your aunt, at least remember your child.

Mrs. Roberts (running back in an agony of remorse). Oh, baby, did I forget you?

Campbell. Oh, aunty, did she forget you? [He runs back, and extends his arms to his aunt.] Let me help you down, Aunt Mary.

Aunt Mary. Nonsense, Willis. Send the Porter.

Campbell (turning round and confronting THE PORTER). He was here upon instant. Shall he fetch a step-ladder?

Aunt Mary. He will know what to do. Go away, Willis; go away with that child, Agnes. If I should happen to fall on you—[They retreat; the curtain drops, and her voice is heard behind it addressing THE PORTER.] Give me your hand; now your back; now your knee. So! And very well done. Thanks.—*Harper's Christmas.*

Apologies of Mrs. Price, one of the professional beauties, the Boston Courier quotes from a private letter: "I saw Mrs. Price the other day. She is one of the most lovely women I have ever seen, and for once my anticipations, roused by the photographs I had seen of her, were fully realized. She is neither thin nor stout, tall nor short; but unites all the virtues of each one of these qualities. Her features are not quite classic, but are more full of life and expression than purely classic features ever are. The mouth is very sweet in its expression, and the great deep blue eyes have something childlike and appealing in them. She was dressed in a Jersey of dark olive green, which suited her to perfection, as did her poke bonnet of the same color, and a great bunch of yellow primroses at her waist."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Popular Old Story.

There lived once a planter,
With a son, his only love;
To whom, upon his birthday,
A bran new axe he giv.

The planter had a garding,
All filled with appel trees,
Which for the city market
He was trying for to reeze.

The hoy he takes the hatchiet,
Quite jolly and jocund;
And going to the appel trees
He chops them to the grund.

The father called his servants
And ranged them in a row;

"Who has chopped down my appel trees
And killed them root and how?"

The servants stand amazed,
All drawn up in a line;

Then comes a-running up to him
His young and youthful sine.

"I can not tell a lie, pa-pa,"
The youthful boy begun;

"'Twas I that chopped the appel trees;
'Twas I, your little son."

Now, who, then, was this fathier,
And who his filial kin?

It was the noble Bushrod,
And young G. Washington.

MORIAL.

Then who's takes a hatchiet
And appel trees chops down,

If he lives long enough will be
A great and pious mown.

Broke.

Broke, broke, broke!
I have squandered the uttermost sou,

And have failed in my efforts to utter
One trivial, last I. O. U.

Oh, well for the infant in arms
That for ducats he need not fret;

Oh, well for the placid corpse
That he's settled his final debt.

And dun after dun comes in,
Each bringing his little account;

And oh, for the touch of a five-dollar bill,
Or a check for a large amount!

Broke, broke, broke!
My course as a student is run;

I'll back to my childhood's home and act
The rôle of the Prodigal Son.

—A Busted Liar.

Electrical Phenomenon.

The operator sat in a cane-bottom chair,
Clean was his face, and parted his hair

In the middle.
Now and anon he smiled very sweet,

As some young lady his vision would greet,
And a big Italian was out on the street

Playing a fiddle.
He played all the airs that be ever knew—

Some that were ancient, and then a few
That were older

But the operator's heart was cold as stone;
It couldn't be reached with a big cyclone;

He thought of nothing but himself alone,
And the Italian grew bolder.

Up to the window the Italian went,
And over the sill he fantasically bent,

A bright fantasia playing;
Little dreamed he of the terrible fate

That under the table was lying in wait—
Two small wires, which ran to a plate

On which two coins were laying.

Then there came an unearthly yell,
As on the sidewalk the Italian fell,

Dying a second after.
But the operator sat in his cane-bottom chair,

Gently brushing his flaxen hair,
Looking at space with a vacant stare,

While I was convulsed with laughter.

The Little Banana Peel.

Like a bar of beaten gold
I gleam in the summer's sun;

I am little, I know, but I think I can throw
A man that will weigh a ton.

I send out no challenges bold,
I blow me no vaunting horn,

But foolish is he who treadeth on me;
He'll wish he had ne'er been born.

Like the flower of the field, vain man
Goeth forth at the break of day,

But when he shall feel my grip on his heel
Like the stubble be fadeth away;

For I lift him high up in the air,
With his heels where his head ought to be;

With a down-coming crash he maketh his mash,
And I know he's clear gone upon me.

I am scorned by the man who buys me;
I am modest, and quiet, and meek;

Though my talents are few, yet the work that I do
Has oft made the cellar doors creak.

I am a blood-red republican born,
And a Nihilist fearless I be;

Though the head wear a crown, I would bring its pride down
If it set its proud heel upon me.

—R. J. Burdette in December Harper.

We have received two volumes, entitled respectively: "The Elements of Tachygraphy" and "The Manual of Tachygraphy," by Mr. D. P. Lindsey. The first is intended for the use of business and literary men, and the second adapted for schools and academies. Tachygraphy, or Tachygraphy, is a system by which a swiftness of writing may be attained, which the author claims will exceed that of any of the stenographic methods. Mr. Lindsey states in his preface that tachygraphy will prove far superior to the old short-hand methods, from the fact that it is simple, and of such a nature that a child may readily remember it. For sale by D. P. Lindsey, Tribune Building, New York.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Under Green Apple Boughs," by Helen Campbell, first appeared in *Our Continent*. It is a story the scene of which is laid in Long Island, and into which a variety of characters are introduced. The plot is rather good, and at times quite strong. Howard Pyle's illustrations add much to the volume. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbottle & Co.; price, \$1.

Last Christmas time there was published a pretty hook entitled "Young Americans in Japan," which attracted considerable attention. It was written by Edward Gréey, who has now issued its fellow under the title of "The Wonderful City of Tokio." The volume is charmingly bound and illustrated, being a fitting setting to the interesting narrative. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by C. Beach, 107 Montgomery Street; price, \$1.75.

"Mr. Stubb's Brother" is a sequel to the charming "Toby Tyler," which so delighted its juvenile readers a year ago. Both stories first appeared in *Harper's Young People* and have been published with their original illustrations. The pictures accompanying the present volume are equal in cleverness to the story itself. Pathos and humor are blended in every page. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.00.

The latest number of the "Nature Series" is an essay by George F. Romanes, LL. D., the Zoological Secretary of the Linnean Society in London. It is entitled the "Scientific Evidences of Organic Evolution." It is the reproduction of a lecture delivered before the Edinburgh and Birmingham philosophical institutions, which the late Mr. Darwin persuaded him to issue in book-form. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Ernest Ingersoll has long been a contributor to *Harper's Magazine* and many Eastern journals on the subject of life in the "New West." He has now collected his material and issues it in book-form under the title of "Knocking About the Rockies." Many of the descriptions remind one somewhat of Ross Browne's style, although they do not equal the better portions of that writer's work. The illustrations are, as a rule, well executed. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"From Egypt to Canaan" is a review prepared by J. R. Whitney of six months of the "International Sunday-School Lessons." Published by the American Sunday-School Union, at Philadelphia. The sermon preached by the Rev. H. W. Beecher on October 12th is out in the *Plymouth Pulpit*, published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price 7 cents. "The Right Word in the Right Place" is a little handy-book of synonyms, prepared and published by C. Beach, 107 Montgomery Street; price, 10 cents.

"The Boy Travelers in Egypt and the Holy Land," by Thomas W. Knox, is the last number of the "Far East Series." The author has had long experience with Oriental nations, and hence his descriptions are not those of a mere novice, but of one who has a good acquaintance with what he undertakes to portray. This book will be particularly interesting at this time because of the attention which has just been directed toward the land of the Nile. The illustrations are numerous, and the Egyptian binding very elegant. Published by Harper & Brothers; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$3.

Doctor Edmund H. Sears is known on this coast but to the favored few who have chanced to read his books. As a philosopher and religious thinker he has hardly been equaled in his day, and his untimely death in 1876 was a loss to his followers in every religious sect; for he might be said to belong to the "universal church." *The Argonaut*, in 1879, had one of his many beautiful poems set to music, and published it in the Christmas number of that year. It is entitled "That Glorious Song of Old." The same poem has now been printed in book-form, accompanied by tasteful illustrations made by Alfred Fredericks. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by C. Beach, 107 Montgomery Street; price, \$1.50.

The *North American Review* numbers in its table of contents a symposium on "The Health of American Women," regarded from three distinct points of view, by Doctor Dio Lewis, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Doctor James Read Chadwick. Governor Buren R. Sherman, of Ohio, writes of the "Constitutional Prohibition." General Grant has an article entitled "An Undesired Stigma." Richard A. Proctor writes of "The Influence of Food on Civilization," discussing, with much learning and force, some of the most interesting sociological problems of the present day and of the near future. Finally, there is a symposium upon the conditions of "Success on the Stage," the contributors being six—John McCullough, Joseph Jefferson, Madame Modjeska, Lawrence Barrett, Maggie Mitchell, and William Warren.

The third edition, revised and corrected, of the translation of "The Odyssey" of Homer, made by S. H. Butcher, of Oxford, and Andrew Lang, the poet, is just out. It is in prose, and proves far superior to any poetical translation ever made. Both authors are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the epic, and have preserved the picturesque Greek phraseology and expressive adjectives, such as "fair-lying," "fair-tressed," "honey-sweet," "goodly grained," "mountain-bred," "winged words," "dark-prowed," "wide-wayed earth," and numerous other expressions, which lend a charm of their own to the music of the original. The notes are many, and are carefully made. The book is prefaced and finished by Mr. Lang's two exquisite sonnets on this subject. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.

Miscellany: The verse of the late Hungarian poet and patriot, Janos Arany, is little known outside the borders of the land he loved, only a little of it having been translated into German. An immense circle of admirers have regarded him as the first of the contemporary Magyar poets. That Tennyson is too great a poet to permit of such subordination to the composer as is necessary in a song put to music, was the opinion of Raff, the late distinguished musician. He said to a friend last spring that neither of his two settings of "Tears, Idle Tears," satisfied him, because, as he declared, "I grew thought-heavy myself in making them." The French translation of Mr. Mallock's "Is Life Worth Living?" has reached a second edition. "Democracy," after being a subject of chuckling and self-righteous praise from the English journals, has just received a snub from the London *Standard*. This calm critic calls it an "immensely over-praised and over-puffed" book, and one which, "thanks to its pretentious title, has been too much regarded from a purely political point of view," and which contains "some moderately clever, and among the female personages one or two rather delicately touched, sketches of character." Mr. T. B. Aldrich is quoted by the Boston correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* as saying that "Mr. Howells never succeeds in portraying a villain. Bartley Hubbard is, after all, the best man in the book. He has kindly impulses; he goes out and buys his wife clothes, which, I am sure, is more than most men would do; and for my part I think he is far above the priggish lawyer or that morbid Halleck." Mr. Thaxter is giving in Boston a new series of readings from Robert Browning's poems. The first edition of Miss Oliver's biography of Maria Edgeworth was exhausted on the day of publication, to the surprise of the delighted publishers. The second edition is nearly ready. It is possible that the quick sale of the books of biography published during the past two years indicates that the evil of too many cheap novels has brought its own cure. A surfeit of jam sometimes creates a taste for good roast beef.

SOCIETY.

DEAR BESS: The barometer of the social atmosphere rises in proportion as the inclinations are festive. The present indications are that ours is in the ascendant with the approach of the holidays and the new year. The much-talked-of Robinson reception seems to have given an impetus to future gayeties, which are being modestly approached by a succession of dinners, luncheons, kettle-drums, concerts, musicales, and receptions.

Following the De Guigné musicale, the Parrott mansion was the scene of a second festivity in the form of a select dinner given to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donahue on Tuesday, the twenty-first instant. The repast was all that the culinary art, good service, and good taste could suggest. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donahue, Mrs. and Miss McDowell, Mr. Henry McDowell, General and Mrs. Barnes, Major and Mrs. Rathbone, Doctor and Mrs. Duprey, Mr. A. D. Dick, and Mr. E. N. Greenway. Thursday, the twenty-third instant, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin also entertained at dinner twenty guests as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Haggin, who returned East Saturday, chaperoning Miss Nina Platt. The guests, besides members of the family, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Sillem, Mr. and Mrs. Blanding, Mrs. Breckinridge, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. L. Haggin, Mrs. Monroe Saulsbury, Doctor Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. McAfee, Mr. and Mrs. Withington, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Howard, and Mr. W. Jones.

Among the luncheons most noticeable was one given by Mrs. Alpheus Lewis, at the Baldwin, served in a private parlor of the hotel. Among the guests were Mrs. Governor Johnson and daughter, Mrs. John McMullin, Mrs. Wallace and daughter, and Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Attorney-General elect. By the way, Mrs. Marshall proposes chaperoning, besides Miss Nellie, Miss Belle Wallace and Miss Bettie McMullin at the inaugural hall, which promises to be a brilliant affair. A luncheon was given on the same day by Mrs. de la Montanya to the lady participants of her booth at the Authors' Carnival—the pretty milkmaids. After the collation, Mrs. Montanya presented the milk-pails to the young ladies, as a souvenir of both the Carnival and lunch. On Thursday afternoon, the 23d instant, Mrs. Monroe Saulsbury, entertained a number of friends at a three-o'clock lunch. It might almost be termed a kettle-drum, from the fact of the ladies attending in elegant carriage dress, without removing their bonnets, if it were not for the limited number invited and the substantiality of the edibles. Among those present were Mrs. Judge Thornton, the Misses Thornton, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Miss Gwin, Mrs. Glascock, Mrs. Tevis, Mrs. Withington, Mrs. J. C. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. E. J. Coleman, Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mrs. Breckinridge, Mrs. Henry Norton, and others. Mr. Henry Casanova, on the same evening, dined some of his compatriots, among whom were some of our prominent citizens. Apropos of Italian entertainments, Tuesday evening last Signor Speranza gave a recital of Italian music, which was well attended. A concert is in rehearsal for to-morrow evening, under the auspices of Consul and Countess Lambertenghi, in aid of the Italian sufferers. The leading Italian talent have volunteered, and it promises to be an occasion of much brilliancy.

The concert given on the 23d instant, at the First Congregational Church, complimentary to Mrs. L. P. Howell and Mrs. A. E. Stetson, attracted a large and fashionable attendance. The programme was composed of varied and popular numbers. The Orchestral Union reflected great credit on itself by its intelligent and effective accompaniment, while Mr. Samuel Mayer officiated in masterly style at the organ. One of the interesting features of the evening was the revelation that the pastor, Mr. Barrows, was possessed of a fine tenor voice. Mrs. Charles Shaw (née Towne) accompanied Miss Hattie Rice in a rendition of "Judith," and Mrs. Howell and Mrs. Stetson, the beneficiaries, sang some much-applauded selections from their *répertoire*.

Great numbers of our French society assembled at Platt's Hall on Sunday, the occasion being a concert under the auspices of the Ligue Française, in aid of the French Library. Although an amateur affair, it was possessed of much artistic merit.

The kettle-drum of Monday at B'nai B'rith Hall, in aid of one of the private charities of the city, was the notable feature of the week. The ball appeared at its best advantage, arrayed in its festive garb. The decorations of flags and greens were as profuse as they were tasteful in their arrangement. A beautiful arbor of smilax in front of the stage was occupied as a floral hothouse, and was presided over by Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Miss Babcock, Miss Lucas, and several others of our fashionable belles. The bouquets were lovely and tempting enough to add greatly to the coffers of the charity. On the sides of the hall were arranged tables for tea, coffee, and lemonade, waited on by bevy of pretty girls, who relieved one another as the inspiring music of the First Artillery Band induced each in turn to engage in the lively measures of the dance. The gallery seemed a brilliant frame to the fashionable assemblage below. The guests were all in elegant calling costume, while those who officiated were in evening dress. In spite of the arrangements being of so elaborate a description, the total expense was but twenty-five dollars, owing to numerous contributions, while the net receipts were eight hundred and fifty dollars. The hours were from eight to eleven. Among those present were Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. Richard Ogden, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. and Miss Flood, the Blandings, the Eyres, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wilson, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Reis, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pixley, Mr. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle, General and Mrs. A. V. Kautz, Mrs. John Kittle, Mrs. Charles Keeney, Mrs. Jarboe, Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gerstle, Mrs. S. O. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Freeborn, Mr. and Mrs. de Guigné, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. J. L. Coleman, General and Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, and Mrs. Atberton.

Under the régime of Mrs. General Stoneman, there is no doubt that social affairs in Sacramento will receive a marked impetus. The lady is eminently fitted, in many ways, as a society leader. She will find a useful lieutenant in Mr. H. J. W. Dam, who has received from the general the appointment of Executive Secretary. This young gentleman, who

has combined the rôle of a society man with that of a clever writer in this city, will doubtless in his new residence be able to do as much in his social capacity for the Governor's lady as in his official one for the Governor. His native diffidence he must overcome, and assume self-confidence if he have it not.

Before closing, dear Bess, I must give you a brief account of the wedding of one of our San Francisco helles—an heiress—who was recently married in New York. Miss May Crittenden was united to Timothy Hopkins, on last Monday evening, at St. Thomas Church, Rev. Doctor Platt, formerly of Grace Church, officiating. The bridesmaids were Miss Hattie Crocker, Miss Easton, and Miss Mary Miller; the groomsmen, Arthur Lockwood, William M. Newhall, and William Crocker. The bride's dress was of cream-colored satin, elaborately trimmed with point lace, and veil of same, reaching to the bottom of the dress. The garniture was composed of orange blossoms, with a most complete parure of pearls and diamonds, consisting of tiara, necklace, bracelets, ear-rings, and brooch. The ceremony was followed by a reception at Mrs. Hopkins's rooms at the Windsor, which were elaborately decorated with exotics. A reception will be tendered the newly married couple December 28th, at the Hopkins mansion on Nob Hill. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Miss Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Iverson, Mr. and Mrs. James Parsons, Mr. and Miss Livingston, Miss Barrett, Mr. Eugene Dewey, Mrs. Mark Shiley Severance, Cyrus W. Field, David Dudley Field, Mr. and Mrs. Gulliard, and Lloyd Tevis.

Next week, what with the Philharmonic of Friday, the hops at the Presidio and Beresford House the same evening, our society world will be kept on the alert.

I will now abruptly leave the doings of society, and give you a little idea of what people are wearing. Thanks to art and art critics who discuss dress from their standpoint, the subject of personal adornment is being agitated as much as household decoration. Tea gowns have been adopted in England, precluding the use of the corset, though with what permanency and popularity remains to be seen. While the older members have been besitating on the verge of what to adopt, the styles for children have assumed a decided Kate Greenaway tendency. A quaint costume for garden party is a foulard in red and blue porcelaine shades, trimmed with Russian lace darned in red and blue. The parasol and bat correspond. The Americans and Russians have always been accorded the most brilliant toilettes in the Bois de Boulogne or in the Allée des Acacias—toilettes that a Parisienne would reserve for a dinner or reception. A revival of masculinity in dress has been adopted by some, while the Anglo-mania seems to have seized others (which, by the way, is periodical in France) to the extent of copying their dress, habits, and even bad manners. While the hunt is becoming a popular pastime in France, falconry is being revived in England to a degree which may influence us to its adoption, ever ready as we are to affect anything and everything English. The condition of affairs has become such, that nothing less than a nobleman will do for our girls. Our drives and promenades are filled with all sorts of most uncomfortable and unsuitable turnouts, in preference to our own of light and elegant make. The very air breathes of ritualism, æstheticism and other Anglo-isms; and even exclusiveness and frigidity become good form. We may congratulate ourselves in this respect, being so remote from the great centres as not yet to have become so thoroughly imbued with the sentiment.

Not to allow my vagaries to carry me off, let me return to my subject of dress. A novelty in furs has been introduced, rendering undressed seal desirable, as being possessed of a curious little crinkle, which disappears in its being dyed. Otter and monkey skins are also worn, though expensive. Yellow is the prevailing tone in furs, most probably owing to Oscar Wilde's appearing in a pea-green ulster, lined with yellowish fur. In jewelry the most fashionable is of garnet and turquoise, with beads of Limoges enamel, mounted in an antique silver-setting. Fans, with sticks to correspond in color, are very unique, and those of mother of pearl are susceptible of the loveliest iridescent shades.

Evening wraps are of long Japanese shape and of plush in pale tints, with either trimming of white lambskin fringe, or bordering of white and gray dove feathers. Of dress materials, velvets and plain silks are being revived. Stationery, especially of English origin, is still in tinted shades and of æsthetic design, disporting the daffodil, poppy, corn-flower, and even the lily and sunflower. Wedding *papeterie* possesses appropriate devices in orange blossoms. Apropos to wedding-cards, a most novel and amusing invitation to a recent wedding was worded: "Mr. and Mrs. — request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

Well, Bess, the subject of dress being such an ever-varying and endless one, I fear it would take one of more volubility than I am possessed of to do it justice. So, with love, *au revoir*. DORA.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 28, 1882.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Ashe, Miss Babcock, and Miss Hubbard have returned from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sontag will return from San Rafael on Monday next, and take up their residence at the Palace for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. John Wadsworth, who have been visiting Monterey, have returned. Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. MacDermott will return from Oakland next week, and take up their residence at the Palace for the winter. H. D. Rideout, of Marysville, went East on Monday last to be gone three or four weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Watt, of San Rafael, have gone to Scotland. Moses Hopkins is visiting in Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. W. Easton, Mrs. O. W. Easton, and Miss L. B. Easton, have returned from Monterey. Miss Hutchinson has also returned from Monterey. Captain George H. Burton, U. S. A., and family, who have been at the Occidental for several weeks, have gone to Los Angeles to spend a part of the winter. Judge Sepulveda, of Los Angeles, is treating himself to a vacation in the City of the Montezumas. The Misses Corbett have returned to the Palace from San Mateo for the winter. The former New York residence of William H. Vanderbilt has been leased to ex-Governor Stanford, at one thousand dollars a month for six months, so good report has it. Mr.

and Mrs. A. N. Towne left here for the East on Saturday last, to remain away until the latter part of the present month or the first of January. R. S. Reid, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin. Lieutenant L. P. Cohn, U. S. N., and Lieutenant David Price, U. S. A., are at the Occidental. Lieutenant Chamberlain, U. S. A., leaves here for the East to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson have returned from their wedding trip. Senator Jones leaves for New York to-day, where Mrs. Jones will meet him, and they will then proceed to Washington; they will occupy the Butler mansion on Capitol Hill, and Miss Julia Sterling, of Napa, will continue to be one of their guests during the winter. Mr. Frank Livingston and daughter arrived from Europe on Thursday; they are at the Palace, where also is stopping Mr. Joe Livingston. Senator Fair will occupy the same apartments at the Arlington that he had last winter. The ladies of the Grand will present their first musicale on the eighth instant. Governor Pitkin, of Colorado, who hopes to be elected to the United States Senate from the Centennial State, is in Los Angeles grooming himself physically for the position. Mrs. Samuel S. Fearon, née Miss Emily W. Torbert, writes her father from China that she and Mr. Fearon will visit San Francisco in January next. Mrs. General Schofield will hereafter receive her friends at Point San José on Saturdays. Quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen of the city joined the ladies and officers at the Presidio last evening in making the second hop of the season a very delightful affair. A number of ladies in this city have received invitations to the ball and cotillion party to be given on the eighth and fifteenth instants. Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl and Mrs. C. J. Torbert have returned from Nevada. Lieutenant J. W. Dillenback, U. S. A., was at the Palace on Tuesday and Wednesday last. Miss Grace Eldridge is at present in the East, and will leave for Europe in a few weeks. Colonel and Mrs. Harry I. Thornton have issued cards for a reception at their house on Van Ness Avenue on Wednesday evening next, the sixth instant. In Alameda, on November 29, 1882, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mr. A. J. Greene and Miss Ella C. Megerle were united in marriage in the presence of the families and a few intimate friends. Miss Lisetta Megerle, a sister of the bride, assisted as bridesmaid, and J. W. Hayes aided as groomsmen. Many handsome gifts were bestowed upon the happy pair. After partaking of the wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Greene started on their wedding trip to Sacramento, the former home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Judd, of Oakland, have taken up their residence at the Baldwin for the winter. A fancy bazaar will be held in the parlors of the Unitarian Church, December 6th, 7th, and 8th, under the auspices of the ladies, assisted by a number of young ladies. An entertainment will be given each evening.

The First Regiment Masquerade.

Attention is at present being turned toward the expected masquerade ball of the First Infantry Regiment. It will take place on the evening of Friday, December 8. Some of our best known citizens are on the committees, and it will undoubtedly be a success. Special arrangements have been made for the tasteful decoration of the Pavilion, and the full regimental band, of nearly forty musicians, will furnish the music for dancing. Six hundred members of the regiment, together with the large number of outside participants, will make a grand march, which will rarely have been equalled in this city. The prizes number twenty, and are costly and elaborate. For club representations there have been offered special awards.

The Waring-Cole Wedding.

The marriage of Master Howard S. Waring, U. S. N., and Miss Lutie Cole, second daughter of ex-Senator and Mrs. Cole, of Los Angeles County, which was announced in the *Argonaut* some months ago, took place at the home of the bride's parents, at Cahuenga, seven miles from the city of Los Angeles, on Wednesday evening, the twenty-second ultimo, in the presence of the relatives and a few intimate friends of the family of the bride, among whom were Mrs. Whiting, (a sister of Mrs. Cole,) Mr. and Mrs. James Melus, Mr. and Mrs. James Howard, Judge Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and others. The bride, while a resident of this city, was a great favorite, and was both accomplished and beautiful. Master Waring is at present an officer of the *Rodgers*, and has been in the service fifteen years, having entered in June, 1867.

One of the Chinese students formerly at Hartford was understood to have been deeply enamored of a girl whom he met in society there, and to have had some expectation of winning her. But he writes back from China that he is involuntarily a husband. He found, on returning home, that his parents had chosen a wife for him. "I tried to break it off," he says, "but without success, as the Chinese consider an engagement of marriage the most sacred contract. If it is once made, it can never be broken. According to the Chinese custom the younger brother can not marry before an elder one. I have two younger brothers who have to wait for me to marry before they can. Therefore I was urged very strongly by my relatives to marry right away, so I consented. Of course, it is not a love affair, but I shall try to do my duty."

Patti, on Monday night, the fifteenth instant, received a letter in the afternoon at the Windsor, written in a bold and clear hand, which stated in concise terms that if she dared to appear that night in "Faust" she would be shot. It frightened her dreadfully, and at first she refused to sing; but eventually Colonel Mapleson overcame her scruples and she reluctantly and fearfully got ready. Inspector Byrnes was called and made the most perfect arrangements in his power. He and two other detectives took the famous prima donna from her apartments to her dressing-room in the Academy of Music, where two more detectives were stationed at the door. Other officers of the law were stationed all over the house, and Patti was guarded as though she were a queen, which was quite right, as she is greater than any possible queen. No one can account for the letter, and the liveliest sympathy is expressed for the little lady who was in bed all the following day from the effects of her fright. Nicolini, I state with acute pangs of surprise and remorse, did not shine to any great extent as a protector, and, indeed, seemed rather more terror-stricken than even Patti.

HAWAII.

Some of the Benefits Accruing from the Reciprocity Treaty.

The visitor to the Hawaiian Islands, upon his arrival at Honolulu, is at once impressed with the evidences of a happy, prosperous community, which abound in all directions. There is a goodly array of shipping moored at the various wharves, and what especially gladdens the visitor's heart, if he hail from the United States, is the fact that most of these vessels are American built, and that many of them sail under the American flag. Being the distributing point to the different islands, the commerce of the place is considerable, a large fleet of steamers and schooners being engaged in the inter-island trade. Along the water-front all is bustle and activity, while the business portion of the city, with its myriad of telephone wires, puts one in mind of a smart go-ahead American city, instead of a lazy, tropical town, such as Honolulu is generally supposed to be. Improvements are the order of the day. Beautiful homes are being constructed to meet the wants of a population increasing in wealth and numbers. Nor is this prosperity confined to Honolulu, as American capital has wrought great changes on the other islands. New plantations have been started, with their large and expensive sugar-mills and other necessary buildings; irrigation schemes on a grand scale have been planned and carried out; new towns have sprung into existence, extensive stores have been opened, wharves have been built, and railroads have been constructed to transport economically the increasing crops of sugar, while the telephone has established itself as one of the planter's necessities. Such, in brief, is the condition of affairs on the Hawaiian Islands—the beneficent fruit of the Reciprocity Treaty. A nation's wants and purchasing power increase with its prosperity, and as the Hawaiian Islands manufacture nothing, but depend entirely upon the outside world for everything, and as, by the terms of the treaty, many American goods are admitted free of duty, this prosperity on their part means more business for our merchants, manufacturers, and farmers. The people of the Hawaiian Islands devote themselves almost exclusively to the cultivation of sugar-cane. As their land is more valuable for this purpose than any other, they raise nothing in the way of hay and feed. The result is they depend upon our farmers for every pound of hay, barley, bran, corn, and oats that they need for their stock. During the year 1881, thousands of hales of hay, and millions of pounds of barley, bran, corn, and oats, together with hundreds of high-grade cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs, were shipped to the islands from San Francisco. Thus an additional and growing market has been created for the productions of our ranches. Our lumber-dealers must appreciate this market, if the millions of feet of rough and dressed lumber, and large quantities of flooring, laths, shingles, pickets, and redwood posts being shipped there are a criterion. Our jobbers of dry goods, boots and shoes, iron and hardware, groceries and provisions, and of other lines of goods, feel the effects of the treaty in increased orders from the merchants there.

With the starting of new plantations come orders for sugar-machinery—of which our machine shops have furnished over one million dollars' worth since 1876. Some sugar-machinery has been imported from Scotland, as a Glasgow manufactory is represented there by a resident agent, who is always ready to draw plans and give estimates of the machinery put up on the plantation. This firm also gives very liberal terms in the way of credit to reliable parties. This of itself is of great consideration to the planter just starting, as it costs him about as much for a sugar-mill as it does the silver-miner for his quartz-mill. Other items, swelling the imports from Great Britain—which are not quite one-fifth of the total imports for the year 1881—are the portable tramway, with its locomotives and cars, and the steam plow. An agent of the manufacturer of these articles has visited the different plantations, and as their use effects a great saving over ox-teams, both in the transportation of the sugar-cane to the mill and in the preparation of the ground for planting, they have been adopted by many of the planters.

Another gratifying feature of the treaty is the manner in which it has benefited our ship-building interest. In the year 1876 there were two regular lines of sailing vessels engaged in the island trade. Now there are five lines of sailing vessels and two lines of steamers, not including lumber vessels sailing from Humboldt Bay, Coos Bay, and Puget Sound. In the inter-island trade there was formerly only one steamer, where now ten steamers are plying. All the additional tonnage was built on this coast, by our ship-builders. There is also a line of sailing vessels from New York and Boston to Honolulu. Two magnificent iron steamers, for the rapidly increasing trade between San Francisco and Honolulu, are being built by Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia, at a cost of one million dollars. The carrying trade between the Hawaiian Islands and the United States, being principally done in American bottoms, is another source of revenue to American capital. Marine insurance and the furnishing of ship's stores also yield their share of profit.

To show the increase of commerce, since the adoption of the treaty, between the Hawaiian Islands and San Francisco, it is only necessary to state that the arrivals and departures at San Francisco from and to the islands in the year 1876, number ninety; while for the first ten months of the present year they number two hundred and thirty-two. The wealthy islanders spend much of their money in America, as they frequently visit San Francisco and other cities of our country. Our railroads, hotels, and retail merchants profit thereby. Many of their purchases being carried away as personal effects do not figure in our custom-house statistics. Many of their children are educated in our schools. Nor are these the only benefits that our people receive from the treaty. The Reciprocity Treaty has opened an outlet at the Hawaiian Islands for American capital and labor. There has been of late a large immigration thither from the United States. American lawyers and doctors are to be found there practicing their professions. The schools, which are numerous, are filled with American teachers. Americans who have started in business have been successful, and American mechanics have found lucrative employment in their various callings. In fact, American influence predominates in official, mercantile, and newspaper circles. The prime minister

of the kingdom, the judges of the supreme court, and many other government officers, are Americans. The great increase in the sugar crop during the past few years has been due to the investment of American capital, which has yielded handsome returns. Three-fourths of the plantations are owned by Americans and those who are in accord with American ideas. Thus it will be seen that the greater portion of the present prosperity of the Hawaiian Islands is enjoyed by our countrymen who have invested or settled there. Much of the money made by these people finds its way back to America for investment, and contributes its share to our revenues. The writer made the acquaintance of an old resident of the islands, an Englishman by birth, on his way coming from Honolulu. This gentleman told him that he had invested considerable money in improved real estate at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. In making a journey overland he had passed through that place, and was much pleased with its appearance. He thought it had a future; and, as he desired to make an investment in some growing city in the United States, on his return he stopped there and made the purchase alluded to. The profits realized by the American people from all these sources will almost offset the loss of revenue sustained by the Government through the operation of the treaty. Even were this not the case, our Government could well afford to pay for American supremacy on these islands.

The Hawaiian Islands, on account of their location, are destined to play an important part in the future commerce of the Pacific. Upon the completion of either of the Isthmus canals, they will lie in the direct route from China to our Atlantic seaboard and Europe. The maritime nation that then controls them will hold the key to the entire commerce of the Pacific. The Kanaka race is fast fading away. When Captain Cook visited these islands in the year 1778, there were over four hundred thousand people upon them. It is doubtful if the natives number forty thousand now. The day is not far distant when this race will become extinct; then, if our supremacy is maintained, the Hawaiian Islands will naturally become an American colony. With the exceeding fertility of its soil and its healthy climate, it is the best sugar country in the world, and here, if our government continue its present policy, will be the homes of thousands of Americans.

With the abrogation of the treaty, all the advantages gained through it will, of course, cease. And does any one imagine that, if the Eastern sugar refiners should succeed in their efforts to abrogate the present treaty, that our sugar would cost us less? It is difficult to understand how the resumption of duties on Hawaiian sugars can reduce the price of the refined article. This can only be done through competing refineries. The Eastern refiners, instead of seeking to abolish the Hawaiian treaty, should direct their efforts in extending this system of reciprocity to Mexico, Central America, the West Indies, Brazil, and to the other sugar-producing countries of this continent. Should such a system be established with these countries, the direct result would be the same benefits to our commerce, only on a more extended scale, that have been experienced since the adoption of the Hawaiian Reciprocity Treaty. For the year 1881 our imports from the Hawaiian Islands amounted to \$5,954,990, and our exports to \$3,171,852. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881, our imports from Cuba amounted to \$64,647,007, and our exports to only \$12,153,059. From Brazil our imports amounted to \$52,783,408, and our exports to only \$9,252,415. Had our exports to Cuba and Brazil borne the same proportion to the imports that the exports to the Hawaiian Islands did to the imports, the value of our shipments to Cuba would have been about \$33,000,000, and to Brazil about \$27,000,000—a gain of millions of dollars, equivalent to half the bullion product of the United States for the year 1881, to our commerce.

In view of the threatened loss of a large portion of their Oregon and Mexican trade, through the near completion of other trans-continental railroads, it behooves the merchants of San Francisco to see to it that the our present growing commercial relations with the Hawaiian Islands are extended. Although the present treaty has been of great benefit to our merchants, there is room for improvement. All American goods are not admitted into the Hawaiian Islands free of duty. A considerable number of important articles are excepted, upon which a duty is collected. Among them are beer, fancy metal ware, carriages, ready-made clothing, crockery and glassware, drugs, fire-arms, furniture, hats and caps, jewelry, millinery goods, tinware, and wines. Upon the expiration of the present treaty, a new one should be made, more liberal in its provisions toward the United States, in which the Hawaiian Government should agree to admit all American goods free of duty, and also to make its tariff conformable to ours on all goods from other countries. The benefits derived from the present Reciprocity Treaty would then be increased, as the concessions on the part of the Hawaiian Government would give us the entire trade of the islands, instead of two-thirds, as at present.

They do these things better in France than in London. When the French troops came back from the war with Abdel-Kader the Boulevards were lined from one end to the other with the troops that had remained at home. The great Goldsmith, who was at that time the director of the opera, had the direction of the spectacle. The groups of cripples upon crutches, lame men with their blistered legs bound up in coarse canvas rags, blind men supported between two comrades, the officer with his arm slung on a cactus leaf, the Duke of Orleans himself, who craved compassion by his rope stirrup, having lost the steel one in the heat and fury of the melée—all was got up and combined for picturesque emotion; and the loud sobs and bewailings of the people produced far more effect than the loudest cheering could have done.

To all letters soliciting his subscription to anything Lord Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz: "Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your very obedient servant," etc.

A man who holds his opera-glass in both hands with his elbows sticking out on both sides is preferable to a lady with a big bat at the theatre. You can kick the man.

THE STORY OF THREE WORDS.

One of the editors of this journal possesses the most marvelous faculty of stirring up strife and contention. He can scarcely put pen to paper without raising a howl from somebody or something. When he writes, the office is deluged with angry correspondence. For this reason he is assiduously sat upon, and only occasionally lurks into print under various disguises. When he has accomplished one of these feats he shows signs of uncouth joy, and waits for the shower. It always comes.

Sometimes he fools with the proofs, and by the most minute of changes accomplishes his fell designs. For instance, some weeks ago a harmless paragraph was copied from the *Critic*, stating that "most of Mr. Howells's title were taken from Shakespeare." The Evil Editor saw it. His eyes rolled stealthily around the room. He was unobserved. Taking his pen, he added three words—three little, simple words—yet oh, how fateful! These words were: "Give us examples." Having accomplished his designs, he sent the proof to the printer.

Mark the result. Those three words have set columns on columns of type on end; they have set rivers of ink to flowing; they have set scores and scores of people to ransacking their concordances, and kindly sending to editors information which they already possess. Fortunately, our friend the *Critic* is getting the most and the worst of it.

The sequel to the Evil Editor's illicit penciling was this: The *Critic*, amazed at our assumption and contemptuous of our ignorance, took up the gage. It proceeded to dig a literary grave for the *Argonaut* in the sounding sands of the possibly grand but certainly illiterate Pacific shore, and then covered the corpse with authorities. Dusty tomes, Shakespeares, concordances, and things were piled over our mangled and quill-pierced form. The *Critic* then erected a simple yet tasteful head-stone bearing the words:

Hic Jacet Argonaut,

wiped its nose, and went away.

But from the depths of the tomb there came a faint squeak. The *Argonaut* was not dead, but slept. Like Joey Ladle, it had taken in knowledge at the pores, and rose like a giant refreshed. It espoused the cause of the Evil Editor, and after privately abusing him, proceeded to publicly defend him. It based its case on the incautious use by the *Critic* of the word "most." It proved in the most elaborate manner that "most" of Howells's title were not Shakespearean. It proved it by the multiplication table and the rule of three. Having delivered this sockdolger under the *Critic's* left ear, the *Argonaut* retired to its corner, and was soothed by its bottle-holder, the Evil Editor.

The *Critic* attempted to retaliate, but its sparring was wild. Its attention, too, was diverted. The awful three words of the Evil Editor were still working out their malefic task. A Baltimore paper got hold of the matter, and in the peculiar Baltimorean way, carefully misunderstood it. It accused the *Critic* of charging Howells with stealing his plots from Shakespeare. This the *Critic*, in a manner tinged with dignified sorrow, denied. The Baltimore paper, however, considering the denial a matter of not very much consequence, set up a straw *Critic*, attacked it in force, with serried columns, and routed it, horse, foot, and dragoons. There was much inkshed.

The awful boom goes on. The Springfield *Republican* and some other New England papers have it now. They are inundated with correspondence. Hordes of writers are explaining things which every one knows. The last number of the patient *Critic* contains some more letters explaining some more things to it which it knows perfectly well, yet which same things it explained to us when we knew them perfectly well, and which things we could not refrain from explaining to our readers, although we knew that they knew them perfectly well.

If he who makes three blades of grass to grow where but one grew before is a benefactor of his kind, what shall be said of him who makes so many words to grow where none grew before? Let him be cast into the outer darkness, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. ZULANO.

Harper's Christmas is at last out. It consists of thirty-two large pages, twice the size of those of the weekly. Among the contributors are George William Curtis, W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich, Mark Twain, E. C. Stedman, "Uncle Remus," Thomas Hardy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, G. P. Lathrop, Rose Terry Cooke, and Frank D. Millet. The illustrations are all by the following members of the Tile Club of New York City: Frederic Dielman, R. Swain Gifford, C. S. Reinhart, E. A. Abbey, George H. Boughton, Alfred Parsons, Arthur Quartley, W. M. Chase, Frank D. Millet, J. Allen Weir, F. Hopkinson Smith, and Elihu Vedder. The publication is printed in the finest manner, on paper of extra weight and fine quality. The authors represented in its pages are all American but one, and all the artists are Americans. Its flavor is distinctively American, and distinctively original. It is the finest Christmas annual of its kind that we have ever seen. Yet we do not think it will sell as well as will the Christmas numbers of the London *Graphic* and *Illustrated News*. Why? For three reasons. 1. Its price is seventy-five cents; theirs fifty; people in America will not pay fair prices for brains. 2. It is printed on fair white paper, and in black ink; they are printed on smudgy paper, yet in tawdry colors; people like coarse colored pictures. 3. It is in exquisite taste; they are in execrable taste; the taste of the masses is execrable. For these reasons, although we wish it well, we fear the sale of *Harper's Christmas* will not come up to that of its London competitors.

A well-known gentleman of the Dominion Parliament, in speaking of the friendship existing between Sir John A. Macdonald and the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, said: "It reminds me of the friendship of David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Scylla and Charybdis."

An Illinois cow swallowed six hundred dollars in corn-hacks. She was killed and the money recovered.

"THE LADY OR THE TIGER?"

A Symposium by Betsy B., Philip Shirley, Boutville, and Zulano.

That story by Frank Stockton in the November *Century*—"The Lady or the Tiger?"—has excited varied comment, and much discussion. Compressed to its utmost limit the story is this: In olden days, in a semi-barbaric but luxurious kingdom, a handsome youth was condemned to trial to determine his guilt or innocence in presuming to love a beautiful princess, who, however, in return, loved him. The trial was to be by a method peculiar to that kingdom: the accused was permitted to determine his own case by exercising his judgment in opening one of two doors leading from an arena within an amphitheatre, where all such trials occurred. Through a certain door, if luckily opened, came a lovely maiden, whom the accused immediately married, amid the merrily acclaimed joy of the people over an innocence proved. Behind the other door crouched a fierce and hungry tiger, ready to spring upon the accused and destroy him, while the multitude observed this punishment of an established guilt with well-sustained emotions—which shall ever be the recompense of the righteous over the unrighteous. Our handsome youth entered the arena, and, turning to salute the king, saw by his father's side his love, the beautiful princess. He knew that by woman's wit and weight of gold she would have possessed herself of the fateful secret: "behind which door crouched the tiger?" She had done more; she knew what lady had been selected as the possible bride, and who then stood behind the other door. Alas! it was a lady of the court; beautiful like the princess; one upon whom the princess had, with quick jealousy, observed her lover cast glances of possible admiration and tenderness; one whom the princess suspected of having a preference for her handsome lover. The king, the court, the multitude, in breathless silence watched the youth; he watched the princess. By a slight movement of her hand she designated which door he should open.

With an exercise of unsuspected genius Mr. Stockton leaves the story with the unanswered question, "Was it the lady or the tiger?"

I think she sent him to the tiger. After she became possessed of the secret of the trial, the princess began trying to determine to which door she should direct her lover. If ever her mind became agitated by a sense of duty—though what possible advantage there is in being a princess or a king, if such an one does not escape that most haggard demon of the mind, the "sense of duty," I can not understand—if ever, I say, her mind became thus agitated, she counseled herself in favor of the lady. At all other times the tendency of her mind must have been in favor of the tiger. Observe, I say, that she *tried* to determine to which door she should direct her lover. Of course she tried in vain, until the last, the *very* last, for the impulse—it could not be called a decision—that moved her hand, came and possessed her only as her hand moved. In the hours of wretched days and sleepless nights, before the hour of trial, the princess's mind was in constant contemplation of two pictures: one, her lover lost to her and in the arms of a radiant rival. That one fiercely tore and wrenched her heart; she suffered from her own deadly pain. The other picture: her lover's fair body fiercely torn and wrenched in the cruel embrace of the tiger; she suffered for his deadly pain.

To which of two kinds of suffering, of which we are capable, do the best of us give the most consideration—that caused by the wounds inflicted upon ourselves, or upon others? In her wild efforts to finally determine her action in advance, the princess was ever met and baffled by the consideration of these two pictures. She did not lose sight of them even when her lover looked up at her from the arena, but at that instant—the instant the fatal impulse moved her hand—a thousand details were added to one picture; the one which, if she gave her lover to the lady, would he forever hung upon her bed-chamber wall; woven, with all its possibilities of torture, of wrenching and tearing her heart—woven thus into the very curtains of her bed. If she gave her lover to her rival, even his love would turn to common gratitude—that frostiest emotion of the heart. If she gave her lover to the tiger, the colors of that picture would fade away with the stain of his blood in the sand of the arena; there would be no hateful colors woven into her life to constantly remind her of that.

A magnificent tigress of my acquaintance said, the other day, with sudden vehemence, after a long silence of indecision: "My heavens! it *was* the tiger that princess let go. Not for jealousy, nor any reason except that he was the man who could!"

I consider the hank too eloquent to be filled with words. Yet she who said this has great possibilities of tenderness, I think. She might stroke very tenderly a head laid upon her breast, and kiss it, too, perhaps. Was the princess else than this?

BOUTVILLE.

It is a curious comment upon the general judgment of human nature that nine people out of ten who have read the November *Century*, and pondered over that strangely incomplete story of a barbarous tribunal of chance, will say that the lover of the princess was devoured by the waiting beast. Men say it with a fling at the inherent ferocity of women, and women with flashing eyes and clenched teeth, as if the barbaric instinct were strong in them, and their tongues longed to lap blood with the natural thirst of the primitive creature.

The many seem to think that the first impulse of a jealous woman, whether she be a fair-haired Saxon flower of civilization or a dark-eyed daughter of barbaric royalty, would be to give her lover over to death, however horrible, rather than to the arms of a rival. The jealous man slays the woman who betrays him. The jealous woman forgives the man everything, and wreaks her vengeance on her rival.

This Princess of No-land bitterly hated the beautiful young woman who trembled behind the fateful door, but she had little reason to doubt the love of the young victim in the arena. He was there for love of her alone, and their souls were tuned to such fine accord that he could ask and she could answer a vital question of terrible significance before thousands of gazing yet unseeing eyes. If she could have let the tiger loose upon the lady within the door it would have satisfied the savage instinct. But to give the body of her grand, handsome lover to the fangs of the wild beast, to be torn piecemeal before her eyes, when he was arraigned there for very love of her, could not be the instinct of the woman, were she barbarous or civilized. Her jealousy of the court maiden was but a vague and haunting fear, not that deep and active passion which is stronger than death and more cruel than the grave. Evidently she had never reproached her lover for the glances which she had inter-

cepted, for his trust in her was absolute. When with slight and subtle motion she pointed to the door upon the right, he opened it straight and unhesitatingly. Any man, whatever be his experience or his lack of it, fears the treachery of a jealous woman, and, beyond the face of this story, he did not know of his royal lady-love's suspicions. Besides, such absolute trust is sure to awaken some response, and no woman would have let even a faithless lover go to such a death, with such horror of her in his heart as such a death sentence would give.

Murder is rarely premeditated. When it is, it is generally for cold gain. Such fierce passions as love and jealousy flame into impulse, and the princess made her decision after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known what she would answer before her lover questioned her, and she answered as she had decided she would. Furthermore, her rival was hidden behind the padded door, and, in so much, there was safety for the lover, for there is something in the mere sight of a rival which inflames the mind to frenzy. Her days and nights of anguished deliberation could not conjure the misery which she would actually feel in seeing her rival in the flesh wedded triumphantly to the loving or unloving culprit of the arena. For, with her rival out of sight, she could always lay the flattering unction to her soul that the marriage would be but a loveless mockery, and this thought would lead to many more. For if the fierce tiger destroyed the tall, beautiful youth, there was only misery for her; while he might live to hate the bride forced upon him, and turn to her love, as before. It is not probable that the barbaric princess permitted him to live without an *arrivée pensée*. Barbaric princesses do not stick at putting rivals out of the way; and in her days and nights of anguished deliberation many schemes of relief must have started in her mind—the removal of her rival perhaps more often than any other. To permit him to open the tiger's door would have been to destroy all in a moment. To send him to the lady's door would have left hope still fluttering in her breast; and though jealousy be the master-passion of the human heart, hope always flies triumphantly over everything, and no human being ever willfully destroys it.

The story-teller has woven his tale so cleverly that one can not really discover whether the youth himself still loved the princess when he was arraigned before this awful tribunal. At all events, she loved him with barbarous ardor, but with civilized reason; for we are told that the king was but semi-barbaric, and that his imperious daughter was strikingly like him.

Since, then, her love was a flame fanned by reason and tended by hope; since her decision was the result of long thought, and not an impulse; since her true love sought her eye with unfaltering faith in the cardinal moment of his life; since his marriage might be only a form necessary to the salvation of that life; since her rival was but a dreaded, not an assured one—not immortal at that, and out of sight of her eye as well; since a woman always visits her vengeance upon the other woman rather than upon her recreant lover; since she loved him jealously, it is true, but ardently and well; and since it is the nature of woman to sacrifice herself, heart and body, to save her lover from peril—who will say that the princess's right hand pointed to the tiger's door? In the silent watches of the night, in her terrible communings with herself, she may have given him over to destruction a thousand and a thousand times again. But in that moment of awful suspense, when he stood between life and death before the waiting multitude, even though her decision had been against him—which could not have been so, since she did not change—all the woman in her would have risen against the horror of it, and with her jealousy crushed under her love and despair, her pale hand would point to the lady's door.

BETSY B.

The princess shed no tears—tears died hissing in the fire of her semi-barbaric eyes, and fierce, convulsive shudders, during her torturing deliberation, left all her lithe muscles relaxed and exhausted.

Now that she was suffering for the sake of the man who loved her—suffering more because she loved him, and had his fate in her hands, and could not for her life decide it—in her rage that she could so suffer, she longed savagely for vengeance upon the man who could cause her this misery which every nerve in her resisted to the uttermost. And the vengeance was ready to her hand. She knew the tiger as well as the lady behind the fatal doors. She had stood before its cage feeling barbaric kinship with its treacherous heauty. Next to killing her lover herself would be the pleasure of seeing this velvet monster do it. Her mind dwelt with morbid fascination on the combat. How he would fight! She had not the least horror of depriving the man of his life—the motive that would control the Christian woman. Perhaps, too, the recent victims of the king's justice had all chanced upon the hymeneal door.

Had she been wholly barbaric, she could not have had the bitter sense of resistance and defeat in loving him either, which hurt her, being semi-barbaric and a princess. For this, too, she would punish him, since he was in her power. Only, when he felt that hot breath on his throat and looked his death in its savage eyes, would it not be his triumph that she had condemned him because she loved him too well to give him to another woman. Gods of semi-barbarism!

Her decision was made, but made conditionally, since she was a woman—made to depend upon the look in her lover's face when he should ask the momentous question on which his life hung.

She knew his face—knew its every line and change—and thought, sadly, how, when his eyes appealed, there was little in her gift that she felt power to withhold from him. But there was another expression that roused all the mutiny in her perverse nature. It would be difficult to accurately describe this unlucky look; but the element in it, unpopular with the spoiled princess, was the confidence in the certainty of her affection for him. When this was either gravely or laughingly apparent in the face she had studied "for many months," as Mr. Stockton states, the princess felt capable of rending the man without extraneous aid from any tiger. She knew that if he looked up from the arena with the beseeching eyes whose memory often came to her subduingly, she would give him life, wife, and her own useless love forever. But if he dared—and her hands clenched furiously, and her

whole frame grew tense again—to look with confident expectancy that, for the love she bore him, she would tamely resign him to that pitiful weakness, she herself to remain content with his gratitude—and she called this fine, rare virtue had, semi-barbaric names—if he looked as if he *believed* she would spare him, she would show him his presumptuous error. Her reveries stopped there.

The poor lover had never plunged into these subtleties. Confident that the princess would discover the secret of the doors, he never dreamed that her mind could hesitate as to his fate. In his crude, masculine breast love was merciful and life was sweet. He would have given the princess to another man to save her delicate amber-colored flesh from a tiger's paws, and taken his chance of her love afterward, perhaps—though that is a step toward three-quarter civilization—and he believed that in so serious an issue the princess would do the same by him. It was, therefore, with perfect trust and in anticipation of speedy matrimony that his eager eyes flashed up to the royal "box," and "without the slightest hesitation," as we read, that he opened the door indicated by the princess, and—

It was the tiger.

Blinded by the sudden light, its first bound was at fault, and the man eluded it only so long as to lift his eyes once more to the face of the woman who had betrayed him—not with despair, but, with the whole great heart of him aroused with the very rapture of distorted devotion, that since she willed it so he could also die for her.

He died hard. He died by double death-warrant: of the king because he had loved the princess, of the princess because she had loved him.

PHILIP SHIRLEY.

She was a woman—therefore she was jealous. She was a barbarian—therefore she was cruel. Which is the stronger passion in the female breast, jealousy or cruelty? In her who is civilized it is jealousy—it is stronger even than love. In her who is barbaric, her cruelty runs apace with her jealousy, and sometimes outstrips it.

What should she do? Should she send him to his death rather than see him in the arms of another woman? Or should she test his love for her by sending him to that other woman, and then prolong his suffering by the contempt which, being a woman, she could so well show, to one whose life had been hers to give or take? For to the barbarian nothing could be more galling than to know and feel that his life had been given him by one who pitied him, and that one a woman.

The barbarian mind does not hear with patience the thought of being saved by a woman from any hotly peril—more particularly by the woman whom one loves.

She mused upon this as she sat there. Was her lover a dastard? Would he take his life from her hands, and he content to lose her? If so, then was he unworthy of her—of her, in whose veins ran the blood of kings.

She was a barbarian, and it was not pity which made her resolve to point to the door where lay concealed the lady. It was a desire to test him. She was resolved that if he were unworthy of her she should know it—know it even at the cost of losing him. And the cruelty which was in her made her resolve that when he had his bride he should suffer more a thousand times from his old love's scorn than ever he could have suffered in the jaws of the tiger.

Her lover came. His eyes met hers as he saluted the king. What was there in her eyes that startled him? He saw that she knew behind which door lay the tiger. But he saw something else—he saw that she had determined to point him to the door where was the lady. And in those eyes there was a shadow of contempt which galled his barbaric soul.

What would you? Their loves were stormy, for they were barbarians.

She moved her hand. She pointed to the right. He opened the door.

It was the lady.

What did he do? Had he been of our time, he would have taken the bride that his love had given him to save his life. But he was not of our time. He was a barbarian. And the thought that he would owe his degraded life to a woman, and that woman she whom he loved, stung him to the quick.

He turned, and looked at the princess. If he had been before inclined to falter, the look in her eyes would have determined him. But he did not falter.

He bowed to the maiden before whom he stood, and—he closed the door. Before the wondering gaze of that vast multitude he opened the other door.

There was a roar and a bound—there was a crunching of bones—there was blood upon the thirsty sands of the arena—there was a hideous, mutilated Thing in the jaws of the beast.

He was only a barbarian—yet had he been horn later he would have been a loyal knight.

He was only a barbarian—yet in his barbaric way he loved.

ZULANO.

P. S.—It is only fair to myself to state that I do not believe any of the foregoing, and that I only wrote it because the editor asked me to do so, in order to "balance" the symposium. I have tried to do justice to the "lady" side. But in my heart of hearts I think she sent him to the tiger—and then wished she hadn't.

Z.

A young New Orleans artist, who has just entered Julian's school of painting, at Paris, writes of his fellow-students: "They are very good-natured, full of mirth and wit, but of such a nasty sort as only Paris can create. They never say a serious thing nor utter a refined sentiment. Late one American girl had the courage and nerve to enter the school for men. She drew from nude models of either sex, and bore all the vulgarity and smoke of these Frenchmen, and was soon far ahead of them with her brush. An auburn-haired English girl entered into this crowded room. She worked hard and appeared to hear nothing."

The birth of a young princess in Spain recalls a curious custom of that court. When a prince or princess is born, the epithet "vigorous" is always added to its name. But on one occasion the youthful prince died immediately after his birth. The official announcement was made as follows: "Her Majesty the Queen of Spain has given birth to a vigorous Prince of Asturias, who lived only a few hours."

BULLS AND BEARS.

A Glance at the Private and Public Life of a New York Stock-jobber.

The social season here is highly unsatisfactory so far. Not only is there great ambiguity as to its indications, but we are positively ignorant as to its very existence; that is, no one knows yet whether the season is under way or not. There have been no great social events, except a few weddings, and there seems to be no outlook for a decisive beginning now. This awful uncertainty is the result, I think, of the Langtry and Patti booms. Every one rushed into town to welcome the famous English-woman, and a week later to be present at the first great opera night. Now, for years the social season in New York has begun with the opera season, and social events have swung regularly into line after the start was made. This year, however, there was a sudden craze for autumn sports and rural festivities about the time the winter gaiety in the city should have been started on its yearly course, and society people kept out of town persistently. Country houses are numerous all round New York. They are very English in scope and intent, and their owners entertain largely. They have never been able to get enough guests at the tail end of the summer season heretofore, but this year they have been unable to accommodate the crowds that flocked in on them. So, on Patti and Langtry nights every one comes in town, and on the following day nearly every one goes out again. Each day, however, adds to the lists of people who are preparing for the winter's war, and diminishes the numbers of the rural contingent.

The season will not be fairly in motion before the first of December, this year. Five years hence the ultra-fashionable will not return much before Christmas. The one—I am afraid the only—benefit that we have derived from our systematic aping of the English, is this fashion of remaining late away from town. Life in the country houses around New York is not so charming as it is in England by any means; but it is still a very jolly way of passing the autumn months. The chief drawback to the enjoyment of suburban visiting here is the presence among the guests of men who are interested in the fluctuations of stocks, and who bring their business into social life. I have just returned from a five-days' visit at a nice old house on the Hudson, near West Point. There was no end of good people there; but the host was a "city" man and had four or five friends from "the street" visiting him. During dinner, which was always a most enjoyable meal, they talked constantly of financial operations, and never hesitated to stop in the middle of a game of billiards to argue over some infernal rumor, good, bad, or indifferent, touching the operations of Jay Gould or his clique. By the bye, a man who is a heavy operator in Wall Street, but hates the shop jargon of the place as much as I do, tells me that Gould is the best man on 'change to know, because he never consents to talk shop in private life. That's the only good thing I know about Gould.

These Wall Street men are very much alike. They all drink too much, and are prone to the use of slang to excess. Those staying at the country house I visited might have been taken for brothers. They all wore very shining high boots, and extremely narrow boots. They did not care for gloves, probably because they hide the diamond ring which every Wall Street man wears. The rings are nearly all alike. They have a flat, wide gold band, with a diamond set in so that the top will be level with the surface of the ring. On either side of the diamond there is usually a small emerald. They were introduced after their adoption by the French, who call them "glove-rings," because the diamond is set so low that the glove slips over it. The bulls and bears object to wearing gloves, though they always carry them; when they are not carried in the hand, they are thrust into the top breast or handkerchief pocket of the coat, so as to be visible, or are tucked between the buttons on the front of the coat. They are always in sight. The Wall Street man smokes constantly, and is guilty of puffing weeds with little gilt or red bands on them. The band is placed on the cigar to indicate its brand, which is usually expensive. The Wall Street man is fond of doing the thing which looks expensive, and hence he wanders about with the highly colored band on his cigar, and wears vast watch chains and fobs. Did I say wanders? It was a mistake; he never wanders, but moves with a brisk and business-like air. If he rises from his seat in Delmonico's to cross the café, he does it with a brisk and breezy swing. If he goes up the aisle of the theatre or opera, it is with the same quick and solid tread. He holds his nose pretty well up in the air, and uses one expression incessantly. This expression is: "No, I'm 'bliged."

He uses the word constantly while talking, even with ladies, and it becomes extremely tiresome, unless you interest yourself by counting the number of times he calls his favorite expression into use. He never walks up to another gentleman—for the Wall Street man, according to the broad American standard, is a gentleman—and greets him with the quiet cordiality that is vaguely described as "proper form." No matter where he meets his friend—be it at wedding, funeral, or dinner; among ladies, gentleman, or beasts—the Wall Street man always yells something that concerns the street. For instance, it will be:

"Ob, eh? U. P. Preferred, eh? Ninety-four. Well, I guess. Little slump, eh? 'Ave cigar?"

"No, 'm 'bliged."

Then the two heads go together, and the most astounding jargon ensues, relative to Northern Pacific Railroad stock.

The other night, at the opera, a tall and dignified man of perhaps sixty winters stood with a friend by the door, when an acquaintance, of perhaps sixty-five winters, came down stairs. As he reached the floor the dignified man caught sight of him, his face blazed with delight, and he yelled:

"Hay, petroleum the golden!"

It was a shout that could be heard throughout the entire length of the corridors, and every man looked around. The majority of them smiled, with great amusement, and the old gentleman at whom the remark was leveled shook his head and grinned, as he cried:

"Say nothing!"

"Shall I lend you a fiver?"

"No, 'm 'bliged."

Evidently he had been caught on the wrong side of the recent swing in the petroleum market, and suffered accordingly.

Wall Street men are good-hearted as a rule, and have a certain sense of justice and honor, which is not very well defined, but much talked about. The men of the Wall Street clan who were at the house I visited—you will perceive a determined attempt on my part to return to this house—talked with great gusto of their achievements, and, I am glad to state, spoke highly of each other, morning, noon, and night. Every other day they had to go down to New York to "look at things," and the host, with many excuses, accompanied them. They always returned in time for dinner, but it was utterly impossible to understand what they said, so filled was their talk with trade terms. They did not shine at night, except at poker. They played to win, every man of them, and an outsider was lost in a cloud of dust in hucking up against them. I know. I tried it. If anything was going on in the daytime in the way of impromptu teams or archery matches, the Wall Street men came forward in a solid phalanx, and bet heavily on the result every time. They made pool-tables and won various amounts, from fifty cents to five dollars, from every one, including the ladies. However, they lugged vast quantities of *bon-bons* up from the city for their fair victims, and offered big odds on the next event to the men, so their popularity was great in spite of their success in winning other people's money. I found that they were men of shallow mental calibre, and thoroughly imbued with the notion that money was all in all. They often spoke of things ethical with a degree of obscurity positively astounding, and seemed to have no conception whatever of anything outside their own particular business. In subjects touching history, philosophy, or politics, they were not only entirely at sea, but admitted their ignorance with a degree of frankness bordering on the boastful. They seemed rather proud of a sentence, which they repeated with gusto forty times a day. It was: "Money makes the world go 'round, dear boy."

I confess that it surprised me to see them push their trade so holdly into private life, and I am sure it was often a great bore, and in every sense tiresome at times. Women treated them with great consideration, and smiled sweetly when they approached; for Wall Street men are far above par in the matrimonial market, and are eagerly bid in. But it was observable that women were easily wearied by them, and avoided long *tête-à-têtes*, or confidential strolls, rides, or drives. If you meet one Wall Street man, you know them all. I remember one day I was talking to the hostess on the tennis-ground, when the host and his friends came bustling in from town, after "looking at things." They climbed down quickly from the comfortable old "carry-all" depot-wagon, all talking at once about some remarkable coup of one of the monopolists, and gesticulating earnestly. In the course of time the youngest of them—a cleanly built, richly dressed, and stylish-looking man of about thirty-five years—walked briskly over to the hostess, dropped into a camp-chair, tilted his hat back, and said:

"Bill's asked Charlie up."

"Bill" was the host, and "Charlie" a prominent bank director and stock-jobber.

"Yes, I'm very anxious to have him visit us. He's very jolly," answered the hostess, sweetly.

"You're right—he is," said the youngest Wall Street man, impressively. "We were together in the old Twelfth Street school, and I know him like a book. He's the man who connected on Little Hannibal in the St. Jo deal, when the rest of us were asleep, and he had the laugh on us for six months. One of the best fellows that ever lived. Thoroughbred. Always holds up his end of the table, and can be found where you left him every time. Dare-devil, too. When we rowed together in the Dauntless Club two years ago, he pulled a stroke that knocked out every man on the river, and had a reputation for a fighter, too. Nothing ever stumped him. I've seen him walk up to a man on Broadway, when there was a crowd of the boys around, and bit him a clip on the back that would knock him shaky. Then he would hold out his hand, and say: 'Ullo, McAllister, 'ow are you?' The man would wheel around bent on blood. Then Charlie would start back, you know, as if appalled by the mistake, and say: 'By gracious, sir, I beg your pardon. How could I have been so rough? I'm very sorry, by gad!' The man usually felt like killing him, usually came around, and five minutes later Charlie'd be opening wine for him at Del's, and trying to get him hoozed. Oh, he's eighteen carat every time."

That was a fair sample of the average Wall Street man's conversation. One other point that surprised me was the intense earnestness with which they talked about their clothes in the presence of ladies. The youngest man was complaining of his frock-coat, which was rather tight, when one of the others said:

"It serves you right, Mac. I'd no more patronize Jim Bell than I would Prouse Cooper. You pay just forty per cent. more for their names. What did he tax you for the coat?"

"Ninety dollars."

"Well, this is just as good, and it cost only fifty. I buy the goods from a friend of mine, who imports them, and then have 'em made up by a feller who used to be with Poole. It's nonsense to pay so much. Don't you think so, Mrs. —?"

"Well—er—yes; I suppose so," answered the lady addressed, doubtfully; and then the Wall Street men fell into a vigorous discussion on the price of clothing. Every man of them used that abominable word "pants," and I am not sure that they didn't use that other verbal abomination, "gents." However, they seem to enjoy life, and are certainly good-natured. Long life to them; but pray preserve me from their companionship, except at intervals of years and years at a time.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 23, 1882.

By a blunder of the printers in the famous "first column" of the London *Times*—which has been irreverently described as the "Hatch, Match, and Dispatch Column"—the headings over the lists of births and deaths in the issue of November 3d were transposed, and every one can picture to himself the melancholy record of female mortality which resulted. Probably the person most annoyed, leaving the editor out of the question, was the husband, who found the announcement of his wife's death "of a son," accompanied by the cheerful statement, "All well."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Silence on Tap.

The latest wonder of the world has been discovered in the Yellowstone Park, by a person named James Carroll, who is said to be a reputable citizen of Helena, Montana. Carroll says that he was in a deep gorge. Around him was a scene of grandeur, towering cliffs and verdant vegetation. He sat down to wait for his friends, who were to follow him into the gorge. Everything was quiet. The stillness was oppressive. He determined to break the silence, but he soon found that he could not make even a crack in it. He called on his friends. He called again, and nearly shouted the top of his head off, but he could not hear the sound of his own voice. A panther was passing. Carroll seized his rifle and fired at the animal. Smoke came out of the rifle, and the panther crawled away wounded and bleeding, but no report came from the rifle; no sound reached Carroll's ears. If Carroll's statement was not substantiated by the evidence of others, we would believe that he was suffering from a temporary deafness, or whisky, or that he had cotton in his ears, but that hypothesis won't work, for his friends followed him into the gorge, and there they all stood and became red in the face, and got sore throats, in their efforts to have vocal communication with each other. But not a sound could they hear. The place was so packed full of silence that they could not hear a pin drop, and they had to use signs and the deaf and dumb alphabet to express their astonishment. They explain that some peculiarity in the atmosphere there makes it a non-conductor of sound. If this is true, and we have no reason to doubt the statement of Carroll and his companions, a long-felt want will be supplied. Companies will be chartered to can this valuable atmosphere, or to saw it off in lengths, pack it in saw-dust and ship it to the busy haunts of men in the East. In families where there is a baby, a barrel of it can be kept in the corner of the bedroom. By turning the faucet, the wail of the infant will be heard no more. Think of the soothing effect of a keg of it turned loose in a ward meeting! A person might squirt a syringe full of Yellowstone Park atmosphere on an organ-grinder, and all his soothing strains in a moment would be but "a melancholy thought condensed to air," or some bold bad man might go to, say, Talmage's church, with a can of silence, and a patent can-opener in his pocket, and the result would be that the sermon of the elegant contortionist would be a voiceless pantomime. We have ordered a keg of it for our own use, and it makes us smile to think of the embarrassment that will clothe, as with a garment, the first man who comes into the office to read us "a little thing be dashed off last night," and finds himself surrounded by the silence of the tomb as he claws around in search of his voice.—*Texas Siftings*.

The Nose.

The annals of surgery contain many cases where the nose has been cut or torn off, and, being replaced, has grown fast again, recovering its jeopardized functions. One of the earliest (1680) is related by the surgeon (Fioraventi) who happened to be near by when a man's nose, having been cut off, had fallen in the sand. He remarks that he took it up, washed it, replaced it, and that it grew together. Still, this is a little bit bazarious, and in warm weather the nose might refuse to catch on. It would be mortifying in the extreme to have the nose drop off in a dish of ice cream at a large banquet. Not only would it be disagreeable to the owner of the nose, but to those who sat near him. He adds the address of the owner of the repaired nose, and requests any doubter to go and examine for himself. Regnault, in the *Gazette Salulaire*, 1714, tells of a patient whose nose was bitten off by a smuggler. The owner of the nose wrapped it in a bit of cloth and sought Regnault, who, "although the part was cold, reset it, and it became attached." This is another instance, where, by being sufficiently previous, the nose was secured and handed down to future generations. Yet, as we said before, it is a little bit risky, and a nose of that character can not be relied upon at all times. After a nose has once seceded, it can not be expected to still adhere to the old constitution with such loyalty as prior to that change. Although these cases call for more credulity than most of us have to spare, yet later cases, published in trustworthy journals, would seem to corroborate this. In the *Clinical Annals and Medical Gazette*, of Heidelberg, 1830, there are sixteen similar cases cited by the surgeon (Doctor Hofacker) who was appointed by the senate to attend professionally the duels of the students. It seems that during these duels it is not uncommon for a student to slice off the nose of his adversary and lay it on the table until the duel is over. After that the surgeon puts it on with mucilage, and it never misses a meal, but keeps right on growing. The wax nose is attractive, but in a warm room it is apt to get excited, and wander down into the mustache, or it may stray away under the collar, and when the proprietor goes to wipe his feature he does not wipe anything but space. A gold nose, that opens on one side and is engraved, with hunter-case and key-wind, is attractive, especially on a bright day. The coin-silver nose is very well in its way, but rather commonplace unless designed to match the tea-service and the knives and forks. In that case, good taste is repaid by admiration and pleasure on the part of the guests. The *papier mâché* nose is durable and less liable to become cold and disagreeable. It is also lighter, and not liable to season-crack. False noses are made of *papier mâché*, leather, gold, silver, and wax. These last are fitted to spectacles or springs, and are very difficult to distinguish from a true nose. Tycho Brabe lost his nose in a duel, and wore a golden one, which he attached to his face with cement, which he always carried about. This was a good scheme, as it found him always prepared for accidents. He could, at any moment, repair to a dressing room, or even slide into an alley where he could avoid the prying gaze of a vulgar world, and glue his nose on. Of course, he ran the risk of getting it on crooked, and a little out of line with his other features, but this would naturally only attract attention and fix the minds of those with whom he might be called upon to converse. A man with his nose glued on wrong side up could hold the attention of an audience for hours, when any other man would seem tedious and uninteresting.

Boomerang.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The question of the election or appointment of officials is an important one. If it be remembered that this government is neither autocratic nor democratic, but is a republic, it may aid some of our politicians to the solution of problems which now seem difficult. It is apparent that in our general, State, and municipal governments certain great and essential changes are to be made. The experience of the past demonstrates the necessity of a departure from forms and methods which have been long accepted and acquiesced in as impossible of modification. Let us first startle our readers by inquiring whether the election of the President of the United States by the people may not be dispensed with, and a better method be devised for filling the executive office? In a word, what is the necessity of the kind of President that we now have? The President, biding his term of office for either too long or too short a period, is clothed with powers not enjoyed by any of the constitutional monarchs. The quadrennial election is a period of political excitation that calls into active agitation all the passions of partisans, disturbs the legitimate industries of the country, puts a hundred thousand subordinate officials in anxiety for their places, and excites the hopes of ten hundred thousand other ambitious politicians that they may have some gain by the election of the candidate of their party. The mode of nomination by a national party convention does not represent the intelligent judgment of the voting membership. It results from combinations at Washington with the leading party men of State capitals and great commercial cities. The last Republican National Convention is an illustration of all the evils of a national party convention. The senators of the great States, fortified by the power of patronage, combining with the officeholders, securing delegates from the South who would give no electoral vote, disregarding the equity of district representation by massing their forces, undertook, through finesse, strategy, and dishonorable combinations, which involved the promises of the patronage of an administration to be created, to impose General Grant upon the people as presidential candidate, in defiance of their wishes, and in violation of time-honored national traditions. This conspiracy was defeated. It was by accident that it was not successful. It was a danger narrowly escaped, which involved the life of the republic and the permanence of its form of government. This mode of presidential nomination does not choose the great men of the nation, or the best men. Our selections of the chief magistrate have been a chapter of curious accidents. On more than one occasion we have consigned our

most excellent men to private life, and denied to them the legitimate, well-earned, and well-deserved honors of long, intelligent, faithful, and patriotic public service. On more than one occasion we have dragged up from merited obscurity the most undeserving of men. We recall the senseless campaign of log-cabin and hard-cider that elevated General Harrison from a log-house to the White House, for no better reason than that his latch-string, like all latch-strings of all Western cabins, hung upon the outside of his door. It was a latch-string which, being pulled, opened to the hospitality of cider, which was always plenty and always hard in the West. We recall the election of the rough-riding, ignorant soldier of the Mexican War. We improvised for him a military reputation which he had not earned; mounted him upon a battle-charger which we made to resemble the horse in Wouvernman's pictures—always white; changed his rough and vulgar language of the camp into the polite literature of war; did all this and elected General Taylor President. We drew Franklin Pierce from the obscurity of a village taproom in New England, to clothe him with executive power. Buchanan's election was the result of a successful political intrigue. Abraham Lincoln was sent by the especial providence of a good God to emancipate the slave, save the republic, and give us an opportunity to become worth preserving. Grant was an exhalation of the battle-field. The spiral columns of blue smoke from burning powder took the shape of a divinity, and we invoked it. First we worshiped, then endured, and then, like cannibals, cooked it. Rutherford was an accident—not a deplorable one. We may laugh at lemonade at state banquets, the vanity that floats at a country fair, and the simplicity that characterized the administration; but national calamities never attend the administration of a President who is content with one term, and looks complacently forward to the time when he shall become the oracle of a village shoe-shop.

The administration of Garfield and Arthur is with us. Its history is not made. But from it we may draw a lesson which demonstrates that our government has not hit upon the best plan for President-making. Our suggestion is this: so amend the Constitution of the United States that the only government officials elected by the people shall be members of Congress. Let the Senate of the United States—elected as now—together with the members of the House of Representatives meet each two years in joint convention, and elect an executive officer, without the power of veto and without the power of appointing a cabinet. He shall nominate the leading officials as now, to be confirmed by the houses in joint convention. There shall not be a hundred thousand officials throughout the nation crawling on their bellies in abject terror of this executive shape. Subordinate officials shall hold office for life or good behavior. The chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Senate shall be Secretary of State, because to this body is entrusted the treaty-making power. The chairman of the Finance Committee in the House of Representatives shall be Secretary of the Treasury, because in this body originates all financial bills, and from it comes the money-spending and taxing power of the government. Secretaries of War, Navy, and Interior should be chosen from the Congress with reference to their fitness and qualifications. The Attorney-General should be chosen for his learning in the law. Vacancies on the Supreme Bench should be filled by executive appointment, and when the individual has been once President he should be forever barred from the executive office. This is simple. It is the way we elect the president of a business corporation. The stockholders elect from their body directors or trustees. The trustees choose from their number a president. Then, putting their beads together, they appoint committees and assign to them the detail of work, to be supervised by the directors sitting as a committee of the whole. The people are the stockholders. The members of Congress are the chosen directors, and they elect one of themselves as President. This being our mode of President-making, might we not escape the intrigue of national party conventions; get rid of this curious piece of machinery known as the Electoral College; escape the passions of a Presidential election, the crimes perpetrated in Louisiana, Florida, and California, the perils that threatened us in settlement of the contest between Tilden and Hayes, and the uncomfortable memories arising from a contest that enabled the party which had the Presidential office to wrongfully perpetuate itself. The same general system, with such modifications as will suggest themselves, might be introduced for the election of State administrations. And here we shall be met with the counter-proposition that the Governor should be elected, and to him should be given a larger appointing power, and he should be held to a more strict accountability. There is an argument in this direction which we have not the space to suggest or controvert. In our judgment, it would be better to allow an elected legislature to choose the executive officers of the State for two years—choose the Treasurer, Controller, Surveyor, Secretary, and Attorney. Let the judges under all circumstances be appointed. An elective judiciary is becoming a contemptible thing. It has reached the depths in New York City, and at our last election in San Francisco we

nearly touched bottom. We would rather have a judge appointed by the most corrupt President or Governor that it is possible to conceive, than to have him elected by the people at large under the most favorable conditions.

When we come to the consideration of municipal affairs in our great commercial cities, with their cosmopolitan populations, we meet a distinctly different condition of affairs. It is in these cities that our republican form of government is to meet its first strain. It is in the management of municipal affairs that our system is likely to encounter its first failure. So long as there shall continue to gather in our great cities a population so largely alien, criminal, impecunious, and irresponsible, as is now indicated, we are treading upon dangerous ground. Whenever those who have nothing and those who have lost the fear of law, and are not restrained by moral forces, shall outnumber those who have property, are obedient to law, and subject to moral influences, then chaos will ensue, and then the only hope of law, order, and property will rest in the superior authority of State laws and the higher powers of the general Government. The history of the city of New York is suggestive of dangerous future possibilities. The past history and present political condition of San Francisco are pregnant with hints of dangers that will demand all the genius, all the energy, and all the courage of our people to encounter and overcome. We have had down among us the seeds of a communistic and agrarian doctrine which may yet produce a harvest of perils. Our last election is an advance along the very broad and very straight high-road that leads to the supremacy of the worst elements of politics. In our State politics a Democratic machine failed. General Stoneman was nominated, and the people triumphed. In city politics a Democratic machine triumphed in convention and at the polls. In State politics a Republican machine triumphed in convention, and was beaten by the people at the polls. These contests, triumphs, and defeats will unite the machines. Criminals naturally, mendicants necessarily, and demagogues deliberately, come together when there are spoils to secure and plunder to obtain. There will be no more party politics in San Francisco. It is from this time forth the people against the hordes, with the hordes united. The issue is for the people to preserve what they have and the partisan plunderers to steal what they can get. Hence, as we fear the time is not remotely distant when the combined political villainy of this city will outnumber and outvote the disunited decency of the community, we would take from the public the election of all officers possible. We would think our chances of good government greatly increased by concentrating ourselves upon a mayor. Elect him, give him a large appointing power, and hold him directly responsible for the proper administration of our municipal affairs. Let such commissions as may be created for the performance of public duties be appointed. Let the Attorney, Street Commissioner, Board of Public Works, and such like executive officials be appointed. Let all the judges, from Chief Justice to the lowest judicial position, be appointed. We would give the Mayor the veto power. We would have two Boards of Supervisors, and each should be a check upon the other, and the Mayor a check upon both. The question may be asked: If the citizens of the towns may not be entrusted with an enlarged elective privilege, why the country? Our answer is, that the average voter of the country is a better man and better citizen than the average voter of the great cities. We are not quite enthusiastic over the indiscriminate exercise of this highest prerogative of citizenship. We wish it might be limited to native-born American citizens, and only to such of these as have intelligence, property, and good morals. Popular suffrage, the right of trial by jury, the freedom of the press, and liberty of conscience, are all of them questions to be considered. Their inviolability is invoked by demagogues and criminals in the interest of bad men and bad government. No man without property ought to have any voice in the administration of that department of municipal government that assesses, collects, treasures, and disburses the public money. No immoral or ignorant man should have a voice in legislation, a place upon juries, or vote anywhere. Popular suffrage ought to be subjected to severe limitations. We know how difficult is the accomplishment of such a result; but this shall not restrain us from declaring that in the unrestricted elective privilege, in the unrestrained license of a vicious press, in the right of criminals to be tried by other criminals, demanding the concurrence of twelve minds to convict, in the indulgence of that liberty of conscience which covers double wiving and in the name of religion mantles all sorts of crimes—in all these things lies danger to our republican government. The most immediate danger is in the great cities, like San Francisco; and, should our opinion have weight with any charter-maker, we should take the liberty of saying to him: let as many of our offices as possible be appointive; clothe the Mayor of our city with large power, and hold him to a large responsibility. When the people come to the selection of a city government, let them choose their best man for Mayor, and look to him for the preservation of order and the protection of property.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

We are sincerely anxious to see the Langtry. It is merely vulgar curiosity, the same as it would be to see Jumbo the elephant, or any other spectacle out of the ordinary. Bernhardt came to this country as an actress; Nilsson comes as a singer; Oscar Wilde presented himself as a rare specimen of idiocy. We are curious to see all these various people, and we propose a special pleasure to ourselves in looking upon this beautiful thing that comes to us, stamped as a beautiful thing by the best society of the biggest civilization of the world. A professional beauty is something that is to us altogether strange, and, as a novelty, we are sure to enjoy it. As a boy, the writer was always willing to expend his pocket money for spectacles. The side-shows of the circus were sometimes more interesting than the circus itself—the fat woman, and the boa-constrictor, the two-headed calf, and the "What do you call it." Now comes this woman; not an actress, but beautiful; the *chère amie*—that is, dear friend—of a crown prince. She is accepted in the best society that encircles the virtuous Queen of England because she was the dear friend of her royal prince. She is the one, *par excellence*, upon whom the critical of the super-critical classes turned their lorgnettes at opera and concert; the one upon whom the gaping, vulgar crowd gaped most vulgarly, as she rode in park or boulevard. This woman of shape and clothes we are curious to see; this woman who has made merchandise of her pretty face; this "lady," stamped and minted as genuine coin in the highest circles of the most refined class of the best civilization of Europe. She is not an actress, and not talented, and she comes to us not with her husband, and matroned by one who is not a wife, to show us her pretty clothes, and her beautiful face, and her shapely limbs, for coin. We shall pay the coin, and go as we would to see a sleek and glossy leopard with shining spots and lithe of limb, or stealthy, crouching panther, or lioness with mane and glowing orbs, or any other cat that would walk its cage with soft and velvety tread. And when we have seen her, we shall gossip about her, and get our money's worth out of her, and speculate about her character, and wonder about her life and her associates, and where her husband is, and why he is not with her, and what her relations were with the Prince of Wales, and whether Mrs. Wales cared, and, if so, how much; and about Mrs. Labouchère, and who she was, and what are her relations to Mr. Labouchère, and how he came to own *Truth* and to be a member of Parliament, and about Mrs. Labouchère's sister, and Mr. Labouchère's early life. We shall get down among the other bald-heads, near the orchestra, and see how much we can see of this beautiful spectacle, this woman whom we shall have bought and paid for, and about whom we shall, by virtue of that purchase, be entitled to gossip. We are anxious to know what is the standard of beauty for women. We have seen the famous beauties of the ancient world done in marble by the chisel of famous sculptors—the Venus di Medici, the Greek Slave, and Pauline Bonaparte of modern time. We have gazed upon the famous model artists of the Comédie Française and the Opera Comique. We have seen some of the noble and famous women of the world; some notable beauties who wear crowns—ber of Austria, the fair Margherita of Italy, and her majesty the Queen of Belgium. We have seen peasant beauties. We have seen the fair women of our own fair land. But in all our life we never saw a "professional" beauty, and we are most wildly impatient to see this accepted one, so that in later years we may know how to estimate the beauty of women by this stamped standard of an English professional. Society is a queer budget, and does queer things. It has queer conceits. It is savage and inexorable; is gentle and generous; runs to all sorts of extremes, and does all sorts of strange things. It will frown some poor unfortunate victim into the very outer shadows of complete and utter exile. It will shake the dust off its satin boots and draw in its embroidered skirts in fear of contact with some tabooed and suspected erring sister. It will open its great white arms to embrace some popular flaunting hawd, and take to its bare, panting bosom a man or woman whose touch is death, if he or she have been made respectable by genius, wealth, or royal stamp. Society will close its selfish ears and shut up its embroidered purse or bank-book to the cry of distress. It will drive in open barouche past poverty that starves and dies, or, in the frozy of an aroused sentimentality, it will lavish its gifts most generously. Make it fashionable to give, and society will eat, drink, dress, dance, and pay—and all for sweet charity.

Our two themes run together. Beauty and charity met at the ladies' kettle-drum at B'nai B'rith Hall on Monday evening. It was a kettle-drum under the patronage of San Francisco society dames for the State Women's Hospital. The idea was, as we guess, the inspiration of Mrs. General McDowell and her daughter, who, on charitable things intent, gave society—our best society—an agreeable evening. In anticipation of the coming Langtry, we took a critical view of our young girls and young married women. We are for-

tified against any unnatural make-up, against paint and powder, sham diamonds, society airs, stage dressing, paid puffs in newspapers, big show-hills, photographs in shop-windows, or colored chromos; and we are prepared to say that Mrs. Langtry will need all the accessories of her reputation and toilet to get more than honorable mention in the sweepstake of prizes for beauty in a fair competition among our society fair-ones in San Francisco. This is as good an opportunity as we shall get to make some society observations that have been this ever so long a time clamoring for utterance. San Francisco ought to be the jolliest, foremost social city in America. Its people ought to have the best time. The kettle-drum on Tuesday night demonstrates what can be accomplished when really genuine sense is brought to bear upon the social problem. We have been, and are, all astray. Vanity and false pride are chargeable with some of our mistakes. Our millionaires have played the very devil with us socially. We recall the swell affairs of the last double decade. Ralston debauched social life by his swell entertainments at Belmont. His house, a palace in extent, his stables, with no end of vehicles, a special train, with hundreds of guests, a banquet fit for a Roman consul, wine in rivers, and all at a cost that would purchase a home for any hut three per cent. of his guests. Mr. Sharon succeeding, we recall his more than splendid reception to the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, where champagne, feasting, music, dress, and diamonds made us all think we were earls and countesses at the court of a king. Other splendid entertainments by Senator Sharon might be mentioned. We recall the grand parties given by Milton S. Latham; the splendid receptions given by Major-General McDowell at his military home overlooking the waters of our Golden Gate and our beautiful bay; the gorgeous spectacles and magic beauty of the grounds and mansion at the receptions of D. O. Mills at Milbrae, with the sumptuous within-door entertainment and costly expenditure of everything that could contribute to the pleasure of his guests; the splendid party of Mrs. Hopkins at her palace on Nob Hill; the generous hospitalities of Charles Crocker; the royal banquets of Governor Stanford at his town palaces; the unstinted—and without making invidious comparison, we must declare the more satisfactory—mode of entertaining by the Floods, at their elegant country-seat at Menlo. All these have established a social standard that only those of abnormal wealth can imitate. It is imitated at a distance by us of lesser means, who feel the embarrassment of always taking and never giving, and this imitation is an overstrain. It strains the purse, and does not satisfy the pride of the giver. His comfortable house will not swell to the dimensions of a Noh-hill mansion, or a Menlo, Belmont, or San Mateo villa. His supper from the "Golden Poodle" is costly, but not gorgeous; and when it is mentioned in the *Morning Call*, among the tin wedding on Tar Flat, the good lady who has schemed, toiled, fretted, and gone to bed with a nervous headache, compares her really delightful evening with the entertainment of a railroad magnate or a bonanza king, and is unhappy, and never gives another. And then those of us down another round—not lower down on the social ladder, but down where the rounds are not golden—give a "party" to a "few friends." Our own kitchen turns out its terrapin; our own cook gets in a hired assistant, and our hired-girl gets a hired help. The mistress goes to the kitchen, the girls of the family are detailed for unaccustomed duty, the house is turned topsy-turvy. To save expense, the wife and girls go shopping among their trunks. We must have champagne punch, lest people should think we voted the prohibition ticket. We must have some macaroon pyramids from the "Golden Poodle," and colored creams and ices, lest people should think we are mean. We must have lots of things for show, lest people should think we are poor; and we must have more music than the house can hold, and then give up the whole space to the dancing brigade. The young girls think the world was created by an infinitely good God as a place to dance in, and the young fellows think girls were created by infinite love as things to dance with. When one gets too old to dance, or has rheumatism, sciatica, or gout, he has a right to bate all young people who dance, and he generally looks down upon the art with great contempt. But the music: we insist that a military band in a dancing-ball or drawing-room, that drowns conversation, and makes everybody wish they had cotton in their ears, is both barbarous and vulgar. We are convinced that the Chinese, after four thousand years of civilization and musical culture, have evolved the very highest order of music. We are certain that the music of the future is the one-stringed fiddle and the gentle tum-tum, with just an electric touch of the brazen gong to give spirit and measure to the music of the squeaking catgut. When Mrs. Olla-Podrida gives her next party, the head of the family will not compromise except upon a Chinese orchestra of the more subdued kind. There shall be a first and second fiddle of one string each, so that while the young people dance the elders may commune. Old age has its rights.

To get back to the kettle-drum. It was splendid. It was select. It was cheap. The supper was tea, coffee, lemonade,

cookies, sandwiches, and stuffed-olives. Everything was cheap; tea or coffee, ten cents a cup, with a piece of gratuitous sponge-cake; lemonade, cold of ice and strong of lemon, ten cents; bouquets for *boutonnieres*, five cents; change invariably made; no cheating or swindling, even in the name of charity; no long dresses—not one in the room; not a single female so ashamed of her large feet as to cover them with a train; short frocks were the rule without exception; diamonds not conspicuous, as diamonds never should be on such occasions. The girls never looked prettier, the matrons never looked comelier, the gentlemen never spent their ten-cent pieces for tea and sponge-cake with a more princely generosity. Now, what was the charm of this real social success? We insist that it was because it was cheap, and because it was select. Everybody paid a dollar. Everybody was on an equality. Plain dressing was the rule. Nobody was over-fed. Nobody got drunk. Nobody went home wondering why Mrs. Jones was invited, or why Mrs. Brown was not. A great many of the very best people came in street-cars and in street costumes. The moral of this recital is in its application. This charitable kettle-drum, given at a public ball for one dollar to each guest, and which left a margin of profit for a most worthy institution, furnished the best people of the best society of San Francisco with an agreeable evening. If this is thus, then why can not a well-to-do person, living in a comfortable and roomy house, give cheap entertainments without subjecting himself to the disgraceful imputation of economy? Why not give cheap parties without macaroon pyramids or that same old candy ship from the "Golden Poodle"?—without oysters and terrapin stews for old bald-heads to stuff themselves with, or champagne for boys to get drunk on, or cigars for them to pack off? Why not tea, coffee, sandwiches, stuffed-olives, and a punch on the sly? Why not a couple of one-stringed fiddles, or, if that is too oriental, say two full-stringed instruments, to be played on a minor key with flute accompaniment? Why not earlier hours—say eight to come and twelve to go? Why not simple street-dresses, instead of this elaborate and costly expenditure that bankrupts husbands and sometimes ruins wives, that they may display trains of costly fabrics and jewels of rare value? Over-dressing is vulgar. To wear expensive gems, unless by the wives and daughters of the undoubted man of wealth, raises the suspicion that they were not honestly come by. It is not kind nor generous for any lady, herself entertaining, to be so over-dressed and over-decked that the poorer clad of her guests should be made to feel uncomfortable. There would be less display of gems and costly jewels, if from their glitter could blaze the story of their getting. Then why not a revolution in society and reform all these shams, and have a good time? Let all the young folks and nice folks who are well-born and well-bred, who are fond of fun and like a good time, conspire together and give dollar parties, and invite all the millionaires, and all the old dowagers with jewels, and all the large-footed ladies with long trains, give them tea, stuffed-olives, lemonade, and sponge-cake, send them home at twelve o'clock, and if they get mad and won't come to such parties, then strike and refuse to go to theirs. The pretty girls and the common folks have the remedy in their own hands. A millionaire party is impossible. Millionaires can't eat, can't dance, can't dress, can't even promenade with comfort. A party of millionaires without pretty girls or the army and navy fellows, with a full military band and a swell supper, would be a thing to laugh at. There is more substantial and real pleasure at a common-sense gathering with conversation and peanuts, or at a dancing frolic with a fiddle and home sandwiches, than at the most elaborate of our over-strained and swell affairs. Whenever our San Francisco society shall content itself with modest and rational entertainments, that come within the dimensions of our homes, and within the possibilities of the purses of those who are still grinding at the mill, there will be a great deal more social enjoyment than there is now or ever will be, so long as each is straining to rival those of longer purses.

Within the last ten days there have appeared in all the daily papers the detailed particulars of several young girls from the country having been inveigled to a life of shame in this city. Two have been the evident victims of guilty conspiracies; one brought here under promise of marriage, one abducted, and all of them indicate rather the indiscretions of youth than the deliberate wickedness that prompts to a life of guilt. In one or two instances they have been followed and reclaimed by their parents. Our point in this notice is to ask whether it would not be better if the daily papers did not publish the names and particulars in detail of these unfortunate young girls? Must a daily journal, in order to sell, or in order to keep up its reputation for news, do this thing? Would it not be better for the journal, and might it not be better for many of these poor, unfortunate young girls, that their names be not thus paraded, in order that the chance he given them to recover from a false step? May not the feelings of parents be regarded somewhat? It would seem to us that families might not be unwilling to allow this class of news to be published in the *Chronicle*.

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Lord Shelburne could say the most provoking things, and yet seem quite unconscious of their being so. In one of his speeches, alluding to Lord Carlisle, he said: "The noble lord has written a comedy" — "No, a tragedy," interrupted Lord Carlisle. "Oh, I beg pardon; I thought it was a comedy."

It is told of an old Greek professional philosopher that when a wealthy citizen was conducting him through room after room in his house, where every inch of space was occupied by costly ornaments, he turned suddenly and spat in his host's face, explaining, by way of apology, that he was compelled to expectorate, and that he had chosen the only spot that seemed to him mean enough for the purpose.

John Williams, a merchant of Rutledge, Ga., sued a desperado. The defendant entered the store in a furious passion, held out the summons in one hand, clutched a long knife in the other, and said: "Williams, have you sued me?" Williams knew that an immediate "yes" would make him sure of a stab. "Let me get my spectacles, so that I can read the paper," he said. He went behind the counter and came back, not with the glasses, but with an axe across his shoulder. "Yes," he said, "I have sued you." "All right," replied the desperado; "I guess I'll pay the bill."

John Brown, having been sent the other day at Balmoral by the queen in quest of the lady in waiting, who happened to be the Duchess of Athole, suddenly stumbled against her. "Hoot, mum," said J. B., "yer jest the woman I was looking for." The enraged duchess dashed incontinently into the royal presence and exclaimed to her Majesty: "Madam, J. B. has insulted me; he has had the impertinence to call me a woman." To which the queen replied with cutting severity: "And pray, what are you?" All the ladies in waiting and ladies of the bed-chamber have a deadly hatred of John Brown.

Says a writer in the Boston Post: "I recollect an occasion when a young stock actor did something of more than average merit, but had no expectation of a summons before the curtain, and the minute the curtain fell, rushed to his dressing-room to make a quick change of costume. The call becoming imperative, the stage-manager hastened to summon him, and found him with his trousers off. In frantic haste his clothes were hurried upon him, and, half bewildered, he was ushered before the curtain. Following the hearty applause he received, came a burst of laughter. He retired and found that in the confusion his trousers had been put on so that when he faced the audience they didn't."

Reverend Whangdoodle Baxter, of the Austin Blue Light Tabernacle, says the Texas Siftings, called at the house of Jim Webster, one of his flock, to make a pastoral visit. Mrs. Webster was at home, but not desiring to furnish Whangdoodle with the usual square meal, of which he was in pursuit, hid behind a curtain and told her little boy to tell the clergyman that she was not at home. In hiding behind the curtain, however, she unknowingly left her feet exposed to view. "Is your mudder in?" "No, sah, she am done gone out walkin'." "When she comes home, tell her I says de next time she goes out walkin' she should take her feet along wid her, as dey am mighty useful in walkin' any distance."

A young French painter was, not long ago, showing the Shah of Persia his picture of Herodias bringing in the head of John the Baptist. The Shah asked him how many minutes were supposed to have passed since the head was cut off. "Two minutes," said the painter. The Shah then told him that the lips ought to be wide open and of an ashy white. As the artist was unwilling to be convinced, the Shah clapped his hands, and a slave appearing, drew his sword, and, with one tremendous sweep, severed his head from his body. He then pulled out his watch, and two minutes after stooped down, picked up the bleeding head, and, walking to the picture, held the real head by the side of the painted one, and said to the Frenchman: "Monsieur, you can see for yourself that the lips ought to be ashy white and wide apart, and you will learn to believe the Shah in future."

Ex-Congressman Simmons, says the Little Rock Gazette, tells of a pair of feet that must have been objects of great regard in their day. One day a party of men, including Jackson, the man of big feet, were preparing to attend a political harlequin. It was soon discovered that there was no way of conveying Jackson, as all the vehicles were full. "Let me ride that mule over there?" asked Jackson. "There isn't a man in the world that can ride that animal. He'll work to a buggy or plow, but no man can stay on his back." "I'll try him anyway," and the determined man instructed several negroes to catch the mule and hold him. The animal plunged and kicked, but finally Jackson secured a seat in the saddle. Every one expected to see him dashed against the ground; but the mule looked cunningly around, saw the man's feet, and walked peacefully away. He thought he was between a pair of shafts.

"When I was a young man," says a Southerner, "I spent several years in the South, residing for a while at Port Gibson, on the Mississippi River. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not always an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to court to get excused. On my name being called, I informed his honor the judge that I was not a freeholder, and therefore not qualified to serve. 'I am stopping for the time being at this place,' 'You board at the hotel, I presume?' 'I take my meals there, but have rooms at another part of the town, where I lodge.' 'So you keep bachelor's hall?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How long have you lived in that manner?' 'About six months.' 'I think you are qualified,' gravely remarked the judge; 'for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you name who had not dirt enough in his room for a freeholder. The court does not excuse you.'"

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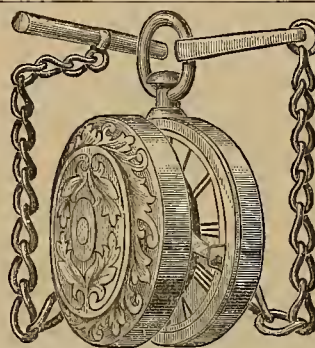
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DRAMA.

The optimists tell us that everything in this world of woe has its compensation. Yet now and then even the optimist comes across a poser. What compensation can the human creature have for being born in Russia? He is picturesque, and that is all; but there is very little comfort in being picturesque. Comfort! I wonder if they have such a word in the Russian dictionary, to express a condition which does not exist in the Russian land? Every one walks upon dynamite, from the trembling Czar down to his meanest subject. How they keep up the population is a mystery. To judge from as much of Russian literature as has been presented to the English-speaking world in various garbled forms, people have not time to marry and rear children, and grow old comfortably. They are chiefly engaged in saving their lives.

With such a field before him to work upon, it can be imagined that the riotous ways of Mr. Bartley Campbell has given itself full play, and evolved a startling pot-pourri of situations.

If the mission of the melodrama be to excite the emotions, and of the spectacle to satisfy the eye, then has "Siberia" nobly fulfilled its mission. The author's skilled hand understands to a nicety that choicest secret of the craft—working up to a certain—and he introduces curtains with a bounteous liberality. The consequence is that one comes out limp as a rag after having had one's emotions barrowed seven distinct times for seven distinct causes.

It is true one is not quite sure what it has all been about, but there is a satisfying consciousness that a tremendous amount of something is going on. It has an added interest in that we know that it is a transcript from life. It is, in effect, a materialized telegram; and the tableau of the massacre of the Jews, in itself a most thrilling stage scene, is enhanced by the knowledge that it is a picture of something terribly real.

The exigencies of "Siberia" demand that the massacred Jews come to life, else the play could not go on. One old party bites the dust in order that his suffering survivors may declaim appropriately over his taking off, but the pretty Sara and the afflicted Marie (fancy a Jewess named Marie) and the bearded Stanislas and the beardless Ivan live to wade through leagues of Russian hot water. Miss Georgia Cayvan never looked prettier than in the odd, simple garments of the little Russian Jewess. In the wild whirlpool of incident she has not much to do but be miserably interestingly, a feat which she accomplishes to the entire satisfaction of every looker-on. But Miss Georgia Cayvan has the true dramatic instinct and never misses the opportunity. This d-r-k-eyed, winning little girl, in the tableau where her ready knife has answered the Governor's impertinence, does a most impressive bit of silent acting. She might be a new Charlotte Corday as she stands borror-stricken but justified. Of course, the Governor comes to life again. "Siberia" is not a tragedy, and we have the comfort of knowing throughout that all hands will manage to get through the troubles of the present act, to be on hand for the trials of the next. There are trials enough to go around—nihilism, Judaism, hard work, and cold weather. Perhaps Miss Louise Sylvester as Marie has a harder time than any one else. This young woman is torn from the arms of her lover on her wedding morning, sees her father slain, loses her sister, loses her reason, and quite unaccountably regains it, is almost crushed by the falling ceiling, and is altogether justified in going through the evening in a very lachrymose condition. In fact, a lachrymal wave seems to have swept over this most excellent actress, who used to be so sparkling in soubrette parts. There is a great deal of "Two Orphans" misery divided between the two sisters, and it is quite comforting to see them come out all right at Odessa, well clad, and bound (as all sane Russians should be) for America. There is no explanation given of how every one gets there as there is a trivet, their Siberian rags all shed. But there they all are, fur-trimmed and clean, from Nicolai, who is the most protean of Russians, down to Vera, the flower-girl, who in the person of Miss Mills is a pretty girl as utterly destitute of any dramatic talent as a Christmas doll. This young lady speaks in capitals, like the facetious newspaper primer, and her meaningless declamation is actually droll, it is so very bad. It quite crushes the fun out of Lennox, who has the most honorable intention of being a comedian in the part of Trosky, and who is indeed amusing when regarded in the light of a Nihilist desperado. Indeed, "Siberia," abounding in speaking parts, as it does, is very well played, for Mr. Levick has a rather more grateful part than has heretofore fallen to him, has several telling situations, and a chance to let his fine voice ring out occasionally in those spasmodic explanations which harrow up the feelings of the audience just before the curtain falls, in order to give them some glimmering idea of what has taken place.

As a spectacle "Siberia" is very satisfying. The costumes are all handsome, striking, becoming, and doubtless correct. The supernumeraries are badly trained, and executed some remarkable manoeuvres in their defile before the Governor. At times it seemed imminent that the whole cohort would become a terra-cotta heap in the middle of the stage, but they managed to stumble through without a tragedy, and get out of the way for the ballet, which indeed requires considerable room; for the strains of ballet-dancing have set but lightly upon some of them, and they are, not to put too fine a point upon it, expansive. Cornalba is back again, superbly agile, and as graceful as before, with that rare charm in her especial department of the profession—a pretty face. Following the rule the world over, this ballet is not pretty, but it is good; and there is a little cross-eyed secunda among them who dances with as much expression as if she were a Tagliani. People begin to long for the ballet at this time of year quite as naturally as turkey comes into market, or foreseeing bousewives make mince and pumpkin pie.

The scenery in "Siberia" is exceptionally good, even in the more unambitious sets. There is a background of gabled houses and overhanging balconies, a characteristic street scene for the massacre tableau; the courtyard of the palace is a gloomy, wintry, desolate, Russian scene; the church of St. Basil, gloomy with the peculiar religious atmosphere, and the mines of Siberia, a desolate, hopeless waste of long-fallen snow and stunted shrubs, while the inn at Odessa, is quite the picture of comfort after the stormy evening.

At the Grand Opera House the bloodhounds are playing a successful star engagement in that perennial draught, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." These dogs have been so often before the public that extended criticism is useless. They are as well known and as welcome in their great act of pursuit as John McCulloch in "Virginia," or Lawrence Barrett in the "Man of Airie." The leading dog is said to be of the old school, and to produce his effects entirely by

means of declamatory force; the other two to the more modern school of realism, and to express all the feelings in the gamut by a compression of the lower lip. What a strange instance of the order of succession in theatres it is that their deep-mouthed bay will be superseded by the warbled notes of the Swedish nightingale. Who shall say we are upon the very confines of the outer world when one of the queens of song crosses a continent to sing for us? They are so far away from us ordinarily that it is like reading fairy tales to read the glittering story of their triumphs and successes. Yet here is Christine Nilsson, with a background of romantic history at our threshold. It is better to hear the fair-haired Swede in concert than not to hear her at all; and the quality of the music is assured by the fact that the Mendelssohn Quintet will accompany her. Indeed, the Nilsson season bids fair to be the feature of the winter; for it is not too often that a heaven-endowed woman of genius finds her way to the edge of the Western Sea.

Sometimes it bodes them well when they come, for Modjeska launched from here upon a career of unexampled prosperity. And now we have a new "Adrienne Lecouvreur" breaking the bonds of a strange tongue and making ready to play in English. Our stage would soon be given over to the lesser drama if these ambitious foreigners did not sustain the traditions for us. Besides Modjeska, we have but one actress who plays the nobler roles, Mary Anderson. Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, and Marie Antoinette would soon fade back into history if it were left to English art to keep them before the eye; and "Adrienne Lecouvreur," one of the most beautiful of plays, is almost unknown in the English tongue. Madame Frances Ellen Reich, who is a great artist, will receive a warm English welcome, as those will not doubt who have seen her as Adrienne Lecouvreur and Maria Stuart.

In "Mary Stuart" she is the very prototype of the hapless queen of history, with her auburn hair, her beautiful face, her commanding mien, her quick impetuous temper, and her beautiful resignation at last. The scene between the rival queens in the park of Fotheringay is one of the strongest in all the range of the drama, and Madame Ellenreich gives it with its fullest effect.

But there is more of the fineness of art in the last act, in which the beautiful queen seems actually transfigured and beyond the reach of earthly things. She makes a new departure from the traditions of the English stage, and goes to her death in royal robes, as befitted a queen, with a crown upon her head, and only a veil of crape attached to it to signify the solemnity of its last wearing. Also, in this scene the sensibilities of a not too religious nation might be shocked by the public administration of the sacrament, for the sorrowing Mary makes confession, and is absolved, and takes bread and wine in the very glare of the footlights. The actress herself has so rapt and saint-like a look that it dulls the shock—if there be any—and when she is led to the block, a grand chorus of unsuppressed sobs testifies that the silence of the last half hour in the audience has been the hush of feeling.

What with a great artist at the Baldwin, the great spectacle at the California, and the great dogs at the Grand Opera House, people must easily find amusement; but the Minstrels chose this special week to wake from the lethargy which falls upon them periodically, and the great Emerson and the great Reed have each made a hit during the past week—the one with the "artful dodger," and the other with a side-splitting afterpiece. The afterpiece has always been the Minstrel's weakness. How strange it would be, and how welcome, if this plain little comedian would build it up into a tower of strength. BETSY B.

Mr. Marcus Mayer, agent of Henry E. Abbey, announces Madame Christine Nilsson in four concerts, to take place on Tuesday, December 12, Thursday, December 14, Saturday afternoon, December 16, and Monday, December 18, at the Grand Opera House. Of Madame Nilsson it is needless to speak. Her fame is world-wide. The company supporting her is an excellent one, consisting of Del Puente, the baritone, Miss Hope Glen, contralto, Mr. Theodore Borkstein, and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston. Season tickets for the four concerts are advertised at \$14; single tickets, \$2, \$3, and \$4, according to location. The sale of season tickets commences Monday, December 4, at Sherman & Clay's, for one day only; sale of season tickets, Wednesday, December 5. There have been remarks made about the high price of the tickets. Nilsson, however, is a very expensive attraction. It is not probable that Abbey will make much, if anything, out of his venture, under the most favorable conditions. Yet it is to be hoped that he will succeed, for San Francisco is becoming somewhat lonely of late. It is looked upon as a managerial reef, and we no longer see the stars that we were wont to do. Such being the case, the financial success of the present enterprise is to be desired.

The Busb Street Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Leavitt & Hayman, will reopen Saturday evening, December 23d, with Leavitt's All Star Specialty Company as the opening attraction. The theatre is now undergoing a thorough renovation.

Fraulin Ellenreich played in the "Taming of the Shrew" to a good house on Thanksgiving Day at the Baldwin. To-morrow evening she will appear in the dual characters of Countess Orsina and Emilie Galotte.

Emerson's Minstrels are doing a good business at the Standard Theatre.

CCLVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, December 3.

Soup, Ox-tail.
Fried Clams.
Beefsteak, Saratoga Potatoes.
Green Peas, Beets.
Roast Turkey, stuffed with Chestnuts.
Lettuce Salad, French Dressing.
Mince Pie. Strawberries and Cream.
Apples, Figs, Guavas, Peaches, Pears, Japanese Persimmons, and Grapes.

ROAST TURKEY, STUFFED WITH CHESTNUTS.—Select a good-sized, tender, fat turkey; singe, draw, and cut off the legs and neck; do not omit to remove the "soul," as they would spoil the taste of the dressing. Wash the inside, and wipe dry. Remove the sinews from half a pound of lean veal, and the strings from half a pound of leaf-lard; chop separately very fine, put in a mortar, season with salt and pepper, and pound vigorously for five minutes. Moisten with a ladleful of broth, and add four dozen chestnuts, peeled and boiled. Fill the breast and body of the turkey, tie both ends with a strong twine and a dressing needle, and roast slowly for two hours. Add a ladleful of broth to the gravy, free it from fat, take the string off, and send the turkey to the table. Serve the gravy separately.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mrs. Norton's Third Song Recital.

When a singer like Mrs. Norton devotes her genius to knowing, and, still better, to making known, such songs as those written by Rubinstein, Jensen, Gounod, Franz, and their musical equals, the world is not in a very bad way, after all. Indeed, it is in a far better way than it half begins to realize; for, although people in general are quick to appreciate the value of an opportunity which promises to acquaint them with a score or so of good songs, they are mostly insensible to the advantage derived from a vitalized presentation of these same commended lays. And "vitalized presentation" (for all that it is a sounding phrase, and seems to stride pompously across the page with its metaphorical hands in its pockets) carries a meaning in this connection, whose significance is vastly more important than any rhetorical allusion to Mrs. Norton's delightful voice. To breathe the breath of life into a song—to set it pulsing in the air, with its heart and soul asur, as in the beginning—is something quite different from a vocalization of the strain.

And that her comprehension of the essence is not limited by its sign in words, is well shown by the success of her German selections. The first of these were three songs by Robert Franz, that Lied composer of sensitive and impassioned feeling. "Es ziehn die braunsden Wellen" is a setting of Heine's words to music, so free, so broad, and so gladly different that a great breath of the "good salt sea" seemed to sweep into the room with the surge of the accompaniment, and the singer's voice set one dreaming of a wild, beautiful strand, whose cliffs and pebbly beach were all in sight. "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt," was impetuously demanded; and the pleasure it afforded serves as the best possible illustration of Mrs. Norton's power to charm, for the reasons above mentioned. She personifies everything, as it were. Perhaps not fifty of her hearers were aware through words that she sang the complaint of a rose over its dying loveliness, and the consolation of a poet who promises lasting spring to the flower in the immortality of his song; yet not the dullest could mistake the ineffable regret that sighed itself out in language we failed to comprehend, or the brightening comfort of those closing cadences. It was clearly a case of grief, delicately assuaged; and this we would have known had the accent been Sanskrit to our ears—provided, of course, that Mrs. Norton were the singer. "Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen," completed the Franz numbers. Following these, Gounod's fine aria, "La Reine de Saba," was given, and then four old English ballads of the most delicious quaintness. Perhaps to this little group should be awarded the palm of simplest and entirely irresistible success. To be frank, people do not care to stay "up stairs" all the time—as some one cleverly put it the other day. The high-flown songs have a place and a purpose of their own; but once in a while everybody likes to come down to plain unpretention. And what could have been more completely in this line, with its funny lachrymose old-fashionedness, than "Near Woodstock Town"? That innocent, childish, ready little thrill that comes into Mrs. Norton's voice now and then, is just the quality needed to transform such a song into a perfect Kate Greenaway picture of unconventionality. "Phyllida flouts me" was better still; and the poor young fellow in the ludicrously hapless plight of not wanting to care a rap, yet caring awfully, stepped in from the seventeenth century, and stood revealed before us in all his ridiculous dejection. "My Heart in the Highlands," and "Drink to me only with thine eyes," were both warmly acknowledged and heartily appreciated.

"Ou voulez-vous aller?" was the gem of three songs by Gounod, in the matter of interpretation, at least; and the swing of that one little balancing phrase, which everybody will remember, was the motion, in music, of a small, wild bird, a-tilt on a blooming spray.

If it were not for the suggestiveness of her singing, and the rare faculty possessed by Mrs. Norton of presenting the spirit of a composition rather than the composition itself, success would less frequently crown her efforts. Noticeably would this be so in songs after the Jensen style, where intensity of feeling is, as a rule, largely dependent for its expression upon richness and fullness of tone. Yet in the three songs by this writer, "Lehn' deine Wang," and "O lass dich halten, goldne Stunde," a beautiful and artistic appreciation of the sentiment was so purely predominant, that, despite a lack of force, the true feeling of the compositions was emphasized rather than diminished. In a like manner the concluding Rubinstein songs owed their fascination to this exquisite realism with which Mrs. Norton infuses all her selections. The "Evening Song," "Gold rolls here beneath me," and "O, when she sings," were received with unmixed delight.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr's accompaniments were faultless and wholly artistic, as usual, and her solo selections all of interest. These were "Zwei Sonaten" by Scarlatti, a gavotte by Spanghetti, a nocturne in A major by Field, "Neapolitanischer Mandolinenspieler" by Reinecke, and the Chopin nocturne in D flat major. Slight nervousness seemed to exercise a depressing effect upon this brave little pianiste herself; but all she does is so conscientious that she is always sure of an appreciative bearing.

The large and critical audience which assembled on this occasion—Friday evening of last week—testified to the high approval accorded these recitals; and, apart from the pleasure they give, their influence upon the musical taste of our city is for the best in every particular. F. A.

A PUBLIC TEST OF THE QUALITIES OF MAGNESO-CALCITE, a new patent fire-proof material for lining boxes, safes, vaults, and buildings, was held on the sand-lot near the new City Hall Monday forenoon, in the presence of a number of insurance men, fire experts, and other interested persons. A pile of about a cord of pitch-pine wood was prepared, and five gallons of tar poured over it. A small iron chest, with a 1½-inch lining of magnesio-calcite, was placed in the centre of the pile, and the mass set fire to. After the chest had been kept at a red heat for an hour, it was taken from the fire, cooled with water, and opened, and the contents, consisting of papers and circulars, were found in a perfect state of preservation, being not at all discolored, only slightly warm and having a trifling smell of smoke. A small bond and note case, made of thin Russia iron, and lined with ½ inch of magnesio-calcite, was also placed in the fire, and kept at a red heat for about a quarter of an hour, and when opened the papers contained in it were found intact, they being perfectly cool, and but slightly discolored by smoke.

— IF ANY ONE HAS EVER CHANCED TO READ the dreadful parody entitled, "I dreamt I dwelt at Madame Toussaud's," written by Tom Hood, and illustrated by Cruikshank, he can readily realize the poet's feelings by visiting the startling and realistic Wax Works now on exhibition by Mr. Kohler, at 77½ Market Street. Some of the figures are vividly life-like, and several intensely dramatic situations are represented by means of the waxen figures. With the figures there is also exhibited an "Electric Boy" and a phonograph.

— THE SERIES OF "PAPERS FOR THE UGLY Girls," in "Harper's Bazar," some time since, proved popular enough to be issued in a book known to the lady readers of this paper. The writer, Mrs. Power, will lecture at Fidelity Hall, next Tuesday, on "Good Looks, and How to Improve Them"—a topic which, in lively vein, gives the hints of the best physicians and artists of New York and Paris for training the figure, the hair, and complexion. It is not a health lecture, and does not dabble in cosmetics; but treats of legitimate methods of improving the looks, in use from the time of Medea to this of Mrs. Langtry.

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— LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

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ANDREWS & STOCKWELL'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Henry E. Abbey respectfully announces the first appearance in San Francisco of
MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON
IN FOUR GRAND CONCERTS, ON
Tuesday Evening, December 12th, at 8:15;
Thursday Evening, December 14th, at 8:15;
Saturday Matinee, December 16th, at 2:15 P. M.
Monday Evening, December 18th, at 8:15.

Madame Nilsson will be assisted by the following eminent Artists: MISS HOPE GLENN, Contralto; M. THEODORE BORKSTEIN, Tenor; and SIGNOR GIUSEPPE DEL PUENTE, Baritone, in conjunction with the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB of Boston—CHARLES E. PRATT, Pianist.

Scale of Prices.—Season Tickets for the series of four performances, \$14. The sale of season tickets ONLY will commence on Monday, December 4th, at 10 A. M., at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s (agents: Haines's piano) music store, southwest corner Kearny and Sutter Streets, for one day ONLY. Season Tickets—\$2, \$3, and \$4, according to location. The sale of single tickets will commence on Wednesday, December 6th, at 10 A. M., at above place.
MARCUS R. MAYER,
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CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

By the "Tribune" Novelist.

"Pass the cake."

These words, spoken in imperious tones by Rosalind McGuire, floated diagonally across the parlor to where Pansy Perkins was seated on a *fauveuil* conversing with George W. Simpson. Pansy was looking even lovelier than usual, the gaslight, softened and made less garish by the tinted shades through which it came, bringing out in all its beauty the peachy complexion for which the Perkinses, of Perkinsville, had long been noted.

"Were you ever in Marietta, Ohio?" she asked, bending her face as she spoke so close to that of George that a little vagrant tress of her sunny hair swept across his forehead, making him feel as if he had suddenly taken hold of the handles of an electrical machine.

"No," he replied, "I never was in Marietta, but I have an aunt who used to live in Cleveland."

"How strange," said Pansy. "My father once knew a man who had been in Cleveland."

And so they chatted on, unmindful of the fact that just across the room there sat a woman, beautiful, but with cold feet, whose eyes were never taken from them, and in whose heart the fires of jealousy were raging in all their lurid fierceness. Rosalind McGuire loved George W. Simpson with all the passionate fervor of a high-born woman, whose heart, attacked in vain by countless suitors, suddenly pours out unbidden all the hidden treasures of its love. Such a love is terrible in its intensity, and only those who have seen a three-base hit made in the ninth inning can realize the agony to which a woman, loving thus, is subjected when she sees the object of her passion bending tenderly over another, and whispering words that can never be recalled. The sight of George W. Simpson making love to a girl who didn't have an invisible net to her name was more than Rosalind could bear, and she went into the supper-room.

"Put some oysters near that hole in the wall," she said to a waiter, pointing with her jeweled hand to the portiere through which she had just passed. The maid did as he was told.

In a moment George and Pansy entered the room. "Would you like some oysters?" he said.

"Oh, yes," replied Pansy. "I think they are just lovely."

George placed before her a platter of Sèvres ware, on which the mollusks were heaped; and as the first one disappeared with a dull thud, Rosalind smiled with a cold, Boston smile, and felt that her hour of triumph was at hand.

When the oysters were gone, Pansy looked up with a glad smile.

"You are very kind, Mr. Simpson," she said, "and I shall not soon forget this night."

But the happy look had faded from the man's face, and the *riant* mouth was quivering with pain.

"My heart is broken," he said softly, to himself, as he reached for a biscuit; "but it is better so than after I had told my love. If she eats that way at a party, what kind of a record would she get at home?"

Ah! what, indeed?—From "Sylvie Smitherson's Soiree," by Joseph Medill.

The Trotting-horse Reporter.

"Good-day, gentlemen."

A very nice-looking young man stood in the doorway of the editorial room, and gazed in a benign way at the occupants of the apartment.

"Would it be possible for me to sell you a story?" he continued.

"What kind of a tale have you ground out?" asked the horse reporter.

"The story," said the visitor, "is one in which the triumph of love is depicted, and"

"It isn't one of those," and as Ethel stood there in the soft moonlight, her lithe figure sharply outlined against the western sky, there was a loud crash in Coastchiff Castle, and the girl knew that her mother had dropped the doughnut-jar! kind of stories, is it—because they won't do," said the horse reporter.

"There is nothing at all about doughnuts in this story," replied the visitor, rather baugily, "but if you like I can read a portion of it."

"All right."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Anywhere," replied the horse reporter. "Suppose you give us the last sentence of it."

"I should hardly think"

"Oh, never mind about that. We do all the thinking for young authors that come up here."

The visitor seated himself and read as follows: "For answer Gladys' beautiful eyes dropped, but she gave him both her hands; and there, under the heavy-fruited trees, the golden bees flying all about them, and the air filled with their dreamy monotone, he drew her upon his breast, and, raising her long ringlets to his lips, kissed them reverently."

"That's the last sentence, is it?" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir."

"I should hope it was. It makes me tired to read about such ducks."

"Why, I don't see"—began the author.

"Of course, you don't. Probably you were the hero of the novel. Did you ever hear of Thompson's colt?"

The visitor admitted his ignorance concerning that historical animal.

"Well, Thompson's colt," continued the horse reporter, "was such an eternal idiot that he swam across the river to get a drink. Now, that fellow in your story is a dead match for him."

"I don't understand."

"Probably not. It is not expected of literary people. But I will tell you. This young fellow in your story is out under an apple tree holding a girl's hands, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And, according to the story, he raised her long ringlets to his lips, and kissed them reverently. That right?"

"Certainly."

"Now, what do you think of a young man that would go nibbling around a girl's back-hair when she had her face with her? Such stories do not possess the fidelity to nature that should ever characterize the work of genius. No, my genial imbecile, you can not get the weight of this powerful journal on the side of any such young man as your story depicts. We were once young and up to the apple-tree racket ourselves."—Chicago Tribune.

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CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of November, 1882, an assessment (No. 6) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 29th day of December, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 26th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco Cal.,



For your Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure
For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman.
Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It removes the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely. It removes faintness, dizziness, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of humors from the blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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The untold miseries that result from indiscretions in early life may be alleviated and cured. Those who doubt this assertion should peruse the new medical work published by the Peabody Medical Institute, Boston, Mass.

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Two hundred and fifty-eighth edition, revised and enlarged, just published. It is a standard medical work, the best in the English language, written by a physician of great experience, to whom was awarded a gold and jeweled medal by the National Medical Association. It contains beautiful and very expensive engravings, 300 pages, more than 100 valuable prescriptions for all forms of diseases, acute and chronic, the result of many years of extensive and successful practice, any one of which is worth ten times the price of the book. Bound in beautiful French cloth, embossed, full gilt. Price, only \$1.25, by mail, securely sealed, postpaid, on receipt of price. Illustrated sample, 6 cents. Send now.

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BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 18th day of November, 1882, an assessment (No. 25) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the 22nd day of December, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 17th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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THUNDER POWDER COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Alameda County, California.

Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name	Cert. No.	No. Shares	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	3	5	\$2 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	37	10,000	4,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	73	200	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	74	300	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley	4	5 not issued	2 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee	5	995	398 00
W. W. Dodge	6	5	2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee	7	995	398 00
E. G. Waite	8	5	2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee	9	2,495	998 00
Geo. W. Prescott	10	5	2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee	11	995	398 00
Wm. Sherman	12	5	2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee	13	2,495	998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee	14	1,000	400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee	15	2,000	800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	16	1,000	400 00
M. Baldrige, Trustee	17	1,500	600 00
Fred'k Lux, Trustee	18	1,000	400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee	19	2,000	800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee	20	1,000	400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee	21	500	200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee	22	500	200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee	24	1,000	400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee	25	2,000	800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee	26	500	200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee	27	500	200 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee	28	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee	29	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee	30	1,000	400 00
L. C. Kelly, Trustee	31	1,000	400 00
Chas. S. Leach	32	5	2 00
Wm. F. Flick	33	5	2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins	34	5	2 00
Wm. Wilson	35	5	2 00
Benj. Teal	36	5	2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee	37	1,000	400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee	38	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee	39	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee	40	1,000	400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee	41	1,000	400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee	42	1,000	400 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee	43	1,000	400 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee	44	1,000	400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee	45	500	200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	46	500	200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee	47	200	80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee	48	100	40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee	49	50	20 00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee	50	50	20 00
A. P. Bouton, Trustee	51	50	20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee	52	50	20 00
H. W. Zewbauer, Trustee	53	250	100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee	54	250	100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	55	1,000	400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee	56	500	200 00
Jas. S. Porteous, Trustee	57	500	200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee	58	100	40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so many shares of each stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the company's office, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary

Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the sixteenth (16th) day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the thirtieth (30th) day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the sixth (6th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the thirteenth (13th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the twentieth (20th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the twenty-seventh (27th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the eleventh (11th) day of December, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the nineteenth (19th) day of December, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the twenty-seventh (27th) day of December, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

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C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

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C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

R. H. McDonald,
President,
San Francisco,
Cal.

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Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,755,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30
LIABILITIES.	\$3,752,099 09
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

This Bank has special facilities for doing all kinds of banking business.

AGENTS WANTED.

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AMERICAN POLITICS.—From the beginning to April, 1882. New in all its features. Non-partisan. Seven books in one volume. The most valuable compendium of information regarding the history of politics ever published. Endorsed by all who have carefully examined the work as a book of real merit. Library binding. 208 pages. Price, \$7. "I can hardly speak too highly of the value of this work to the student of American history and political economy."—Freeman Snow, Harvard University, Prof. U. S. Political History.

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CALIFORNIA FURNITURE

MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Invite the public to visit their

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And inspect their

NEW GOODS

Which constitute

THE FINEST DISPLAY OF FURNITURE

Ever shown on this Coast, and which cannot be excelled for Variety and Beauty upon this Continent.

Bring your Friends along. The Rich can gratify their Tastes; the Poor can supply their Wants.

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M. J. PAILLARD & CO., 23 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Manufacturers and Importers. A. E. GUILLERAT, Exclusive Agent. Musical Boxes repaired.

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IN A LARGE VARIETY, AND A SPECIAL LINE OF

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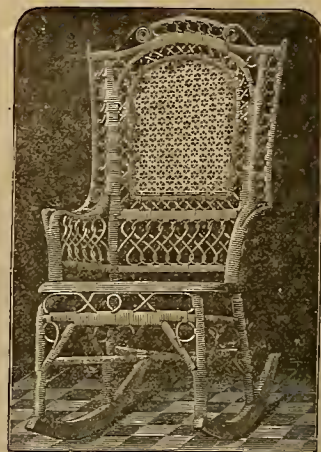
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This CUT represents our **LADIES' ARLINGTON ROCKER**, No. 494, \$8.50.

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WONDERFUL AUTOPHONE,

The best selling musical instrument ever invented. Children can play it. Over 300 tunes.

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A NEW AND DELICIOUS PREPARATION FROM CORN, FOR BREAKFAST. IT COOKS THOROUGHLY IN A FEW MINUTES.

TRY IT.
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 24.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 9, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

McWILLIAMS AND THE BURGLAR ALARM.

By Mark Twain.

The conversation drifted smoothly and pleasantly along from weather to crops, from crops to literature, from literature to scandal, from scandal to religion; then took a random jump, and landed on the subject of burglar alarms. And now for the first time Mr. McWilliams showed feeling. Whenever I perceive this sign on this man's dial, I comprehend it, and lapse into silence, and give him opportunity to unload his heart. Said he, with but ill-controlled emotion:

"I do not go one single cent on burglar alarms, Mr. Twain—not a single cent—and I will tell you why. When we were finishing our house, we found we had a little cash left over, on account of the plumber not knowing it. I was for enlightening the heathen with it, for I was always unaccountably down on the heathen somehow; but Mrs. McWilliams said no, let's have a burglar alarm. I agreed to this compromise. I will explain that whenever I want a thing, and Mrs. McWilliams wants another thing, and we decided upon the thing that Mrs. McWilliams wants—as we always do—she calls that a compromise. Very well; the man came up from New York and put in the alarm, and charged three hundred and twenty-five dollars for it, and said we could sleep without uneasiness now. So we did for a while—say a month. Then one night we smelled smoke, and I was advised to get up and see what the matter was. I lit a candle, and started toward the stairs, and met a burglar coming out of a room with a basket of tinware, which he had mistaken for solid silver in the dark. He was smoking a pipe. I said, 'My friend, we do not allow smoking in this room.' He said he was a stranger, and could not be expected to know the rules of the house; said he had been in many houses just as good as this one, and it had never been objected to before. He added that as far as his experience went, such rules had never been considered to apply to burglars anyway.

"I said: 'Smoke along, then, if it is the custom, though I think that the conceding of a privilege to a burglar which is denied to a bishop is a conspicuous sign of the looseness of the times. But waiving all that, what business have you to be entering this house in this furtive and clandestine way, without ringing the burglar alarm?'

"He looked confused and ashamed, and said, with embarrassment: 'I beg a thousand pardons. I did not know you had a burglar alarm, else I would have rung it. I beg you will not mention it where my parents may hear of it, for they are old and feeble, and such a seemingly wanton breach of the hallowed conventionalities of our Christian civilization might all too rudely sunder the frail bridge which hangs darkling between the pale and evanescent present and the solemn great deeps of the eternities. May I trouble you for a match?'

"I said: 'Your sentiments do you honor, but if you will allow me to say it, metaphor is not your best hold. Spare your thigh; this kind light only on the box, and seldom there in fact, if my experience may be trusted. But to return to business; how did you get in here?'

"Through a second-story window."

"It was even so. I redeemed the tinware at pawnbroker's rates, less cost of advertising, bade the burglar good-night, closed the window after him, and retired to headquarters to report. Next morning we sent for the burglar-alarm man, and he came up and explained that the reason the alarm did not 'go off' was that no part of the house but the first floor was attached to the alarm. This was simply idiotic; one might as well have no armor at all in battle as to have it only on his legs. The expert now put the whole second story on the alarm, charged three hundred dollars for it, and went his way. By and by, one night I found a burglar in the third story, about to start down a ladder with a lot of miscellaneous property.

"My first impulse was to crack his head with a billiard-cue; but my second was to refrain from this attention, because he was between me and the cue-rack. The second impulse was plainly the soundest; so I refrained, and proceeded to compromise. I redeemed the property at former rates, after deducting ten per cent. for the use of ladder, it being my ladder, and next day we sent down for the expert once more, and had the third story attached to the alarm, for three hundred dollars.

"By this time the 'annunciator' had grown to formidable dimensions. It had forty-seven tags on it, marked with the names of the various rooms and chimneys, and it occupied the space of an ordinary wardrobe. The gong was the size of a wash-bowl, and was placed above the head of our bed. There was a wire from the house to the coachman's quarters in the stable, and a noble gong alongside his pillow.

"We should have been comfortable now, but for one defect. Every morning at five the cook opened the kitchen-door, in the way of business, and rip went that gong! The first time this happened I thought the last day was come sure. I didn't think it *in* bed—no, but out of it—for the first effect of that frightful gong is to hurl you across the house, and slam you against the wall, and then curl you up, and squirm you like a spider on a stove-lid, till somebody shuts that kitchen-door. In solid fact, there is no clamor that is even comparable to the dire clamor which that gong makes. Well, this catastrophe happened every morning regularly at

five o'clock, and lost us three hours' sleep; for, mind you, when that thing wakes you, it doesn't merely wake you in spots; it wakes you all over, conscience and all, and you are good for eighteen hours of wide-awakeness subsequently—eighteen hours of the very most inconceivable wide-awakeness that you ever experienced in your life. A stranger died on our hands one time, and we vacated and left him in our room over night. Did that stranger wait for the general judgment? No, sir; he got up at five the next morning in the most prompt and unostentatious way. I knew he would; I knew it might well. He collected his life-insurance, and lived happy ever after, for there was plenty of proof as to the perfect squareness of his death.

"Well, we were gradually fading away toward a better land, on account of our daily loss of sleep; so we finally had the expert up again, and he ran a wire to the outside of our door, and placed a switch there, whereby Thomas, the butler, could take off and put on the alarm; but Thomas always made one little mistake—he switched the alarm off at night when he went to bed, and switched it on again at daybreak in the morning, just in time for the cook to open the kitchen-door, and enable that gong to slam us across the house, sometimes breaking a window with one or the other of us. At the end of a week we recognized that this switch business was a delusion and a snare. We also discovered that a band of burglars had been lodging in the house the whole time—not exactly to steal, for there wasn't much left now, but to hide from the police; for they were hot pressed, and they shrewdly judged that the detectives would never think of a tribe of burglars taking sanctuary in a house notoriously protected by the most imposing and elaborate burglar-alarm in America.

"Sent down for the expert again, and this time he struck a most dazzling idea—he fixed the thing so that opening the kitchen-door would take off the alarm. It was a noble idea, and he charged accordingly. But you already foresee the result. I switched on the alarm every night at bed-time, no longer trusting to Thomas's frail memory; and as soon as the lights were out, the burglars walked in at the kitchen-door, thus taking the alarm off without waiting for the cook to do it in the morning. You see how aggravatingly we were situated. For months we couldn't have any company. Not a spare bed in the house; all occupied by burglars.

"Finally, I got up a cure of my own. The expert answered the call, and ran another under-ground wire to the stable, and established a switch there, so that the coachman could put on and take off the alarm. That worked first-rate, and a season of peace ensued, during which we got to inviting company once more and enjoying life.

"But by and by the irrepressible alarm invented a new kink. One winter's night we were flung out of bed by the sudden music of that awful gong, and when we hobbled to the annunciator, turned up the gas, and saw the word 'Nursery' exposed, Mrs. McWilliams fainted dead away, and I came precious near doing the same thing myself. I seized my shot-gun, and stood timing the coachman while that appalling buzzing went on. I knew that his gong had flung him out too, and that he would be along with his gun as soon as he could jump into his clothes. When I judged that the time was ripe, I crept to the room next the nursery, glanced through the window, and saw the dim outline of the coachman in the yard below, standing at a present-arms and waiting for a chance. Then I hopped into the nursery and fired, and in the same instant the coachman fired at the red flash of my gun. Both of us were successful: I crippled a nurse, and he shot off all my back hair. We turned up the gas, and telephoned for a surgeon. There was not a sign of a burglar, and no window had been raised. One glass was absent, but that was where the coachman's charge had come through. Here was a fine mystery—a burglar-alarm 'going off' at midnight of its own accord, and not a burglar in the neighborhood!

"The expert answered the usual call, and explained that it was a 'false alarm.' Said it was easily fixed. So he overhauled the nursery window, charged a remunerative figure for it, and departed.

"What we suffered from false alarms for the next three years no stylographic pen can describe. During the first few months I always flew with my gun to the room indicated, and the coachman always sallied forth with his battery to support me. But there was never anything to shoot at—windows all tight and secure. We always sent down for the expert next day, and he fixed those particular windows so they would keep quiet a week or so, and always remembered to send us a bill about like this:

Wire.....	\$2 15
Nipple.....	75
Two hours' labor.....	1 50
Wax.....	47
Tape.....	34
Screws.....	15
Recharging battery.....	98
Three hours' labor.....	2 25
String.....	02
Lard.....	66
Pond's Extract.....	1 25
Springs, 4 @ 50.....	2 00
Railroad fares.....	7 25
	\$19 77

"At length a perfectly natural thing came about—after we had answered three or four hundred false alarms—to wit, we

stopped answering them. Yes, I simply rose up calmly, when slammed across the house by the alarm, calmly inspected the annunciator, took note of the room indicated, and then calmly disconnected that room from the alarm, and went back to bed as if nothing had happened. Moreover, I left that room off permanently, and did not send for the expert. Well, it goes without saying that in the course of time all the rooms were taken off, and the entire machine was out of service.

"It was at this unprotected time that the heaviest calamity of all happened. The burglars walked in one night and carried off the burglar alarm—yes, sir, every hide and hair of it; ripped it out, tooth and toe-nail, springs, bells, gongs, battery, and all. They took a hundred and fifty miles of copper wire. They just cleaned her out, bag and baggage, and never left us a vestige of her to swear at—swear by, I mean.

"We had a time of it to get her back; but we accomplished it finally, for money. Then the alarm firm said that what we needed now was to have her put in right—with their new patent springs in the windows to make false alarms impossible, and their new patent clock attachment, to take off and put on the alarm morning and night without human assistance. That seemed a good scheme. They promised to have the whole thing finished in ten days. They began work, and we left for the summer. They worked a couple of days, then they left for the summer. After which the burglars moved in, and began their summer vacation. When we returned in the fall the house was as empty as a beer closet in premises where painters have been at work. We refurnished, and then sent down to hurry up the expert. He came up, and finished the job, and said: 'Now, this clock is set to put on the alarm every night at ten, and take it off every morning at five-forty-five. All you've got to do is to wind her up every week, and then leave her alone; she will take care of the alarm herself.'

"After that we had a most tranquil season during three months. The bill was prodigious, of course, and I had said I would not pay it until the new machinery had proved itself to be flawless. So I paid the bill, and the very next day the alarm went to buzzing like ten thousand bee swarms at ten o'clock in the morning. I turned the hands around twelve hours, according to instructions, and this took off the alarm. But there was another hitch at night, and I had to set her ahead twelve hours once more to get her to put the alarm on again. That sort of nonsense went on a week or two; then the expert came up and put in a new clock. But it was always a failure. His clocks all had the same perverse defect—they would put the alarm on in the day-time, and they would not put it on at night; and if you forced it on yourself, they would take it off the minute your back was turned.

"Now, there is the history of that burglar alarm—everything just as it happened; nothing extenuated, and naught set down in malice. Yes, sir; and when I had slept nine years with burglars, and maintained an expensive burglar alarm the whole time—for their protection, not mine, and at my sole cost—for not a d—d cent could I ever get them to contribute—I just said to Mrs. McWilliams that I had had enough of that kind of pie. So, with her full consent, I took the whole thing out, and traded it off for a dog, and shot the dog. I don't know what you think about it, Mr. Twain; but I think those things are made solely in the interest of the burglars. Yes, sir, a burglar alarm combines in its person all that is objectionable about a fire, a riot, and a harem, and at the same time has none of the compensating advantages, of one sort or another, that customarily belong with that combination. Good-bye; I get off here."

So saying, Mr. McWilliams gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and bowed himself out of the train.—*Harper's Christmas.*

New York, it is asserted, must have more clubs. Hundreds of gentlemen want to join clubs, but in all the desirable organizations the maximum has been reached. Most applicants have to wait two years before their names are voted upon. The Union League is reported to have one thousand applicants on its lists, and not a single vacancy. It has a magnificent house, and is very particular as to whom it admits. It does not appear to care much for financial standing as a qualification for membership, and while many of its members are enormously wealthy, there are others, and not a few, who are comparatively poor. It is thought that the new Knickerbocker club-house, now almost finished, will be a finer establishment than even that of the League.

Æstheticism has run its race in England. A London letter to the *Liverpool Mercury* thus records its downfall: "Everybody is remarking, and few people fail to be astonished at the sudden disappearance of the æsthetes from good society. The movement seems to have worn itself out completely, so far as dress is concerned. The erstwhile fashionable colors, the whilom remarkable shapes, the strange and affected attitudes, are things of the past. It is vulgar now to wear sage-green; it is no longer elegant to be limp; and those peculiar garments, designed, like the robe of Vivian, rather to express the figure than conceal, have been rendered obsolete by the hideous and graceless crinole. In the very homes where it was necessary to be either Japanese or English, or at least 'quaint,' to find a footing, the face set against 'mere eccentricity.'"

ADELAIDE NEILSON.

Some Particulars Concerning her Early Home and Parentage.

Amelia E. Barr contributes an interesting sketch to the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine* concerning the early childhood of the lamented Neilson. It will probably clear up a good deal of doubt that has existed about her origin. The writer says: "Many a year had elapsed since I had felt the clear, cutting air from Rombold's Moor and Otley Chevier in my face, and trod the narrow streets of Guiseley village. But Guiseley was Guiseley yet. The great moors and hills and the winding Aire were just the same. The Yorkshire homes, with their delightful 'best kitchens,' reveling in warmth, and comfort, and color, were unchanged; the hearts of their owners were young as ever. The parlor into which we were taken, I saw at a glance, was a shrine dedicated to the fair Neilson's memory. Pictures of her in every character and mood covered the walls; and these walls were remarkable in a little village like Guiseley, and in a cottage whose rent could hardly be more than twenty pounds a year. In a few moments Mrs. Bland came to us. She is still a handsome woman, about fifty years of age, with manners singularly dramatic and demonstrative. There was no difficulty in introducing the object of our visit. The poor, heart-broken mother could talk of only one thing—the child who had perished in the very zenith of her beauty and fame. I began to ask her about her youth, and she brought me a little colored daguerrotype taken when the actress was in her eleventh year. The face was exquisite; not even the disfiguring style of the dress, and the wide muslin pantalettes down to the ankles, could injure its beauty. But even in this early picture there was that inexplicable shadow of early death or sorrow which few or none of the best likenesses of Miss Neilson are without.

"I'll show you the very hat she wore with it," said the fond mother, going up stairs, and returning with a pretty round flat of fancy Tuscan straw, having a faded blue satin ribbon tied round it. A dainty little hat it was, and I took it in my hand with a very curious sensation; in fact, I think we were all crying softly over it.

I asked the mother then if the future actress had displayed any histrionic talent in her childhood.

"When she was four years old she was inventing and acting characters," she answered. "She seemed to seize on any peculiarity people had, and not only did she try to imitate them, but often invented a new manner for them, trying to realize her ideal in all sorts of queer ways. When she was five years old she had formed her own opinion of what a ghost ought to be like, and how it ought to walk and act, and she begged me often to let her be a ghost."

"Was it from yourself she inherited this dramatic instinct?"

After a moment's hesitation, she answered:

"Her father was an actor."

"I heard she was born in Leeds."

"Nobody but myself knows where she was born," she answered, with trifle of irritation. "I have told no one, and I don't mean to. Then, with a smile at my friend, 'I think we may say she was a Guiseley girl, Mrs. B—'."

"Did Miss Neilson know her own father?"

"No. Let me show you her grandfather and grandmother—my parents." She took from a drawer two strong, rugged faces in photograph—faces of the purest Yorkshire type—the man having a kind of ministerial look, which I remarked upon at once.

"Yes; he was a Wesleyan local preacher," said Mrs. Bland.

"And one of 't' strictest Methodists as was ever known," added my friend. "He was always ready for 't' Methodist Chapel, he was."

Mrs. Bland was silent, and a singular expression flitted over her face. I thought back thirty years or more: a stern, religious father, a lovely, impulsive girl, a handsome actor, a first absorbing generous passion—these were the elements out of which had sprung the beautiful and gifted child.

Then we examined some of her needle-work, and some souvenirs of her theatrical life—theatre-bills printed on white satin for royalty, bouquets from princes and princesses, etc.—and, finally, photographs of her last resting-place. The mother's remembrances of her daughter's professional career were told with fast-flowing tears, and sometimes hysterical sobs. "She came to see me as often as she could," she said; "and, oh, how sweet, and kind, and good she was! Once, when we were riding together, we found a great patch of blue-bells; the ground was as blue as the sky for quite a bit with them. 'Stop, mother!' she cried; 'I must go to those flowers!' and she got out, and knelt down beside them, and stooped and kissed them. Then, gathering a handful, she said: 'O happy, innocent flowers! O happy, innocent flowers!' and the tears rolled down her cheeks. I could not understand her at all; and I said something—I have forgotten what now. 'Mother,' she answered, 'I have stood up to my knees in flowers on the stage, and never felt so happy as I did kneeling there by those blue-bells—those happy, innocent flowers, that God has just fresh made.'"

This little incident, combined with the mother's passionate tears and the sweet face of Juliet looking down upon them, made an impression upon me that can not be translated into words. A little afterward, pointing to the gay walls, she said: "They were done at her request. She wrote to me, when I took this cottage: 'Do make the walls white and bright, and have everything as cheery as possible. Never mind the expense. I am coming very soon to see you, and shall want to find you in a pretty home.' But she never came! She never came!" the poor soul continued, passionately; and then she plunged into the subject of the apparently inexplicable will of the kind daughter and wealthy artist. Her strictures upon the conduct of the noble residuary legatees I should think it unjust to repeat; nor am I able to agree altogether with the opinion that many express as to the unnatural conduct of Miss Neilson or the injustice of her heir. Mrs. Bland said positively that Miss Neilson was on the point of marriage with him—a fact warranting her disposition of the bulk of her wealth; and the annuity left to her mother is, in a village like Guiseley, a most comfortable income.

"Well," I said, as we drove away, "Miss Neilson seems to have had a happy and tender-cared-for childhood. I had heard a whisper of something different."

"I'll be bound you heard none so far from 't' truth. Mrs. Bland was a dressmaker, and made a bit of money for herself; and when Lizzie Ann was a little one she took a pride in dressing her up. Plenty said she dressed her more like a circus lass than should hev been. Bland was never a man to make brass or to save it. They were often at a pretty pass for a bit to eat. Lizzie Ann worked in 't' Greenbottom Mills then; but even as a mill-hand she was a strange one; she never was seen to lake (play) with 't' other lads and lasses. When she were a slip of a thing she was always reading. I can mind her often coming to our shop for a pound of sugar, or the like of that, and being so taken up with 't' reading on 't' paper bags as never was."

"The reading on the paper bags?"

"Yes. The bags we bought then for wrapping up goods had always a bit of poetry or a description of some foreign place on them; and often she'd say to me: 'Give me this other bit of paper too, Mrs. B—?' And I'd say: 'For sure, and welcome, Lizzie Ann.' Eh! but I can see her yet, half leaning over 't' counter, and that taken up with some bit of paper she forgot everything, till I'd say: 'Why, Lizzie Ann, niver! Art thou here yet? Thou'd better be framing home with thy parcel, or thy mother will be fratching at thee; and serve thee right, too.' Then she'd go her ways quick enough, but with a kind of yonderly look in her eyes."

"Was it not strange she left her half-brother nothing?"

My friend straightened her lips queerly: "There's a why for ivery where. There's nobody in Guiseley will blame her. It's an ill bird 'files' its own nest, and Lizzie Ann said little to any one about things iverybody knew she had to put up with. I think she did better by her home than many another would hev done. She looked over a deal, I tell you."

"Was she long in the mill?"

"Not so long. She went to be a nurse at Mrs. John P—'s; you remember her; for sure, you must."

"For sure, I do. Let us go and see her." In a few minutes we stopped at one of those lovely, comfortable Yorkshire homes, set deep in shady, sweet old gardens. Mrs. P— had been a belle when I saw her last; she was now a handsome matron. After some private recollections and chatter, I told her where I had been; and I hear her daughter lived with you before her theatrical debut," I said.

"Poor girl! Yes, she nursed my youngest daughter. She was a good, bright, loving soul as ever lived. It was from this house she ran away when her home had become impossible to her. At the time her mother was away—I forget where—probably making dresses for some family, and her step-father—well, we won't name him. From what she told me, I knew it was not right for her to enter his house again. She came to me one night weeping bitterly. 'I am going away,' she said, 'far away, and no one will hear of me again unless they hear something wonderful of me.' I begged her to wait till her mother came back. 'What for?' she asked, sadly: 'it is no use. I must go; I feel it.' The next day she was missing, and nobody did hear of her again till she took London by storm as Juliet. I remember the day she came back here to see her mother. The whole village was out to welcome her; and Doctor H—, you know, took his own carriage and drove her from the train."

"And, eh! but she was dressed! 'T' queen herself couldn't hev been grander. 'T' mill lads and lasses stood watching for her, and many a rough welcome—rough but hearty—she got. I'll niver believe that any one said an unkind word of her that day—niver!"

"She could not have had much money when she went away?"

"Very little, and very few clothes. I really did not believe she was going, or I would have helped her."

"She got into London without a sixpence," said my friend.

"Poor lass! And she slept 't' first night there on a bench in Hyde Park. There, now, to think of that. A kind-hearted policeman saw her crying, and fetched her home to his wife; and the woman took to her bonny face and ways, and got her some coarse sewing to do—very coarse it was, and badly paid; but she managed to live until she got a place in some little theatre, just to go on and off like. But Lizzie Ann needed only that. If she got one foot on 't' stair, she was bound to get 't' top of it, that was she."

With Miss Neilson's public career I need not meddle; it is well known. But the incidents of her childhood, revealed to me in such an unexpected, truthful, and kindly manner, are surely worth repeating, although they are but another variation on the old story of genius triumphing over adverse circumstances. Those inclined to blame her, must visit Guiseley for the key to what seems unkind in her conduct, and perhaps they may then stand with a fresh admiration and sorrow by the grave of one who died so early and so sadly—

The gifted and the beautiful.

A French lady, calling herself by the extraordinary title of the Baroness of Saint-Estrapade, has come off first best in an argument with the Parisian police magistrates. The baroness, it seems, had heard that, in order to protect furs from the ravages of moths, no better place of storage could be devised than an empty spirit-cask. Procuring such a receptacle she stored her cloak in it, and when the cold weather came on and she had to go out, the fumes of the alcohol acting with the cold benumbed her and made her giddy, so that in her mantle muffling up her face she staggered helplessly all over the pavement until she was rescued by a scandalized policeman. Her servant deposed as to the purchase of the cask and its employment as a wardrobe, and as she adroitly urged that the policeman's testimony that the smell of alcohol at fifteen paces was corroborative evidence, she was discharged, though the magistrate did not fail to remark that if every lady accused of intoxication upon the public street made this defense conviction would be impossible.

Mr. Henry Irving recently gave a dinner-party, to which he invited many professional talkers and Mr. Stanley, of Africa. The professionals each arrived with a copious assortment of impromptus. Their suppressed feelings may be imagined when Mr. Stanley commenced talking of his travels with the soup, and continued without one single flash of silence until the party broke up.

Grown up Japanese women play with dolls. In this country they go to parties and flirt with fops.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The "Argonaut" Criticised.

[The following communication was sent us by a valued friend—an exile to the country where he cultivates poetry and the vine, a Cincinnati who plows, a Catiline set free from daily contact with unsuccessful politics, which he loathes—loathes because unsuccessful. How naturally we despise grapes that are out of our reach; and so our friend becomes a poet, and, being alone in the country, naturally thinks his poetry is good, because it is his. We accept it for publication, and will from time to time print, and thus indicate that we think it good. We withhold his name, lest those who do not know him should be less generous and less appreciative than we or he. We print his political opinions anonymously, because we think they are not good—at least, that part of them which suggests Sheridan for President. Sheridan is an Irishman and Roman Catholic, one remove from alien birth. He is a soldier, and a good one. We would prefer Sheridan to Sherman, Sherman to Grant, and Grant to any other soldier, but we would prefer any respectable and honorable civilian to any soldier who ever breathed in battle-smoke. We would not vote for a Romanist in religion under any possible circumstances that could arise. With deliberation, we declare that in our opinion it would imperil the life of our republic to place in the Presidential chair an ambitious and competent soldier, who believes that he owes to the Pope of Rome a higher allegiance than is due to the laws, constitution, courts, and institutions of the United States of America. We know that a great many most excellent citizens, men of Protestant beliefs, and men of no beliefs, think this an unreasonable position to take, and seriously criticise us for taking it. We are not alarmists over Romanism; we believe that free schools, a free press, and a free ballot will beat bigotry and ignorance; we believe in the future of America, and in an Americanism that will survive the present foreign inundation, survive the present naturalization laws, survive the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, and survive the Democratic party. But no Phil Sheridan for President, no soldier, no Romanist. We would keep them all from Washington—a thousand miles away.—EDS.]

EDITORS ARGONAUT: What your journal appears to need most is some good original poetry. I enclose a couple of specimens of the required commodity. But now that you have them, do not jam them into solid type, and stick them away into some obscure corner, as if verse were a thing you are ashamed to publish, and consider it only for a dump-hole. I know of no reason, when a fellow has labored and sweat to get his thought into a metrical shape, why it is not as worthy of leads and prominence as if he had wrought it into an editorial, or diluted it into slipshod prose generally. If you haven't a proof-reader, get one; if you have one already, kill him, and get another. The errors that find their way into your paper are stupid and damnable.

I need not tell you that I am pleased with the turn the elections took. I was one of the fellows that contributed to the result by not voting. You probably voted the Democratic ticket, for all of your Prohibitionist proclivities; but I had just enough compunction left not to stab Republica myself, though I was willing to see others rescue her from her violators by doing so. Don't get wrong on the presidential issue, as you are inclined to. Blaine can never be President; his candidacy would arouse too many antagonisms. There is but one man in the nation with whom the Republicans can win, and that is Phil Sheridan. You are opposed to him, I know; I'm not. He has been my choice for years. He is a statesman as well as a soldier. Study his career at New Orleans and his utterances regarding the French in Mexico. No other man probed the situation so dexterously and thoroughly. His name would arouse all the enthusiasm of war times, and sweep the country like a whirlwind. Pause! Reflect!

FRESNO, November 29, 1882.

Yours, G.

In re Zulano.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I want to protest, whether or not my protestations have any effect, against the arrant nonsense of the miserable fool, Zulano, whoever the devil he may be. That the *Argonaut*, which claims to be so essentially American, to respect and uphold the dignity of American labor against the mean flings and affected contempt of a certain class, both at home and abroad, should even indirectly endorse by publication the effusions of this man with his pretentious affectation of superiority to the "common herd," and wholly contemptible assumption of familiarity with what he calls the "better classes," whoever they may be, is matter of surprise. His scornful allusion to the "peasants" of this country is too mean and ignoble to pass unnoticed, when made through the columns of a paper supposed to represent the great mass of American working-men, who have made our country what it is, and whose ranks never yet produced either the foreign peasant or that equally foreign production, the tuft-hunter or scoundrel, whose life is passed in toadying to the aristocracy, and of which latter class Zulano is evidently a bright, shining example.

E. R. TOWNSEND, an American Laborer.
TOMBSTONE, Arizona, November, 23, 1882.

The Hamilton Church.

[This communication concerning the "Hamiltonian Church" is our fault. We were imprudent enough to wonder what a "Hamiltonian" church could be like, and to promise to print if explained. The Reverend Clarence Fowler explains, and the explanation is entirely satisfactory to us. We think it is a very nice church, and hope it will do a great deal of good, and that it will prosper, and that the three hundred and fifty like societies will multiply among our fifty-three millions of American citizens, and produce happy results. When all these Christians become intelligent enough to agree upon one creed and one formula of faith, honest enough to live up to it, and love one another well enough not to quarrel among themselves, and earnest enough to preach to the poor and humble, even when called to a more fashionable congregation with a larger salary, we shall become a great deal more interested in churches than we now are.—EDS.]

On April 9, 1882, Lauretine Hamilton, of the Independent Church, Oakland, fell dead in his own pulpit. June 2, his friends organized under the name of Hamilton Church. June 5, they called Clarence Fowler, the Unitarian minister of San José. In the Unitarian denomination there are three hundred and fifty societies of like faith with Hamilton Church, whose position I hope to make "so plain that the way-faring man, though he be scientific, may not err therein." Doctor Döllinger and his fellow-reformers of the mother church called the Catholicism for which they stood "old Catholicism"—i. e., Catholicism as it was previous to what they judged to be its corruptions. So the Unitarians stand for old Christianity, or for Christianity as it was prior to Trinitarianism, not one of whose doctrines was formulated before A. D. 325. The Jews were sternly Unitarian as to the nature of God. The Old Testament—their scriptures—knows nothing of the compounded personality of God. Christ and the Apostles were Jewish born and bred. Paul, the chief Apostle, said: "I am a Pharisee, and the son of a Pharisee." Jesus and Paul fulfilled the Law and the Prophets by love to God and love to man. Thus does Hamilton Church belong to the root, Judaism; to the trunk, Christ; and to the branches, the Apostles. It is of Unitarianism in distinction from Trinitarianism, whose doctrines are the tri-personality of God, the deity of Jesus, salvation through the merits of Christ, Adam's fall, and eternal punishment. Hamilton Church holds the simple personality of God, that Jesus was a man, that men are saved through their own merits, that Adam rose, and that his descendants shall continue to rise till wrong-doing and punishment shall cease. Sharply opposed to these two sets of ideas are, yet let their holders be brothers in the synthesis of the spirit. There are divisions of doctrines, but Christ is not divided. Hamilton Church will settle doctrinal questions. Emphasizing love to Christ, Hamilton Church advocates union of Protestants. There are but two parties—Romanists, or the only orthodox, and Protestants, who are the heretics, or free choicers. Let all Protestants be one. Hamilton Church calls the churches to rivalry of love and service of man, claiming for itself the privilege of Paul, who said: "This I confess unto thee, that after the way they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, and herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man."

CLARENCE FOWLER,
Minister of Hamilton Church.

LINCOLN AND DAVIS.

Some Unwritten History of the Civil War.

The war had ended many years ago, and the comrades of the Army of the Cumberland had met in Detroit to commemorate one of its battles. Gathered among them was a gray-haired veteran, who had fought in Mexico, stood by Anderson at Sumter and Moultrie in 1861; won two stars during the rebellion, and who now held the rank of colonel of infantry in the regulars, with the thanks of Congress stowed away with his various commissions, up from a second-lieutenant to that of major-general. His wounds, his gallantry, and the number of engagements in which he had defended our flag, never once passed his lips, but bits of rebellion history were often upon them. I heard him say that Jeff Davis was one of the most brilliant men in Mexico, and had proved himself a statesman of rare ability. "Nevertheless," said he, "he made a fool of himself at the most desperate time of his life." "Jeff Davis had a will and determination, added to his ability, that far outstripped any man in the South." "This," continued the speaker, "prolonged the war years after we all knew it was useless to fight. His sole aim in life was to found a republic that would cherish human bondage and make the sale of mankind legal. He did not abhor the slave-pen, nor did he think the whipping-post unjust; yet, withal, his mind often yielded to lofty aspirations upon Southern republicanism. In some articles drafted by his own hand the Confederate Constitution excelled our own. If he could have abandoned the 'lost cause,' and carried with him some of the noble and virtuous ideas of his life into other lands verging upon anarchy, (that border on our land of freedom,) his life might not have been counted lost, and his service as a statesman would have proved beneficial to mankind.

"During the last disastrous days of the rebellion, he could have made honorable terms, stopped the effusion of blood, and saved the nation millions of its immense debt. His stubborn will stood in the way of a bright future for himself and his people. Just before the fatal Sunday, when he was called from divine service to flee from the land he loved so well, he was called upon by the wisest of his Cabinet to end the strife and make the best of a losing game. Besought by his most successful and gallant generals, he would not give up a cause he well knew was useless. President Lincoln had returned from City Point to Washington firmly convinced that the dawn of better days would soon take the place of war. What, then, after it was closed, should be done with the cruel instigators of such a useless strife? The re-handing of a successful party in Congress might demand 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' but this was what our kind-hearted President most desired to avoid. To save those who would surrender their arms under articles of capitulation and return in peace to their homes, there was no question about; but there was one who must suffer death on a 'sour apple tree.' Old and young north of the historic line called for vengeance on his head.

"To save this life, rid himself of this man, and spare the nation a stigma similar to that cast upon Mexico on the execution of Maximilian, caused Lincoln days of serious thought. He had never proposed to his Cabinet his own scheme, for fear the call for vengeance would be too strong for him to combat. To let a traitor go never for once entered the mind of Lincoln. But where should he go, and where was it best to send him? Mexico opened a wide door and called upon us to drive out the French, who threatened to over-run their land. Although it looked to the outsider as if Jeff Davis had been instrumental in inviting Napoleon III. to invade Mexico, such was not the fact. Mr. Lincoln was aware of this when he proposed to Jeff Davis that Mexico would prove a safe and prosperous haven.

"That such a hint was given and refused, there seems no doubt. Mr. Lincoln had hardly returned from the army when he sought the service of a secret agent to carry his verbal message of advice to Davis. That he found the proper person and dispatched him in search of Jeff Davis, there seems no question. From Richmond to Gaston and Raleigh he went, and at last caught up with him at Charlottesville, N. C., surrounded by a remnant of his fleeing Cabinet. The agent's instructions were to deal with Mr. Davis, and with him alone. It was more personal advice than national diplomacy that brought this meeting about, and so it was considered by the interested parties. Upon this understanding our agent divulged the message he had so carefully guarded. Although Mr. Davis was laboring under great nervous excitement, and much cast down by the defeat of his once proud army, he listened attentively and kindly to the messenger, who bore him perhaps, at that dark hour, some hope for a brighter future.

"Our agent pointed out to him that General Magruder, with his army on the Rio Grande, had not yet surrendered, and was not likely to for some time. He explained the past anarchy of Mexico, its helplessness, and its dependence upon us to drive the French from their soil. The prosperity, wealth, and glory of a new nation with a new ruler were unfolded to this desperate man. If he would go there, and free Mexico, and build up a republic on his own, then would our arms be stayed until an ex-Confederate army could be mustered, equipped, and provisioned on the banks of the Rio Grande, which the combined power of Maximilian and Mexico could not resist. Future dependence upon our part was neither expressed nor implied. Whether Mr. Davis should pronounce himself independent, or coalesce with the Mexicans, was left to his own judgment. Mr. Lincoln's message was: 'Go; go quickly; and you will not be obstructed in your going. Go! Liberate this nation from decay, and make it as proud to the world as you now find States once possessed by these people.' These were the words of a kind message to a broken-hearted man. They were to redeem a land and people, long since gone to decay for the want of some hand that could guide their ship of State. Did ever ruler on the verge of despair, fleeing from the land of his birth, pursued by his foe, receive such a noble message of kindness from one who held in his power the weapons of vengeance?

"We all know that Mr. Davis did not go to Mexico. He dispatched our agent with a few words of thanks and a simple 'No.' That he has oftentimes regretted it, there seems no

shadow of doubt. Did he dream that, after all, the tide of war might once more come back to the Confederate arms, or was it the same obstinate will that held him spell-bound to his 'lost cause'?"

Our hero of the Army of the Cumberland had told his story, and none of us could deny it. The annexation of Mexico, by fair or foul means, has been so long before the United States that the aspirants in bringing it about can not be counted. We may count it as certain that the last two Administrations were much inclined to take up the subject in earnest. The proper means to accomplish this end has not yet been brought before the public; but whenever the popular question is promulgated, the parties who inaugurate it may rely upon success and enthusiastic reception. There can be found in the ranks of either political party but few men of prominence who do not desire the accomplishment of this object. Have not all parties in the country been more or less inclined toward annexation? Mexico and South America demand the greatest attention from those who further this object; yet annexationists do not confine themselves alone to these southern latitudes. During the time that Charles Sumner and President Grant were preparing our declaration of rights to be presented before the Geneva Conference, did not Senator Sumner propose that the British flag should be withdrawn from North America? Did he imagine the Canadas would establish a republic of their own, or did he think they would fall to us in case of war with England? American capital and American railways will no doubt hasten this object, and sooner convince the better class of Mexicans that annexation will be advantageous for us both. The foreign policy of the Garfield administration has not yet been told, nor has his Secretary of State yet given the Committee on Foreign Affairs a full outline of what was proposed for Chile and Peru. The Convention of American Republics, proposed by Mr. Blaine, would sooner or later have learned that our declaration of rights for the American continent would be enforced peaceably, if it could, but forcibly, if it must. No Administration desires to wear the old clothes of another; so we are left in doubt whether this one, with a new party at its back, may declare for extension of our domain.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1882.

VANITY FAIR.

A new style of brass "fire dogs" represents two charming women of the sixteenth century, their coquettish heads emerging from wide ruffs, every fold and jewel of which is beautifully molded. The pair stand nearly three feet from the ground, supported by a guard and fender of heavy brass work, and create a very imposing effect under a high chimney mantle.

Among the amusements in some of the Paris salons is to bet upon the color of the cravats, waistcoats, mustaches, and dresses of those entering the room. One youth is stated to have lost four hundred dollars on dark mustaches. There was a run on blondes. A French country pastime is snail-races. At the summit of an inclined board is placed a very ripe pear, and at the bottom are put in line snails, which climb up the board to reach the fruit. Bets are heavy.

The typical woman wore at a ball at Nice, recently, a pair of cream-colored silk boots with red heels, over which were laid outer heels of gilt open-work through which the red showed, thus combining the yellow and red tints of the flowers in her dress. With such boots on, it was not surprising that the typical woman walked into the affections of a correspondent of the *Whitehall Review*, who gave her gown such a description that O. W. tore his hair in sheer despair of ever equaling it.

You have no idea how intensely perplexing to mankind is the question of neckties—whether with a dress evening suit it is proper to wear a white or a black tie, or whether one or the other should be worn exclusively. A man of fashion—a diner-out, a swell, so to speak—says that the rule should be observed thus: Always a black tie when no ladies are to be present; always a white tie when the occasion includes ladies. White silk with square ends, black with fringed ends, are newest styles of evening ties.

A cynical bachelor has noted the fact that among the large number of married people who depart with each other for Europe, a small proportion return together. He exultantly declares that no tempers can stand perpetual intimacy combined with the discomforts of travel. But more experienced persons assure him that his ignorance is like that of a blind man talking of colors. Temper has nothing to do with it. It is merely the air of Paris, which agrees with married ladies and bachelors better than with married men.

Hunting is just now the great fashion in France, and the costume of those who follow the hounds varies according to the particular hunt. Thus, the colors of the Duc d'Aumale being blue and gold, the gentlemen who follow the Chantilly hounds wear a blue cloth coat with gold buttons, and collar and lappels of blue velvet; the waistcoat and cap are also blue, and the breeches white. At Bonnelles, where the Duchess of Uzès reigns supreme, the uniform is a red coat with light blue lappels, covered with gold and silver braid, which is also to be seen on the blue breeches and waistcoat. The black cap is ornamented with the same gold and silver braid. The duchess is about to become a partner in a well-known French racing stable.

Men are becoming very luxurious in New York, says an Eastern journal, and their dressing-rooms, sitting-rooms, wardrobes, and repositories for personal belongings display tastes more costly than those of women. Underwear of the softest, richest knitted silk; dozens of South American pajamas, for night and dressing-room wear, of China crepe, soft twilled Chinese silk, cashmere, flannel bound with satin and embroidered, and all in the daintiest, most delicate tints and colors, such as ivory, pale blue, pink, buff, or violet. The pajama consists of drawers and loose blouse jacket with sailor collar. Chinese crepe or silk pajamas, enriched with

hand embroidery, are made for the wedding outfits of fashionable men, who will have a dozen of white, a dozen trimmed with color, and a dozen of various delicate colors embroidered in white. These elegant gentlemen have for smoking companions the gate of a country house, in nickel or silver, with chain rings instead of bars, to hold cigars upright, and side-lights representing gate-lamps, but holding candles, and post pedestals to form match-holders. As for the expensive ash-trays, and liquor-sets, and pipe-racks, and dressing-cases, and the like, space and time would both fail in their enumeration. It may be mentioned that among the personal properties of one young gentleman in New York city are three hundred and seventy odd silk, satin, and knitted neck-ties, and upward of fifty walking-sticks.

One of the most prominent and beautiful society leaders of New York appeared not long since at the opera with a huge crimson parrot fastened among her bandeaux and braids. Another young lady, who has just arrived from Paris, and must therefore be looked upon as authority, wore a coronet of humming birds around her head. Another innovation is the almost universal abandonment of gloves, except for full dress, when very loose ones are worn. Just as fashion has decreed that the lords of creation must resume their lavender kids, with heavy stitchings of black, which have been so long dispensed with, the ladies are laying gloves aside, and in almost every opera-box may be seen small white hands, crossed one over the other, with the rays of light flashing and playing over brilliantly jeweled fingers. The lady who is said to have introduced this fashion is Mrs. McCreery, a handsome Californian, who has resided for nearly fifteen years in London and Paris, and who is now in New York on a visit. She appeared in a proscenium box at the opera in a marvelous costume of cardinal red and cream color, with Niagaras of delicate lace overflowing the front, and no gloves whatever, either on her hands or carried in them.

The Paris *Voltaire* has introduced an ingenious novelty into French journalism. One of its contributors, signing "Toison d'Or," an ancient herald, is passing in review the titles of nobility found so plentifully just now in French society. This has been going on for months, and the example has proved contagious among other contributors to the journal, one of whom has undertaken a little campaign of his own against the Sagans and the Greffulhes, whose names are so often mentioned in connection with the visits of the Prince of Wales to Paris. Here, indeed, the *Voltaire* does not endeavor to prove that they have no right to their titles, but only that the titles are almost as new as everything else in their houses, and that the prince for once must have waived in their favor his well-known penchant for good blood. "Who is this princess who exchanges the title of prince with the heir of England? She is the sister, daughter, and granddaughter of cloth manufacturers for the army. I see no harm in it; and I think that the cloth, if it were good, quite entitled the maker to the dignity of baron, which he received under the Restoration. As to M. Vicomte Greffulhes, his origin is more original still. The founder of this family was a small shopman in a house at Amsterdam. His master one day had an inspiration of genius. He bought up all the herrings on the Dutch boats as they came into the Zuyder Zee, and sent his shopman to manage the affair. It was done; but, before returning, the young fellow found means to buy up, on his own account, all the herring-barrels in Amsterdam. The first speculator could command his own price for herrings; but, as the last could command his for barrels, the other had to consent to a transaction which was the foundation of the immense fortune of the Greffulhes. The family afterward settled in France, and the government of the Restoration, anxious, no doubt, to import brains as well as blood into the order of nobility, gave it its title of 'Count.'"

"Langtry," says Clara Belle, "has grown thin since the familiar portraits, exposing taper arms and a boneless bosom, were made, and she made no exhibition of those things, nor is she likely to during her American tour. She is a large-jointed woman, with big hands, and her elbows are larger than the parts of her arms between them and the shoulders, as was plainly disclosed by the tight sleeves of her costumes. No; she will bare no such arms as she now possesses, believe me. Only one of her dresses was low, and that exposed only a wedge of skin down the centre of her breast. This garment was of a rich, warm-toned yellow satin, simple in style, and fitting perfectly. The waist was heart-shaped, coming low down on the shoulders, and beneath the frill of point-lace, which circumscribed the fleshy area to the narrow limits already described, was only a piece of lightly twisted satin following its outlines. The corsage simply carried the line below the waist, and ended in small points. It has been suggested that economical women, with a turn for doing over their dresses, might learn a lesson from Langtry's clothes. She does not cut, snip, and spoil good stuff with shirrs, puffs, and bias bends, as is the fashion with American dress-makers. However, this plainness is artful instead of saving in her, for it suits her individuality. Simplicity is her strong point. She wore no earrings nor finger-rings, though on her wrists were bracelets set with magnificent emeralds. In all of her dressing she was careful to show the outlines of her waist, which is slender, and to my mind rather out of proportion with her broad shoulders and ample hips. The idea suggested by her figure was not of fleshy roundness at the two wide parts mentioned, but of a big-boned frame not smoothly filled out. This impression was strengthened by the visible action of her shoulder-blades under the thin covering and above the top of her corset, as well as by the meagreness of her bosom. I fancied that she was about seven-eighths bone, and when she smiled, with her extensive mouth and white teeth, the unpleasant thought came to me that she was exposing the whole front of her skull, which might any minute drop out, leaving her head a shapeless lot of hair and skin. Having expressed that horrid idea, I must not fail to do the woman justice by saying that, as an entirety, she is about as wholesome, healthy, clean-looking creature as one could wish to see. She walked with a stride that indicated a sturdy pedestrian, and together, she had more out-door breeziness than one would expect in a dainty, drawing-room pet."

SOCIETY.

The Grand Hotel Musicales.

The first of the series of musicales promised by the ladies of the Grand Hotel took place last evening in the billiard parlors of that hotel, and was entertaining and satisfactory far beyond expectation, and drew to the improvised music hall a large and brilliant gathering of ladies and gentlemen. The selections given, both vocal and instrumental, were of a high and satisfactory character, and their superb rendition betrayed evidences of excellent taste, unexpected artistic skill, and careful training. The most delightful of the eight-band pieces was the "Serenade," the second movement, in particular, eliciting from the critical audience emphatic demonstrations of approval. The instrumental gem of the evening was the piano duet, "La Radiense," by Mesdames Barnard and Thorn, which brought forth a pronounced *encore*, to which the two ladies responded by playing the "Boccherini Minuet," in performing which the execution of Mrs. Thorn revived among many present memories of 1871-2, for in those years residents of the Grand and visitors at the Sharon residence, on Sutter Street, regarded the then girl-player as a musical prodigy. Madame Berton sang several songs very sweetly. The ladies who entertained so charmingly displayed costumes that would have invited attention even if they had draped less fair and less beautifully molded forms: Mrs. Frank Barnard wore a short costume of cream-colored satin brocade, with a profusion of white satin bows and Spanish lace; corsage bouquet of white crushed roses; ornaments, diamonds. Madame F. Berton wore a black satin (made by Worth), princess train, elaborately trimmed with Chantilly lace and flounces of same; *bouquet du corsage* of crimson poppies; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. S. F. Thorn wore a cream-white Ottoman robe, trimmed with Ottoman bows and plaitings of lace, and overdress of Spanish lace; *bouquet du corsage* of variegated roses; ornaments, diamonds. Among the invited guests, a majority of whom were present, there were most of the residents of the Palace and Grand Hotels; also the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allen, Mr. William Alvord, Colonel and Mrs. Atherton, Miss Florence Atherton, the Misses Adams, Governor and Mrs. H. G. Blaisdel, Doctor and Mrs. Brigham, the Misses Bolton, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Miss Lucy Brooks, Miss Effie Brown, Lieutenant and Mrs. Brice, Mr. and Mrs. Lane Booker, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Doctor and Mrs. C. B. Currier, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook, the Misses Sophie and Tot Cutter, John Crochet, Captain and Mrs. George Coffin, Colonel and Mrs. Peter Donohue, Miss Mamie Donohue, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Hon. and Mrs. O. P. Evans, Miss Elam, Mrs. Robert A. Elam, Colonel Eyre and family, Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. William Freeborn, Senator and Mrs. James G. Fair, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. Alfred Godeffroy, Miss Kate Gwinne, Dr. and Mrs. Hammond, Miss Georgie Hammond, Colonel and Mrs. Ed. R. Hamilton, Miss Nettie Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall, Ralph C. Harrison and family, Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Jackson, Governor and Mrs. J. A. Johnson, Miss Ada Johnson, Doctor and Mrs. Kenney, Miss Kate Kellogg, the Misses Livingston, Governor and Mrs. F. F. Low, Miss Low, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. McCoy, Misses May and Maud Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Newlands, Messrs. Newball, Commodore R. L. Ogden and family, Miss Laura Pike, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Miss Georgie Richards, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. John Ledrich, Miss Ledrich, Hon. William Sharon, Mr. Fred Sharon, Mr. George Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Swift, Senator and Mrs. W. W. Traylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Torbert, Miss Sheda Torbert, Ramon Ulloa, Mr. and Mrs. Vignier and family, Mrs. William F. Wallace, Miss Cora Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Williams, Miss Kate Woods, Miss Sue Wilkins, Mr. Kentaro Yanagiya, Commodore and Mrs. Thomas S. Phelps, Captain and Mrs. Cook, Chief-Engineer Davis, U. S. N., Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Kelton, Major-General and Mrs. J. M. Schofield, Colonel and Mrs. C. Sutherland, Colonel and Mrs. Rufus Saxton, Major and Mrs. William A. Jones, Captain J. W. Dillenback, Lieutenant Otto Hein and some others.

After the performance the fair entertainers were warmly congratulated on their delightful success, and dancing then commenced, and was kept up until about midnight.

The Nilsson Concerts.

The sale of tickets for the Nilsson concerts has been almost unprecedented. The proceeds from Monday's sale of season tickets amounted to six thousand dollars. The sale of single tickets on Wednesday and Thursday footed up respectively to six thousand and five thousand dollars; making in all for the three days over seventeen thousand dollars. The following ladies and gentlemen have purchased stage boxes: W. T. Coleman, J. C. Flood, James A. Robinson, Hon. J. G. Fair, Mrs. Maria Coleman, Mrs. John Parrott, Joseph M. Nougues, and W. T. Dunphy. Among those who have purchased mezzanine boxes, are N. G. Kittle, Henry Janin, Mrs. Gros, Mrs. W. G. Hobart, Mrs. Easton, and others.

A Dejeuner at the Park.

The dejeuner given by Mr. Henry Janin to Mrs. General McDowell and daughter, at the Golden Gate Park Casino, was one of those charming little affairs which are really more agreeable than more pretentious banquet. The company, consisting of only eight persons, sat down at twelve o'clock to a most *richeché menu*. The decoration was something unique, the table being completely covered with a bed of flowers. The guests arrived in a four-in-hand drag, and previous to breakfasting took a spin to the beach, for a stimulating appetizer of sea air.

The Thornton Reception.

The most notable event of the week was the Thornton reception on Wednesday evening. There has been a flutter of expectancy among our Southern element since the invitations of Mrs. Bessie Thornton were issued. The floors were all canvased; the floral decorations, almost wholly of smilax, were tasteful in the extreme. One pretty feature, a huge bell of flowers suspended between the folding doors, was unique as it was effective. The music, by Ballenberg, was excellent, and the supper all that could be desired. Among those present were Miss Minnie Mizner, the Misses Eyre, the Misses Blanding, Miss Bowie, Miss Hull, Misses Thornton, Miss Burling, Miss May Smith, Miss Lillie Hastings, Miss Helen Wheeler, Miss Belle Wallace, Misses Tottie and Sophie Cutter, (chaperoned by Mrs. James Robinson), Mrs. Blanding, Mrs. Breckinridge, and only a few other married ladies, as it was almost entirely a young people's affair. Among the gentlemen present were Messrs. Mizner, Wallace, Perry, Kerven, Dam, Harry Tevis, Ben Burling, Porter Ashe, Wheeler, Weller, Balfour, Parker, Marshall,

White, Wilson, Bowie, Beasley, Tait, Baily, Hein, Marsh, Dillenback, and Hunter. A very pleasant feature of the reception was the presence of the mother of the host, Mrs. Thornton, eighty-three years of age, who not only danced and was as lively as a cricket throughout the evening, but who did not retire until she had said *au revoir* to the last guest, which was not until after the appearance of our celestial visitor, who still takes his daily pathway across the starry sky.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruit Vale, Alameda County, have taken up their residence at the Palace for the winter. Evan J. Coleman went to Los Angeles on Saturday. Judge J. B. Southard went to Tucson on Sunday last; Mrs. Southard leaves next week to join her husband. Colonel Charles F. Crocker left here for Texas on Monday last, accompanied by his brother, George Crocker, John Benson, Colonel Gray, and Henry Scott; the party will not return till about the end of the month, when Charles Crocker, who has been absent from the city in Europe and elsewhere since June last, will return, leaving Mrs. Crocker and Miss Hattie Crocker and her brother William in New York for the winter. Hon. Alexander Caldwell, late United States Senator from Kansas, and Mrs. Caldwell arrived here a few days ago. Mrs. E. B. Crocker, who is spending the winter at the Palace, has gone to Sacramento for a short time. C. B. Scofield, U. S. A., has been in the city most of the week. Robert Potts, U. S. N., was at the Baldwin on Sunday and Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. Bliz Paxton have gone East, to remain with Mrs. Paxton's parents until after the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Low, who have been summering at San Rafael since May last, will return to the city to-day. The many friends of Miss Louise Dearborn will be pleased to know that she has returned from Australia, and is at her old home at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker went down to Monterey on the second instant, to stay a few days. Captain and Mrs. N. T. Smith have returned from Menlo, and occupy their new residence on the corner of Jackson and Octavia streets. Col. Heywood, of the Marine Corps, who has been stationed at Mare Island for several years, has been detached, and ordered East. Miss Kittie Woods went up to the Navy Yard on a visit on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bogardus, who were married in this city on the twenty-ninth ultimo, and who subsequently went to Monterey on their bridal trip, returned on the second instant. Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Stanford and family, who have been visiting Monterey, have returned to Warm Springs. Lieutenant Terrett, U. S. A., who has been stationed in Nevada for a long time, is visiting in this city. Master Howard S. Waring, U. S. N., and Mrs. Waring, (nee Miss Lurie Cole), who were married in Los Angeles two weeks ago, have arrived in St. Louis, where they will remain for some time. Doctor and Mrs. R. Beverly Cole have taken up their residence at the Ralston House for the winter. Consul and Madame de Mean leave for Monterey shortly, to remain until near the holidays. Captain and Mrs. Henry Metcalfe have returned to Benicia. Major and Mrs. Winthrop have left the Palace, and taken up their quarters at the Presidio. Miss Florence McKune has returned to Sacramento. Mrs. John T. Fall has returned from Cayenne. Miss Kitty Van Voorhis, of Sacramento, is visiting in Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCormick have taken up their residence at the Palace for the winter. Mrs. S. W. Holladay and the Misses Holladay, who have been in the East and in Europe for nearly a year, returned home just in time to enjoy their Thanksgiving dinner. Mrs. J. H. Jewett has returned to the Grand from Monterey. Mrs. Maury, of the Palace, accompanied her husband, Captain Maury, on his trip to Japan and China on Tuesday last. Mrs. E. P. Buckingham has taken up her residence at the Grand for the winter. Mrs. J. W. Simonon will return from New York to-day. General Stoneman, probably taking note of the action of the governor-elect of Pennsylvania, desires that there be no military display on the day of his inauguration. Mr. and Mrs. William S. Phelps and Miss Phelps are spending the week at Monterey. Mrs. Forbes and her daughter will winter at the Grand. Governor Pacheco is at present at Jacksonville, Florida, whither he went with Mrs. Pacheco on Tuesday last, and where he will remain until after the holidays; but Mrs. Pacheco, being in very bad health, will spend the winter at Jacksonville and at other points upon the St. John's River; Miss Mabel Pacheco, who was so greatly admired in Washington last winter, will return to the national capital with her father, and remain until the approach of the Lenten season, with its penitential frowns, when she will again join her mother in the sunny South. The marriage of Miss Bessie Grattan, a young society lady of this city, and Mr. Ernest Diehlman, late Minister to Colombia, is set for an early day, the wedding to take place at St. John's Church, Washington, and a reception to follow at the residence of Senator and Mrs. Jones, on Capitol Hill, where Mrs. Grattan and her daughter are now stopping as guests. William E. Brown, who went East some two months ago, is on his way home by the new southern route, and will return about Christmas. Captain William M. Wherry, U. S. A., chief of General Schofield's staff, arrived here from the East on Thursday last; Captain Wherry has been a member of General Schofield's staff for twenty years. Mrs. Charles F. Crocker and Mrs. Easton went to Monterey on Monday last to stay a week or two. The next regular monthly social of the Olympic Club will be held on Friday evening next, the fifteenth instant. The wedding of Mr. C. Russ and Miss Teresa Knipe, daughter of Captain Knipe, took place last evening at the residence of the bride's father on Greenwich Street. The young ladies of Mills's Seminary will give a musicale on Friday evening next, the fifteenth instant. The officers of the United States steamer *Wachusett* gave a german at the Navy Yard on Thursday evening last, which proved to be a very delightful affair, and drew together, besides the officers of the Yard and their ladies, quite a number of San Francisco society people. On Thursday evening next, the fourteenth instant, a social and literary entertainment will be held by the officers and ladies of Mare Island at the residence of Mrs. Captain Boyd. The announcement of an engagement of marriage between Mr. H. M. A. Miller and Miss Julia Adams, both of Oakland, is authorized. Mrs. ex-Senator Stewart is still visiting her sister, Mrs. Woods, in Alexandria, and watching the repairs progress on her famous mansion on Dupont Circle; it will not be ready for occupancy, however, until April or May next, as the damage done by fire and water is of a more serious and extensive character than has generally been thought. Arthur Page, who left here some six or seven weeks ago with his two unmarried sisters, for Philadelphia, returned on Tuesday last; the Misses Page will remain in the Quaker City during the next few months; Mrs. Page, their mother, has taken a house at San Rafael for the winter. Mrs. Colonel E. E. Eyre and daughters give a tea this evening, from three until nine o'clock, at their residence on Sutter Street. The third regular Presidio bop will take place on Friday evening next, the fifteenth instant. Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. MacDermott have closed up their Oakland *chateau* for the winter, and are delightfully quartered at the Palace, where they will remain until the fogs are less regular in their visitations. The Princess Louise and the Marquis de Lorne are expected to arrive here from the north on Monday or Tuesday next, and apartments at the Palace have already been provided for the distinguished visitors, who will shortly afterward leave for southern California. The invitations are already out for the Hopkins reception on the 28th instant, on the return of the newly-married couple from the East. Mrs. H. M. Wiggins, of Alameda, will return home from the East to-morrow. W. R. A. Rooney, U. S. N., is at the Palace; also J. W. Dillenback, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hooper, and at Monterey. Miss Pratt, of Oakland, is also visiting Monterey. Hon. Paul Shirley has been visiting General Stoneman at San Gabriel. Miss Lulu Glassell, of Los Angeles, who has been visiting in this city, returned home on Sunday last. General Backus and Major Kinney have returned from Los Angeles. Captain Randol, U. S. A., is at the Pico House, Los Angeles. Governor Perkins is to be made the recipient of a banquet at the Baldwin on Tuesday evening, the 20th instant, at which Governor-elect Stoneman has been invited to attend; all of the officers of the National Guard who participate will be present in full uniforms, and it is the intention of the prime movers in the matter to make this honor to the retiring executive a brilliant and delightful affair. Miss Porter, of Oakland, is visiting in Sacramento. Mr. William S. Hopkins and family have taken a permanent residence in Detroit, Michigan. The Misses Tyrell, of Sacramento, have been spending a few weeks in this city, as the guests of Mrs. Thomas Findley, at 2117 Pine Street. Colonel Horace Fletcher leaves for Japan on

the steamer which sails on Saturday next, the sixteenth instant. Mrs. John Corning soon leaves for Honolulu. Mrs. Adam Grant is contemplating a visit to Honolulu. Miss Allie Hawes is at the Navy Yard, but will return on Monday next in company with Miss Tolson. Rear-Admiral George B. Balch, so long in command of the Asiatic squadron, is to be retired, and succeeded by Rear-Admiral Aaron K. Hughes. Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Hasbrouck, U. S. A., so well known in San Francisco society circles, and Mrs. Hasbrouck, his bride, were given a reception at West Point on the evening of the twenty-eighth ultimo, and there were three other brides present—Mrs. Lieutenant Young, Mrs. Lieutenant French, and Mrs. Lieutenant Edgerton. Mr. and Mrs. D. Ogden Mills were entertained at the Livingston residence on the Hudson, on Thanksgiving Day evening.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Zech and Philharmonic Concerts.

To borrow the words of a contributor to one of the late periodicals, Mr. Frederick Zech "does not need to pray, like the mechanic in the story, that Providence 'will give him a good concert of himself.'" At least, his Thanksgiving Day programme led one to strongly suspect that this may be the case; for, besides being prefaced by a panegyric sketch of Mr. Zech's musical career and achievements, the programme was made up of that gentleman's compositions with an exclusiveness which was as suggestive as it was absolute. It is only natural, however, to suppose that no one but the composer would have had patience to prepare these works with the fidelity shown in their presentation. As a conductor, Mr. Zech is demonstrative, fantastical, and lacking in repose; and as a result of these qualities the effects he invokes from his orchestra often have the appearance of an abruptness they do not really possess. But, forgetting these characteristics, and remembering only Mr. Zech's degree of control, as exhibited in the accuracy and unanimity of the playing, one finds much to sincerely commend. Marks of painstaking preparation, careful training, and untiring rehearsal, were apparent everywhere. The success of the afternoon was unquestionably due in a large measure to the conscientious work of the orchestra. This, of course, amounts to saying that the interest of the compositions themselves did not outweigh the manner of their presentation. And it must be confessed that one carried away, as the prevailing impression created by the concert as a whole, the feeling that the value of Mr. Zech's ideas was exceeded by the excellence of their mechanical expression.

This sentiment pronounced itself at the very outset, in the Concert Overture. While the structure and instrumentation of the overture would possibly meet the approval of the "leading masters in Europe," and while effective scoring was not infrequently revealed, and well-contrasted modulations not lacking, still nothing new, nothing fresh, nothing strikingly coherent appeared. The Theme, (with variations and Fugue) which followed as the second number, was far more melodious and satisfying; and the *largo* from the C major Symphony, was intelligible at all points, and beautiful at many. The accompanying Menuetto was not without grace and rhythm, and the concluding Fest-marsch possessed a vigor of its own, which, however, certain passages allotted to the brass rather unfortunately emphasized. Of the Concerto in D minor for piano and orchestra, one is not inspired to speak at length. An unresponsive instrument, probable nervousness, and playing devoid of clearness, brilliancy, or individuality, did little toward establishing Mr. Zech's claims to virtuosity. In common with all the work of this truly talented young man, the Concerto has merits not to be ignored; but they are of so conventional and prosaic a nature that enthusiasm refuses to be aroused. The Romanza and Menuetto for piano alone, in point of rendition, constituted the least successful number of the programme. A large audience greeted Mr. Zech, and he was warmly applauded.

The Philharmonic programme for last week offered as its *pièce de resistance* Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. This charmingly humorous and graceful work was given with unusual spirit and fluency. From beginning to end it is a gush and outburst of light-hearted ecstasy; and the absence of an *adagio* seems only fitting and appropriate. The *allegretto scherzando*, the most innocent and mischievous morceau imaginable, was so well done as to be re-demanded. The *allegro vivace* was also admirable, but the *menuetto* decidedly unstable. Of two Hungarian Dances, by Brahms, the second was noticeably good, and the interpretation of "Oberon" on Mr. Hinrich's part was such as deserved better treatment at the hands of his players. The brass and reeds are apt to jar so inopportunistically that delicate passages are greatly endangered by their intonations; but the strings (especially the first violins) were beautifully reliable on Friday. Bargiel's overture to "Medea," given for the first time, was grandiose, and not particularly interesting.

A vocal number, the "Penelope Aria," from Bruch's "Odysseus," was contributed by Fraulein Emma Hopf, who possesses a heavy mezzo voice, of a distinctively German type. This lady's compass is limited, her upper and lower tones being weak and thin in comparison with those of the medium register. She is inclined to sing flat, is stolid and unemotional in manner, and her selection (though well suited to her voice and rather sombre style) seemed unfortunate for a first appearance. Nevertheless, Fraulein Hopf shows a good school and careful training. She scorns any approach to *tremolo*, and the quality of feeling in certain of her tones leads one to believe that she is capable of greater things than we have yet seen.

Mozart's Concerto in C minor for piano, with orchestra, was played on this occasion by Herr Bruno Gortatowsky. A slight distrust of Herr Gortatowsky's artistic capabilities arose with the appearance of his notes upon the rack; and, as he was closely confined to them during his entire performance, it goes without saying that his playing was necessarily mechanical and unfinished. With a determined touch and a commendable resolution to "come out even," (indicated by an unflinching accent, and an unobtruded rush of scale and arpeggio,) Herr Gortatowsky disposed of the Concerto in as summary a manner as possible; and, though he "has execution," as the phrase goes, his audience was led to fear that as a pianist he possesses little besides.

The fourth Philharmonic Concert takes place January fifth.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 7, 1882.

F. A.

Rondeau.

If hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
And somewhere far above the plane
Of earthly thought, beyond the sea
That bounds this Life, they will meet thee,
And hold thee face to face again.

And when is done Life's restless reign,
If I hereafter but regain
Heart's love, why should I troubled be
If hearts are dust?

By Love's indissoluble chain,
I know the grave does not detain
Heart's love. The very faith in me
Is pledge of an eternity,
Where I shall find heart's love again,
If hearts are dust.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1882.

JAMES T. WHITE.

The following paragraph is from the Washington *Sunday Herald* of November 26. It will be read by San Franciscans with interest: "Mrs. M. H. De Young, wife of the proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, made a short visit to Washington last week, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. M. Dean. Mrs. De Young is one of the brightest and prettiest of San Francisco society ladies, and in her handsome residence, on the summit of California Street, will dispense a most charming hospitality to a large circle of friends and visitors from other States and countries. Mr. De Young is the owner of the leading journal of the coast.

"The art that conceals art," as the thief remarked when he slid an expensive oil painting under his coat.

NEW YORK TOWN-TALK.

How Gotham Society Amuses Itself, and what it Gossips about.

Religion is at a very low ebb in New York nowadays. No one seems to know the reason, but the fact is undeniable and much deplored by the very small contingent which is still devout and pious. There are many magnificent churches, but almost none of them is full even on the Sundays that are blessed with good weather. The preachers of the town rail against the departure of New Yorkers from the paths of rectitude and virtue, the enthusiasts rave about it, and the sensationalists predict destruction and chaos. Still the city moves on and people calmly stay away from the temples of devotion, and manifest not the faintest interest in vital religion. If you press a man for the reason of his indifference to the established forms of Christianity, which were issues of absorbing interest to him years ago, when the church was a mighty power in the city, he will probably say that his preacher has ceased to interest him. This is about the only complaint we hear. It is not that atheists and men of similar modes of belief have increased in numbers, but simply that the great body of men who formerly went to church go to church no more, because the preachers do not attract them. There is foundation for the assertion that the preachers are not so influential as they were. It has become unfashionable to be "impassioned," and preachers must perforce be cold. The keen, clear-cut, dignified, and logical style of Doctor John Hall is taken as a model by a great many clergymen, and their following falls off accordingly. The men who went out into the streets years ago, and yelled the principles of their faith with the enthusiasm of entire belief, drew large congregations together, because they appealed directly to the heart. The men who to-day deliver chunks of rhetorical dissertations to the remnants of the large congregations the churches once boasted of, fail of their purpose, because they never touch the heart. The fact is, the preachers lack earnest conviction themselves, and hence fail to convince their hearers. The churches are too cold, too severe, too stilted, and too artificial to hold the people together.

Society people were the first to give up the church by following the European custom of holding Sunday night receptions. Then the churches began to abandon evening service, substituting the afternoon. It was hoped thus to hold society people in the flock, but the plan failed because there was too much devotion within a few hours' time. All the fashionable churches now have Sunday-school at half past nine o'clock, morning service at ten, and afternoon service at half past three. This gives the Christians an opportunity to enjoy themselves as they please in the evening. The majority of well-to-do New Yorkers rise Sunday at about half past nine o'clock. By the time a leisurely breakfast is finished, they usually decide that it is too late for church, and agree to go to afternoon service. After a heavy dinner, beginning at two o'clock, they find it an awful bore to dress for church, so the thing slips by until evening, when they assume the most elaborate toilettes imaginable and skip gayly off to some Sunday night reception. The evening of the holy day has become very fashionable for all people except young society girls, who are not allowed to appear at the quietest "Sunday evenings." Of late there has been a movement to monopolize Sunday afternoon as well as the evening for social pleasures, instead of religious duties, by the introduction of four o'clock teas. I am glad to say that the innovation has not been received rapturously by society men, who very much prefer the club window or a quiet spin up the road to a depressing tea.

If there ever was an infernally tiresome and altogether nonsensical social bugbear, it is the afternoon tea. There is nothing to attract a man to them, except the presence of a lot of girls who are under the vigilant eyes of a dozen chaperones, and crowded together like dolls in a show-window. No man cares to talk to a girl when there are three other girls on either side of her, criticising every word. And drinking tea from a thimble cup, with a constant rush of people hitting your elbow apologetically, and the thermometer at two thousand in the shade, lacks that sensation of ease and languor which is dear to the heart of the modern New Yorker. Since the time of Adam, the soul of man rejoices when he can lug his favorite fairy off into a secluded corner and commune with her alone. I am of the opinion that the same sort of thing jibes in with the general desires of the feminine soul as well. At any rate, I know that when mamma swoops down upon the two souls aforementioned in the act of secluded communion, both souls go forth in deep and earnest longings for the early demise of mamma. But teas are not popular with men, and Sunday teas are voted a profound bore.

The Liederkranz Society had a jollification meeting night before last, which did not terminate until yesterday was pretty well advanced. It was the celebration in honor of the new building just finished for the club. It is a superb structure; vast, rich, and comfortable in design, and a credit to the city's architectural standing. No wonder the Liederkranz feels jubilant. It is in a financial condition as good as any club in the city, and undisturbed by internal dissensions of any sort. The members are the jolliest of jolly Germans, and the entertainments of the club thoroughly enjoyable. The club was founded in 1847 by Doctor Herman Ludwig and a musician named Krauskoff, who called two hundred Germans together at a small hotel called the Shakespeare, in William Street. After vigorous urging, exactly twenty-five of the two hundred agreed to give twenty-five cents apiece for the foundation of the singing society. From that time on it grew wonderfully, until now it ranks with the great singing societies of the world. Steinway, the piano man, is president now, and Theodore Thomas leads them when they sing on state occasions. The most attractive of the apartments in the new building is the wine-room. It is lighted during the day by four huge windows, which are studies in stained glass, and at night dimly illuminated by mediæval chandeliers of hammered silver. The ceiling is of carved oak, and richly ornamented wainscoting runs around the sides. The whole room presents a thoroughly charming appearance, and is as homelike and cozy as any private dining-room in town. Sunday nights the members will assemble here and drink, and smoke, and discuss metaphysics until dawn, surrounded by all that makes the German nature joy-

ful. Besides this room, there is an immense concert hall, a suit of parlors for lady visitors, billiard-rooms, bowling alley, smoking-rooms, and a library of one thousand five hundred volumes. The Liederkranz is a big success.

The very fresh young man who is known as the "jeunesse stage dorée" is becoming such an intolerable nuisance around the doors of our theatres that the papers are beginning to remonstrate with him editorially. Citizens are also publishing indignant letters, and ladies complain bitterly of the presence of these very young young men. There is a wide-spread belief that they are bold, bad, and dangerous men, who spend fortunes in riotous speers with actresses every night, and live in an atmosphere of sensuous ease, hissing champagne, and wicked cigarette smoke. They usually have a rather haggard appearance, which is put down at once as the result of the previous night's debauch, and they always wear the blasé and supercilious air of men to whom the joys and pleasures of life begin to pall. They have fallen into the habit of honoring ladies with a dull, meaningless stare through the single glass, and this it is which has led to the outbreak on the part of the public. If ever there was a basely deceptive being, it is this much-abused young man. I know him to quite a large extent, and can testify that he is the most harmless of silly and imbecile young men. He always wears a dress suit, an immensely high collar, a pair of sharp-toed boots, and the single glass, and he smokes cigarettes incessantly, and affects an English drawl. His mind is a shallow as his boots are tight, and I am convinced that his haggard look is solely the result of insufficient eating and the effects consequent on prolonged exposure to the night air at stage doors. The youth never has enough money to pay fares for two, and in nine cases out of ten never spoke to an actress in his life. He invests all of his income in tickets, and picks up enough stage-slang to encourage the belief among his admirers—if he has any—that he is intimate with the "perfesh." But he is a delusion, and a harmless one at that; and it lifts him into an undeserved prominence when he is discussed in the papers.

The Authors' Club is not a success, principally because all the authors are satisfactorily clubbed already. If the dim echoes of the great hullabaloo that was made when this ambitious club was started have not reached San Francisco by this time, it is not the fault of the club's promulgators. It was begun with great enthusiasm at a dinner of a number of "literary fellers" up-town one night, and carried on valiantly at a meeting the following week. It was decided to limit the membership to fifty. Everybody talked of it for a while, and it was called an immense success before it had fairly started. After everybody had decided that it was an immense success, it failed to go on any further. Mighty efforts were made by a chosen few, who were connected with the *Evening Post* to a greater or less degree, but the Authors' Club wouldn't go, and it is gradually being abandoned. No wonder. It would take half a fortune apiece for fifty men to support a club in New York, and I am acquainted with very few authors who can afford to part with half their fortunes for any such convivial purpose.

Was there ever a more painful fall than that of John Tobin, ex-millionaire? Two days ago he was arrested for being drunk and disorderly, and without visible means of support—as a vagrant and a tramp unfit to be at large. He was dragged into the First Precinct Police Station by two officers, and thrown into a corner, where he lay all night, like a heap of dirty rags. The next morning he went before a magistrate and asked to be sent to prison; but the magistrate descended from the bench, took the tattered and broken-down man into his private room, and, after offering some assistance, sent him away. He wandered off, and is supposed to be still in the streets. This is the man who, only a few years ago, was President of the Hudson River Railroad, and a capitalist whose operations on the Stock Exchange were on a scale only equaled by such men as Gould, Vanderbilt, and Sage. He was a wholesale wine and liquor merchant before he went on Wall Street, and it was in this business that he contracted a love for liquor that has proved an awful curse. He was never a great schemer or a clever manipulator of stocks, but was a gambler, pure and simple. There is no doubt whatever that his fortune at one time considerably exceeded five millions of dollars. He made a good chunk of it by his early investment in Harlem stock, which he bought at nine, and held firmly till it reached the enormous figure of two hundred and eighty-five. He hit Commodore Vanderbilt heavily in this deal, and the old man tried hard to punish him. Tobin was famous for his nerve. He took terrific risks without a twitch, and often recovered steep losses by a wild flyer that made him dear to the hearts of Wall Street men. But toward the last he lost his grip, and sank steadily, until he is now at the very bottom. One would think that some one would go to his assistance—some man who made thousands in a deal with him during his prosperous days, or some fellow who had won a fortune from him at the many poker games he lost. No one will assist him, though. He will go as other fallen millionaires have gone, until he drops in his tracks and gives rise to leading editorials on the "Vicissitudes of Life."

NEW YORK, December 1, 1882.

FLANEUR.

The cold and frozen truth is—and, without fear of General Rosecrans, and the Jesuit fathers who have a lot for sale on Market Street, we record it—San Francisco is not in pressing need of a new post-office. The present building is a very good one. It is sufficiently capacious for the present business, and, as the lot is a large one, can be added to, if necessary. It is conveniently located, and is as nearly central to the business community as is the New York Post-office to New York. If, for architectural adornment, we must have a new edifice, let it be erected upon the site of the present one. Property-owners in this section of the town will not look with indifference upon a "job" put up to take the post-office away from them.

An Arkansas editor, in retiring from the editorial control of a newspaper, said: "It is with a feeling of sadness that we retire from the active control of this paper; but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is abler than we are, financially, to handle it. The gentleman is well known in this community. He is the sheriff."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Civil Service Reform Association of California is composed of some of our most intelligent and public-spirited citizens. The associations throughout the nation embrace the best and most patriotic men of the nation. The suggested reform embodies two ideas: First, preliminary investigation as to the fitness of all applicants for subordinate political positions, and, second, retention of place until removed for cause, thus giving stability in the small offices of the Government after they are filled by persons possessing proper qualifications. Mr. Frank Newlands in his address to the Board of Freeholders stated intelligently the embarrassments that grow out of our present mode of appointments. In San Francisco the municipal government employs one thousand clerks and deputies; in the general and State governments there are nearly or quite as many more. With bosses to manage, this becomes an active, aggressive, and meddlesome force in politics. There must of necessity be two such forces; that which is in and that which is out, and between them a never-ending strife. The effective worker in the successful force is entitled, by virtue of his effectiveness, to the reward of place. He may be the more effective because he is an idler, an inebriate, a criminal, and an associate of criminals; hence, men of this kind find employment when the competent, industrious, educated, and moral men do not. Civil service examination is not a literary one, but varies with the duties to be discharged, and is test of the applicant's ability to perform the work to which he is to be assigned, being educational, practical, or physical, as the case may require. The public mind should be relieved of the impression—and it is a prevailing misapprehension—that the test is purely theoretical, and one which only scholars can meet. To illustrate: A deputy is wanted in the Internal Revenue office to gauge liquors; a cashier is wanted in the Custom House; a bookkeeper in the Sub-treasurer's office; an assayer in the Mint; a pavier or stone-cutter in the Street Department; one who understands the value of real estate in the Assessor's office; a gardener at the Park. One needs to know the rules of fluid measurement, another figures and accounts, another bookkeeping, another chemistry, another must be skillful in the use of the chisel and rammer, and another values property. One office may demand a person skilled in languages or mechanics, another demands special learning, and another physical strength and mechanical experience. As now, and under our present system, any serviceable politician is deemed fit for any position. Change is constant. Anxiety is experienced by those in place lest they lose it, and anxiety is manifested by outsiders to get in. Demoralization of the public service will be suggested to thoughtful minds by all these ideas without elaboration. The superiority of men elected under civil service rules over those whom machine politics brings to the performance of public duties must be apparent to all thoughtful persons. Our charter-makers will be wise, we think, if they will heed the suggestions submitted to them by Messrs. Newlands, Crane, and others, who have given this matter consideration.

The Fruit and Flower Mission received on Thanksgiving Day the following note:

"Herewith, please find twenty dollars. I trust that it will be the means of making at least a few individuals happy. If not too much trouble, I shall thank you to acknowledge receipt through the *Argonaut*."

It was signed with the initials "M. R.—M. F." This note was sent us by Mrs. Theodore Smith, Honorary President of the Flower Mission, accompanied by one from herself in which, among other pleasant things, she says: "Many others responded most generously to your appeal. All the 'needed carriages came, and money was given, including a 'check from a gentleman for fifty dollars, besides many 'twenty-dollar gold pieces, which, the senders informed me, 'were called forth by your article in the *Argonaut*.'" The initials and handwriting of the "M. R.—M. F." note look familiar to us, and, if we are not mistaken, we have to acknowledge a former donation sent through the *Argonaut* for a charitable purpose. This is the time for kindly acts of charity, these coming Christmas holidays, when those who have homes and plenty gather their little ones together for the gifts of the Christmas tree, the feast and frolic of the Christmas eve and day, when friends greet friends with gifts, and when the Christian world meets and thanks God for the gracious gift of his only Son. The Christmas week and the Christmas day, the New Year's day and the New Year's week, are times when pagan and Christian festivities come together; when the worshippers of the golden calf, the worldly ones, when those who sacrifice at the altar of the unknown God, and when the unreligious ones, in common with Christian men and women, find their hearts filled with kindly emotions and overflowing with sympathy for their kind. This is the time when it is the duty of every generous person, prompted by generous sentiments, to look around for some object upon which generosity may expend itself, such as some old companion distanced in the race of life and left behind, some poor relation, some neighbor, some tired, weary one, some faithful servant; and then remember the utterly friendless ones, the sick, the poor, the stranger. It is such as these that these young ladies of fashionable society who compose the Fruit and Flower Mission make it their duty to look up and relieve. Proud poverty hides. It is the duty of these girls to hunt it down, find it out, and, with gentle touch of sympathy, make it willing to be lifted up to hope and new endeavor. Destitute sick ones despair. It is the labor of these girls to cheer them with the desire of new life that comes into the sick room with the sunlight of young, cheerful, and tender faces. The purple beauty of clustering grapes has oftentimes more healing qualities than a whole drug-store of medicines. The touch of gentle hands, the soft expression of bright eyes, and the soothing influence of kind voices, work miracles in the sick room and among the poor, where sometimes even prayers fail. We wish the young ladies of the Fruit and Flower Mission a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, with bounteous gifts and plenty of checks and twenty-dollar gold pieces. To "M. R.—M. F." we wish a long life for generous and bountiful gifts.

A new London fashion in champagne is to mix sweet and dry wines in the one glass, a kind of high-toned 'alf-and-alf. It is about as idiotic a fashion as could be imagined.

"She is not dead, she is not wed! But she loves me now, and she loved me then!"

It was in the fall of the year that Cenone Webster came back among us, ten days before Cassius Heron returned with his bride.

"How is she looking?" I asked Rob when he said he had seen her. I do not think a woman would be likely to ask another question first.

"Very well, very well," he replied, so enthusiastically that I at once surmised she had made much of him. "She is thinner than she used to be, and paler, but still she's vastly improved. Got more style about her, you know, and—and all that."

All of which was delightfully satisfactory. She came to see me at once, waiving ceremony in favor of Baby Mildred's extreme youth, and she took me for my first drive out. I watched her closely—a slight, erect shape, guiding with slender, steady hands Rob's Brown Bat. I could not quite make her out. Her face had lost a something of childish fullness that had been incongruous with her type, and her gorgeous coloring was all gone, but in place of these was a sweeter and more spiritual beauty, traced in fine lines of thought and feeling. We drove as far as I dared. Cenone's eyes dwelt wistfully on the landscape—the orange groves, whose trees might have been cut from veritable emeralds, so vividly the new growth caught the light outside their deeper green. I think she did not miss the gleam of one bunch of gay chrysanthemums, blooming in humble door-yards by the way, nor lose the vagabond grace of a single straying trail, where vineyards were taking on a burnish of bronze, like a dash of golden dust, from the opulent road. "The fairest land under the sun," she said, softly, as her gaze roamed to the dear, brown hills.

Of old, Cenone had not been always liked. She had seen too clearly, and had shown too clearly that she saw the weaknesses of her kind. But now, some sort of witchery seemed hers. Women chanted her praises, where they once had clamored against her as indifferent, and haughty, and hard. As for the men, it did appear that she need only give them one long uplifted look from her dark eyes to win their very souls. She seemed, too, to delight in her power, as if she had but recently discovered its possession; and she gave the same ready, gentle smile to all, whether a sun-burned little urchin, scampering home from robbing an orchard, a blue-bloused laborer from the fields, a sober-minded man of business, or a simpering young exquisite. She rode and drove, danced and talked, all with a vivacity and grace that made her charming. At some seasons pleasure jaunts are epidemic here, and Miss Webster was absent on an outing for some days after Cassius Heron came back. On the evening they were thrown together I had spoken to the bride—a pretty woman enough, in whose face I found an unaccountable familiarity. She passed on with our hostess, leaving me beside her husband. He was so silent that I turned to him with quizzical intent; his eyes were fixed on a lively group just out of earshot.

"Who is the divinity in blue?" he said.

"What, surely you have not forgotten Cenone Webster!" I cried, not at all forgetful how rumor ran that on hearing she was coming back, he had hastened away and taken himself a wife, as defense against the exercise of her old dominion over him.

"Miss Webster is a girl not easily to be forgotten, but she was so pensive, and this young lady's circle appears so merrily diverted, that I failed to associate the two. I suppose she has gained sprightliness at the expense of spirituality."

I did not fail to mark the significance of his tone, and drew my own inferences from it.

"No doubt you wish it might be so," I said, a bit spitefully, I own, "but don't form conclusions until you have met her. And, oh, 'may I be there to see!'" Half an hour later some one beside me, maladroit, was presenting Cassius Heron to Miss Webster. He was embarrassed and constrained. He was awkward. Men always are awkward under such conditions. Cenone was calm and unruffled as a cloudless summer morning. She raised her brows the least bit in the world.

"Present us! Why, we were boys together!" That silly speech tided over the little contretemps better than ought else could have done.

"You have changed," said Cassius Heron.

"Yes; like Undine, I have found my soul."

She raised her eyes to his. I never saw a smile like hers. It was not a muscular contraction, like most smiles, but a lighting up to radiance of her whole sweet little face. It always made me think of the line about Astarte, "With love in her luminous eyes." I watched the two while they talked—a long time it seemed to me. I wondered if it seemed long to Cassius Heron's wife. Cenone appeared a passive companion, breaking off now and then to fling a word into general conversation; but Cassius Heron was completely absorbed. I could understand that. I knew of old how this girl could hold her listener entranced, while a looker-on would call her abstracted and indifferent. And that was the beginning of the second chapter. From that time on it was evident to me that Cassius still cared for Cenone more than for his wife. I decided that she did not know of his old-time infatuation for Cenone. Surely no other woman was ever so free from jealousy. She was perfectly captivated by Cenone, who, indeed, showed her courteous and thoughtful consideration. Mrs. Heron seemed to delight in bringing the other two together. She gave her husband no peace until he brought her to board in the same house with us; and then Cenone must be with her at hours rational and irrational. After the Herons had been with us a while, I solved the mystery of Mrs. Heron's familiar face. Seen at some angles, and under some conditions, she was a fair reflection of what Cenone had been when Cassius Heron first knew her. Not like the Cenone of to-day. No one could be like her now; so gay, so brilliant, she took one's breath; so sweet, so winning, that her power frightened me, and withal, so perfectly enigmatical.

"Do you suppose that had anything to do with his marrying her?" I said one day, when Rob and I had been discussing this likeness of Mrs. Heron to Cenone.

"Quien sabe?" (Of all earthly expressions, I think that Spanish evasion the most tantalizing.) "Quien sabe? You can't always tell, you know. Men are queer cattle."

As I said, Cenone gave the impression of caring for no one in particular. No doubt she made each individual man think he was the especial object of her favor, for in all this foolish world, no other creature is so unmitigated a fool as man—excepting always woman. But to lookers-on in Vienna she seemed to care to be pleasant, rather than of whom she pleased. Only I, who had known her so well all these years—I saw that day after day Cassius Heron's madness grew deeper and deeper, and marveled at the blindness of his wife. Cenone saw his plight, of course. She drew him on from one day to another, with the subtle intoxication of her words, and her eyes, and her mere presence. I had not known the girl had it in her. Women had rather been in the habit of thinking her a girl of infinite cleverness and capacity, but without the charm of fascination for men. Now, I felt grateful to date for Rob's stolid insusceptibility, seeing the uncharacteristic want of principle in this deliberate encouragement of Cassius Heron. But it was not all fair sailing, even for him. I came in one day to find him at the piano, singing something. I caught only part of the refrain:

"—till these lips are clay,
Never more to see thee, while night follows the day."

Nothing could be more unlike Miss Webster's usual slow grace than the one spring she made from her chair to his side. She stood with her hands crushed against her breast, a world of passion in her eyes, her face as ghastly as it will be when she lies in her grave. Cassius Heron looked up to her in amazement.

"Never dare to sing that again," she said, hoarsely. "Go away—go at once."

"But I don't know what you mean," he said, his beautiful velvety eyes swimming with tears. Actually the man could scarce help shedding them. She stamped her foot with a sort of fury.

"Go now!"

And some of the peculiarities she showed made me think she did not care for Cassius Heron. Once, at nightfall, she came in where I was singing Baby Mildred to sleep with "Don't be sorrowful, darling."

"Oh, Portia, hush!" she cried; "I can not bear to hear that. I heard it once—!" She slipped away into the darkness; her voice had broken, I thought I heard her sob. And the next day, meeting him apart, I just hummed the song and asked Cassius Heron if he knew it. He had never heard it before. Some scents she could not endure—lilies of the valley, and attar of rose—and, while she loved chrysanthemums, and praised their hardy courage, the little white ones she would never touch. These whims, and her flirtations with a married man, saved me from idolatry of Cenone, for in all else I thought her perfect.

We made a party to the long beach at Oldport, where Rupert Beaucampion came down for a day. It was too late in the season, and the air was very chill for this our southern country; but we were bent on showing Mrs. Heron and Mr. Beaucampion the picturesque beauty of the Point of Rocks. We drove up across the mesa, to go down the road from the cliff. At the beginning of the grade we looked away, where at the left lay a lonely, lovely little bight, than which there can be nothing more romantic among the friths and lochs of Scotland. It was all perfect—the shallows, the broad patches of tulle, three or four sail-boats floating lazily in the still straits, and great, white masses of spray that the waves hurled up at the cliff over at the Point. The hamlet lay at our feet shut in by close hills, bare and brown, the chute down to the lighter, the warehouses, the wharf, the tramway, and boats fast to the piles. All Mr. Beaucampion's insistence could not prevent Cenone taking an oar, to help pull out to where the breeze caught our sails.

"But I like to row," she said, "and I've had no opportunity for—lo! these many months. *Soyez tranquille*, and look at the fish-cars. Saw you ever so novel a notion?" Then, with a quaint humor, she went on to explain the great, cumbrous, coop-like box—a clumsy wooden cage—floating in the water, with fish wriggling dejectedly within, their captive lives thus prolonged until the market claimed them.

For once I felt disloyally impatient with Cenone, when I looked at this gallant young Southerner, all his chivalrous soul looking out of glorious gray eyes, that burned as clear as lamps in his beautiful Vandyke face. No woman could want a braver lover or a bonnier. Why could Cenone not love him? I would fain see her wooed and wedded. Or did she mean to go on flirting away all the summer days of her life?—and squandering, in mock sentiment that she despised, the sweetness and strength of her nature? For I had never known Cenone to care for any man, more than for the glove she flung aside when its freshness was gone, unless—ah! indeed, unless there might be a closed chapter in those months she had spent in lands remote.

We had come out into the wider straits, between bars covered with long, low sand-dunes, set here and there with white landmark frames of the coast survey and dismantled erections of summer campers. We came into a pretty rough sea, where cross-currents ran from two lines of breakers, thundering at right angles to each other, close at hand. We were watching a lighter coming in with the tide, from a little freight steamer out in the roadstead, and John Mackenzie was telling us how, just out there, his man, Scotch Sandy, single-handed, saved three men when the schooner *Albatross* went down one stormy night, when I saw a shade of apprehension cross Rupert Beaucampion's fine face.

"Shall not we take the oars?" he said.

John looked about, threw off his coat, and caught up an oar, and then—and then, I saw a black, hungry rock, just under water, that seemed rising up into my very face. I heard a cruel, crashing sound. I thought of Baby Mildred—ah! safe, thank God! yonder on the friendly shore, far away. Then the cold, lapping water, until Rob's strong arms upheld me, and Rob's dear voice spoke:

"Courage, Portia; steady, wife. Put your arms over my shoulders, and float easy; face up, head back. There!" He lifted me across a great oar, and swam alongside.

Then I forced my senses to act, and looked for our companions, and this is what I saw: John Mackenzie could not swim, and Rupert Beaucampion was going to him from the capsized boat, on which he had placed Mrs. Heron in

comparative safety. Close beside us Cassius Heron was making grand strokes with one arm; the other clasped Miss Webster. She struggled until both were submerged.

"Let me go," she gasped, as soon as her face was above water.

I lost his reply. Then she struck him full in the face with one white, dripping hand.

"Are you mad!" she cried. "Go to your wife!"

But still he held her fast until he lifted her to the hull beside his wife. Screaming wildly, and waving her hands to men on the lighter, Cenone deliberately slid off the boat, and swam toward that great, ponderous craft, urged on by willing hands. For all her clinging raiment, for all her slightness and womanish want of strength, she met them midway. We were all saved.

How, even with rescuers so near, I can not understand, when I think how our wet clothing impeded exertion. John Mackenzie had sunk twice. He was, indeed, almost dead; and Rupert Beaucampion's strength was well-nigh exhausted by this double task Cassius Heron had left him. But how transiently such things affect us! Twenty-four hours later we were steaming northward, as we had planned before, to see Madame Devoniensis as Ophelia. I had hoped Rupert Beaucampion's presence might make a diversion; but Cassius Heron's infatuation was more evident than ever. His wife was becoming uneasy. No resentment against Miss Webster showed in her manner; indeed, she displayed an increased affection for the girl. But to her husband she was capricious, sullen, and petulant by turns; sometimes reproachful, and sometimes deprecatory, as we could not always help hearing.

Matters came to a climax two nights after our arrival. A little group of acquaintances had dropped into our parlor one by one, and some one asked Cenone in her turn to sing. I never was more surprised than when she struck the chords of a prelude. I had thought her completely ignorant of music. I thought "she looked like a queen in book" that night—or no, not that, either—like a lovely, loving girl, looking better than I had ever seen her, in her lace-draped, black frock, her pretty neck in the square corsage showing like the bosom of some fair child. Much of her rich color had come back, and her eyes had a languid dreaminess that was more attractive even than their usual full brilliancy.

Cenone was in one of her moods, very evidently. She sang a song that was new to us—a little English one, that I had heard of, merely.

"In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows, falling,
Softly come and softly go;
When the winds are sobbing faintly
With a gentle, unknown woe,
Will you think of me, and love me,
As you did once—long ago?"

I looked furtively at Cassius. He was gazing at Cenone with his heart in his eyes. She went on with the pathetic strain so softly, so sadly, a heartbreak in every note:

"In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Think not bitterly of me,
Though I passed away in silence,
Left you lonely, set you free;
For, oh, my heart was crushed with longing;
What might have been could never be;
It was best to leave you thus, dear—
Best for you and best for me!"

Was that the key to her departure, two years ago? It certainly was a clever way to make painful explanations; but I thought I had never heard anything more audacious—before his wife, and us all. But then Cenone Webster, reckless or reckoning, was just the girl to do a daring thing.

An hour later, I overheard something that startled and shocked me unspeakably: the close of a conversation between Miss Webster and Cassius Heron. His voice was eager and earnest; hers was constrained and curious.

"You will? You will?" His voice was half rejoicing, half imploring.

"I will be ready," she said, "to-morrow at ten. The others are all going to the Gately's at that hour, I know; and you can await me here."

"And you will come away with me—away forever—together?"

She smiled a baffling sort of smile.

"With what other motive would I meet you here?"

He stooped to raise to his lips a spray of mountain berries that had fallen from the knot at her breast.

I knocked at Cenone's door when we had separated for the night, and, getting no response, entered the room. She was sitting in an attitude of utter despondency. Before her was one of the fanciful little picture-stands that have been so popular—a velvet horseshoe, mounted in silver. I knelt down beside her. I could hold my peace no longer.

"Oh, Cenone! Even if you repudiate me, I can not be silent any longer. My dear, my dear, what is the reason you are doing this wicked thing? You do not care for Cassius Heron!"

She made no disclaimer. She did not affect ignorance of what I meant. Whatever else she might be, she was honest to her heart's core, and fearless. She pointed to the picture on the table.

"That is the reason." I looked up. She had painted on the violet velvet pansies and forget-me-nots, mistletoe and four-leaf clover—symbols, poor child! of faith and hope. The picture was a common little tintype, dim and indistinct; that of a young man with a slender, boyish figure, standing by an old well-curb, in an easy and unconstrained attitude. One hand hung at his side, the other shaded his face with a helmet hat. He was not handsome; but his brow was brave and frank; his mouth grave and tender; and the light, well-knit figure had a free, airy grace all its own.

"Is it a worthy love," I said, "if its ill prospering drive you to disgrace?"

She looked at me with her eyes ablaze. "What disgrace do you mean to impute to me?"

"I—I overheard your appointment with Cassius Heron," I stammered, abashed by her indignation.

"That is to us no dishonor—in the sense you mean," she said; "though I doubt if my actual intention is much less shameful. What I meant was simply this: to entice him there, having placed his wife so that she may hear any rash speech he may choose to make to me."

I was aghast at her quiet announcement of her heartless plan. I had read in novels of ultra mis-morality, of such treacherous cruelty, practiced by Circe-like women of sinful soul; but that such perfidy should exist in actual, every-day, commonplace life, I had not believed. Yet here was my spotless maiden, my Saint Agnes—telling me of such intent.

"How could you—O Enone, how could you plan such a heartless thing? To lead him on through all these weeks, to set at naught his suffering—to be reckless of that poor woman's agony?"

"You may believe me or not, as you will," she said; "but I have not planned it at all. I have been far too much absorbed in my own suffering. Only to-night, when I sang that song, it flashed upon me that the vain fool took it to himself, and I thought he might pay the penalty of his folly."

"But his wife! She loves him—she has done you no ill—she has trusted you, and believed in you wholly; more—forgive me, dear—more than I have done." She made no reply. "You did not sing to him?"

"I sang—to Jack!" Then her hardness melted. Then she fell on her knees. Then she wept, as one who weeps not often. When she had spent her tears,

"Will you do what you can to set things right?" I said.

She rose. "Come with me." We called Mrs. Heron. Enone talked with her aside. Mrs. Heron seemed half shyly pleased, half dissatisfied. "Yes, you must go," Enone said, "and he sure to tell him"—The rest of her whisper was lost.

In the corridor where our rooms were I saw something on the floor that glittered strangely in the gaslight. I picked up an opal ring. Deep down under its opaque surface, dead milky white, it burned with ever changing fires—flame color, sea-green, scarlet, gold, aqua-marina, violet—every tint and hue flashing from the bewitching, enchanted thing. Enone caught it from my hand. "Jack's ring, that I wore for months," she cried. Her color came and went; her face grew tender as a mother's over her babe. She wheeled about, and went swiftly down to the hotel office, I following mechanically to the desk.

"Have you a guest named True?"

"We have." The clerk ran his finger down the register—"J. T. True, Goldburg, Colorado."

"Be good enough to send him this card," She gave the line she made me write—a simple summons to No. 22.

Ten minutes later I opened the door to Mr. True. His face was finer than the picture had led me to believe. Like Enone's, its charm lay in expression. He frowned when he saw her standing there, his ring gleaming on her folded hands. She made one step forward, as if she feared to come nearer.

"Jack, will you forgive me?" His voice shook with passion—what passion I could not determine.

"I told you once—do you remember?—on the road from the old mill out yonder?—that I never forgive. You made a sport and mock of me—of me, who loved you better than my own soul. I could forgive you that. You tempted me with being your dupe. I could forgive you that. I can not forgive your want of faith in me—the suspicion that let you listen to every idle tale against my truth. Forgive you? No! Never!"

I never saw anything so piteous as that proud girl standing there before his young anger, patient, submissive to his will. She must, indeed, have owned him master. I never heard anything so unspeakably sad as the resignation in her voice when she spoke.

"I had thought perhaps you would forgive me. Ah, Jack, there is nothing so grand as a man who forgives. How else can he so well show his greater strength? Here is your ring. I give it back again. Do you remember—before you said it had brought us nothing but misery—the opal of ill-omen? It brought me a happiness to remember all the days of my life; nothing can take that memory from me."

He looked sharply at her, standing there alone. She smiled a forlorn little smile.

"You once accused me of acting a part because I quoted poetry," she said, with a faint reflection of her old quaintness; "but I will risk your disdain once again. You will forgive me, Jack, some day. I shall be more worthy then; more patient and gentle, and—not jealous. I have lived, I shall say, so much since then; given up myself so many times. Good-bye, Jack! God bless you!"

His eyes had not moved from her face.

"Enone!" She looked at him quickly, with a vague, incredulous dawning of hope in her eyes. "You love me yet—after all that is past and gone?"

"I shall love you till I am dead," she cried, with a voice that might have thrilled through marble.

He held his young arms to her. "Come back to your shelter, poor, weary, wounded bird! O my little love, come back to me!" P. LATHAM HILL.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1882.

The popular impression that an editorial-room is a constant battle-ground, that the editors are being incessantly hounded for copy, that indignant subscribers rush in with complaints and horsewhips, that the editor is a persecuted creature, is all a fallacy, remarks the *Denver Tribune*. The average editorial-room is a very quiet sort of a place—a spot where loafers are seldom tolerated, and where disturbances very infrequently occur. The idea that the foreman is inveterately howling for copy is an erroneous one, invented probably by some amateur journalist long ago, who did not know that all well-regulated editors make it one of the important details of their business never to let the printers stand around and charge time. The editorial-room is especially a rare field for the study of character. In the course of a brief year every phase of human nature passes before the editor in his sanctum, and it is there that the cant and hypocrisy of humanity are most frequently self-exposed. The hollowiness and rottenness of politicians are first detected by the editor; for the politician has a confidant in the editor. And it is so with merchants, lawyers, preachers, and every manner of man that steps into the editorial sanctum. The editorial-room is a chamber where people come and lay off their masks and togery, and display their blemishes and weaknesses. To those who are in the secrets of the sanctum, it is no wonder that editors are invariably the most confirmed of cynics.

OLD FAVORITES.

Invocation to Light.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!—
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed?—since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thou I revisit now with holder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness homed,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare; thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled.

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath
That wash thy hallowed feet and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equaled with me in fate,
So were I equaled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old;
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
Sings dawning, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note.

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight. —John Milton.

Light.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled, black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden howers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art in the truthful heart
Had fastened its portal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, both tried and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of the bridal beams,
I had their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on the senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains
Their lonely vigils kept,
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn, the Saviour horn—
Joy, joy, to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile, the blest smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis hier of the morn I appear,
And on the gay butterfly's wing.

The desolate Morn, like the mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I hid the bright hours chase the Night from her flowers,
And lead the young Day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for her lover,
And sinks to her halmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted out from the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassionless, dark, lone, weltering bark,
The haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in the dew-spangled howers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they hark in their maternal sheen.
O, if such the glad worth of my presence on earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile!

—William Pitt Palmer,

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A good deal of matrimonial tribulation was brought to light in the last census returns of Great Britain. Several husbands returned their wives as the heads of the families, and one describes himself as an idiot for having married his literal better half. "Married, and I'm heartily sorry for it," was returned in two cases; and in quite a number of instances "Temper" was entered under the head of infirmities opposite the name of the wife.

An old French judge, who has always been looked upon as the possessor of an iron constitution, calls upon his doctor. "You here?" says the physician, in astonishment; "what can be the matter?" "Well, doctor, the fact is that I am getting to be a little uneasy about the state of my health." "Ah! And where is the trouble? In the head? Stomach?" "No, they're all right; but of late I have been suffering a good deal from insomnia—in court."

Mr. Peet, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters! Call me Peet." "Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew behind her fan.

The recent mobbing of "General" Booth, of the English Salvation Army, at Hereford, recalls a good story of a stalwart Kentucky preacher in the days "befo' de wah." He was once conducting a revival service, when he was annoyed by the indecent conduct of a couple of rowdies. He went up to them and rebuked them, when one replied: "We heard that you work miracles, and are come to see if it is true." "No, sir," said the preacher, taking off his coat, "hut we cast out devils," and he forthwith cast them out.

A young physician, says *Cheek*, who had long worshiped at a distance, was one day suddenly called to attend her. He found her suffering from no particularly dangerous malady, but she wanted him to prescribe for her, nevertheless; so the doctor took her hand, and said, impressively: "Well, I should prescribe—I should prescribe that—you—get—married." "O, goodness," said the interesting invalid; "who would marry me, I wonder?" "I would," snapped the doctor, with all the voracity of a six-foot pickerel. "You?" exclaimed the maiden. "Yes." "Well, doctor, if that is the fearful alternative, you can go away and let me die in peace."

The day after my arrival at Vittoria, says a tourist, I went to a shoemaker's to get some repairs done to my boots. There was nobody in the shop; the master was on the opposite side of the street, smoking his cigarette. His shoulders were covered with a mantle full of holes, and he looked like a beggar, but a Spanish heggar appearing rather proud than ashamed of his poverty. He came over to me, and I explained my business. "Wait a moment," said he, and immediately called his wife. "How much money is there in the purse?" "Twelve pesetas." "Then I shall not work." "But," I said, "twelve pesetas will not last for ever." "Who has seen to-morrow?" said he, turning his back on me.

A Swedish farmer had a pretty daughter, with whom his hired man fell in love. The old man refusing him, he determined to emigrate to the United States. The old man, unable to persuade him to stay, went to the steamship to see him off. He offered to help him carry his blue box on the steamer. "It is pretty heavy," said the old man. "It will be lighter before it gets to America," said the young man. And so it was—the same minute; for the bottom gave way, and out rolled the pretty daughter. She blushed and explained, and the upshot was that her father promised the young fellow that if he would come back with some money in his pocket, within two years, he should marry the young woman.

A very exacting English landlord makes his tenants "come to time" on the day the rent becomes due, and will only relax his stern decrees when a handsome woman is in the question. Not long since he called for his rent of a very worthy mechanic, who, by the way, rejoices in the possession of a very pretty little wife. The husband was not at home when Shylock called, and he was enchanted with the pretty little wife of the tenant. She could not liquidate the amount due, but the landlord becoming really enamored, told her he would give her a receipt in full for just one kiss. "Sir," said she, "myself and my husband are very poor—perhaps we can not pay our rent; but I tell you, sir, we're not so poor that we can't do our own kissing."

In an Episcopal boarding-school, a few years since, the scholars and teachers were assembled for morning prayer. The reading and singing were over, and all were resuming their seats, when one of the young ladies, of a very short and thick stature, missing her chair, seated herself with a "thud" on the floor. Nobody smiled; all were too decorous for that. The fallen one, embarrassed into the momentary loss of common sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer-book, and appeared to be earnestly engaged in examining its contents. This was almost too much for her companions, and a smile began to struggle on many a fair countenance, when the rector rose and commenced reading the first morning lesson. He chanced to read from the fifth chapter of Amos, as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen; she shall rise no more; she is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up." This caused a general titter; the voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin; the scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.

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It must seem very strange to the statesmen of other nations that, while they are struggling with financial questions and striving to make their revenues meet their expenditures, the Government of the United States finds its embarrassment in the contrary direction. Our financial magnates, finding an excess of revenue, are devising means to avoid its collection, lest we should be driven to the alternative of hoarding unused money in our national treasury, or the too sudden liquidation of our national debt. And this, too, when we are just recovering from the exhaustion of a civil war in which this abnormal debt was created. We may not make too great a reduction in our collection of tariff revenues, lest we fail in affording proper protection to our national industries. When we look to the source of internal revenue we meet with embarrassment, because alcoholic liquors, wines, tobacco, and cigars are luxuries which ought to pay duties. The removal of duty from tea and coffee made no perceptible reduction in the cost of those articles to the consumers. To remove duties from matches, to take the stamp-tax from checks, and to absolve banks from payment, will scarcely be felt by the people, and is not demanded by any popular voice. The truth is, the country is so prosperous in all its departments of industry that the present taxation is scarcely felt. It would seem to us, therefore, that it is better to continue the present taxation till we pay off our national debt. Let us achieve the proud distinction of anticipating our obligations, and becoming the only one of the great nations of civilization which has no national debt. When the debt is paid, it will be time enough to consider how we may best curtail our revenues without embarrassing our industries. In view of our present exceeding great prosperity, our abundant resources, and the future outlook, we regard with favor liberal disbursements for works of internal improvement, and favor generous pensions to the soldiers of our late war; and we should be glad to see the country most liberally provided with public edifices for Government use. This mode of distribution is one way to equalize the benefits of our present most prosperous condition. The money that comes from tariff and internal revenue collections is mostly from those who can well afford its payment; while its distribution to invalid soldiers and to working-men engaged in labor upon our public works, is healthful, and promotes the public good. If a continuance in this direction shall accumulate too much money in the national treasury, let it be divided to the States, in proportion to their respective populations. Our State taxes are now collected from real property. The only class of citizens that feels the burden of taxation is the men owning real estate. They would welcome a distribution by the General Government that would enable the State to pay its debts or reduce its taxes. Too much money is a danger we are disposed to confront with fearless confidence.

It is not generous to question the motives that control President Arthur and his administration in pushing the Star Route criminal as political offenders have been rarely pushed in this country. Colonel Bliss is a personal friend of the President. The Attorney-General is retained in his Cabinet, and it looks as though the Government was, in real earnest,

determined to punish these offenders against the law. Colonel Robert Ingersoll is justified in doing all that lies within his power to acquit his clients; but the country does not believe them innocent. The country thinks they are thieves and conspirators, and the country is with the administration in their prosecution. Public opinion does not regard them as martyrs or as persecuted; and it will uphold the President, his Attorney-General, and his special counsel in a well-sustained effort to send them to State-prison, with their aiders and abettors. The country believes that there is a vicious and depraved sympathy for thieves among Washington office-holders, and that the good of the country demands their removal. And the friends of ex-President Garfield hope his name may not be invoked for their protection.

The Pope wants more money. A collection was taken up for him in all the churches by the authority of Joseph Sadoc Alemany, Archbishop of San Francisco. If his grace the archbishop could be appointed Park Commissioner, and listen to the pitiful appeals for labor made by poor Irishmen, and by their wives in behalf of their large families, his heart would be touched. He would perhaps think he could serve his Divine Master as acceptably in this direction as by sending money to his Holiness the Pope, and to the priests and cardinals living in luxurious idleness around the great Basilica of Saint Peter's, and spending their useless lives about the palace of the Vatican. Perhaps the reverend archbishop will permit us to direct these weeping women with their tales of suffering to him for the future, that he may give them some of the Pope's money. We should be very glad if Irish charity would be given to San Francisco Irish mendicants, and not be sent abroad to foment political intrigue in Ireland or maintain an idle priesthood at Rome. Let the Italian Church maintain itself by Italian beggary, Irish politics by begging in Ireland, and in San Francisco let the Irish rich take care of the Irish poor. Let Roman Catholic millionaires provide for Roman Catholic paupers. Let the Roman Catholic Church, with its vast landed wealth in San Francisco, take care of its Roman Catholic heggars, and not blame American Protestants if they close their ears, hearts, and pockets to Irish distress, while money is being sent by the thousands to advance political intrigue in Ireland and for the support of priestcraft at Rome.

The Italian government has been compelled to the service of civil writs upon the members of the Pope's household within the Vatican. This is construed by his Holiness as an indignity to the church. It is asserted to be in disregard of certain concessions and guarantees given by the Italian government when it made Rome the capital of Italy, and subordinated the authority of the church of Rome to the "state" of Italy. These concessions, like all privileges conceded by a conquering to a conquered power, exist at the will of the conqueror, and may be withdrawn at his pleasure. The Pope chooses to consider himself a prisoner within the Vatican. He sulks over his loss of civil authority, and endeavors to make himself, his cardinals, bishops, priests, Swiss soldiers, and servants, as vexatious and disagreeable as possible to the king and government of Italy and to the citizens of Rome. We can understand the embarrassments that must attend the administration of justice in the city of Rome if the king's writ may not run within the precincts of the Vatican, the Lateran, and the Castle Gondolfo. The annoyance is the more pronounced if this "city of refuge" within Rome's capital is in hostile and angry attitude toward the rightfully dominant authority, and gives willing protection to those who, under cloak of religion, conspire against the law. It must be an exceedingly great annoyance to the king and government of United Italy, to have within their jurisdiction this old concern of dead-men's bones, at the entrance of which sits mumbling this toothless monster, defying authority, and using his cave as a hiding-place for conspirators and a place of refuge for criminals. Let us conceive the Bishop of London, or the Archbishop of Paris, holding himself above the civil authorities of England or France, claiming that the authority of law or the mandate of courts should not penetrate to their palaces, setting at defiance the government by whose clemency he is permitted to live within its jurisdiction. Let us suppose that these bishops should set up the absurd and ridiculous claim that they are the viceregents of God, that they are infallible, that they are above the law, that their spiritual authority outweighs and overrules the laws of the land—how long would England or France, or any other civilized government, rest patient under so absurd and monstrous a pretension? Suppose that by some miraculous display of divine power the Vatican, Lateran, and Castle Gondolfo could be set over upon our continent and plumped down in the United States, what would be the relation of all this time-honored pretension to our institutions? The Pope with his three-storied tiara, the cardinals with their red hats and red pantaloons, and all the other moss-covered and ivy-clad ruins of an age when superstition and ignorance made the pomp, ceremonial, and pretension of this great gilded thing seem real—what would we do with them? Wouldn't Judge bohhy ferral's criminal writs run to it, through it, over it, and under it as freely as

to, or through, or over, or under a darky meeting-house, whose venerable and bald-headed preacher had been suspected of burning sulphur under a chicken-roost? If England, France, Germany, or America would not endure this anomaly of a church within the State, pretending to be above the State, and at war with the State, then why should King Humbert and the Italian government not subject the Bishop of Rome—for he is that and nothing more—to the authority of Italian law? We shall send to the king of Italy this copy of the Argonaut, marked, as indicating our approval of his policy, and advising him to continue to exercise the kingly prerogative of governing united Italy in defiance of Pope or church.

We are getting just the least bit impatient at the laudations over the Horace Hawes Consolidation Act. If there was ever a law enacted for a city's government that worked badly, where it worked at all, it was this. It was the cranky output of a dyspeptic and ill-natured man, who was not in any sense a good lawyer, who thought everybody dishonest but himself, and who had but one engrossing idea, and that was to hedge municipal authorities around with restrictive and impracticable laws. This bill has been so amended and changed that it bears but little resemblance to its original self, and all that there is good in it does not belong to Horace Hawes. Had it been strictly enforced, San Francisco would have had "no debt or liability of any kind," but it would have had no government. Under it our Street Department became a robber's den, from which property was plundered. Under it we were taxed enormously, with little to show for it. Under it bosses thrived, thieves prospered, contractors grew rich, and rings multiplied. And now that fifteen freeholders—intelligent, honest, and representative men—are endeavoring to give us a new charter to accommodate itself to a new Constitution, the Bulletin drags out this old rattle-boned skeleton of crazy Horace Hawes, and shakes it like castanets in the hands of a colored end-man. We would not use slang, but we heg of the Bulletin to give us a rest. Let us see what this non-partisan body of freeholders will produce. When their work is done we can consider it. It is our judgment that these men are working with an honest purpose, that they possess ordinary intelligence, and that it savors of impudence for every popinjay of a newspaper writer to be thrusting unasked advice upon them.

The President thinks, and every intelligent and reasonable person agrees with him in thinking, that the Chinese restriction act demands an amendment which will permit Chinese laborers to pass through this country, on their way from their native land to other countries, and to return. The great object of the Chinese restriction law has been attained. It has arrested the invasion of Chinese laborers who come to this country for employment. The object is substantially accomplished, and if, in the enactment of a law that is an experiment, it is found that small vexations and unexpected embarrassments arise from its strict enforcement, then it should be amended, and Californians should be the first to consent thereto. That such vexations and embarrassments do occur under the strict enforcement of its technical provisions, all admit. There is no reason in common sense why a Chinaman, or any number of Chinamen, should not be permitted to make the United States a highway of travel to and from their native land. Every sentiment of generosity and justice demands this concession. Business interests demand it. If from Cuba or elsewhere a band of workingmen desires to cross our continent by rail, there is no reason why they should not be permitted to do so. It is all hosb and arant demagogism to pretend that there is any danger of their taking advantage of this permission to remain in the country. We have a case in point: One year ago, a young English gentleman, Mr. Fearon, married one of our San Francisco belles, Miss Emily Torbert, and took up his residence in Hongkong, where he is a merchant. His wife is on her way, with her baby-hoy and Chinese *ahmah* (nurse,) to visit her parents. He writes to know whether the nurse will be permitted to land. The answer is, of course, that she will not be permitted to invade our soil. So this English-American baby must be deprived of his nurse while mother and child are visiting in San Francisco. Perhaps the *Morning Call* and *Bulletin*, whose editors have become the champion of this strict construction, will raise the question whether the baby is not Chinese, and whether in safety to republican institutions, and without imperiling the liberties of our people he can be brought ashore. A European traveling from India to England with his Chinese servant is not permitted to take him across our country. Chinese sailors going from San Francisco to a foreign port are not permitted to return. A Chinese laborer traveling from Detroit through Canada is not permitted to enter the United States at Niagara Falls, or to return to Detroit. This is the interpretation of idiots and demagogues who desire to pander to the prejudices of Irishmen. It is unworthy of Americans, and if the law bears the interpretation which these fools put upon it, it should be changed at once, and we assure our legislators in Congress that such a modification will be cheerfully accepted by all sensible and honest Californians.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

If the Nilsson is a success, the Langtry will come; or to put it financially, if Mr. Manager Abbey can pay Madame Nilsson eight thousand dollars for four nights in concert, pay her expenses for traveling, hotels, maids, carriages, etc., etc., and in addition pay the balance of the troupe, from the tenor down to the gentleman who beats the bass drum, and pay for the theatre, and gas, and the gentlemanly ushers, for the printing, and posting, and advertising, and make a little over for Mr. Abbey—if he can do all this, then he will venture further in the same line of business, and bring out the Langtry. The logic of our situation—that is, we of San Francisco—is this: If we do not pay to hear Nilsson sing, we shan't be permitted to pay to see Langtry's face, arms, frocks, legs, and things. To make the application personal, the writer, not being fond of music, having no love for the concord of sweet sounds, preferring to study the stratagems of politics, and to watch those struggling for the spoils of office; having no knowledge of the art, and not being able to discriminate between classical music and the overture of a saw-mill, must pay sixteen dollars to Mr. Abbey for account of Madame Nilsson, as preliminary to seeing Mrs. Langtry. We went around on Monday to secure tickets for the concert, and were informed that we must buy for the season, or wait till Wednesday, when, out of the seats that were left, we might be accommodated for one time—price, four dollars; family of four, for season, fifty-six dollars. Fifty-six dollars is the profit upon two thousand eight hundred *Argonauts*. Fifty-six dollars is the price of seven splendid volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, bound in Russia. Fifty-six dollars will purchase about eleven barrels of flour. Fifty-six dollars will take a family of four persons to the Golden Gate Park and return, where they may hear upon Wednesdays and Fridays, and, next summer, upon Sundays, a very excellent band of twelve pieces play most excellent music, one hundred and forty times, and the money thus paid to the Geary Street cable-road is kept in the country, and goes to the maintenance of wire-works at North Beach, of car factories, to pay for labor of conductors and engineers. It helps support the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker, encourages the grocer and tailor, gives value to real property, and helps to build a great city with varied industries. In point of health it is better to drink in the ozone from the salt sea with the park music, than to swelter in the noxious atmosphere of a crowded theatre. It is not quite so genteel, but it is just as respectable, and, if our ladies will begin to encourage our park music, drive out on music days, sit in their carriages and listen, and let the pedestrians look at them; or, if those having no carriages will go by cable with their children, give countenance to and make fashionable the Golden Gate Park by lounging in it, by ordering lunches at the Casino, where everything is cheap, clean, and well conducted; visit the conservatory with its rare plants, and let the children play on the grass; take out the family dog and give him a chance to exercise; or, if too poor to go to the Casino, take a family lunch, hunt out a cozy nook under the oaks, or in a pine grove, and have a good time—if the ladies will inaugurate this reform, the time and money thus spent, we think, will be better spent than in paying Mr. Abbey four dollars to listen for an hour to the phenomenal music of the marvelously gifted Nilsson.

This is a good time and place to inform our readers that the Commissioners of the Golden Gate Park intend to surprise the citizens of San Francisco with a pleasure-resort of which they will in time be proud. The first thing to do is to subdue the shifting sand-dunes. This will be accomplished. The solution of this problem is found in a curious grass, which, being properly planted, sends its long, stout tap-root down to water, and lifts its strong, fibrous, grassy top to meet and hold the shifting sands. After this comes the planting, and this rainy reason will add one hundred and twenty-five thousand young and vigorous trees to the forest. Eighty-five thousand more young pines are started in the nursery for next year, and thus in time the ten hundred and fifty acres of Park lands will be in condition for converting into romantic and picturesque drives. A broad boulevard of four miles in extent, from the entrance to the ocean beach, will give the finest drive in America. The conservatory valley will have its trees removed, and will be devoted to lawns, flowers, and flowering shrubs. Surrounded by high trees, it will furnish an amphitheatre protected from the wind for music, accommodated with seats, surrounded by walks, roads, and picnic nooks. It will in five years become the model park of America. When the Geary Street Railroad will have sense enough to spend money to improve its Park entrance; when the new Haight Street cable-road will build for itself an ornamental entrance, and improve the grounds about it; when the two together shall contribute for some electric lights in the Park grounds, and give us a splendid hand for Sundays; when the two roads shall build down on either side of the Park to the ocean, thus protecting it from the drifting sands; when the splendid ocean drive is built along the shore four miles in extent, (for this

is the only park in the world that has an ocean drive;) when the great boulevard is completed and the Garfield monument constructed; and when the city fathers become convinced that it is best to spend money generously, if spent honestly, in improving Golden Gate Park—when all these things are done, then our people, rich and poor, will find themselves in possession and enjoyment of a beautiful pleasure-ground. In the meantime, the Park Commissioners ask the people to be patient, while, with limited funds, they contend with great obstacles in the accomplishment of their purpose. In about four years these Park Commissioners expect the people to rise up and call them blessed.

There is no device calculated to entertain and amuse our people—we mean, of course, innocent and inexpensive device—that does not bring profit to this city. If more pains were taken by the authorities to make San Francisco attractive; if our property-owners and business men would give greater attention to the proposition of rendering San Francisco an agreeable and pleasant residence for people of wealth and leisure, and if they would endeavor to bring a greater number of amusements within the reach of the poor and laboring classes, great profit would result from it. Great advances would be made in the value of real property, and business would be more active in every direction, while the effect of innocent recreations and healthful amusements would have a direct effect in suppressing crime, encouraging temperance, and promoting the welfare of all classes of society. It was a wise movement of Louis Napoleon to make Paris the pleasure resort of all the world. When, by widening avenues, opening boulevards, parks, and public gardens, giving government aid to operas and subsidizing theatres, encouraging art and art-galleries, learned men and libraries, he succeeded in making Paris the resort of the gay and pleasure-seeking idle rich folk of the world, he did a wise thing. He established order, gave prosperity to his people, made money plenty, and for himself secured repose for a longer time than would have been possible for a better and wiser monarch who had left his workmen unemployed and his laborers pinched for bread and wine. San Francisco should be the most desirable place of residence on this side of the continent. It should, from climate and location, become one of the world's resorts. To this city the wealthy and idle ones, whose principal aim is to kill time, and who are seeking health, pleasure, and a place to spend their money, should be invited by all sorts of attractions. Our authorities seem to exert themselves in the very opposite direction. Not only do they not invite strangers from abroad, but they are driving from residence among us all who have acquired money and have the disposition to spend it. Our places of public resort are few and mean. To compare a "jardin chantant" in the Champs Elysées with our Winter Garden, Tivoli, or Vienna Garden, would be "odorous," and yet in each are beer and music. Ours are cheap and not nice, and an admission fee is asked. In Paris the garden is free. For the attractive café of the broad boulevard, where one may sip "eau sucrée" for a sou, or "pousse-café" for half a franc, we have bar-rooms and beer-cellars, and corner groceries. Our theatres are not comparable. Our streets are abominable. Our park, with its thousand broad acres, its magnificent ocean beach, and its colony of sea-lions, has a beggarly allowance most grudgingly conceded to it, and altogether inadequate to its proper ornamentation, to give it broad drives, and to beat back and subdue the drifting sands. Our back service must be an imposition in price if we are allowed to compare it with the comfortable fiacre and cab at one franc and a half for the first, and one franc for each succeeding hour. We may not expect in San Francisco art-galleries where pictures and marbles may be seen, or a grand opera house, built by an extravagant dynastic usurper, or palaces; but we see no good reason why we may not have pleasure resorts equal to the Bois de Boulogne, or parks equal to that of Monceau, or the Tuilleries. We may have roads, ocean drives, pleasant places, and cheap amusements. We may at least have what other American cities have, and so far we are behind them all, simply because we are mean. Our ever-devilish press continually rants—and ignorantly rants—about low taxes and "one cent on the dollar." "Economy" is regarded as expressing everything that is demanded in the direction of good government. A little honest reflection upon the part of supervisors, editors, property-owners, and business people would justify the expenditure of a million of dollars by San Francisco annually in the direction of making it an agreeable and pleasant city for the residence of people of wealth and leisure. One of these days we shall suggest a mode of improving Portsmouth Square—the old "Plaza." It will cost not less than a million of dollars—perhaps more—but it will be money well spent, better spent than for churches, free libraries, Magdalen asylums, or reform schools. It will improve a now unsightly part of our city. It will advance the value of adjoining property. It will afford pleasure to everybody, and bring fun within the reach of the poor and respectable. In this direction of thought it occurs to us that next August the triennial conclave of Knights Templars, some ten thousand in numbers, is to take place in San Francisco. A more representative

body of the intelligence and business thrift of the nation could hardly be found than in these men of the higher degree of the ancient and honorable order of Free and Accepted Masons. With them will come people of leisure, sight-seers, and tourists from all over the world. The States of Colorado, Nevada, and Oregon, and the Territories of Washington, Utah, and Arizona, will send all their people down upon us, and we must be prepared to accommodate and entertain them. First in order of preference, Sir Knight must have the best of everything, and only one in a bed. He must have of the firstlings of our flocks and first fruits. He must be stuffed with chickens and all the good things to eat, and he must have the opportunity to determine, with unbiased judgment, whether our wines contain too much or too little alcohol. We must stretch ourselves to the capacity of a hundred thousand guests thrown upon our hospitalities. We must make all these people feel that California is a good place to come back to and a good place to stay in. We would have all of them follow the example of those who, leaving Rome, fling an *obolus* into the fountain of Trevi, and accompany it with a wish that they may be permitted to return. The Roman gamins dives for the coin and steals it, but, all the same, everybody goes back to Rome. We shall make money out of this pilgrimage, and in that view our money-makers must not be stingy when Boruck goes out with his memorandum book and buckskin bag asking for coin.

Speaking of Rome, we say so many hateful things about Roman Catholics, that we print the following letter as a sop to our conscience—an oblation. It is from a Protestant San Francisco lady of New England birth and Puritan bome. Let our good Catholic readers peruse it, thank us for printing it, and not expect us to agree with the sentiment that would plant a "Rome in a republic," or a "Holy See" anywhere:

PARIS, June 20, 1882.—I am just "at home" after a Sabbath morning well spent in this alien city of Paris. It needed some courage to throw off my spirit of indifference, and wend my way, solitary and alone, to l'Eglise de la Madeleine; for I was tired and alone, and a stranger, and to every one in a strange land this cloud must come over the spirit at times. Last Sabbath I braved the elements, (for it rained withal,) and took the children to Notre Dame, not knowing that it was one of several Sabbath fêtes that take place at this season of the year. To-day was the last. I have read descriptions of these "fêtes de Dieu," but they failed to make the picture, as only words must fail. The picture is now mine, never to be forgotten, and with it the spirit, in part at least, to deepen and hold it fast in my memory. To take part in such a scene, with the devout spirit of a good Protestant, to receive from it that help to adoration and aspiration which it may give, is to be a good Catholic, and that I am this morning. I would that we had more such helps in our own cold, unimpassioned Protestantism. Mind you, I bar all considerations of dogmatism—it has nothing to do with the matter as I view it; but it is worth something to *feel* as well as to think, and just now this is my point of comparison. This beautiful Madeleine, with its classic Corinthian columns, has been draped during these fête days with scarlet and gold draperies. To-day its columns were wound with garlands, and tree-ferns placed between. Entering, it was filled with worshippers. And I went outside, where another entrance took me up to the galleries, where I could look down upon the gorgeous ceremonial at one end, to the organ-loft at the other, and both see and hear the responses of ceremonial and choir. At intervals the grandest harmonies I ever listened to surged and swelled through the great aisles from an invisible band of wind instruments. After mass there came in troops of little children, dressed in the purest white, wreaths upon their heads, bouquets of white flowers in their hands, guided here and there by a sweet-faced Sister of Charity. Following them came troops of maidens, veiled in white, with flowers. Then, again, matrons in similar attire, with flowers. The master-pieces of melody, the grand marches of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, pealed in unison with their steps toward the high altar, where they entered the great procession of priests and bishops, incense and rose leaves, strewn by little choir boys, filling the building with mingled fragrance. It was not all this that brought me to a realizing sense that I was something more than a stoic, as I looked for my much needed handkerchief; but it was the sight of the humanity about me on bended knees, with suffused faces and calm, reverent looks. The day was cloudy, and fortunately so for the out-of-door ceremonial, for the procession moved on with banner and music out into the wide corridors, where the great pillars and masses of flowers and ferns and garlands added to the spectacle. I was fortunate to find foothold upon the steps of the church and overlook not only the scene about me, but, as far as the eye could see in every direction through the streets, the mass of humanity gathered there. The central point of interest was, of course, the bishop under his canopy of satin; his robes and those of the priests were magnificent in their richness. Noble, silvered heads loomed up here and there, studies in themselves. Incense bearers and baskets of rose leaves signaled their approach, and mothers brought their children to be blessed; old men and women threw themselves before the "Holy Father;" maidens held up their flowers, and the benediction seemed to fall upon us all. I have been wondering if, after all, it would be so great a calamity for the "Holy See" to establish itself upon our continent, and our New York become the Rome of our Republic. A Rome in a republic, a land of free schools and of independent thought, could never be a Rome of superstition, of ignorance, and of tyranny. It might equalize, spiritualize; equalize, in the sense of softening convictions without enslaving them; spiritualize, in the sense of freeing our spirits from the bondage of hard conventionalism. Why should not the Church be a mother to her children, caring for its babes, its young men and maidens, its old and infirm, its poor in spirit of every condition? It is the only church which seems to give help and succor when all else fails. Do not think me wild. I only write upon the impulse of the moment. A few days and it will be forgotten, perhaps. But I am free to admit that for rest from this vexed world, it seems a blessing rather than otherwise to be a child in the Catholic Church fold.

TALLY-HO!

How the Institution of Fox-hunting is Maintained in England.

Although an exciting session is engaging the attention of Parliament, the furor attending the welcoming home of the victorious army from Egypt with Sir Garnet—let his pardon, Lord Wolseley—at its head, has not yet died out; and town, for the double purpose of law-making and hero-worshipping, is said to be unusually full. The first days of fox-hunting have been by no means neglected by the peers and members of the House of Commons, who are always supposed to hunt "only when they can," any more than by the public-service-untrammelled devotees of the noble sport, which, according to Anthony Trollope, is "not susceptible of being taken out of England." In November, fox-hunting begins all over England. There may, of course, be a stray meet or two during the latter weeks of October, to get people, as it were, into proper swing for the real business of the following month. Nobody, though, ever counts on getting really to work till November. There is, however, throughout October, plenty of cub-hunting, as rattling about the young foxes is called, to see what they are like and to blood the young hounds. There is a good deal of fun and sport to be had in cub-hunting, even though it is done in an artificial sort of fashion, and has none of the "style" that makes fox-hunting so popular and attractive to some persons. But as one of its conditions is getting out of bed before sunrise—autumn sunrises, themselves, being cold enough for most people—a cub-hunting party which consists of twelve, all told, may be considered a good one, notwithstanding that the M. F. H., the huntsman, and both "whips" he included in the dozen. Therefore, hunting, in its truest sense, may be safely dated every year from the first week in November.

Hunting in England is of three kinds; that is to say, it consists of riding on horseback in chase of a fox, a stag, or a hare. If the game hunted be a fox, it is done with fox-hounds; if a stag, with stag or huck hounds; if a hare, with harriers. Fox-hunting is the most popular and common of the three, and it is safe to assume when "hunting" is mentioned that fox-hunting is meant. It might be proper to state here that shooting is never called hunting in England, as in America, nor is a sportsman called a hunter. Taking into consideration the immense number of English novels imported, reprinted, sold, and read in America, in which hunting is spoken of or referred to, in many cases its incidents made the chief features of the plot, it is surprising how little trouble the authors ever put themselves to make themselves understood by people whom they must be aware are ignorant of the ways and customs, peculiarities, and lingo of the hunting-field. Whatever people may have done in Virginia "before the war" in the way of fox-hunting, it was very different from the English sport. There was but one thing in common—which was, that a fox was the animal hunted. But the fox of the Southern States is gray instead of red, and is as incapable of going straight across country for fifty minutes with the pack hard at him as a French poodle. The face of the country is unlike, also. Wild woodlands, full of dense brakes and swamps impassable for horses, take the place of the forty-acre fields smooth as a carpet, without a brush to stint the rattling gallop of the thoroughbreds; and snake rail-fences are there instead of old white-thorn hedges with double ditches.

The regular hunting season continues from November till April, and every man who can afford it, and whose time is his own, from nobleman and commoner down to squire and farmer, hunt. In hunting parlance, the hounds are called "the pack," and a pack of hounds consists, not of so many hounds, but of so many "couples." A pack of fox-hounds numbers from fifty to seventy couples, a pack of stag-hounds thirty couples, and a pack of harriers fifteen couples. There are in England and Wales no less than one hundred and thirty-eight packs of fox-hounds, containing five thousand eight hundred couples of hounds; while in Scotland there are eight packs, with three hundred and forty-five couples; and in Ireland eighteen packs, with seven hundred and eighty-two couples. Of packs of stag-hounds, England contains, including "Her Majesty's," whose master is the Earl of Cork, over ten, with two hundred and twenty-seven couples of hounds between them; while in Ireland there are four packs, with ninety-seven couples. Then, besides these, there are in England and Wales one hundred and seventeen packs of harriers and heagles, with one thousand six hundred and fourteen couples; in Ireland, forty-five packs, with eight hundred and ten couples; and in Scotland, two packs, with thirty-seven couples; giving a total of over nineteen thousand five hundred hounds in the United Kingdom, kept up exclusively for hunting purposes. Rather a good showing as to the popularity of the sport.

These packs of hounds are either owned by some one nobleman or gentleman of private means, who keeps them at his own expense, or they are kept up by subscription by a number of gentlemen, who are called "members of the hunt." Each pack of hounds is managed, controlled, and taken care of by one member, who is called the "master" of the hounds. When the hounds are owned by one man, and kept up by him, he is the master, naturally; but in other cases the master is chosen by the members of the hunt. The Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Portsmouth, the Earl of Zetland, Lord Yarborough, and other noblemen, have packs of their own, and of which they are the masters. The hounds and the hunt to which they belong—each hunt being limited within certain geographical lines—all have some distinctive title, taken either from the owner or the county or locality in which they are kept and hunted. Thus, the Duke of Rutland's are called the "Belvoir," (pronounced Beever), from Belvoir Castle, his grace's place in Leicestershire, or the pack may simply be called Lord So-and-so's, or Mr. So-and-so's hounds; or they may be called the "Pytchley," the "Atherstone," the "Hampshire," or the "Warwickshire." The place where the master keeps the hounds is called "the kennels." Each master has under him, and attached to each pack of hounds, two or three huntsmen, or "whippers-in," who are designated the first, second, or third "whips"; or the first may be called the "huntsman," and the other two the "whips."

The time for beginning a hunt is half past ten to eleven A. M. A certain place within the limits of the "country," as it is

called, of the pack, is named by the master, or M. F. H., (Master of Fox-hounds), as he is commonly termed, for the beginning of the hunt, and is published in the papers of the neighborhood and in the general sporting papers published in London. The dates and places of meeting are usually published one week ahead, and are called "Hunting Appointments." A pack of hounds is hunted—i. e., used in hunting—about four days a week. The place named for the hunt to begin is called the "meet," and there, all who wish to take part in the hunt assemble at the appointed hour. If it is a fox-hunt, the place of the "meet" is selected with regard to its being at or near a spot where foxes abound. This spot is called the "covert," and may be an osier-bed, furze, (called "gorse" in Leicestershire,) or any timber or underwood. The owners of property who are hunting men, and few are not, consider it a slur upon them if no fox is found upon their land when the hounds meet on their estates, and it is not uncommon for a gentleman to dismiss his head game-keeper in consequence. When the stated hour arrives, the hounds in charge of the master and his subordinates, proceed to "draw the covert"; that is, the hounds are allowed to seek a fox in the covert. This "drawing" of the covert is also called "throwing off." If a fox is started from the covert, it is said to be a "find," and that the hounds have "found," but if no fox appears and makes away, or the hounds show no signs of scenting him, the covert is said to have "drawn blank," and another covert is resorted to. If a fox is "found" and makes off, the hounds start after him, the horsemen following, the signal being given by the cry of "Hark, tally-ho! Gone away!" The hounds follow the fox wherever he may go, straight across the face of the country. Hunting is therefore called "riding across country," that is to say, roads are not kept to, but fields, meadows, pastures, etc., are ridden over, and impediments in the shape of hedges, ditches, gates, palings, walls, fences, rivulets, and brooks, jumped by the horses of the riders. The hounds follow the fox by scent until they see him, when they follow by "view." Then what is called the "view holloa" is given by whoever is near enough to see. When the fox is run into and caught by the hounds, they tear him to pieces and he is quickly devoured. The tail, which is called the "brush," is rescued by some person who gets "in at the death," as it is termed; also the skin of the face, which is called the "pate," and the four feet, which are called the "pads." The brush, of right, belongs to the first person in, but it is usually presented to a lady who has distinguished herself in some way, as a memento. The pate comes next in dignity to the brush, and then the pads. A fox-hunt lasts any time from ten or twenty minutes to two hours—sometimes, though rarely, longer—and depends for its duration on the energy and strategy of the fox. Very often the fox gets away altogether. He either tires the hounds out, they lose his scent, or he "runs to ground," the latter meaning that he escapes into his hole or that of some other fox. When the hounds lose the scent they are said to be "at fault," and hinderances to a continuous run are called "checks." A male fox is a "dog," and a female a "vixen."

The dress worn in fox-hunting is a scarlet coat, single-breasted and cut away, with brass buttons on which is the crest or monogram of the hunt; white cord breeches; "top" hoots with light-brown tops; either a high black hat or a round-topped black velvet cap, called a "hilly-cock;" and a white-linen scarf with a pin in it. A hunting-whip called a "crop"—i. e., a short stick, like a walking-stick, with a long leather thong-lash to it—is carried by all hunting men. Steel or silver-plated spurs, huddled on, are also worn. The dress worn at a stag hunt is the same, except that a black coat takes the place of the scarlet. Black coats, however, are nowadays seen at fox-hunts more frequently than they used to be. Indeed, at some hunts black coats are almost as common as red. It is a pity, for the picturesqueness of the field is greatly marred by it. In hunting with harriers a dark-green coat is worn. Horses ridden in hunting are called "hunters." If the meet is some distance away from where a man lives, he sends his hunter on in charge of a groom on another horse, and either drives, or rides a horse called a "covert hack." This is called "riding to covert." On reaching the covert he mounts the hunter. A horse good at jumping fences is known as a good "fencer." All jumps, except ditches and "water" (brooks) are called fences. Fences, other than hedges and walls, are called "timber." A "bullfinch" is a thick, quickset thorn hedge. If a horse falls with his rider, or both get a fall, the rider is said to have "come a cropper." If an accident prevents a rider from continuing in the run, he is said to have "come to grief," which is the origin of the expression, now so general. A "stiff" country is one with many difficult jumps in it. The cry of the hounds is called "music" and "giving tongue." "Full cry" is when they yelp together. The course of a hunt is called the "run."

The best hunting in England is to be had in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire. Melton-Mowbray, which lies conveniently situated to the two counties, is the resort of the élite of fox-hunting every season. It is here that James Gordon Bennett has had a stable full of hunters for some years. The town is filled up with villas, empty except from November to April, and abounds in stables—for every man who goes to Melton-Mowbray to hunt takes with him, or sends on ahead, from twenty to thirty horses; for, besides others too numerous to mention, he is within reach of the Pytchley and the Quorn, the two most famous packs in all England. All over England hunting is indulged in, and there is hardly a corner in the land from which a "meet" can not be conveniently got to three days a week while the season lasts. But whoever wants hunting in its perfection, and desires to see it carried on in all the beauty of old customs and traditions strictly adhered to, must make Melton-Mowbray his headquarters.

The Prince of Wales does a little hunting in a quiet way, now and then. Of course, there is no end of a fuss made over him when he does go out. But there are better riders to hounds than his royal highness, just as there are better shots; and it is not altogether unlikely there are many people who like hunting better than he does. He has to do a good many things not to his liking, for popularity's sake; but he gets his taste gratified pretty often, too, when he is asked to preside at a good dinner.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, November 17, 1882.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Winning His Way," by Charles C. Coffin, first appeared in *Our Young Folks* as a serial. It now appears in book form, illustrated very copiously and elaborately bound. Although what might be termed an impossible story, it is entirely wholesome. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

Mr. Frank Gassaway during the past summer made a tour of the California watering-places. He wrote many descriptions of these for the *San Francisco Post*. He has now collected these letters and published them under the heading of "Derrick Dodd's Summer Saunterings." For sale by the booksellers; price, 30 cents.

For some time the public has heard nothing of Mr. C. A. Stephens, who, about eight years ago, wrote a number of delightful hunting stories. He has finally emerged from his obscurity, and written a volume entitled "The Young Moose-Hunters." As usual, the story is laid in the Maine forests, and it shows that the writer has lost none of his old charm. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

J. T. Trowbridge has for years been entertaining the successive juvenile generations with healthful stories. Although his work in this particular line is not characterized by special ability, there is a certain charm about his books that marks him as one of the children's most popular story-tellers. "The Jolly Rover" is his latest venture. It is after the "Jack Hazard" order. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

"Three Vassar Girls Abroad," by Lizzie W. Champney, is the latest volume of travel. Its binding is gorgeous, being designed from a Moorish interior. There are numerous illustrations, the better part of which are new impressions of the old plates used in the American edition of "Guizot's French History." The travels are confined to France and Spain, and are exceedingly harmless in their way. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"Our Boys in India" is by H. W. French, who issued about a year ago a story entitled "Nana, the Brahmin Girl." The present narrative details the wanderings of two young Americans through the wild mountains and mysterious regions of Hindustan. There is a sufficient thread of story to lend a greater interest to the descriptive portions. The volume contains over a hundred excellent illustrations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by C. Beach; price, \$1.75.

"Swabian Stories" is a volume of verse by Theodore Tilton. Their general tenor is the ballad form, although the writer has certainly failed to reach the true spirit of that difficult style. The plots which he has verified are in many instances weak and undeserving of their setting. There is one poem, however, that is a gem in its way. It is entitled "The Chamois Hunter," and possesses a simplicity and charm that will cause it to survive the rest of the book. Published by R. Worthington, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Modern Instance," by W. D. Howells, is attracting more attention than has any American novel for a number of years. It is said to be already in its twelfth thousand, and the publishers can scarcely supply the demand. Many of our readers are familiar with the story, it having run in serial form through the *Century* for a number of months. Those who have not read it in the magazine should secure the book, as it is destined to be one of the chief topics of conversation for some time to come. Published by James R. Osgood & Co.; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Our Little Ones for 1882 appears in a bound form. It is edited by "Oliver Optic," and is, we believe, a successor to the once popular *Nursery*. The illustrations, which are numerous, are very well executed. The stories and poems are of the average merit. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Drexel. We have received the November numbers of *The Little Folks' Reader* and *The Pansy*, and also the December number of *Baby Land*, all published by D. Lothrop, Boston. Numbers seven and eight of the *Plymouth Pulpit*, containing Rev. H. W. Beecher's two latest sermons, are just out. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, 7 cents each.

Miscellany: Mr. Henry Lucy, an English novelist, is said to have just received from a London publisher the largest sum ever paid for a first novel—at least in England. His story, entitled "Gideon Floyce," is a political one. Two hundred and fifty dollars is thought in London to be a good sum for a first novel. Mr. Justin McCarthy, who now commands an excellent price in the market, got one hundred and twenty-five dollars for one of his first hooks. An American firm has been known to pay for a short story by an unknown writer almost as much as Mr. Lucy has received for his long novel. George Rose, better known as Arthur Sketchley, has just died in London. He was an exceedingly humorous writer, and will be remembered for his *Prawn* sketches, "Mrs. Brown at the Play" being one of the most amusing things we have ever read. There is a remarkable collection of one hundred and seventy editions of Horace in the library, about to be sold, of Doctor von Ritter, of Prague. The collection includes those editions published at Venice in 1505 and 1520, at Milan in 1512 and 1514, at Râle in 1527, at Padua in 1529, and in Paris in 1544. That Carlyle's philosophy was the outcome of a weak digestion is the declared opinion of an English medical journal. A saucy critic observes that it would be interesting to know how many lobsters over night would produce a philosophy next morning. It is stated that the work that has held its own most steadily among the thousands issued by the Riverside Press is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It sells as readily to-day as when it was first published.

Announcements: Mr. Austin Dobson has written and Mr. Abbey has illustrated for *Harper's Magazine* a poem entitled "The Ladies of St. James." The poems which Mr. Ruskin wrote in his youth are soon to be reprinted in New York by John Wiley's Sons. They do not particularly add to his fame. All the more important notes appended to the late E. W. Lane's translation of the "Arabian Nights" have been gathered into a series of chapters forming a complete picture of Arabian Society in the Middle Ages and to-day. The volume will, in reality, be a sort of Moslem encyclopedia. Ouida has written a new story, entitled "Frescoes," the first portion of which will appear in *Belgravia* for January. The same number will contain the opening chapters of Justin McCarthy's new serial story, "Maid of Athens."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has written a serial story for the *Youth's Companion*. Richard Hengist Horne, now past his eightieth year, is about to publish a new work, together with a fourth edition of his "Cosmo de Medici." Some unpublished poems by Freiligrath are about to be brought out in Germany. Among them is a translation of Byron's "Mazeppa." Charles Reade's new volume, "Readiana," is a collection of the bright, shrewd, and racy comments on current events contributed by the author to the newspapers during the past few years. In this volume Reade shows himself more than ever a generous and eloquent advocate of all that is humane and noble. Robert Buchanan is becoming one of the most persistent workers in Britain. He sends forth book after book from his pen, the last being a novel, with the promising title of "The New Abelard." The first volume in the forthcoming English series of "Eminent Women" is to be Miss Mathilde Blind's "George Eliot." It will give, for the first time, a faithful account of George Eliot's early life, and many details of her unknown literary labor, with much new and interesting correspondence. Scribner & Welford are about to republish a valuable volume on "Ancient Greek Female Costume." It will be illustrated by a series of one hundred and twelve full-page plates, and about thirty smaller illustrations, with explanatory letter-press and illustrative passages from Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, Herodotus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Xenophon, Theocritus, Plutarch, and Lucian. These have been selected and arranged by Mr. J. Moyer Smith.

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"Madam," quoth Jack the other morning, as I was, perhaps somewhat ostentatiously, assisting to induct him into his overcoat as he prepared to sally forth into a cold and cruel world to wrestle for his daily bread, "madam, you may as well speak your piece at once. What is it you want? Out with it. I am prepared for the worst."

"My dear Jack," I said, with my most innocent expression, "I haven't an idea what you mean."

"I could easily submit to a long siege of these delicate attentions and await the issue," he went on, as if he had not been interrupted, "but they always cease so suddenly when your end is accomplished, that I always feel like a man who has sat down involuntarily on the sidewalk, and I prefer the lighter shock immediately to the heavier one later."

"My dear Jack," I say, with freezing dignity, "I had thought that I fulfilled my wifely duties with due conscientiousness every morning."

"And so you do, my dear," says Jack, kindly, "but I allude to the number of little extras thrown in this morning. Everything that I wanted has lain magically under my hand. I always swear like a dragon when I hutton my collar. It is the habit of my lifetime, but you stopped me at my second oath this morning and buttoned it with your own deft fingers. I have trodden no less than three times on the corns of your pet opinions, and you have not shrunk visibly. My eggs were poached to a turn, my coffee was a miracle; you read the newspaper to me, and you have intimated twice within sixty minutes that I have the bearing of an Apollo. Now, what do you want?"

"Nothing in the world, my dear fellow. That last was simply the expression of my own inner conviction, and I happened to mention it this morning of all mornings in the year. Good-bye, Jack. Come home early. Good-bye. Ah, by the way," I call, as he is half way down the steps, "the box-office for the Nilsson concert season opens this morning, and, if we are going, you might as well stop and get seats."

Jack carefully retraced his steps, and seated himself on a hall chair.

"I had intended," he said, "to select a long evening for this discussion, and you have taken me unawares. The fact is, in these hard times I fear we can not afford the Nilsson season."

I sat upon another hall chair, and regarded the new economist curiously.

"I wonder," I said, "how many husbands have made that remark this morning."

"Thousands," cried Jack, promptly. "The season is going to be a fizzle anyhow. The music is too high for the masses, and who will want to go at such a price?"

"My dear Jack," I retort; "the population of the world is something approximating to one billion, four hundred million. I can not remember the exact figure. Out of that number there are perhaps six women who sing superlatively well. Out of the six there are two who share the excelsior laurel, and one of these has come to San Francisco. Not to hear her would be to be willfully, blindly, besottedly foolish. The sum to be expended is actually paltry for the value rendered. The whole town is on the *qui vive*, and we have all the pleasure of a keen anticipation which is new to us. It is a racy, vivid feeling, and I love it. So do you, and so do we all. Surely, a new sensation is cheap at four dollars a head. Then we have the concert itself. It will be a beautiful scene—the lights, the toilettes, the mantling pleasure on every face, the music, the diva."

"Cut it, Betsy—the everything."

"Yes, the everything. Is it dear once in a way at four dollars a head? Then we have the memory of it all, the proud consciousness of being able to say that we did go when unending people shall ask us, and a theme of conversation for many months to come. Is not a fruitful theme cheap at so small an outlay? Pleasure is as necessary to mankind as food. The discreet expenditure of his income sets aside so much for pleasure as particularly as he sets aside so much for shoe-leather and so much for his tailor. And, talking of his tailor, what does so small a sum as twenty-eight dollars amount to. It will not buy so much as a coat for you, nor a mantle for me."

"My dear Betsy," spoke Jack, "your arguments have more weight than you think; principally because I had intended to give you the Nilsson tickets as a pleasant surprise. I shall now go down town quite convinced, and buy them strictly as a matter of economy."

And he went. It was only nine o'clock of the morning, and he was a sleek, well-shaven, well-fed, well-dressed, prosperous-looking citizen.

About eleven o'clock, as I was walking down town, a string of weary-looking men ornamented the sidewalk along three or four blocks of Sutter Street. There was the low murmur of curses among them, like the growl of an incipient commune, and a chain-gang suggestion in the tired look of their eyes, in their dust-begrimed garments, and battered hats. One of the most disreputable looking hailed me familiarly.

"Great heavens, Jack!" I cried, as I suddenly recognized my Apollo of the morning; "what in the world are you doing here?"

"Keeping my place in the Nilsson line," he replied, grimly and tersely.

"And what is the matter with you and your clothes, and all about you. You look like a tramp, Jack?"

"Nothing," he murmured, plaintively; "only that I tried to get a little ahead in the line, and these fellows put me back."

I glared savagely at "these fellows," and they returned the glare with interest. They looked like desperadoes of the blackest type, but on closer inspection they proved to be well-known and reputable citizens.

"I see Mr. Ferguson was up the line, nearly to Dupont Street," I said. "Give me the money, Jack, and we'll get him to get the tickets."

"I tried that little game half an hour ago," mur-

mured Jack, despondingly; "and that's what's the matter with my hat. These fellows wouldn't have it."

Again I glared at the fellows, but my glare had no paralyzing effect.

"This is absurd," I cried, indignantly; "every one knows that this sort of business is all carried on by telephone or message. I will send a D. T. hoy, and settle the matter in a twinkling."

"Betsy, Betsy!" shrieked Jack, with a ring of agony in his voice, as I turned on my heel to walk off; "don't, for heaven's sake! I tried a D. T. hoy. He was small, and young, and sharp, and slippery as an eel. But I fear that by this time he has been carried home to his mother, a mangled corpse. The mob set upon him when he reached the box-office, tore the hoy and the note to fragments, demanded that the agent opened no notes, then transmitted their indignation along the line till it reached me, where it stopped and spent itself. I feel like a wreck, Betsy; what do I look like?"

"Dear Jack," I cried, remorsefully, "you have suffered enough; give it up. I don't care a button for the Nilsson season. Come home and rest, and get yourself put together again; and I will sing 'Grimes's Cellar-Door' to you, and you will swear that I am a nightingale, and we shall be happy."

"Never," cried Jack, fired by my spirit of sacrifice. "After such an instance of wifely devotion, never! I will stand here till the spring rains set in, if necessary, but we will hear Nilsson. In days of old it was the custom of a martyr's wife to stand by the rack and cheer him to the last. Come and visit me at intervals, Betsy, with any nice little thing in the way of fodder that may occur to you, and I will hear up bravely."

By four o'clock he had worked his way down to the market, where the cheerful oyster sustained his fainting spirit. By five, the jostling crowd of Kearny Street prodded him with their elbows; and at six he came up the steps he had gone down in the morning so smiling, joyous, and confident, a battered wreck, but triumphant.

Instead of putting him into ill-humor, the fatigues of the day seemed to have exhilarated him. "There is really nothing," he cried, "so enjoyable as overcoming a difficulty. This idea of making a man fight for the privilege of spending his money is a novel one in the history of amusements, and I like it. The Nilsson concert will be the very intoxication of pleasure to me, because it will have been such hard work to get there, and I got the very last tickets that were sold before the box-office closed."

"My dear Jack," I say, "I fancy I am dining with greater pleasure and comfort with you than if the man ahead of you had been the last man. Can you imagine the feelings of the string of gaiter creatures behind you who were too late?"

But the successful man refused to look upon the shady side of the way. "I think perhaps they can run their own indignation," he said. "The fragments of conversation that reached my ears I turned to seek the shelter of home are not in polite circulation. In fact, Betsy, some of their very pointed remarks would have knocked your theory of economy flat."

"Jack," I said, "it was perhaps rather as a matter of duty." But Jack's lifted eyebrow was so eloquent that I ceased to explain why I wanted to go.

"Apropos," he continued, "do you know that it is really a feeling of duty which takes me so often to see the ballet? I regard it as an institution which is not sufficiently appreciated for its artistic value. If we could take those corymbes and group them on the stage, unpainted, unpowdered, unwigged, and in their every-day habiliments, what a sight it would be! Yet here, notwithstanding a trifling disparity in legs, with a bit of blue tulle, a wisp of spangle, and a caelestium light, they are transformed, and become things of beauty. Time out of mind the novelists have been writing of women superb with indignation and scorn, rising to their full height. As a matter of cold fact, no woman ever does rise to her full height, except a premiere danseuse, Cornalba, in her 'excelsior solo,' for that, like Rosalind, she is more than common tall, is a superb sight, and yet I could wish," murmured Jack, speculatively, "to see a really beautiful woman in the dance."

"Perhaps the Langtry will take to the ballet for her next sensation. She can not be expected to jog along in the old way much longer, and I fancy she is a woman who will be fertile in ideas for keeping the interest alive." But it transpires that the romantic Jack wants a dark Italian beauty. "Is it a matter of duty, I ask, that you are waiting over for the fair, the inexpressive she in the dance?"

"Yes," he said; "I wish to applaud the eternal fitness of things when she does come. At the California, people are applauding Bartley Campbell for a stirring, heart-tearing plot, Max Freeman for its gorgeous setting, Georgia Cayvan for her picturesque acting, Levick for his statuesque endurance of the Russian's heritage of misery, Louise Sylvester for emotional intensity. The ballet is regarded merely as an incidental. Yet how much of art there is even in this simple ballet. Its movements are as definite as those of a musical composition, with its introduction which might be the theme, its *gracioso*, its *adagio*, its variations, its excelsior solo, and its finale. I could wish a little drapery swinging about the plump sisters, whose pretty dance goes for nothing for lack of it; but when I realize how far we are from the home of Terpsichore, I feel quite proud of our little ballet."

"Dear Jack," I cried, "how I delight in your enthusiasm. Next week I am sure you will be raving like this over Nilsson."

But he shook his head a little dubiously. "Women will rave over her," he said. "The fair-haired Swede is essentially a woman's favorite, but so long as the world lasts, my girl, you will find the male creature's fancy wander intuitively to the ballet."

"Jack, would you stand in a line of fighting citizens all day to see a ballet?" And he made answer with such a vigorous "no," that I was satisfied.

BETSY B.

The programme for the first Nilsson concert will be as follows: Quintette in B flat, op. 87, allegro vivace, Mendelssohn Quintette Club; "Non e Ver," Signor Del Puente; "Angels ever bright and fair," Madame Christine Nilsson; Romanza, "Una furiva lagrima," Monsieur Theodore Bjorksten; The Spirit Song, Miss Hope Glenn; Duo, "La ci darem," Madame Christine Nilsson and Signor Del Puente; Violin Solo, Ails Hongrois, Mr. Isidor Schnitzler; Song, "Never Again," Miss Hope Glenn; "Jewel Song," Faust, Madame Christine Nilsson; Recit. and Aria, "Eri tu," Signor Del Puente; Boccherini Minuetto, Mendelssohn Quintette Club; Quartette, "Cosi fan tutte," Madame Christine Nilsson, Miss Glenn, M. Bjorksten, and Signor Del Puente.

CCLVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, December 10.

Artichoke Soup.
Broiled Trout, with Sliced Lemon.
Beef à la Mode. Potatoes.
Mushrooms. Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Canvas-back Ducks, with Currant-jelly Sauce.
Potato Salad.
Pancakes with Peaches.
Pears, Japanese Persimmons, and Grapes.

PANCAKES WITH PEACHES.—Make a batter with four ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of melted butter, and three eggs; mix well, put some butter in a frying-pan and fry them on both sides of a light brown color; put them on a board; put some stewed peaches or apricots on them and roll them; put a little fine sugar over and glaze them with a red-hot salamander, which is simply a round flat piece of iron fixed to an iron handle. With the round piece heated red-hot you glaze the surface of any dish after sprinkling it with sugar or bread crumbs. If no salamander is at hand, a kitchen-spatula may be used, the broad end being made red-hot.

Boston dispatches of the sixth instant state that:

The disagreement between Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Labouchere is the topic of conversation. Fred. Gebhard, who followed Mrs. Langtry to Boston, and who was the acquaintance objected to by Mrs. Labouchere, was among the first of Mrs. Langtry's New York admirers. Gebhard is a handsome young man of twenty-three, who lives at the Hotel Brunswick, keeps a four-in-hand and other equipages, all of which have been at Mrs. Langtry's command during her stay in New York. Gebhard has usually accompanied her during her drives. His father died a few years ago, leaving his son an income of about eighty thousand a year. The young man is well known at the opera and the lobbies of the principal theatres, and is a great diner-out. He has the reputation of being discreet, quiet, temperate, and economical. It is said that his bill for flowers alone during Mrs. Langtry's short engagement in New York was nearly one thousand dollars.

The readers of the *Argonaut* may remember the dissection of Mr. Gebhard made by our New York correspondent some time last May. It ran somewhat as follows: "Mr. Gebhard has his clothes, hats, boots, canes, and linen made in London, and drives a coach, a Stanhope, and a cart. He rides to hounds just like an Englishman, and can hold a glass in his eye fully twelve minutes at a time, provided he doesn't speak. His dialect is one of the most striking things on the American continent, and he always wears the colors of the Prince of Wales. He only notices the few Americans who can trace their ancestry back to English stock, and treats them with condescension truly beautiful." Mr. Gebhard since then has been jilted by Miss Louise Jerome, a lovely young New York girl to whom he was engaged. About the same time it was noised abroad that the secret of his parentage had finally been discovered, and that he is of Jewish extraction.

Prang's Prize X-mas Cards.

A FULL assortment of Prang's cards may now be found in the art and book stores.

A Christmas Novelty.

THE POPULAR Christmas card is with us again in greater variety than ever. The large prizes which Prang and other publishers offered, served to bring to the fore designs both novel and beautiful, still there were none fitting to send from California to the East and Europe; it seemed like sending coals to Newcastle. A novelty in cards, however, is being presented this season, consisting of a design representing the contrast between the winters of California and those of the East, accompanied by appropriate text. They are for sale only by S. W. & Co., 12 Post Street, Masonic Temple. This store is open every evening.

Fine Holiday Goods.

IT IS REALLY a treat to make an inspection of the elegant establishment of Burnham, Beck & Co., at No. 618 Market Street, and Nos. 15 and 17 Post Street. Here can be found carpets of every description, and ragging in price from one dollar and a quarter per yard up to the most expensive. This house is the only one that has as yet been able to place on exhibition the new style of carpet called "Smyrna;" and it is indeed one of the novelties for covering the floor. It is one yard wide, and sells at one dollar and seventy-five cents a yard, and some is offered at one dollar and fifty cents. The borders which come with these carpets are exceedingly beautiful, and are shown in different widths. Another new carpet is what is known as "Super-Ingrain." It comes in solid colors, such as olive-green, old gold, Magenta, crimson, and dark blue, with Florentine borders. It is intended principally for halls, though it makes a pretty covering for bed-rooms, and also as crumb-cloths, and is marked at one dollar and fifteen cents and one and a quarter. Then there are the latest European and Eastern designs in Axminster, Wilton, Body Brussels, etc.; but the pride of the store is a certain Moquette carpet, and this alone is certainly worth a visit. The ground is of a rich cream tint, over which are dispersed flowers and sprigs of flowers which seem to drop from the edge of a cliff through a waterfall. The border is of full width, completes the picture by bridges and waterfalls. It is a wonderfully fine and closely woven fabric, and resembles in style and appearance the Aubusson. Burnham, Beck & Co. are making a specialty of the Moquettes, as they promise to be the fashion for parlors. In the curtain department of this firm are to be seen, among the great variety, the celebrated Madras, which, when hung, gives the appearance of stained glass. They come in sets, or by the yard, at very low prices. In furniture, one might say everything is here to be found, chamber sets being offered as low as thirty dollars. There are also a great variety of pretty novelties for holiday presents.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, New York.

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—FOR AGED MEN, WOMEN, WEAK AND SICKLY children, without a rival. Will not cause headache. Brown's Iron Bitters.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

—MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN THE world, 826 Market Street, (Phelan Block).

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—GO TO Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets.

ANDREWS & STOCKWELL'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Henry E. Abbey respectfully announces the first appearance in San Francisco of

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON

IN FOUR GRAND CONCERTS, ON
Tuesday Evening, December 12th, at 8:15.
Thursday Evening, December 14th, at 8:15.
Saturday Matinee, December 16th, at 2:15 P. M.
Monday Evening, December 18th, at 8:15.

Madame Nilsson will be assisted by the following eminent Artists: MISS HOPE GLENN, Contralto; M. THEODORE BJORKSTEN, Tenor; and SIGNOR GUISEPPE DEL PUENTE, Baritone, in conjunction with the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB of Boston—CHARLES E. PRATT, Pianist.

Scale of Prices.—Season Tickets for the series of four performances, \$14. The sale of season tickets ONLY will commence on Monday, December 4th, at 10 A. M., at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s (agents Haines's pianos) music store, southwest corner Kearny and Sutter Streets, for one day ONLY. Season Tickets—\$2, \$3, and \$4, according to location. The sale of single tickets will commence on Wednesday, December 6th, at 10 A. M., at above place. MARCUS R. MAYER, General Business Manager for Henry E. Abbey.

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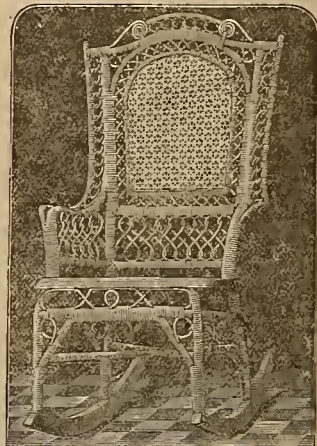
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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Something Too Much.

In Cromwell's time a maiden fair
Swung on a hell, all for her lover;
And ever since, nine times a year,
The "correspondents" man must hover

Above his scrap-hook, and take out,
To print again, unhappy wight,
Just how she said, to save her lout,
"The curfew must not ring to-night!"

I've read, once more, these verses through,
And though I have a heart that's mellow,
I wish to gracious—yes, I do—
That Cromwell had well hanged the fellow!
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Song of Solomon.

Young King Solomon,
Like all mankind, with life before 'em,
Was a right hold and jolly man,
And thought of wives he'd take a quorum;
With now and then a sort of spouse
Who didn't stand on marriage-vows,

To sugar coat them o'er.
It was a conjugal idea
That might have suited such as we are,
With Jerusalem and all Judea

To foot the score.
Young King Sol—
Fol de rol lol;
Fol de rol lol;

If ever any ache or ill he had,
He soothed it with these balms of Gilead—
Young King Sol!
He drank, and danced, and played the 'cello,
Wrote songs, and sang, like a gay fellow,
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol—
Young King Sol!

Brave King Solomon
Kept marrying till people wondered
To see a wise and holy man
Run up a score of seven hundred;
But, though he took the sugar-coats
Right merrily as an antidote,

He got an overdose.
Just think of his domestic hothers!
Seven hundred wives—three hundred others
Almost as bad—and all their mothers—
At once broke loose!
Brave King Sol—
Fol de rol lol;
Fol de rol lol;

He saw his load, and tried to pack it;
But when he had to face the racket—
Brave King Sol!
He danced no more, nor played the 'cello,
But, like a Bashan hull, would bellow,
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol—
Brave King Sol!

Poor King Solomon,
In youth so gay and level-headed,
Became a melancholy man,
Being too much concubined and wedded;
Oh, pity him his thousand wives,
Ye generous married men, whose lives
Are miserable with one!

For, surely he had come to hate 'em,
When he declared them, *seriatim*,
As *vanitas vanitatum*
Beneath the sun.
Poor King Sol—
Fol de rol lol;
Fol de rol lol;

He sank at last upon the stony
And cheerless road of matrimony—
Poor King Sol!
With somewhat of his fate before us,
Let's solemnly repeat the chorus:
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol—
Poor old Sol!

FRESNO, Nov. 29, 1882. JOSEPH T. GOODMAN.

The Wheel.

See the wheeler with his wheel,
Silent wheel.
How many murderous thoughts pass through our
mind as past he steals;
As he glides along the pave
With the silence of the grave.
And the crystalline glittering of nickel-plated steel
Bursts upon the enraptured sight,
As it flashes dazzling light,
Till the gamins, with delight,
(Which the ordinary mortal and pedestrian can not
feel),
Yell out, "See the blooming hijit on his alitood'nous
wheel,
On his lofty, and exalted, and velocipedic wheel;
On his wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel,
wheel,
On his lofty and velocipedic wheel.

Hear the tinkling of his bell,
Little bell.
As it warns the folks to give him room before he gives
them—Tophet.
And he dings it all the while,
With a feeble, vacant smile,
As he works his number twelve in a rhythmic kind of
style.

And the people, ah! they think,
When they hear that tinkle tink,
"Here comes old Darwin's lost one; here comes the
missing link!"
And they positively feel
Like smashing up his wheel,
And implanting on his pantaloons some wounds that
wouldn't heal,
That would cause him to stand upright as he takes
his midday meal,
And would give him heaps of trouble as he sat upon
his wheel,
On his wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel,
wheel,
On his nickel-plated, highly polished wheel.
—*Unknown Liar.*

A TRUE ASSISTANT TO NATURE IN RESTORING
system to perfect health, thus enabling it to resist
disease, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]



Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will entirely cure the worst forms of female diseases."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and headache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only \$1. per bottle or six for \$5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity."

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
is one of the very few tonic
medicines that are not com-
posed mostly of alcohol or
whiskey, thus becoming a
fruitful source of intemper-
ance by promoting a desire
for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
is guaranteed to be a non-
intoxicating stimulant, and
it will, in nearly every case,
take the place of all liquor,
and at the same time abso-
lutely kill the desire for
whiskey and other intoxi-
cating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of
the *American Christian Re-
view*, says of Brown's Iron
Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.

Gents:—The foolish wast-
ing of vital force in business,
pleasure, and vicious indul-
gence of our people, makes
your preparation a necessity;
and if applied, will save hun-
dreds who resort to saloons
for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
has been thoroughly tested
for dyspepsia, indigestion,
biliousness, weakness, debil-
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troubles, &c., and it never
fails to render speedy and
permanent relief.

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For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bron-
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The few compositions which have won the confidence of mankind and become household words, among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, or maintained it so long, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvelous cures, that have won for it a confidence in its virtues never equalled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cures of Coughs, Colds, and Consumption that can be made by medical skill. Indeed, the CHERRY PECTORAL has really robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors to a great extent, and given a feeling of immunity from their painful effects, that is well founded, if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely defense. The prudent should not neglect it, and the wise will not keep it by you for the protection it affords by its early use in sudden attacks.

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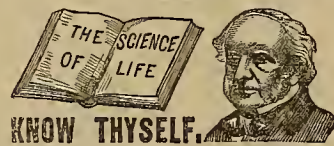
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BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of November, 1882, an assessment (No. 25) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the 22nd day of December, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 12th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of November, 1882, an assessment (No. 6) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 29th day of December, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 26th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco Cal.



Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

THUNDER POWDER COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Alameda County, California.

NOTICE.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name	Cert. No.	No. Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy	3	5	\$2 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	37	19,000	4,900 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	73	200	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	74	300	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley	4	5	not issued 2 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee	5	995	398 00
W. W. Dodge	6	5	2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee	7	995	398 00
E. G. Waite	8	5	2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee	9	2,495	998 00
Geo. W. Prescott	10	5	2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee	11	995	398 00
Wm. Sherman	12	5	2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee	13	2,495	998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee	14	1,000	400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee	15	2,000	800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	16	1,000	400 00
M. Balbridge, Trustee	17	1,500	not issued 600 00
Fred'k Lux, Trustee	18	1,000	400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee	19	2,000	800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee	20	1,000	400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee	21	500	200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee	22	500	200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee	23	1,000	400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee	24	1,000	400 00
Walter Mead, Trustee	25	500	not issued 200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee	26	500	200 00
E. E. Frasier, Trustee	27	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee	28	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee	29	1,000	400 00
L. C. Kelly, Trustee	30	1,000	400 00
Chas. S. Neal	31	5	2 00
Wm. F. Flick	32	5	2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins	33	5	2 00
Wm. Wilson	34	5	2 00
Benj. Teal	35	5	2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee	36	5	2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee	37	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee	38	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee	39	1,000	400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee	40	1,000	400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee	41	3,000	not issued 1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee	42	3,000	1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee	43	1,000	400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee	44	500	200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	45	500	200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee	46	200	80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee	47	100	40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee	48	50	20 00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee	49	50	20 00
A. P. Bauton, Trustee	50	50	20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee	51	50	not issued 20 00
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee	52	250	100 00
H. Hafen, Trustee	53	250	100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	54	1,000	400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee	55	500	200 00
Jas. S. Porteous, Trustee	56	500	200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee	57	100	40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the company's office, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.
Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the sixteenth (16th) day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the thirtieth (30th) day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the sixth (6th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the thirteenth (13th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the twentieth (20th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the twenty-seventh (27th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the eleventh (11th) day of December, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 22nd day of November, 1882, an assessment (No. 10) of twenty-five cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the twenty-seventh day of December, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 17th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco Cal.

R. H. McDonald,
President,
San Francisco,
Cal.

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Established
1863.
Capital Stock
\$1,000,000.00
Surplus 460,800.70

San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1882.

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Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,363 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

This Bank has special facilities for doing all kinds of banking business.

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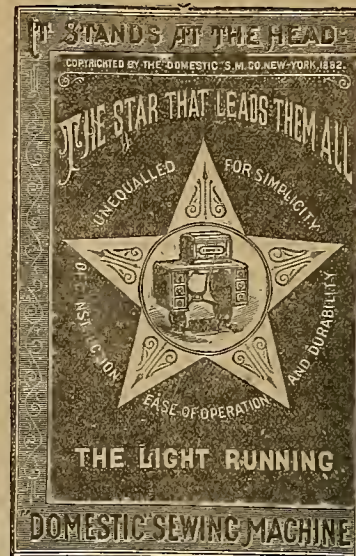
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DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, Dec. 5, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 36) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was declared, payable on Friday, Dec. 15th, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close Dec. 9, 1882, at 3 P. M. JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, December 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 48, of Twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, December 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary. Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

EXTRA DIVIDEND NOTICE—Office

of the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, December 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, an extra dividend (No. 49), of twenty-five cents per share, was declared, payable on Tuesday, December 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary. Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 25.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 16, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

A Picture of the Earth's Condition after the Fiery Cataclysm of 1883.

Sequel to "Into the Sun."

* * * * *

"Where am I?" I exclaimed, as I rubbed my eyes and looked around me, gazing with mingled curiosity and awe on the unaccustomed objects which I saw.

There responded a long-bearded and grey-serged man in an unknown tongue, as he bent over the pallet on which I was lying, and proceeded to anoint my skin, (I perceived that I was naked,) with an unguent that recalled the fancied perfume of some oriental nard that I had read of, but could not at the moment identify.

I tried to raise my head from the pillow, but the muscles refused to respond to the action of the will. Helplessly I dropped my eyes to the inferior portion of my frame, and he-held, with sickening apprehension, that I was scarred and blistered from neck to foot. At the same time I perceived that I was lying upon robes or sheets of the finest silk. Such extraordinary care contrasted strangely with the paltry surroundings of the chamber, and such luxury applied to myself—for the extent of it I could appreciate—strangely with the seemingly ascetic poverty of the person who stood beside me. I had no difficulty, however, in determining, from the architectural points of the chamber, and the features, dress, and intonation of my companion, that I was in some Mongolian settlement—how or where was an inconceivable mystery. Memory, for the moment was a blank. Suddenly a flood of thought surged through my brain. In an instant I recalled the events of that fearful day in San Francisco—the ascent in the balloon, the aspect of the ruined city, the tragic death of the doctor, and my own imminent destruction when I became senseless.

How long I had lain in a comatose condition, I, of course, do not know; but, judging from the extraordinary distance traversed in the interim, either the time must have been considerable, or I must have been hurled with inconceivable velocity, in the heart of the storm, to where I now lay.

To cross an ocean and hundreds of leagues of continent in a condition of insensibility does not fall to the lot of every one, and my astonishment may be imagined when I at last discovered how I had been found by the monks of the Buddhist monastery of Badid upon the northern slope of the Himalayas, on a plateau near by, lying apparently dead, near the fragments of what had once been the balloon and car.

My theory is that my balloon was caught up by a body of heated air of vast volume, when about to plunge into the fiery abyss, and that this body of air, naturally rising to an upper stratum, was, in its turn, pressed forward by an air-current of tremendous velocity, naturally following the westward course of the sun. My strange appearance and the extraordinary manner in which I had reached their neighborhood, coupled with the recent tremendous spectacle which they had witnessed in the nocturnal heavens—for by the time the sun had risen upon Central Asia the force of the comet's collision had been spent, and the heat experienced at this altitude had been barely sufficient to melt a few feet of the everlasting snows—the entire circumstances attending my advent among them, I repeat, had caused them to regard me with a certain superstitious awe, and to treat me with the consideration I have already referred to.

So far as this portion of our earth was concerned, the fierce and fiery cataclysm, which had wrought such ruin upon those regions subjected to the full potency of the blazing orb, had been represented only by the terrible auroral display, which, according to the monks, had traveled round the half circuit of the heavens from west to east in blood-red anger, but had faded away before the first beams of morning brightened the sky. They regarded it, I also learned, as a presage of the second coming of the original Buddha.

The seclusion of the Tibetan highlanders is so great, and their intercourse with the outside world so limited and infrequent, that it was weeks before the vague and terrible rumors, which were wafted faintly from the lowlands of China, began to impress them more strongly with the possible truth of the terrible story which I had attempted to convey to them by signs and broken expressions.

Day by day the desire became more intense within me to revisit the haunts of men, and learn the worst regarding the catastrophe. I had already acquired, during my two months' sojourn at the monastery, a sufficient acquaintance with the Tibetan tongue to enable me to express myself upon ordinary topics with considerable fluency, and my representations exercised such an effect upon Dchiamdcham, one of the most enlightened of the monks, that he yielded to my solicitations and consented to persuade the rest to make a journey of exploration. As by degrees I gained greater command of the language, and Dchiamdcham and myself managed to reach the intellects of the monks, blinded as they were by ignorance and prejudice, and blurred by superstition, it became evident that their curiosity was becoming piqued as fast as their feelings were becoming interested. When the spring opened, and the snows melted away upon the surrounding slopes, they were ready to accompany me on an expedition to the plains. Dchiamdcham had not in vain employed his arguments, and exhausted his store of rhetoric, in

convincing his brethren that one of their main duties lay, in a case of this sort, in assisting mankind. Accordingly a troop of thirty of the youngest members of the society were drafted for the expedition, the rest, including the older and weaker of the brethren, being left to guard the several interests of the fraternity. The villages and settlements we passed upon our way for the first two days were tenanted by natives who repeated the strange tales we had previously heard.

A day or two later, after crossing many spurs and mountain ranges, we debouched upon the Valley of the Kinsha Kiang, or, as it is called during its lower course, the Yang-tze Kiang. As we gradually descended from the higher plateaus we entered regions where the vegetation was parched and lifeless. Houses and villages were either desolate or tenanted only by half-famished creatures, who answered our questions in a dazed and bewildered way. Despair seemed to have settled on them. Their flocks and herds seemed scarcely able to sustain existence upon the scant and desiccated herbage. A calamity, which they were able neither to comprehend nor cope with, had fallen upon them and deprived them of heart and courage.

We had remarked for the past few days that the climate had changed to a greater degree than would, under ordinary circumstances, have been the case. Humidity was its prevailing feature. Dense cloud-masses rolled over our heads and obscured the sun. As we neared the Chinese lowlands rain fell almost incessantly. The same scenes met our gaze which we had encountered in the more mountainous country, only intensified in their ghastly significance. Dead and decaying bodies of men, women, children, and domestic animals lay promiscuously about at every turn, and in every conceivable posture, as if they had been stricken by some fell pestilence.

As we gazed, the heavens shed sluggish rain-drops as though weeping. It was only too convincing, the awful thought that here, at the western limit of the vast realm of China, we stood at the gates of a tremendous cemetery, rich with the steaming remains of hundreds of millions of human creatures, and countless myriads of species of the animal and vegetable kingdom.

After two weeks of travel we reached the plains. No living thing was there. The earth, however, was clad in verdure. In some mysterious manner it was evident that the germs of certain forms of vegetable life had survived. Wheat, rice, poppies, and weeds grew up together in luxurious confusion, as though sown broadcast over the land. The scene reminded me of some vast Western prairie. The croaking of frogs, heard by night, proved that, at all events, this form of amphibious life had survived the elemental crisis. Fish, too, abounded in the rivers.

It is needless to relate at length the details of our progress to the sea. In the course of six weeks we reached the seaport of Macao, on the southern coast. Here everything was wrecked, ruined, and scorched, as though subjected to a blast-furnace. Merchandise and commodities of all sorts were baked into utter desiccation. The shipping in the harbor, where it had not been absolutely wrecked or sunk, rose and fell with the pulsations of the waves, planks and timbers yawning and starting from their places. Still, this city had not experienced the same terrible fate that had befallen San Francisco. The force of the convulsion had been spent before its effects had reached this quarter of the globe, though so far as animal life was concerned the results had been identical in both cases. An iron steamer was found in the harbor which it was possible to refit, and, after several weeks' work, she was rendered seaworthy, while her engines had not suffered materially from the heat. Having stocked this vessel with fuel, from a coal-yard whose contents had been converted into excellent coke by the solar action, and a sufficient cargo of rice, also luckily found but little parched, in the month of September, about a year after the cometary crisis, the vessel, manned by this strange crew of amateur sailors, and under such singular auspices, steamed slowly out of the harbor of Macao with the determination of visiting other portions of the earth.

The vessel was called the *Euphemia*, and her crew numbered thirty-one, all told. The monk Dchiamdcham, as was natural, was chosen captain of the expedition, while the control of the engine-room was assigned to myself. Luckily for the first week or more we encountered no severe weather, by which time the monks had opportunity to acquire the use of their sea-legs, and to make themselves familiar with the unaccustomed duties of sailor-life. Their duties naturally consisted in keeping things clean, and attending to the furnaces rather than in seamanship, though Dchiamdcham's capacity, combined with such little instruction as I was able to offer, gradually taught them the use of the ropes and the management of the sails, (some of which we had fortunately found uninjured,) which was an essential requirement for the prosecution of our enterprise, as we could not tell when we might ever fall in with another supply of coal.

It had been a moot question in which direction we should travel after leaving Macao. Prudence had suggested to me that our wisest course would be westward, to those Asiatic countries which had presumably escaped the full effects of the elemental visitation. We accordingly steered, as nearly as I could calculate, in a southerly direction, for the Indian Archipelago, hoping sooner or later to find the Straits of Anjer or the Gilolo Passage. But the fates had decreed otherwise. For the first ten days we experienced mild and favorable

weather, and our dead reckoning, as well as the increasing declination of the Pole Star, showed that we were approaching the Islands, when we encountered one of those typhoons which are of by no means rare occurrence on the China Sea. By the time that the violence of the gale was spent we had been driven far eastward, over the waters of the Pacific—how far, we had no means of ascertaining, for in the absence of a chronometer and almanac, it was impossible to approximate the longitude.

From the sun's meridian altitude, I determined that we were about twenty degrees north of the equator; also, that, judging from an estimated dead reckoning, the nearest land in our proposed course was the Sandwich Islands. The desire was strong within me to revisit California, and learn the full extent of the catastrophe I had witnessed from the balloon. Not many days after, the eastern horizon resolved itself into a long line of cloud, and I had no difficulty in recognizing the contour of the Coast Range Mountains to the south of the town of Monterey. The aspect of the beach, of the headlands, of the white surf of the bay, was perfectly familiar, and the brown appearance of plain and highland was just as might have been expected at that season of the year. The sea was destitute of ships. No sea-birds were to be seen; nor did the white and glistening houses at either extremity of the bay suggest the looks of Monterey and Santa Cruz. Instead of this, irregular ruins seemed to mark the sites of these well-known watering places. On the afternoon of the following day, we sighted the Golden Gate. It was a calm and cloudless day—such a day as, a year ago, would have called out innumerable vehicles to the ocean beach. We steamed slowly north, past the spot where the Ocean House had once been. The sudden turning of a point brought us in full view of the Cliff House, or rather the spot it had once occupied, for no building of any kind was to be seen. The outline of Seal Rock rose from the water, with the spray dashing white against its sides, but the glossy colony that had once sported there was gone. No difference was apparent in the bare and russet aspect of the bluffs overlooking the entrance to the bay. It is true that there were no signs of living vegetation visible, but that was normal for California in summer time. Our vessel steamed onward to the harbor, and came abreast of Fort Point. No fierce bombardment could have produced a spectacle of completer ruin. The fiery heat which failed to melt rocks, could nevertheless crumble mortar and cement to powder, and a shapeless pile of brick, with here and there a mass of iron showing through it, was all that remained of that solid structure once bristling with heavy ordnance. The officers' quarters and the Presidio barracks presented a similar spectacle of desolation. Alcatraz was also dismantled, while of the houses and streets which covered the hills between the Presidio and the city scarce a vestige could be seen.

At length we steamed round Black Point and came in full view of the site of the city. The destruction that had fallen upon the ponderous brick fortifications had visited with redoubled force the wooden structures which composed the bulk of the streets. Only the lines of the broadest thoroughfares were defined. Those running east and west from the wharves to the hills were indistinguishable. Piles of charred timber demonstrated the extent and intensity of the conflagration. The wharves were burned nearly to the water's edge, the tops of the piles, however, showing that the tide was lower now than at the time of the catastrophe. The shipping seemed to have shared the general fate, as not a vessel was to be seen, though the bay, with its islands and the shores lining it, looked as normal as ever.

At sundown we cast anchor in the stream about a mile from what was once the city front, Dchiamdcham and myself determining to go ashore in the morning and inspect the ruined city. After dark I was pacing the deck, when a sight from the direction of the city arrested my attention. There, in the heart of it, among the ruins, shone and twinkled a light. I mentally endeavored to locate it, and came to the conclusion that it originated in the neighborhood of Montgomery or Kearny Streets, and in the line of California or Pine. My surprise was still further increased, when I presently beheld a second, but much dimmer light, leaving the first and traveling slowly from it. Then this light stopped, shone for a few minutes, and finally disappeared. Evidently, I reasoned, those lights indicate the presence of human beings.

Accordingly, next morning, Dchiamdcham and myself left the ship's side in our only boat, and landed where the Oakland ferry depot, at the foot of Market Street, used to stand. After mooring the boat to the remnant of a pile formerly belonging to one of the slips, we clambered over the debris of the railroad offices and succeeded in gaining firm footing on the shore. The open area in front of the company's offices, where the various city cars converge to a terminus, presented a space comparatively free from debris, but the lines of all the streets running cityward, from Sacramento to Pacific, were literally choked and rendered impassable by charred and formless ruins. Market Street alone, by reason of its great breadth, was practicable for a pedestrian, though even on this wide thoroughfare, blocks of masonry from the lofty warehouses which had once adorned it, necessitated either climbing over or making a circuit around them.

We pushed on as best we could, Dchiamdcham and myself, till we reached the intersection of Montgomery

Here our farther progress was arrested by a gigantic mass of masonry which had once composed the Palace Hotel. Such a pile of awful and indescribable confusion as was here witnessed in the destruction of one of the largest edifices on earth struck dismay to the soul of even the philosophical Dchiamdcham. The material of the vast rectangle had toppled over an area of at least two acres, choking not only its own proper ground, but also the surrounding thoroughfares for many yards. Masses of charred furniture and rusty iron were dispersed through the heterogeneous pile, while here and there a ghastly skeleton seemed striving to free itself from its encumbering tomb, or a fleshless skull grinned mockingly through the environment of a blackened window-sash, like a hideous painting from its frame. Even as we looked, the sudden lapse of a crumbling fragment frightened from their lairs a horde of sleek and whiskered rats, which glared at us with keen eyes, as though undecided whether to hazard an attack. Life, such as it was, had evidently survived, in some of the forms best suited to the exigencies of the case—a terrible travesty on the doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

Sick at heart and shuddering at the spectacle, we turned abruptly to the right, and groped our way as best we could down the line of Montgomery Street. Past what I recognized as some mullions from the Masonic Temple at the corner of Post Street; past the spot where once stood the Lick House; past the shapeless piles of brick and stone which once belonged to the Occidental Hotel and Russ House blocks, we neared the intersection of Pine Street. Here a peculiar sound arrested my attention. I stopped to listen. It was a regular, monotonous, dull, clinking sound. I had heard it thousands of times before, and it thrilled my soul to hear it. I clutched Dchiamdcham by the arm, and dragged him on over a pile of rubbish that lay in front of what had once been Nevada Block. As we gained the top of the pile I beheld a sight so unaccountable, so utterly at variance with my surroundings and my preconceived notions of what I might expect, that I stood transfixed and speechless. There, directly on the ruins of the Nevada Bank, I saw two men in conventional miner's garb; one sitting on a convenient block and leaning on his pick, the other standing and wielding the same implement to the sound I had already heard. An involuntary exclamation of surprise escaped me, at which the men looked up. Their astonishment was equal to our own, and mutual explanations were in order. It seemed that these men had been working on a shift in the fourteen-hundred-foot level of one of the Comstock mines on the day of the cometary catastrophe. At sunrise, when the heat became more oppressive, a signal had been given from the surface for the miners to ascend. These two men were working in an out-of-the-way drift at the time, and did not hear the signal. At noon they discovered the departure of their comrades, but could not divine the reason. Finding themselves alone in the mine, they signalled to be taken up. No notice was taken of their signal, and next day, becoming thoroughly alarmed, they had perilously climbed up the bucket-rope from level to level till they gained the surface. Nothing but corpses of the dead and ruined buildings met their gaze, nor could they account for the condition of things by any natural means. The very accident of having been forgotten in the mine saved them; for the heat there, always oppressive, had not been materially augmented at such a depth below the surface of the earth.

By the time they emerged the elemental crisis was over. Bewildered, they wandered forth to find the country ghastly with death. Instinctively they sought the mountains, and found upon the higher slopes of the Sierra Nevada a hunter's hut that had survived the melting of the everlasting snows. They discovered, too, that a few more beings, like themselves, had survived what they now perceived to have been a natural convulsion, though they could not, of course, have any idea of its extent. They subsisted during the winter on roots and ground animals, which had been protected by snow. A potato patch similarly protected had luckily been found. Early in the year they struck out for San Francisco, where, in spite of the ghastly surroundings, the old mining passion seized them, and they determined to prospect the basement of the Nevada Bank, trusting to luck for the means of hereafter utilizing what they might acquire. But they could not live without food, and several months had now been expended in trips to the mountains to accomplish the result of a thriving potato patch in what had formerly been a millionaire's garden. They had scarcely commenced operations on our arrival, and immediately offered us equal shares in the recovered hullo if we would assist them and afterward carry them off.

The extraordinary recital of these men convinced me that, after all, the destructive effects of the conflagration were not as wide-spread as, at first sight, they would seem to be. It would, however, be tedious to relate the explorations we made in this and other countries. The general result was the same, though details varied, of course, with conditions. Suffice it to say that to-day, at a distance of ten years from that disastrous day, in the summer of 1893, the earth smiles and blossoms once more, though they are the smiles and blossoms of a wilderness. Our men and our women are fewer, but they are simpler, handsomer, and harder. Our domestic animals and our cultivated crops follow the same rule. We have no arts or sciences, for we have no use for them. Dchiamdcham and his brother monks have forsaken asceticism in view of the novel requirements of life, and though we follow no formulated religion, and have no laws, we are all good, because there is no interest in being bad.

UTOPIA, 1893.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

It may interest the readers of the above to learn that Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, the author of that ingenious and startling book "Atlantis," which appeared last year, has just written a new hook entitled "Ragnarok." The title of the hook is derived from the Scandinavian *Sagas*, or legends, and means "the darkness of the gods." The hook advances the theory that the earth was once struck by a comet, and that the drift, which geologists attribute to the action of glaciers, is the result of that catastrophe; and, further, that after the contact of the comet with the earth came a succession of calamities of fire, and flood, and snow, and ice, which destroyed nearly all the inhabitants. In support of his startling theory Mr. Donnelly has marshaled an immense amount of testimony from science, history, and legendary lore.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Fettered by Fate.

"I can not marry you."

Against the mullioned windows of Brierton Villa the snow and sleet, driven with terrible force by a northeast gale, was heating fiercely, and as the wind caught up the white particles and whirled them around in eddying circles, it seemed to shriek in very glee at the destruction that strewed its path on every side. Old oaks, whose gnarled and twisted limbs had stood out bravely against the storms of centuries, howled beneath the blast, and trembled and shook like aspens in a summer breeze. To the westward lay the ocean, and above the noise of warring elements came the hoarse roar of the surf as it beat upon Dead Man's Reef. And could human eyesight have pierced the gloom that hung alike over land and wave, one might have seen great ships, stanchly built and bravely manned, tossed about on the yeasty surface of the waters as thistle-down is blown hither and yon by the zephyrs of a summer morning. Well might the mariner, as he lashed himself to a hottle of rum before going on deck, think of the cheerful fireside at home, around which clustered the bright-eyed children whose chubby arms would never again be twined around papa's neck and their little rosebud mouths be lifted to his for a kiss in case he was run over by a railroad train after getting ashore.

A wild night, indeed! And yet, as George W. Simpson stood there in the parlor of Brierton Villa, he heeded not the storm, for in his heart there was a dull pain, and on his face a look of anguish—a sort of my-other-suspender-has-broken expression that was indeed pitiful. Eulalie McGirly-girt, to win whose love he would freely have sacrificed his sister's chances for a matinee ticket, had told him that his hopes were vain; that he could never become her honny bridegroom. Suddenly he turned to her and spoke again: "But you might at least," he said, "tell me why it is that all my rose-tinted dreams of future happiness must vanish, and I go forth to peer forever into a gloomy vista of toeless stockings and undershirts forever hereof of huttons. Surely my unswerving faith that you would hold out as long as the candy-store did, and my untiring devotion in the line of oysters, deserve a more kindly recognition than this."

"I know that all you say is true," replies the girl, choking back a sob; "and I love you better than all the world besides; but I can not, must not marry you."

But now George is by her side. "I demand to know," he says, passionately, "why it is that you will not marry me if you love me as you say you do."

Looking up to him, her brown eyes suffused with tears, and her dimpled cheeks aflame with blushes, Eulalie says, in low bitter tones:

"I have cold feet."—Chicago Tribune Novelist.

Fables.

A Chicago lady once Applied to a Learned Judge for a Divorce. "What is the Name of the Husband?" inquired the Learned Judge. "I have no Husband yet, but Inasmuch as I contemplate matrimony, I felt that I should be prepared for the Worst."

An editor once Owned three hundred Thousand dollars' worth of Railroad stock, twenty One-Thousand-Dollar Government bonds, six white Shirts, a country Residence on the Hudson, a farm in Illinois, a span of Horses and a Wagon, two suits of Clothes, and a Plug bat. This fable Teaches that all the Liars are Not Dead Yet.

A Lady stepped upon a Banana skin and Fell to the Pavement with a Dull, Sickening Thud. A hard-hearted Man, passing that Way, laughed Coldly, and refused Assistance. "Sir," exclaimed the Lady, "I have Seen enough of you to Convince me that you Are no Gentleman." "And I," retorted the Malicious man, "have Seen Enough to inspire Me with a Similar Opinion concerning yourself."

A Dog and his Tail fell into a Dispute as to which should Wag the Other. An itinerant Wasp, passing that Way, casually Remarked: "Speaking of Tails reminds me that I Possess one which May possibly be Influential enough to Wag you Both." This fable Teaches that Ten cents' worth of Dynamite is a bigger man than a Church Steeple.

A Precocious boy was once Afflicted with a Boil in that Locality of his Anatomy which is Seldom mentioned in Polite society. To him a Playmate addressed Words of Condolence. "Oh," replied the Precocious boy, "I'm not so Powerful had off, After all. This Boil has Taught me, in its Quiet, unobtrusive way, what Mantel-Pieces were Made for, as you yourself shall Learn if you will Stay and See me Eat my Supper." This fable Teaches that All created things have their Spheres to Fill in this Life.

A Person passing a Barn-yard was observed by a Mule to be in Distress. "Tell me," said the Mule, "what is the Cause of your Sorrow, that I may Sympathize with you." "Alas," said the man, "I am Dead Broke and I know not how to Mend my Fortunes." "If you will just Step inside of this Yard," remarked the Mule, in a kindly tone, "I will Try to make a Raise for You." The man Did so; and the Fact that his Hat was Found in the Adjoining State the next Day warrants the Belief that the Mule fulfilled his Pledge.

A sympathetic pawnbroker once Called upon an Afflicted Clothing Merchant to Condole with him upon the Loss of his Wife. "Moses," quoth he: "you were so Wild with Grief when I saw you Sitting by the Coffin, yesterday, that I could not Bear the Sight, but Crept away Weeping." "Were you Not by the Grave?" inquired Moses, removing the Handkerchief from his Eyes. "No," replied Abraham, "I was Not by the Grave—I was too much Broken up with Seeing you by the Coffin." "Oh," exclaimed Moses, "you Should have Been by the grave—I just raised h—ll by the grave!" This fable Teaches that the Depth of Human Sorrow is Boundless.—Denver Tribune.

There is a story told of a party of distressed mariners, who, shipwrecked on an unknown coast, journeyed inland with many fears and much trepidation until they beheld a gibbet crowning an eminence, when they thanked God and took courage. They were sure that they were in a civilized country.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, at present in Paris, possesses herculean strength. As an evidence of it, it is related that when he visits one of his intimate friends and does not find him at home he is accustomed, instead of leaving his card, to leave a piece of silver money, which he doubles with his fingers as easily as if it were but a hit of card-board.

Mrs. Thomas Payne is recorded as being the youngest bride in the United States, not having yet reached her teens, though tending toward them slowly. She is eleven and a half years old, and her husband is a South Carolina parson. He is probably familiar with the hymn commencing: "There is a land of pure delight." Many pious people will remember the rest of the stanza.

At a Boston dinner-party, the other evening, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe expressed emphatically her dislike and disapproval of Governor-elect Butler, and finally declared that she never would allow him to be presented to her. "But if you were at a friend's house, and she presented him, not knowing your feelings, what would you do?" asked a friend. "Oh," was the reply, "it would not be myself, but the lady's guest, who would know General Butler."

Anthony Trollope was buried in Kensal Green. He has left three unfinished novels, two of which are running in periodicals. His total work has been fifty novels, besides other hooks, in thirty years. He always made it a rule the very day he finished one novel to begin another, and worked with great method. Indeed, he even left a record of the number of words contained in his works, the grand total being something tremendous. It is understood that he died possessed of very ample means.

The Sultan is despondent through the failure of his intrigue in Egypt and the iron pressure of England. He also fears assassination. He is a prey to the most fearful fits of depression, becomes frantic in his terror, and shrieks at imaginary enemies, makes and unmakes ministers in twenty-four hours, and altogether presents a pitiable spectacle. His dread of assassination has become like a perpetual nightmare. He tells every one that he will meet the fate of his brother, and if his hallucinations do not carry him off, this is quite possible.

Mrs. Stanford will reside in New York this winter. She is reputed to have the finest diamonds in that city, except Mrs. John Jacob Astor's. She improved the opportunity presented by a fashionable wedding in an up-town church the other day to show them all on her person at one time. Many ladies thought it a strange place to appear quite so brilliantly hedecked; but, perhaps, envy was quite an element in their criticisms. The lady wore a magnificent necklace of diamonds, while below it, extending from shoulder to shoulder, was a row of splendid gems four inches deep. Her ears, head, arms, and dress were ablaze with jewels.

Captain Shaw, of the London Fire Brigade, who has just returned from a visit to the States, where he has been on a tour of investigation as to fire matters, is a great friend and favorite of the Prince, and though his position as head of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade would hardly be a very high one socially, the effect of his royal patron's friendship and familiarity shows itself not only in the willing association he gets from all the young swells in the club, with whom as a man and jovial companion he is immensely popular, but in the fact that when Mrs. Shaw gives a ball other entertainments at greater houses on the same night are deserted in favor of the captain's wife, there being a predominance of men among the deserters perhaps.

Charles T. Vansant, who was killed on a Pennsylvania railroad the other evening, was the hero of one of the most gallant episodes of the late war. He bore the colors of his regiment at Ball's Bluff, and when, during a desperate charge, his colonel was shot, he bore him from the field, and then returned amid a shower of bullets to rescue the flag. Five times it was captured by the rebels, and regained by Vansant in a hand-to-hand struggle. At last he broke away with the flag and reached the river. His enemies were at his very heels, but he plunged into the water, dived to the bottom, placed the flag there under a stone, and then swam to the other shore and escaped. Afterward he revisited the spot, and succeeded in finding and restoring to the regiment the flag he had so desperately defended.

It has been rumored from time to time that Lord Ripon intended to mark his conversion to the Roman faith by restoring at least a part of Fountains Abbey. Certainly, if there is to be a revival of monastic institutions in England, it would be most desirable, from an archaeological point of view, that it should be the means of restoring some of the magnificent remains now scattered over the country. Lord Ripon is very rich, and has only one child, Lord de Grey. Fountains was part of the great estate hequeathed to his father in 1845 by a remote kinswoman, Mrs. Lawrence. In 1822, when the fall of five arches of the cloister threatened the destruction of the arcade, they were rebuilt, and the entire roof was shored up. Ten years later the tower was rebuilt, and in 1840 other important repairs were made.

A discouraging object of attack for autograph-hunters is Madame Christine Nilsson. One of the fraternity, althum in hand, managed to gain access to her parlor the other day. But the moment he made his errand known, she arose in all her dignity, and, pointing to the door, exclaimed: "You go right out of that door, this instant!" And he went. However, a few days ago she yielded to an importunate applicant. Glancing through the hook, she saw on the last page the inscription: "Last but not least. Adeline Patti." Seizing a pen she wrote on the inside of the cover, facing this: "Last and least. Christine Nilsson Rouzeaud." Madame Nilsson evidently does not suffer from any form of stage-fright. At her concert in Boston, when her duet with Miss Glenn was reached on the programme, she advanced alone to the footlights, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Glenn has such a bad cold that she can't sing in the duet. If you don't mind much I will sing a solo;" and then, amid much applause, announced the name of the improvised selection.

LABORERS IN HAWAII.

[EDITORS ARGONAUT: The following I wrote while in the Sandwich Islands, from facts and impressions I received during two months thorough acquaintance with the subjects referred to. I submit it to you because it tells some things which have not yet been told in regard to island matters, and because the *Argonaut* has evinced a determination to treat the subject fairly.]

I must say something about the laboring classes here, for whom these Islands are as near paradise as any of us may expect to get while we still labor. The natives do not work on the plantations in any considerable numbers, so the planters have been compelled to induce immigration from various other countries, while there are thousands of natives idling about. Various causes contribute to make the life and condition of the foreign laboring element here particularly favorable. In the first place, labor here is very scarce, and in great demand at from twenty-five to thirty dollars per month, including homes and food. This scarcity compels the planters to give their hands very good care, not only in the matter of food and sleeping accommodations, but also in the matter of personal treatment, in order to induce them to remain after the expiration of one contract and enter into another. Otherwise, at the expiration of his contract a laborer will accept a higher offer from a neighboring planter, and leave his old employer short-handed, and with no labor market to supply his wants from. This puts the matter of treatment of laborers upon about as simple and plain a business basis as could be imagined.

No matter what his inclinations may be, an overseer here must curb his desire to treat his men roughly, because a planter will not have an overseer who deprives him of his valuable labor. But, of course, human nature can not always be controlled by even so strong a motive as self-interest, and sometimes a hot-tempered overseer will cuff an insolent laborer—but often to regret it in more ways than one. It not only puts an overseer in bad odor with his employer, but results in his being punished by the law, invariably and severely. Of the magistrates or justices, who have jurisdiction of cases under the Master and Servant Act, twenty-three of the total number of twenty-eight are natives. There is nothing on earth that so pleases a native as an opportunity to "come down heavy" on a foreigner. Upon the slightest provocation these native justices will promptly, and with much dignity, order the arrest of a complained-of overseer, and the complaining witness need not have his testimony very carefully corroborated to secure an overseer's conviction.

Although I have known few cases where overseers have been unjustly fined, yet I applaud the general effect of the system, as it undoubtedly prevents acts of cruelty which might occur otherwise, despite the other motives for kind treatment. These conditions, of course, put the laborers here upon a very independent footing, but there is much more in their favor. They have no care about house-rent, each married man being provided with a cottage, and single men with rooms; they have no worry about butchers' or bakers' bills, their meals being provided, cooked, and served plentifully for them. The question of what they get to eat is another matter of business policy with the planters. They are, of course, fed well, if for no other reason than the very good ones that they may work well, and, being satisfied, renew contracts. They have no care about winter coal, mere existence in this climate being at any time a luxury. In fact, nowhere have I ever seen so fortunate, contented, and well-conditioned classes of laborers as I have seen everywhere here. All of the high-priced labor, that requiring skilled mechanics about the mills and shops, or that requiring intelligent experience, is by Americans—principally Pacific-coasters—who everywhere are thriving and prosperous here. And that fact reminds me that the Pacific Coast was particularly fortunate when the United States secured a reciprocity treaty with these islands at a time when England was so anxious to secure a similar treaty in favor of British Columbia, in the interest of Victoria and the Canada Pacific Railroad. I do not think, that, as a general thing, the government at Washington shows any special solicitude for the welfare of the Pacific States, but in this Reciprocity Treaty the Pacific States were certainly greatly favored, whether intentionally or not. Looking at the bargain as it has resulted thus far, it appears to have been a pretty sharp one, even for a Yankee nation to make. In 1878 the United States was paid about \$1,300,000 import duty on Hawaiian sugar; in 1881 Hawaii paid \$3,350,035.49 for goods imported from the United States. Or, relinquishing, by treaty, \$1,300,000 in duties the United States received \$3,735,035 in trade. That, on the face of it, is a pretty good bargain, and especially nice for the San Francisco merchants, who receive most of its benefit. Yet the bargain is better than that. Without the treaty San Francisco not only would go without this great and growing trade, but the United States would go without the \$1,300,000 duties. Any one who knows anything about Island affairs knows this is so; for England, at the time our treaty was made, was anxious to enter into the same bargain, as I have said, for the benefit of British Columbia. In such a case the result would have been the loss to the United States of all duties on Hawaiian sugar—which would have gone to Victoria or elsewhere—and San Francisco would have been opened out of the comfortable trade it has since built up, and an always hold and increase, with these islands.

Of course, these are not all of the benefits accruing to San Francisco by reason of the Reciprocity Treaty the Government shrewdly made. San Francisco is rapidly gaining control of the carrying trade to and from the Islands, is benefited by the money invested in the refining of Hawaiian sugars, and is otherwise greatly the gainer. E. W. T.

Mr. Whistler, the well-known London artist, not long ago at the ill-luck to be sold out by the sheriff. Away went the blue and yellow chairs, the rickety embroidered curtains, and the dainty Oriental hric-à-brac of the room which Mr. Oscar Wilde has described as "very joyous." But when he was stripped and bare the artist seized his brush and cried: "Now, to prevent this unpleasant catastrophe occurring again mean to have something strictly permanent." And thereupon he painted chairs and tables upon the walls, and flowing curtains, pictures upon easels, luxurious divans, and quaint cabinets, and thus again made of his room a "harmony in blue and gold."

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Luke.

[In the Colorado Park, 1873.]

Wot's that you're readin'?—a novel? A novel—well, daro my skin! You a man grown and hearded, and bistin' such stuff ez that in—Stuff about gals and their sweethearts! No wonder you're thin ez a knife.

Look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And ez to their lyin' round here, They belonged to the Jedge's daughter—the Jedge who came up last year.

On account of his lungs, and the mountains, and the halsam o' pine and fir; And his daughter—well, she read novels, and that's what's the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Jedge, and stuck by him day and night, Alone in the cabin up yer—till she grew like a ghost, all white. She was only a slip of a thing, ez light and ez up and away Ez rifle-smoke blown through the woods, but she wasn't my kind—no way!

Speakin' o' gals, d'ye mind that house ez you rise the hill, A mile and a half from White's, and jist above Mattingly's mill? You do? Well, now, *thar's* a gal! What, you saw her? O, come now, *thar* quit! She was only hede'velin' you boys, for to me she don't cotton one hit.

Now, she's what I call a gal—ez pretty and plump ez a quail; Teeth ez white ez a bound's, and they'd go through a ten-penny nail; Eyes that kin snap like a cap. So she asked to know "whar I was hid?"

She did? O, it's jist like her sass, for she's peart as a katy-did.

But what I talkin' of?—O! the Jedge and his daughter—she read Novels the whole day long, and I reckon she read them ahead, And sometimes she read them out loud to the Jedge on the porch where he sat, And 'twas how "Lord Augustus" said this, and how "Lady Blanche" she said that.

But the sickest of all that I heerd, was a yarn thet they read 'bout a chap, "Leather-stocking" hy name, and a hunter chock full o' the greenest o' sap;

And they asked me to hear; but I says: "Miss Mahel, not any for me; When I likes I kin sling my own lies, and thet chap and I shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow or other she was always sayin' I brought her to mind Of folks about whom she had read, or suthin' helike of thet kind, And thar warn't no end o' the names thet she gave me thet summer up here, "Robin Hood," "Leather-stocking," "Roh Roy"—O, I tell you, the critter was queer.

And yet ef she hadn't been spoiled, she was harmless enough in her way;

She could jabber in French to her dad, and they said thet she knew how to play, And she worked me that shot-pouch up thar—which the man doesn't live ez kin use, And slippers—you see 'em down yer—ez would cradle an Injin's papoose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was wastin' and mopin' away, And then she got shy with her tongue, and at last had nothin' to say;

And whenever I happened around, her face it was hid by a hook, And it warn't until she left that she gave me ez much ez a look.

And this was the way it was: It was night when I kem up here To say to 'em all "good-bye," for I reckoned to go for deer At "sun up" the day they left. So I shook 'em all by the hand, "Cept Mahel, and she was sick, ez they gave me to understand.

But jist ez I passed the house next morning at dawn, some one, Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the hill with the sun; Miss Mahel it was, alone—all wrapped in a mantle o' lace— And she stood there straight in the road, with a touch o' the sun in her face.

And she looked me right in the eye—I'd seen suthin' like it before When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o' the Clear Lake shore, And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was raisin' my knife When it gave me a look like that, and—well, it got off with its life.

"We are going to-day," she said, "and I thought I would say good-bye

To you in your own house, Luke—these woods and the bright blue sky!

You've always been kind to us, Luke, and papa has found you still As good as the air he breathes, and wholesome as Laurel Tree Hill.

"And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the thing we could not take away—

The halsam that dwells in the woods, the rainbow that lives in the spray.

And you'll sometimes think of me, Luke, as you know you once used to say, A rifle-smoke blown through the woods, a moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but a sudden she tottered and fell,

And I caught her sharp by the waist, and held her a minit—well, It was only a minit, you know, that ez cold and ez white she lay Ez a snowflake here on my breast, and then—well, she melted away—

And was gone. * * * And thar are her hooks; but I says not any for me,

Good enough may be for some, but them and I mightn't agree. They spilled a decent gal ez might hev made some chap a wife: And look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

—Bret Hart.

In the natural course of events the eleven general officers will retire from active service as follows: General Sherman, February 8, 1884; Lieutenant-General Sheridan, June, 1884; Major-General Hancock, March, 1888; Major-General Schofield, November, 1895; Major-General Pope, July, 1886; Brigadier-General Howard, June, 1895; Brigadier-General Terry, 1892; Brigadier-General Auger, August, 1885; Brigadier-General Crook, July, 1893; Brigadier-General Miles, July, 1895; Brigadier-General Mackenzie, August, 1894. This will prove interesting to the army, as the records of the ages of officers are guarded as sacredly at the War Department as if they were jewels.

Queen Victoria has been pleased to approve of the elevation to the peerage of Sir F. Beauchamp Seymour, G. C. B., by the title of Baron Alcester of Alcester, in the county of Warwick, and of Sir Garnet Wolseley, G. C. B., by the title of Baron Wolseley of Cairo, and of Wolseley, in the county of Stafford.

THE CITY OF CANALS.

A Lady's Notes in the Land of Ducks, Dykes, and Ditches.

Following the throng in the street the other day, I was insensibly led to Kalverstrat, one of the principal fashionable business streets of Amsterdam, and then to the Dam where the Royal Palace is situated. I stopped before one of its doors, where soldiers were on guard, and inquired if the palace could be seen. The answer was to lead me forthwith to the principal entrance, where a polite porter takes charge of umbrellas and other encumbrances. He begged me to be seated and await other visitors. During this short delay, I looked at the ground-floor of this building, and was impressed with its resemblance to an old Spanish convent; exactly the same entrance halls, (*zaguan*), interior courtyards, (*patio*), all paved with flag-stones; stone walls, stone columns, and stone stairs, all so cold and gloomy-looking that they actually sent a cold shiver through me. The porter soon returned with a party of visitors, and we all ascended to the first floor of the royal residence, which is generally unoccupied, as the court resides at The Hague, and, when not there, the royal family inhabit a favorite country palace. The first floor of the Amsterdam palace consists of an entrance hall, ante-chamber, four or five large reception-rooms, the private and public dining-rooms, the ambassador's hall, the chapel, the queen's private drawing-room, the throne hall, considered to be of extraordinary dimensions, having no supporting columns. The floors and ceilings of all these apartments are of mosaics or white marble, the walls either of white marble with elaborate carvings and fine sculptured bas-reliefs and statues, covered with paintings of great artists, or hung with velvet, satin, or brocade of different colors to match the furniture. The chairs, of different fancy shapes, are richly embroidered, some with coats-of-arms, others with capricious designs; immense mirrors and chandeliers, bronzes, and numberless ornaments fill every room. The artistic work in these halls would take days to examine in detail. The statues represent mythological gods and goddesses; the paintings historical subjects, ancient and modern.

The ancient council chamber, which was converted into a chapel by Napoleon I., has two very remarkable paintings—representing the one the judgment of Solomon, the other Brutus sentencing his son to death. Many historical relics are pointed out to visitors—among them the identical throne on which sat William II., and trophies of flags taken from the Spaniards during the religious wars of the Dutch against Philip II. of Spain. These flags are so torn and tattered that they are preserved under glass cases. They are testimonials that do honor to the contending parties of those days, for they were gallantly won by the Dutch; they were certainly desperately defended by the Spaniards. All these halls, lighted up, and with life imparted to them by the presence of crowds of richly attired guests, must offer a gorgeous sight indeed. The upper floors of the building are not shown to visitors; so, after paying to our cicerone the half-gulden he claims for his trouble, I left, and directed my steps to the Zoological Garden. This garden is the pride of Amsterdam, and is said to surpass any other of the kind in Europe, except that of London. The grounds are beautifully laid out, the number of animals of the rarest species is very great, as also the collection of curiosities from India, China, Japan, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The department of stuffed animals, skeletons, petrifications, shells, minerals, etc., is very attractive to connoisseurs. Attached to the garden there is a very fine library, which contains magnificent collections of engravings.

In the evening I attended a performance at the principal theatre of the city, "The Stads Schouwburg," (City Theatre). The play was "Loose," the Dutch adaptation of Moser's last German comedy, "Reif Reiflingen," which is a sequel to that author's comedy, so well known on the American stage under the title of "The Passing Regiment." The play, the company, and acting seemed to me very indifferent, perhaps because I could not understand the dialogue, and only caught the run of the plot from a long habit of theatre-going. This theatre forms part of one of the finest buildings here. Its interior, however, is very commonplace, and only of medium size. It is built on the principle of European theatres, with its floor divided into parquet and parterre, and several tiers of boxes all around. From the very beginning of the performance I noticed that glasses of beer and lemonade were brought to the seats of spectators who called for the same. As the curtain fell on the third act, a placard, with the word "pause" painted in large letters, was put up on the prompter's box, and this was the signal for a general rushing to and fro, quickly followed by the appearance of innumerable trays with cups of coffee, tea, chocolate, cakes, candies, and other dainties, which were served out in every part of the house, even in the first boxes—of course, to those who paid for them. The curtain rose before many had finished their hot beverages, which they coolly continued to sip, and, after finishing, quietly placed on the railings of the boxes, where they remained for the rest of the evening and made the auditorium rather look like a *café chantant*.

Good-living and cheerfulness must be a motto with the goodly Hollanders, just as politeness and willingness to oblige are certainly their characteristic traits. Everybody seems to be forever buying or partaking of refreshments and dainties. The numberless cafés, restaurants, cake and candy shops, and ambulating venders are most liberally patronized. At the street doors of the cafés gentlemen sit leisurely smoking their cigars or pipes, and repeat their glasses of beer or cups of coffee. The meals served at restaurants are so abundant that one can serve for two persons, on a pinch for three. As to the politeness and obliging spirit of the Hollanders, I can find no words to give an adequate idea of either. In the streets, they step aside to give place to ladies, take off their hats and bid good-day to those whom they meet in halls and parlors and are not acquainted with, and on all occasions are ever ready to do any service, either to give information, do an errand, show the way, give an address, call a driver, lend a pencil, and, of course, translate any paper written in any language. A stranger can not stand a minute in the street, looking fixedly and inquiringly in one direction, without somebody stepping up and assisting with great deference, if anything can be done for his service.

AMSTERDAM, November 21st, 1882.

VIATOR.

SOCIETY.

The Nilsson Concerts.

The Nilsson concerts on Tuesday and Thursday evenings last drew together at the Grand Opera House the most imposing and magnificent audiences ever seen in this city; and both Mr. Abbey and Miss Nilsson boldly and frequently declare that the audience on Tuesday night was the most brilliant and most beautiful that they had ever seen in America. No one who was not present can fully realize the incomparable display of elegant toilettes, bonnets, and fair women. The ladies, it was plain to be seen, especially those who had secured front and other fashionable places for seats, had made extra efforts in the way of personal adornment, and gentlemen generally appeared in full evening attire, which is not, however, *en règle*, according to American authority. At concerts and other places where ladies appear in street or semi-street dress, with hats or bonnets, gentlemen should be in Prince Albert frock and light trousers. On the other hand, according to the English rule, gentlemen are always supposed to be in evening dress after dark. The supposition is that they dine in dress-coats. On Tuesday evening most of the gentlemen were gloved. This is tabooed. According to rule gentlemen should go bare-handed, and carry their gloves in their crush bats—presumably to show they have a pair. When the vice-regal party entered, it was observed that the marquis and his suite were bare-banded. Instantly the gilded youth thrust their hands beneath the seats, and proceeded to peel. In a few moments the brilliant auditorium was pleasingly diversified by a vista of large red bands.

It is fair to presume that there were few people who move, or pretend to move, in society, who were not present on the opening night. Van Ness Avenue, California Street, the Palace and Grand hotels, all sent multitudes to see and be seen. Dilettanti from the Bohemian Club, millionaires from the Pacific Club, and bald beads from the Union Club, were out in force, as were also the young society pillars from the banks, commission houses, and insurance companies. When we state that Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mrs. Hovey, Mrs. James G. Fair, Mrs. McMullin, Mrs. Thomas K. Breeze, Miss Lulu Dearborn, Miss Nellie Wood, Miss Nellie Trowbridge, Miss Dunphy, Mrs. Rebecca McMullin, and a great many other notably handsome and stylish ladies were present, we present perfect evidences that Mr. Abbey and Miss Nilsson were entirely correct in their statements regarding the character of the audience. Among the many others who graced the occasion with their presence there were:

Mr. and Mrs. Flood and Miss Flood, in a proscenium box; also J. M. Nougues and Mrs. Kallston; Mrs. Henry Newton and Miss Sedgwick with Mrs. Robinson; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coleman; Mrs. John Parrott, and Mrs. Maria Coleman. In the mezzanine boxes were Mr. and Mrs. Dan Yost, Henry Janin and ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Lugsden, Mrs. W. G. Hohart, Mr. and Mrs. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. Gros, and Mr. and Mrs. John Yost. Scattered elsewhere throughout the audience were such well-known or distinguished persons as General and Mrs. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Requa and Miss Requa, Governor Perkins and family, Ex-Mayor Alvord and ladies, Louis Sloss and family, Robert Morrow and ladies, D. Bachman, Charles Webb Howard, Louis T. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs and family, Capt. N. T. Smith, T. J. Bergin, J. P. Hogue, C. Felton and ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Russ Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Mr. and Mrs. Rheinhardt, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, Mrs. General McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin, Mrs. Frank M. Pixley and Miss Van Reyneboom, Mr. Jerome Hart, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn, Colonel and Mrs. Fry, Doctor and Mrs. McNulty, Judge Shafter and Miss Shafter, Governor Low and daughter, Miss Hammond, Mrs. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Wiltshire, Madame Berton, Mr. and Mrs. Gilson, Senator Fair, Mrs. Johnson and daughter, Mrs. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Donahue, Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Head and daughter, Miss Rice, Miss Florence Atherton, Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Babcock, Major and Mrs. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, General and Mrs. Kautz, Miss Mills, of Menlo; Mr. and Mrs. Kohl and daughter, of San Mateo; Captain and Mrs. Boyd, of the Navy Yard; Mr. L. B. Mizner and Miss Mizner, of Benicia; Hon. Horace Davis and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hawes and Miss Tolsen, Mrs. Jewett, Chief Engineer Dawds, from the Navy Yard; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, Seth Cook and niece, Samuel D. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lane Booker, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Rose, of Los Angeles; Mr. Raoul Martinez, Mr. Morris Bates, Mr. H. J. Brady, Mr. E. W. Haldan, Mr. Ward McAllister, Mr. Morgan Donahue, Mr. Otto Hein, U. S. A., and a countless host of other young gentlemen.

The Eyre Tea.

DEAR MINNIE: The event of last week was the tea of Mrs. Eyre, which took place on Saturday afternoon, from three to seven. Everything was as it should be. The house was brilliantly lighted, and artistically decorated with garlands of smilax, interspersed with the choicest of flowers. The tea-table was set in the library, and was presided over by Miss Perry, the sister of the hostess. In the centre of the table was an oblong silver ornament, which surrounded a mirror, on the face of which lay camellias of various colors, and in the centre was a large floral teapot composed of exquisite blossoms. The china was of the rarest varieties, and the refreshments consisted of tea, coffee, sandwiches, cakes, and bon-bons. Ballenberg's band played for the dancers. Why is it that dancing must always accompany music? Is it because the music is in the feet as well as the head? I am not a wall-flower, and certainly am not a crabbed old maid, yet I must have my say; and, dearly as I love dancing, I do think that it should be confined to smaller assemblies, and such entertainments as teas should only be musical and conversational. Every one seemed to enjoy the ever-changing throng, and I think even "Flaneur" would have been bappy had he attended this special tea, and not being a man, I can not agree with him that all teas are "hones and bugbears." Among the many familiar faces I noticed Mrs. Tevis, Mrs. Flood and daughter, Mrs. Fall, the Misses Thornton, Mrs. McDowell and daughter, Mrs. Coleman, Miss Gwin, Mrs. William Howard, Mrs. James Coleman, Miss Stone, Mrs. Pixley, Mrs. Low—who, by the way, is handsomer than in bygone days—Miss Mizner, the Misses Hutchinson, the Misses Blanding, Mrs. Laurence Poole, Mrs. Torbert and her beautiful daughter, Mrs. and Miss Beers, Mrs. Poett, Mrs. McKinstry, Mrs. Jarboe, Mrs. Harrison, and a host of others, all well known. There were many married gentlemen as well as bachelors present. The

toilets were of the richest—some very elaborate, and others conspicuous from their plainness, yet all of the most exquisite taste—and I am happy to say that, with but one or two exceptions, all were short. The hostess was attired in a heavy garnet richly embroidered in colors; and of her charming daughters, one was in pink and the other in blue.

EDITH.

Movements of the Princess.

On Sunday morning last, the 10th instant, the Princess Louise, accompanied by her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, Colonel De Winton, the Misses Harvey and McNeill, and other members of the vice-regal party, arrived in this city on her return from Victoria. The *Comus*, which brought the distinguished party, dropped her anchor at a point in the bay near Goat Island, and in a few moments thereafter Consul Booker and Colonel Tourtelotte came along side in the *General McPherson*, and at once transferred the princess and party to the latter vessel, and sailed for the city. Arriving here they were driven to the Palace, where the same apartments were given them as before. On Tuesday the party went to Menlo Park and Palo Alto, and in the evening occupied a box at the Nilsson concert. On Wednesday the princess dined Madame Nilsson at the Palace, and on Thursday evening the vice-regal party again visited the Grand Opera House. Yesterday the Princess departed for Monterey, apartments having been secured for her at the Hotel Del Monte the day before. She will remain here over Sunday, and some time next week go to Santa Barbara, to spend several weeks. She had intended to go either to Los Angeles or the Sierra Madre Villa, but could not secure apartments at any of the hotels at those places.

Notes and Gossip.

Morris Bates sails for Australia to-day, on a pleasure-trip, to be gone three months. Mrs. Captain W. H. Moor, who left San Francisco some two months ago, to spend the winter in New York, has been visiting Washington lately with Miss Julia Hartshorne, eldest daughter of Ben Hartshorne, formerly of this city. Commodore Stephen B. Luce, and Chief-Engineer Charles H. Loring, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Wednesday last, the thirteenth instant. Mr. A. B. Mullet, the distinguished architect, also arrived in San Francisco from the East on Wednesday last. Mrs. Green, mother of Charles E. Green, of San Rafael, leaves Washington to-day on a visit to her son and Mrs. Green. Mrs. J. P. Stearns, of Santa Barbara, is visiting in this city. Mrs. Frank Shay returned from Los Angeles on Sunday last. Assistant-Engineer Charles G. Talcott, U. S. N., arrived here from Washington on Wednesday last. Lieutenant Abner H. Merrill, First Artillery, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Sunday last. Mrs. Bradley, wife of Lieutenant Thomas H. Bradley, of the Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A., arrived here from Washington on the thirteenth instant. Mr. and Mrs. William Pridham, of Los Angeles, are visiting in this city. Colonel James Zahriske, formerly of the army, but now U. S. District-Attorney of Arizona, who has been visiting relatives and friends in this city and at Carson, Nevada, during the past two or three weeks, departed on Sunday last for Washington. Mrs. George Hearst will soon leave New York for San Francisco. Miss Lillian Waters will leave on or about the first of January for Washington, where she will tarry quite a while. Miss George Wilburn, of Sacramento, who has been visiting friends in this city, has returned to her home. Miss Ella L. Smith, also of Sacramento, who has been visiting the Misses Crocker, returned to her home on Sunday last. Miss Platt has arrived at her new home in Rochester, New York. Miss Fannie L. Gibbons, of Alameda, is visiting friends in New York. Miss Mizner has returned to Benicia. The Rev. John Hemphill preached his farewell sermon on Sunday last to a very large congregation; the departure of Mrs. Hemphill from this city will be a society loss, for she is a very charming and agreeable woman. Colonel Judd, of Honolulu, arrived here on Thursday last, the fourteenth instant. The concert at Mills Seminary last evening was a pronounced success. Miss Pratt, of Oakland, has returned home from Monterey. Mrs. Requa and her very beautiful daughter, Miss Laura Requa, of Fruit Vale, have come to San Francisco to stay during the winter. Miss Daisy Van Voorhies, of Sacramento, has been spending the present week in Los Angeles. Mr. Bowles E. Taney, a relative of the late Chief-Justice Taney, and Miss Harriet Scott, of Los Angeles, were married in that city on the eighth instant, by the Rev. Elias Birdsall, formerly of Trinity Church in this city. Charlie Low, Chris. Froelich Jr., Boh Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel O'Connell, and Bartley Campbell, went to Monterey on Saturday last and tarried over Sunday. Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Miss Amy Crocker, of Sacramento, have been spending a few days since Friday last at Monterey. Mrs. Ruford, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Ruford, U. S. N., has gone East. Alfred Borel and family have taken up their residence in this city for the winter. Edgar Mills and Miss Mills, his daughter, of Menlo Park, have gone to New York to stay until March or April next. Lieutenant W. H. Miller, U. S. A., and Mrs. Miller, who left here on Saturday last, are in Los Angeles. The death of Rear-Admiral Wyman, U. S. N., promotes Commodore Edmund C. Colhoun, late Commandant at the Mare Island Navy Yard, to the position of Rear-Admiral; no other promotions are caused thereby, as it requires two vacancies in each grade to make one promotion. Mrs. Andrew McCreery has taken up her residence in Washington, and drives over the avenues with the handsomest pair of ponies ever seen at the capital. The regular monthly social of the Olympic Club, which took place last evening, was, like the preceding one, a very delightful affair. The officers of the Navy Yard gave a dancing party at the chapel at the point by the end of the Southern Pacific railroad, were met at that point by their father on Sunday last, and the party returned to this city yesterday. Charles Miller, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Mary Miller, have returned; Miss Miller, it will be remembered, was one of the bridesmaids at the Hopkins-Crittenden wedding. Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Rose, of San Gabriel, are at the Palace. Colonel A. G. Hawes and Frank Unger returned from New York last week. In New York City, November 27th, Miss Emma, daughter of Captain Thomas Fallon, U. S. A., of San Francisco, was united in marriage to Mr. X. Eugene Burns, of Baltimore, son of the late Captain Owen Burns, U. S. N. The ceremony was performed by Reverend Father White at St. Xavier Church. The bride was robed in white satin, trimmed with duchesse lace, and was attended by Miss Lillie Burns, sister of the groom; while Mr. Marion Haggis served as best man. Miss Fallon was educated in Europe, and is noted for her beauty and talents. From the church the party attended a splendid reception at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and afterward witnessed Mrs. Langury's first performance in "The Honey-moon." Mrs. Mark Shiley Severance, who has been visiting in the Eastern and Southern States for several months past, returned home yesterday. Mrs. Charles McLaughlin has issued invitations for a party which she will give at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening next, the 21st instant. Mr. and Mrs. Adams, of Oakland, gave an elegant reception at their residence on Telegraph Avenue on Thursday evening last. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellis, of Los Angeles, have been at the Occidental for several weeks. Mrs. Jarboe has sent out invitations for a reception at her residence on Tuesday, the 26th instant. Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer is being entertained in Paris by her friend, Madame Roosevelt Scovell.

Mr. Carter, late Prime Minister of the Hawaiian Kingdom, is at the Grand Hotel with his daughter, on their way to the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Carter has been absent in Europe for the last year upon a diplomatic mission to France and Portugal, negotiating in reference to affairs touching the Island Kingdom.

LONGFELLOW'S POSTHUMOUS DRAMA.

Michael Angelo.

DEDICATION.

Nothing that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalations of the land and sea.
Men build their houses from the masonry
Of ruined tombs; the passion and the pain
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain
To throbb in hearts that are, or are to be.
So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust
Names that once filled the world with trumpet tones,
I build this verse; and flowers of song have thrust
Their roots among the loose disjointed stones,
Which to this end I fashion as I must.
Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

MONOLOGUE.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S studio. He is at work on the cartoon of the Last Judgment.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals
Come here to lay this heavy task upon me?
Were not the paintings on the Sistine ceiling
Enough for them? They saw the Hebrew leader
Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous beard,
But heeded not. The bones of Julius
Shook in their sepulchre. I heard the sound;
They only heard the sound of their own voices.
Are there no other artists here in Rome
To do this work, that they must needs seek me?
Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it;
But he is lost to art. The Papal Seals,
Like leaden weights upon a dead man's eyes,
Press down his lids; and so the burden falls
On Michael Angelo, Chief Architect
And Painter of the Apostolic Palace.
That is the title they cajole me with,
To make me do their work and leave my own;
But having once begun, I turn not back.
Blow, ye bright angels, on your golden trumpets,
To the four corners of the earth, and wake
The dead to judgment! Ye recording angels,
Open your books and read! Ye dead, awake!
Rise from your graves, drowsy and drugged with death,
As men who suddenly aroused from sleep
Look round amazed, and know not where they are!
In happy hours, when the imagination
Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the soul
Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy
To be uplifted on its wings, and listen
To the prophetic voices in the air
That call us onward. Then the work we do
Is a delight, and the obedient hand
Never grows weary. But bow different is it
In the disconsolate, discouraged hours,
When all the wisdom of the world appears
As trivial as the gossip of a nurse
In a sick-room, and all our work seems useless.
What is it guides my hand, what thoughts possess me,
That I have drawn her face among the angels,
Where she will be hereafter? O sweet dreams,
That through the vacant chambers of my heart
Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms
Frequent an ancient house, what will ye with me?
'Tis said that Emperors write their names in green
When under age, but when of age in purple.
So Love, the greatest Emperor of them all,
Writes his in green at first, but afterwards
In the imperial purple of his blood.
First love or last love which of these two passions
Is more omnipotent? Which is more fair,
The star of morning or the evening star?
The sunrise or the sunset of the heart?
The hour when we look forth to the unknown,
And the advancing day consumes the shadows,
Or that when all the landscape of our lives
Lies stretched behind us, and familiar places
Gleam in the distance, and sweet memories
Rise like a tender haze and magnify
The objects we behold, that soon must vanish?
What matters it to me whose countenance
Is like Laocoon's full of pain; whose forehead
Is a plowed harvest-field, where threescore years
Have sown in sorrow and have reaped in anguish;
To me, the artisan, to whom all women
Have been as if they were not, or at most
A sudden rush of pigeons in the air,
A flutter of wings, a sound, and then a silence?
I am too old for love; I am too old
To flatter and delude myself with visions
Of never-ending friendship with fair women,
Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,
In which the things that can not be take shape,
And seem to be, and for the moment are.

(Convent bells ring.)

Distant and near, and low, and loud the bells,
Dominican, Benedictine, and Franciscan,
Jangle and wrangle in their airy towers,
Dissonant as the brotherhoods themselves
In their dim cloisters. The descending sun
Seems to caress the city that he loves,
And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.
I will go forth and breathe the air a while.

—Atlantic Monthly for January.

There is a movement on foot to make the study of Spanish a part of the regular public school course, instead of, as at present, teaching it in the evening schools. The *Argonaut* has never advocated the teaching of foreign languages in the public schools, but if the public moneys are to be expended in this direction, it is a great deal better to lay them out on Spanish than on French or German. These two latter tongues can only figure as accomplishments, while Spanish, considering our trade relations with Mexico and other Spanish-speaking countries to the south of us, will be of use to young men in business houses and counting-rooms.

Julian Rix had three black-and-white studies at the recent exhibition of the Salmagundi Sketch Club: "Morning on the Passaic," "Chinatown, San Francisco," and "Point of Pines, Monterey."

Girls who enter the English postal service receive a salary of two dollars and fifty cents per week. The outlook for the future husbands of these girls is indeed a sad one.

Mistress—"Were you baptized, Kezoab, when you were named?" Maid—"Law, ma'am, we don't baptize in our church; we immerge."

OLLA-PODRIDA.

Plagiarism is regarded by the lesser men and women of the literary world as a most heinous crime. It was Coleridge who said, "Plagiarists are always suspicious of being stolen from." We have been revolving this matter in our minds for some time, in the hope of accommodating our conscience to the "act of appropriating the ideas or the language of another and passing them off as our own," for this is the definition of the offense we are endeavoring to excuse—that is, find excuse for committing. We have, and so has the whole intellectual world, overcome the scruple of stealing the ideas of others, and we are now only paltering over the commission of the lesser theft—viz., the language. There are no original ideas. These were exhausted by the early thinkers and early writers. Ideas are like exhausted placers—the ground is first picked over for nuggets, then worked for the coarser lumps, then "long-tom'd" for the dust, then ground-sluiced for the fine dust, and then put through the quicksilver process, till there is no longer any valuable idea undiscovered. They have all been appropriated and coined into expression a thousand times; re-coined into new expressions; cast into solid prose for use, and into fantastic imagery for poetical conceptions. Solomon said so, and before Solomon the placers and deep-diggings of original thought were undoubtedly well worked over and nearly exhausted. It is a part of the Platonic philosophy that "ideas" were the patterns according to which the Deity fashioned the world; and Milton writes:

"Thence to behold this new created world,
The addition of his empire, how it showed
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea."

One who has read Shakespeare, Bacon, Rabelais, Milton, Dante, Goethe, and Cervantes, will recognize the fact that there is nothing new under the sun. It is said that there are no new jokes; that Joe Miller is but the reproduction of a long line of joking Millers, who go back to the time when, on the banks of the Euphrates or Tigris, or in the hanging gardens of Babylon, they told their jokes to the Moon-god; that there is nothing new in religion; that Buddha and Christ are but the younger generations of the line of deities which runs back to invisible ages; that the cross and the Christian symbols are but the types of heathen creeds; and that the enigmatic hieroglyphics written on pottery and papyrus, and carved on Assyrian tombs, are but rude attempts to preserve traditions which had been handed down in song, story, and priestly homily during long, long ages of time. If it is not wrong to steal ideas—as assuredly it is not—then why is it wrong to steal the language in which they are clothed? Why, in quoting the sublime poetry of Job, the splendid imagery of Milton, the gorgeous language of Shakespeare, or the sweet, rhythmic harmony of our own incomparable Longfellow, should we be compelled to erect the typographical sign-board, giving notice, as thus,—"—," that it is not original. Of course the scholar knows that we quote; and shall we respect the feelings of the one who does not know, or shall we pay him who knows the poor compliment of assuming that he does not know? Why may we who write not be allowed to dip into the great ocean of literature and ladle out our quotations without saying this is from Lord Bacon, and that from the gossip, Pepsy; this line is from Butler's "Hudibras," and that from Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." The artist who builds in colored mosaics a gorgeous picture from the rocks is not required to say: This is from the Parian quarry, and that from the ruined walls of the crumbling Coliseum, or the hurried ruins of Cæsar's palace. He simply puts them together, blending their beautiful colors with nice workmanship and hiding the seams. At the bottom he writes his name, the architect of the new creation. Since early fable was modeled on fables that had gone before, and early history was but the reproduction of an historic past; as ancient religion was but the copy of religions more ancient, and modern religions but the copy of the ancient; as all ideas, thoughts, hooks, writings in prose or poetry, jokes, fiction, and incident, are but the recreation and rearrangement of the old ones, then why, when we make our "Olla-Podrida" of literary hodge-podge—why should we be compelled to credit? People steal from us, and we are not dead. A Georgia paper last week paid us the compliment of stealing an editorial. We thank them for it. We often feel like stealing an editorial from George William Curtis. Why should we not? It would enrich us and not make him poor. It would improve all our San Francisco daily, weekly, and monthly journals. Instead of the dreary original matter of Upton, Bartlett, Young, Seahough, Boruck, Nesfield, Wentworth, Bierce, O'Connell, Bunker, Jackson, and our other writers, the poor barren language, in which, with cowardly effort, they endeavor to cover up borrowed ideas in diction of their own, would be exchanged for the richer vestments of more highly cultured minds. For one of the *Bulletin's* homilies on the Spring Valley Water Company, let us read how the water came down from Lodore. If the *Chronicle* would choke Samuel Seahough, Esq., off from an elaborate denunciation of the Central Pacific Railroad and the railroad-builders, give us extracts from Pliny and Herodotus, tell us about the Apian Way and the old English Roman road, or give us Cicero's oration against Catiline, it would make the *Chronicle* more interesting, and, if it would cram itself with quotations from Rabelais and Paul de Kock, would be a more respectable family paper than it is with its statements of the nasty details of every nasty incident that occurs among us.

There is a grave question behind this hadinage. Has the writer, who prints and sells, any retained property in his work after it has gone through the commercial process, and is turned out upon the world for coin? Is it not then common property? Is it not a patented invention whose time has run? If Howells gives us an amusing narrative of the incidents in a sleeping-car, or Mark Twain forges a joke from the smithy of his brain, or Bret Harte retouches with fantastic genius the stories of our mining saloons and cabins, shall these be hid in book or magazine, and never be read, except by those who purchase? This is a practical question to the readers of the *Argonaut*—those who pay us four dollars for a year's subscription, and who perhaps take no magazine or literary journal from the East or Europe. Shall we,

in looking through all the periodicals, be warned off by the notice, "Entered according to Act of Congress," and refuse to make quotations or extracts, or, if not too long, holdily appropriate and print?—giving credit, of course. We have resolved to give our readers, our pockets, and our conscience the benefit of the doubt, and steal. We are but the fleas of greater fleas. We but take from those who have all their lives been flying the flag of the death's-head and cross-bones over the low black schooner of literary piracy, who have been dodging all their lives in and out from under the shadow of the Isle of Pines. They all do it. Sir Walter Scott made the naive admission when, in describing the old library at Oshaldistone Hall, he said: "It was a gloomy room whose antique 'oaken shelves bent beneath the weight of the ponderous folios 'so dear to the seventeenth century, from which, under favor 'he it spoken, we have distilled matter for our quartos and 'octavos, and which, once more subjected to the same alembic, may, should our sons be yet more frivolous than our 'selves, be still further reduced into duodecimos and pamphlets." And thus the *Argonaut* excuses itself for going into the distillery business. In fear of it not being original, let no one make the joke and call the *Argonaut* an illicit distillery.

All of this grave and gay discussion has come upon us after reading the lectures of the Reverend Thomas Starr King. We were always sorry that Starr King was a reverend. We found so many things to quote, so many that we would like to use without the quartet of informing commas; so many things that we would like to palm off upon our unsuspecting readers as original; so many great, broad, comprehensive, generous ideas in both sermons and lectures; and so many beautiful pictures in words, which, with a little change, we could hang upon the columns of our journal to give it value and interest and ourselves a literary reputation. We make no apology for this disposition to take things that do not belong to us, for we believe in the doctrine of original sin—wonder if there is an original sin!—and total depravity. The first thing the infant does is to close its little red fist upon something that does not belong to it. It will clutch a silver spoon instinctively, and, if it has nothing else to steal, will grasp its own toes. But we reflected that, as Mr. King had been dead only eighteen years, and many of our readers were members of his congregation and many more had heard his lectures, we were afraid of detection—or, rather, of exposure—for if there is anything the literary hawk delights in it is to pounce down upon some mousing owl that it has caught in *flagrante delicto*, with an uncredited quotation in his writings. We had intended to reproduce a column or two of elegant extracts from Starr King, with such commentaries as might suggest themselves. Here, for instance: "The invisible law of gravitation, however, without any fulcrum or purchase, does lift the globe, and make it waltz, too, with its blonde lunar partner twelve hundred miles a minute to the music of the sun—ay, and heavens sun and systems and milky way in majestic cotillions on its ethereal floor." And there are preachers who think it wicked to dance. If the Universe of God becomes a dancing-hall for whirling worlds to spin in harmony to the accompaniment of the grand orchestral music of the spheres, how long a period of punishment ought to be assigned in the future world to the young fellow who seizes the lithe form of a beautiful girl, and shakes her toes to the melody of harp and fiddle in the mazy waltz? This for a simile: "All the peculiarities of rock and glass, diamond, ice, and crystal, are due to the working of unseen military forces that employ themselves under ground—in caverns, beneath ruins, in mountain crypts, and through the coldest nights, drilling companies of atoms into crystalline battalions and squares, and every caprice of fantastic order." We thought of Major-General Dimond and the California militia, of the late Third Regiment of Irish and their colonel, and were going to invoke a comparison between the mysterious forces of Nature, marshaled into order, and the fantastic manipulations and marchings of the McMahon, Emmet, and the Wolf Tone Guards. We refrain, because the Irish are so sensitive that they will not submit to being compared to even the most perfect of divine creations, and because we had determined to write one article that should rigidly exclude all mention of his Holiness, the Pope, or any reference to the Irish. Then, again, the following, for thought and beauty of expression: "Why is a lily woven out in one place and a dahlia in another; a grape vine here and a honeysuckle there; the orange in Italy, the palm in Egypt, the olive in Greece, and the pine in Maine. We have outgrown the charming fancy of the Greeks, that every tree has its Dryad, that lives in it, animates it, and dies when the tree withers. Look at the full-sized oak—the rooted leviathan of the field. Judging by your senses and by the scales, you would say that the substance of the noble tree was its hulk of bark, and hough, and branch, and leaves, and sap, the cords of woody and moist matter that compose and make it heavy. But really its substance is that which makes it an oak, that which weaves its hark and glues it to the stem, and wraps its rings of fresh wood around the trunk every year, and pushes out its houghs, and clothes its twigs with digestive leaves, and sucks up nutriment from the soil continually, and makes the roots clench the ground with their fibrous fingers as a purchase against the storm and wind, and at last holds aloft its tons of matter against the constant tug and wrath of gravitation, and swings its Briarean arms over the globe and in defiance of the gale. Were it not for this energetic essence that crouches in the acorn and stretches its limbs every year, there would be no oak; the matter that clothes it would enjoy its stupid slumber; and when the forest monarch stands up in his sinewy, lordliest pride, let the pervading life-power and its vassal forces, that weigh nothing at all, be annihilated, and the whole structure would wither in a second to inorganic dust. So every gigantic fact in nature is the index and vesture of a gigantic force." We must content ourselves with just one more quotation, and this we select that our readers and the readers of the *Bulletin* may note the difference between the writings of genius and mediocrity, when treating of so practical a theme as the water question. First, let our readers recall the *Bulletin* for the last three years on the question of water-rates and supervisor-rings in reference to the Spring Valley Water Company, and then read this: "Just think how much expenditure of mechanical strength is necessary to water a city in the hot summer months. What perspiring

and tugging, and wearisome trudging of horses with the great sprinklers over tedious pavements! But see with what beautiful and noiseless force nature waters the cities! The sun looks steadily on the ocean, and its beams lift lakes of water into the air, tossing it up thousands of feet with their delicate fingers, and carefully picking every grain of salt from it before they let it go. No granite reservoirs are needed to hold in the Cochituate and Crotons of the atmosphere, but the soft outlines of the clouds hem in the vast might of the upper tides that are to cool the globe, and the winds harness themselves as steeds to these silken caldrons, and hurry them along through space, while they disburse their rivers of moisture from their great height so lightly that seldom a violet is crushed by the rudeness with which the stream descends." What a pity it is that Starr King was a reverend; that his influence was limited to a congregation and to a locality; that his genius and his intellect were prescribed by a circle that was less than that of the great circumference of the English-speaking tongue. What a pity it always is that such men should be hedged around by any conditions. What a pity that the Reverend Starr King could not have been spared to a long life; to see the end of the war and the emancipation of the slaves; to rejoice in the preservation of the Union and the extension of the area of human freedom. What a pity that he could not have established and edited the *Argonaut*, and permitted its present editor to go to the country and plow. And yet Starr King did magnificent service in his time and place. He helped to keep our State in the orbit of its allegiance. He helped to educate our people up to the full status of manly loyalty. He planted seeds that are ripening to annual harvests, and again planting themselves for volunteer crops of bounteous plenty, and yet he was only a preacher.

OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"A Subscriber."—To your request, "Will you be kind enough to give some short and clear rules, accompanied by examples, for the correct use of the subjunctive mood?" we are obliged to give a mild but firm refusal. We have known but two men who professed entire familiarity with the subjunctive mood. The first used the phrase, "If I were he," continually, and finally became a victim of melancholia, and went to the insane asylum. The other subjunctive fiend sunk lower and lower, finally wrote a grammar, and died abhorred by all who knew him.

"Miss I. W." writes: Would you please publish the following poem? It was copied from a paper years ago. You would thus much oblige several of your readers:

THE SUN-DIAL.

"Horas non numero nisi serenas."

"I note not the hours except they be bright."

"The sun, when it shines in a clear, cloudless sky,

Marks the time on my disk in figures of light.

If clouds gather o'er me, unheeded they fly,

"I note not the hours except they be bright."

"So, when I review all the scenes that have passed

Between me and thee, be they dark, he they light,

I forget what was dark, the light I hold fast—

"I note not the hours except they be bright."

The poem may have appeared in an old newspaper, but it was originally written in a Washington lady's album, in March, 1845, by Professor Samuel F. B. Morse. The motto is a common one on European sun-dials; Morse saw it at Worms. Leigh Hunt also copied it from a sun-dial at Venice. It might be more musically translated "I number none but the sunny hours." There is a poem with this refrain, and E. C. Stedman has written one on the same subject. If any reader possesses a copy of both, or either, or of the one, if there be but one, we should be pleased to publish the verses.

"S. A." writes us as follows:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some time since you commented unfavorably on the Tivoli and Winter Garden places of amusement for "our girls." Do you think California with "Siberia," as now presented, is any better? I am passionately fond of beauty in form, color, and motion; I confess to almost a masculine admiration for a beautiful woman. But to my thinking, there is little beauty and much vulgarity in a ballet dance. What can any modest, respectable woman see in that dancing to admire? And yet their eager eyes, even when words are left unspoken, testify to their admiration. Same old, same old, but the essential characteristics are altered. What could be more ugly and unmeaning than a picture of Cornalba, for example, poised on one toe with the other leg at some impossible angle to the body? As an exercise of skill, it may be remarkable, but it is neither a beautiful nor an edifying spectacle. (Can there be any excuse for two fat, rouged, old women appearing before an audience in costumes that show every line of their obese forms; and then, not contented with that display, elevating their feet to heights that make visible the tops of their thighs?) To be sure, only two of the dancers wore that peculiar style of no-costume, still there was not in the entire troupe one whose costume did not make a hurling of woman's form. If the influence of that sort of show, given in respectable theatres, patronized by reputable people, is not as bad as that produced by Americanized hier-gardens, I am in fault. What puzzles me most is, not why women allow their daughters to go, but what they themselves see in the spectacle to enjoy.

There is something wrong with the reasoning here. What harm can it do a lot of women to see the tops of a lot of other women's thighs? What is there in the display of the female form to bring a blush to young girls' cheeks? And if "S. A." is exercised about the young men, the fact that, as she states, the women in the ballet are old, ugly, and obese, would seem to render them innocuous to the most modest youth.

Seriously, "S. A." you are away off. To those who admire the ballet, the mere question of a display of the female figure does not occur. Those who admire a mere display of the female figure are not, as a rule, fond of the ballet. They go elsewhere for their amusement. It is a peculiar fact that to be thoroughly lascivious the woman must wear much more drapery than does the ballet dancer. True, it requires disarrangement. Yet still it is so. Witness the variety theatres. Witness also the ghost of the Jardin Mahille.

Apologies of the communication in last week's paper headed "The Argonaut Criticized," a correspondent writes:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I noticed in this week's paper an article headed "The Argonaut Criticized," concerning which I should like to say something. I do not agree with the writer in his statement, that "what the *Argonaut* needs most is original 'poetry'." What original "poetry" you print is, as a rule, bad, and I am pleased to see that of late you do not print as much as you used to do. What do your readers care for the metrical vaticinations of Miss Gush or Master Slobber? Their commonplace ideas, put into lame metre, halting lines, and slipshod rhymes, are about the worst stuff you could use to fill up with. When you want to print poetry, give us poetry. Your column of "Old Favorites" is an excellent idea, and the poems are generally well selected. I had rather read a choice poem by Longfellow, Tennyson, or lesser bards—even a poem with which I am familiar—than to wade through a mass of rambling stuff whose sole merit is that it is "original." The poems you give us from the magazines are well enough in their way, too; they are a great deal better than anything you get out here. True, they are written by rhymesters as a rule, and not by poets; but then we have not even clever rhymesters here. I fancy your correspondent must be one of the doggerel bards who afflict all newspapers, and who are bruised in the flesh by seeing their productions set aside for uninteresting editorials, New York and London letters, and the like—mere, half prose. I am led to this conclusion by the identity in initials and dates between his letter and some doggerel in last week's "Tuneful Liar"—some of the very worst doggerel I ever saw, out of all the mass of doggerel you have printed. He scores your proof-reader causelessly; perhaps that worthy man accidentally got some sense into his verses at some time. He remarks: "The errors which find their way into your paper are stupid and damnable." To which I may add, so are some of the verses.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 10, 1882.

PASQUIND.

To the Unfortunate: "Magdalena"—declined. "Mince Pies: A Christmas Story"—declined. "Old Sandy McGowan"—declined. "How Misery Taylor got Even"—declined. "The Niobe"—declined. "School Association"—declined. "How Much People are like Bugs"—declined. "A Welcome to Princess Louise"—declined. "Existing Evils—Five Papers. 1. Seeds of Immorality"—declined.

Light lilac kid gloves, stitched with black, are the correct style for gentlemen in connection with evening dress, and for button-hole flowers the chrysanthemum is now in high favor.

In lace pins, a new and howling device is a row of oxidized silver pug dogs running from large to small. They are given different names, and wearers of the pin do not fear hydrophobia.

Something new in alleged Japanese teapots is in the form of a dragon, very hideous to look at, but unique as an ornament. It is believed that no mother-in-law's table will be without one.

Flowers as table ornaments at dinner-parties are not as much used this season as last, and the florists are very much disgusted. Huge candlesticks of brass are now the popular dinner-table decorations.

A new hangle has a lot of comical monkeys hanging from it by their tails. These hangles come in silver and gilt, and are said to be of French origin. Ladies who wear them are not necessarily the missing links.

Just now a determined effort is being made to introduce a new style of arranging the hair. The instigators of the movement are declared to be hair-dressers and false-hair dealers, whose business of late has been very dull and unprofitable.

Oscar Wilde scarf-pins are the newest, and are already worn by many club-men. They—the scarf-pins—represent a tiny donkey with superfluously big ears, and on its side are stamped the figures "2 2." And now everybody knows why they are called Oscar Wilde scarf-pins.

Oyster-plates of plain white china are now declared to be the most genteel, the decorated ones of majolica having become "quite too awfully common." These "most genteel" plates represent single shells—as if any one ever heard of, much less ever saw, a pure white oyster-shell.

Genuine furs seem few and far between, and every other woman one sees on the street has the imitation. Even dyed rabbit skin is palmed off for coney, and what is called black Russian fur is nothing but goat-skin dyed. This is one of the best years on record for fashionable deceptions.

The latest thing in umbrellas which has had the honor to take the fancy of the Prince of Wales is one in which the greatest simplicity is *de rigueur*, consisting as it does of an ebony crutch-handle along which a silver lion is sprawling. Cunningly hollowed out in this crutch is a steel-lined receptacle for matches and cigarettes.

A new fashion in Paris is that of spoon-shaped bonnets. They do not stand up straight above the head, as did those of a similar form which were in vogue some fifteen years ago, but the point projects over the wearer's brow. So far they are in dark velvet, with the fronts lined with pale-colored satin. Another new fashion is the custom adopted by young society men of carrying canes to the opera—not delicate switches, but good-sized, solid, substantial sticks.

A Paris actress avers that each perfume has its special moral and physical qualities, which—so far as her observations have gone—she states as follows: Musk predisposes to sensibility and amiability; rose, to audacity, avarice, and pride; geranium, to tenderness; violet, to mysticism and piety; henzoin, to dreams, poetry, and inconstancy; mint and verberna, to a taste for the beautiful arts; camphor, to stupidity and brutality; Russia leather, to indolence, while ylang-ylang is the most dangerous of all.

The old-fashioned reception-day of each week has fallen very much into disuse. Ladies complain, with reason, that their friends are apt to disregard their summons, and to call whenever it suits their own convenience. A frantic desire to go out on that particular occasion is also apt to seize the hostess herself. So that it is found more expeditious and convenient to convene one's friends for one or two days in a certain month, and thus fulfill the duties of hospitality without incurring the horedom of a perpetually recurring reception-day.

Since it is not good form for gentlemen to wear gloves, somebody has been trying to put gloves out of fashion for ladies also. But it will not do. The excuse given is that handsome rings are hidden by gloves. Rings are worn as ornaments certainly, but still ladies do not wish to make a bold display of them. Besides—but this must be said softly—there are feminine hands which—well, which look better in gloves. I sounded a young lady on the glove question. "What," she said, "go without gloves? No, indeed. Never heard of such a thing." And her hands were small and altogether lovely.

An English resident in London writes that that suavity of manner and that desire to be, in shining, thoroughly agreeable, which in the time of Rousseau distinguished the French aristocracy, no longer exist among their descendants. Polite society hardly exists. There are polite individuals, chiefly to be met with at the bar and in the *corps enseignant*. The poor are, on the whole, better mannered than the rich, and are still capable of disinterested and spontaneous civility. The old French spirit comes out in petty employees when they are treated as gentlemen. If curt speech is employed in addressing them, they at once grow crusty.

J. A. Gotch, a noted London architect, is considered the great authority on male attire. He says that the chimney-pot hat is positively ugly, the swallow-tail inartistic, and the artificial necktie an abomination. The proper covering for the throat should be tied in a knot. The shirt, he thinks, is objectionable, as it is worn only for the cuffs, collar, and front. A seaman's jersey should take its place, with a collar and cuffs on the outside. The trousers are only a sieve for conveying dust to the ankles, and they wear out at the knees. In hunting, cricketing, boating, and bicycling men wear dresses which are at once convenient and picturesque. Outside of this, Mr. Gotch says that a man's present costume is hideous.

Transformation.
She kissed me, my beautiful darling;
I drank the delight of her lips;
The universe melted together,
Mortality stood in eclipse.
A Spirit of Light stood before me,
I heard a far rustle of wings;
The kings of the earth were as heggars,
The heggars of earth were as kings.
—Richard Realf.

Sorrow.
When I was young, I said to sorrow,
"Come, and I will play with thee!"
He is near me now all day,
And at night returns to say,
"I will come again to-morrow—
I will come and stay with thee."

Through the world we walk together—
His soft footsteps rustle by me;
To shield an unregarded head
He hath built a winter shed;
And all night in rainy weather
I hear his gentle hreathings by me.
—Audrey De Vere.

The Thrush.
All through the sultry hours of June,
From morning hiltie to golden noon,
And till the star of evening climbs
The gray-blue East, a world too soon,
There sings a Thrush amid the limes.

God's poet, hid in foliage green,
Sings endless songs, himself unseen;
Right seldom come his silent times.
Linger, ye Summer hours serene!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!
May I not dream God sends thee there,
Thou mellow angel of the air,
Even to rehuke my earthlier rhymes
With music's soul, all praise and prayer?
Is that thy lesson in the limes?

Closer to God art thou than I:
His minstrel thou, whose brown wings fly
Through silent ether's summer climes.
Ah, never may thy music die!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!
—Mortimer Collins.

Ballade of Antique Dances.
Before the town had lost its wits
And scared the bravery from its heaux,
When money-grubs were merely cits
And verse was clear and crisp as prose,
Ere Chloe and Strephon came to blows,
For votes, degrees, and cigarettes,
The world rejoiced to point its toes
In Gigue, Gavotte, and Minuets.

The solemn fiddlers touch their kits;
The tinkling clavichord o'erflows
With contrapuntal quirks and hits;
And, with all measure and repose,
Through figures grave as royal shows,
With noble airs and piouettes,
They move, to rhythms Handel knows,
In Gigue, Gavotte, and Minuets.

O Fans and Swords, O Sacques and Mitts,
That was the better part you chose!
You know not how those gamesome chits,
Waltz, Polka, and Schottische, arose;
Nor how Quadrille—a kind of dose
In time and tune—the dance hesets;
You aired your fashion till the close
In Gigue, Gavotte, and Minuets.

ENVOY.
Muse of the many-tinkling hose,
Terpsichore, O teach your pets
The state, the charm, the grace that glows
In Gigue, Gavotte, and Minuets.
—W. E. Henley.

Youth and Nature.
Is this the sky, and this the very earth
I had such pleasure in when I was young?
And can this be the identical sea-song
Heard once within the storm-clouds' awful girth,
When a great storm from silence hurst to hirth,
And winds to whom it seemed I did belong
Made the keen blood in me run swift and strong
With irresistible, tempestuous mirth?
Are these the forests loved of old so well,
Where on May nights enchanted music was?
Are these the fields of soft, delicious grass,
These the old hills with secret things to tell?
O my dead youth, was this inevitable,
That with thy passing, Nature, too, should pass?
—Philip Bourke Marston.

Substance and Shadow.
They do but grope in learning's pedant round
Who on the fantasies of sense hestow
An idol substance, hiding us how low
Before those shades of being which are found,
Sitting or still, on man's brief trial-ground;
As if such shapes and modes, which come and go,
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show
To sway or judge, and skill to sain or wound.
Son of immortal seed, high-destined man!
Know thy dread gift—a creature, yet a cause:
Each mind its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and molds in its thought's span
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.
—Cardinal Newman.

The Pipe-Player.
Cool, and palm-shaded from the torrid heat,
The young brown tenor puts his singing by,
And sets the twin pipe to his lip to try
Some air of burhush-glooms where lovers meet;
O swart musician, time and fame are fleet,
Brief all delight, and youth's feet fain to fly!
Pipe on in peace! To-morrow must we die.
What matter, if our life to-day be sweet?
Soon, soon, the silver paper-reeds that sigh
Along the Sacred River will repeat
The echo of the dark-stoled hearers' feet,
Who carry you, with wailing, where must lie
Your swathed and withered body, hy and hy,
In perfumed darkness with the grains of wheat.
—E. W. Gosse.

"Facts and Phases of Animal Life" is the title of a volume by Vernon S. Morwood. It is written somewhat after the style of the English writers, Wood and Jackson, and possesses many illustrations, and some amusing anecdotes of animals and birds. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Mary Clemmer is a poetess of great smoothness and originality. She has collected her verse in a volume entitled "Poems of Life and Nature." There are many charming bits among the poems, and the exquisite form in which the book appears is eminently in keeping with the lines. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.; for sale by the booksellers.

The "Problem of the Poor" is a record of "quiet life in unquiet places." It is written by Helen Campbell, who is at present engaged on the staff of *Our Continent*. It successively deals with criminal life in New York, the treatment of the insane, the poor man's food, and other similar topics. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 90 cents.

The latest number of the "Round Robin Series" is entitled "Rachel's Share of the Road." It is a story written for a purpose, and deals with Eastern railroad strikes, and the destitution caused by hard times. There is woven in with it a thread of romance, which, with many striking situations, renders the novel readable in its way. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Several years ago Mr. T. S. Van Dyke wrote an interesting book on Pacific Coast sport, entitled "The Rifle, Rod, and Gun in California." This author has now written a volume treating of "The Still Hunter." It treats for the most part of California game and localities, the deer of the southern portion of the State receiving special attention. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 52.

Mr. W. C. Morrow has written a large number of striking short stories. Their plots are mostly sombre, dealing with murders and other forms of crime, but they are dealt with in a masterly style, and have frequently interested the readers of the *Argonaut*, as well as other journals. He now tries his hand at a novel with the title of "Blood Money," which, while it possesses much merit, is perhaps a little too uneven in parts to receive entire commendation. Published and for sale by F. J. Walker & Co., 19 New Montgomery Street.

Although the Prangs have failed to send, or the post-office failed to carry, the usual hatch of X-mas cards to the *Argonaut*, they are pretty enough to be noticed anyway. Miss Dora Wheeler, of New York, carried off the first prize of two thousand dollars this year, as she did at the last competition. Walter Saterlee was adjudged the popular prize of five hundred dollars, while Miss L. B. Humfrey took two medals, of five hundred and three hundred dollars respectively. Frederick Dielman, Miss Florence Taher, and Alfred Fredericks were given the other prizes. The cards are beautifully mounted, and each has inscribed on the back an appropriate hit of verse by Celia Thaxter or Mrs. E. S. Foreman. In connection with these X-mas cards is a set of New Year's cards, and also, what is a novelty for this firm, a number of original New Year's calling cards. These sets may be obtained from L. Prang & Co., Boston, or at the different hookstores.

In the *Critic* of December 2d there is an interesting article on "American Publishers and English Authors," which will attract the attention of many who are watching the present literary conflict. The prospectus for 1883 of this journal promises many good things, and it is to be hoped that the enterprise of the best and most original literary paper in this country will be endorsed by the public.—The Christmas number of *Wide Awake* includes such names as Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Miss E. S. Phelps, Rose Terry Cook, Rose Kingsley (Reverend Chas. Kingsley's daughter), G. C. Eggleston, Celia Thaxter, Edward E. Hale, Nora Perry, Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Christina Rossetti, A. Mary F. Robinson, Mrs. Mulock-Craig, Philip Bourke Marston, Susan Coolidge, Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, Margaret Eyttinge, Marion Harland, Margaret Preston, and other well-known writers. The illustrations are fully up to the letter-press. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; price, 25 cents.

"Art in the House," by Doctor J. Van Falke, Vice-Director of the Austrian Museum of Art and Industry, in Vienna, translated and edited by Charles C. Perkins, M. A., opens with an account of the Greco-Roman house, as being the most perfect type of the antique dwelling in plan, construction, and decorations. He treats of climatic influence and physical geography in building forms. The Egyptians, notwithstanding their professions of indifference as to their earthly dwellings, lavished immense sums upon their palaces and great houses. The furniture and high colors are fully represented in the volume. We also have glimpses of the Assyrian palaces. The author strives to show how important a part house and home play in our lives, and how much their beauty can add to the pleasure of existence. The work includes descriptions of the Greco-Roman and the mediæval dwellings, the houses of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, style and harmony, mural painting, movable wall-ornaments, furniture and table decorations, and, lastly, discusses in an able and interesting manner woman's æsthetic mission. The volume contains sixty plates, and one hundred and sixty-six figures of furniture, china, glass, silver, etc., illustrated by chromolithographs, albertotypes, and topographic etchings. Published by Prang & Co., Boston; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Announcements: We have reviewed the December *Literary Bulletin* published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. It contains the announcement of many new and beautiful holiday books, such as the new edition of Aldrich's poems, Darley's illustrated edition of "Evangeline," "Scarlet Letter," James T. Field's works, and many others.

The announcement that Doctor Holmes has renounced his professorship in Harvard University comes simultaneously with the announcement that he will, during 1883, write frequently and exclusively for the *Atlantic*.—The mere announcement of the *édition de luxe* of Hawthorne has created such a demand that the edition is already nearly exhausted.—J. W. Bouton is about to bring out a notable illustrated work on Bible myths. Its object is to point out all the myths discoverable in the Old and New Testaments, to show that they were held in common with other nations, and to trace their origin and meaning.—The illustrated edition of Aldrich's poems is likely to be very popular in London. Nearly all of Mr. Aldrich's writings have been translated into at least three languages—French, Spanish, and German.—And the most popular of his prose works have appeared in Danish, Norwegian, Dutch, Italian, and Russian.—Hector Malot, the author of that beautiful little story, "Sans Famille," which was crowned by the Academy, has just published another, which is described as equally touching and pure in tone. It is entitled "La Petite Sœur." It is strange that more of Malot's works have not been translated into English. The pathetic "Romain Kalbris" is one of the few glimpses of this author's brilliant work that we have in our language.—The January number of the *Century* will contain an article on the late Dean Stanley, by Professor W. H. Myers; and "Who are the Creoles?" by George W. Cable, illustrated by Pennell.—Mr. Austin Dobson has written a preface to an English fac-simile reprint of the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe." This has somewhat delayed his work on his "Life of Longfellow" for the "English Men-of-Letters Series."—Since Mr. Longfellow's death the popular demand for his writings has been so great that the Riverside Press has been kept busily at work. The new edition, in two large volumes, bound in leather and brilliantly illustrated, is nearly ready.—Richard Wagner who is preparing to challenge the critics with a great work on "The Arts and Civilization," is writing in a magnificent old palace in Venice, where all his surroundings conduce to a luxurious tranquillity.

GEBHARD AND THE LILY.

The Scandal which Set the New York Gossips' Tongues to Wagging.

Mrs. Langtry again. If she was the talk of the town when she first arrived, how shall I describe her importance now? New York is actually agog with the momentous news of her alleged lapse from the paths of rectitude and virtue which characterized her first few weeks in America. The most insatiable eagerness is displayed by people who should know better to ascertain, if possible, the exact extent of her wrong-doing, and it would seem as though it were the sole and most important aim of every man, woman, and child in New York to find out just how immoral she is. As I write, scores of reporters are scouring the city, interviewing theatrical people who know nothing about Mrs. Langtry, tracing all sorts of wild rumors, and eagerly taking down the words of the gossiping old hens of the clubs. This morning nearly every paper in New York had more or less vulgar articles setting forth the alleged fact that the famous English woman and Bob Hutchins, once Surrogate, were in love, and had gone off together to Boston. At the same time it was stated in an astute Republican paper that there was a rumor in London that Mr. Langtry was seeking a divorce from his wife. Such a statement is, of course, absurd, as they separated amicably some months ago. Special correspondents in Boston discovered the fact that Bob Hutchins had arrived in their city the same day that Mrs. Langtry came, and they immediately interviewed him. He said nothing about Mrs. Langtry, and gave what would appear to be satisfactory reasons for his presence in the city of culture; but the correspondents telegraphed suggestive stories, which were printed conspicuously in the New York papers. Men who are at all familiar with New Yorkers refuse to believe the story, because there is nothing about Bob Hutchins that would attract any woman, and his wealth, though large, is far from being remarkable in this city of millionaires. Besides, he is not only quite coarse and vulgar in manner and speech, but positively unattractive in person. To put the fact bluntly, he is not cleanly, and is addicted to wearing his linen too long without subjecting it to the purifying influence of the washerwoman. That such a man could attract a refined and high-bred woman seemed impossible, and few who knew the man believed the truth of the reports in the morning papers. What gave rise to it all was Mrs. Labouchère's quarrel with the Lily. The two women undoubtedly had a hot interview before the parting. Mrs. Labouchère's story of the quarrel is only one side, however. She says that she came to America with Mrs. Langtry at the solicitation of Mr. Labouchère, to travel with the lady as her friend and adviser.

"I am as much interested in her dramatic success as my husband," says Mrs. Labouchère, "and have done all in my power to further it. I had no wish to quarrel with Mrs. Langtry, but I had occasion to remonstrate with her in regard to a certain acquaintance formed by her in this city, which seemed likely to interfere with her success on the stage, and certain to interfere with my own comfort as her friend and companion. She did not take these remonstrances in good part, but insisted on keeping up this acquaintance in Boston. I then told her that it was impossible for me to accompany her under these circumstances, and she preferred to go to Boston alone."

When this came out, Mrs. Langtry was very strongly condemned. People forgot that it was only one side of a woman's quarrel. Mrs. Labouchère is not well known, or her story would be received with more suspicion. The lady, I happen to know, is very much soured by her reception in America. She is not the legal wife of Labouchère, and that one little fact, though possibly of small consequence to the members of the "Prince's set" in London, is a vast obstacle in the way of social recognition here. Many people would have invited Mrs. Langtry to their houses had it not been for the presence of her friend. Mrs. Labouchère made a great mistake when she allowed her ill-nature to show itself in silly criticisms of things American. She said, for instance, that our women had the manners of servants, dressed like waitresses out on a holiday, and were remarkable for their extreme plainness of visage. A more ridiculously false statement could not be made, and it naturally recoiled on the woman who made it. So Mrs. Labouchère became more and more unpopular, but Mrs. Langtry clung to her with undaunted pluck. The invitations to dinners given by wealthy bachelors to the Jersey Lily always included Mrs. Labouchère, but she became more and more unpopular. It must be remembered that Mrs. Langtry has been bred a lady, while Mrs. Labouchère's breeding was got when she was a rather sensational London actress, known as Kate Hodson. However, it is a settled thing that the two women have parted, and everybody, including the reporters, is trying to find out who the "certain acquaintance" is toward whom Mrs. Labouchère cherishes so much resentment.

It is now Tuesday. None of the papers have yet given his name, though the probabilities are that it will come out long before this letter gets to San Francisco. The name of the youth you have seen before. I once wrote a whole letter about him. He is an ass, and an imitation of everything that is English, and his name is Freddie Gebhard. I state this without any hesitation whatever, because I have heard Mr. Gebhard brag of his alleged conquest, and know of his extravagant entertainments in the Lily's honor. The youth has several millions, and lives like a prince. He is a member of the Knickerbocker, Union, and Coaching clubs, and runs after women constantly. He affects the most grotesque of English drawls, and imports everything he wears and uses direct from London. He is thin and unhealthy looking, and drives miserably. Nevertheless, he has a social position of some importance, and has some imitators. He wears the colors of the Prince of Wales, and sneers ineffably at things American. It would, of course, occur to such a being that the woman whom the Prince of Wales had known was the woman he should know. It surprised no one, therefore, to hear that "Freddie had sent nine hundred and sixty dollars' worth of flowers" to Mrs. Langtry during her engagement at Wallack's. He did not conceal his good fortune in having been received by Mrs. Langtry, and talked with great candor of Mrs. Labouchère, whom he disliked, because she would have nothing to do with him. He has been very happy at various times—notably when he took the famous

beauty up the road behind his new team of trotters, and was envied by every man who drove a horse. Every night he was to be found at the theatre smiling, with an air of great condescension to his friends.

A short time ago Lord Douglass Gordon arrived in New York from a Western trip, and at once called on the Jersey Lily. He came away looking gloomy and morose. An hour later the clubs were chattering over the fact, and investing it with a vast importance. Me Lawd had followed the Lily over here, the clubs said, and been unmercifully snubbed in return. Every one then opened his eyes and said there would be a big rumour when Me Lawd met Freddie Gebhard. In the course of time they met—would it be possible for an English lord to be in America and Freddie Gebhard not meet him? But the scandal-mongers who expected a quarrel at the meeting of the two men were woefully disappointed; for they talked in the most commonplace manner, and went to dinner together. A few nights later, and every one was chattering about a late supper at Delmonico's, consisting of four people—Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Gebhard, Me Lawd, and an unknown lady. Then it was discovered that Lord Douglass Gordon had never been an admirer of Mrs. Langtry in London, and called on her here just for the fun of the thing. A few nights later, a large dinner-party was given to the Lily by a jolly *bon vivant* of advanced age, but great wealth, to which was invited, among other guests, Lord Mandeville. When Mrs. Langtry heard that this noble scion of British nobility was to be present, she positively refused to go to the dinner. Some questioning revealed the fact that the Jersey Lily considered herself insulted because Lady Mandeville had not called on her, though her ladyship had been in New York three weeks. Upon learning of this, Lady Mandeville sneered indignantly, and said she would not recognize the actress. Lord Mandeville, as soon as he ascertained the exact hitch, hurriedly withdrew his acceptance to the invitation to dinner, and things were smoothed out. Lady Mandeville has sneered at the idea of recognizing Mrs. Langtry here, though it is said that she sought an introduction to her when she was the reigning queen of London society.

No further gossip was heard about Mrs. Langtry until yesterday, when she left for Boston. Suddenly the whole of New York became violently excited, and the wildest efforts were made to find out who had won his way into the Lily's good graces. Jack Cutting was the first man accused, and after him came George Gould, the son of Jay Gould, and then vague rumors about Gebhard, who was said to be still suffering from the mortification of his rejection by Miss Jerome. I wrote you some time ago that he had been jilted, but did not suspect at the time that he felt so very much broken up. There is no doubt now, however, that he was deeply disappointed by it, for it was a more brilliant match than he deserved. It is quite possible that he hoped to revenge himself on the beautiful girl who threw him over by his *liaison* with the famous professional beauty from across the water, for he has certainly taken some trouble to have his intimacy with Mrs. Langtry noised abroad. Mr. Freddie Gebhard certainly went to Boston, but he just as certainly did not go with Mrs. Langtry, and is not with her now.

Abbey, the manager, is extremely provoked at the scandal, and he has reason to be, for it will certainly affect his star's business in her tour through the country. Her reputation for being a little fast was strong enough through the rumors of her kindnesses to the Prince of Wales, and she had nothing to gain, but much to lose, by a new scandal on this side of the water. There was a feeling among the people here that she was in earnest as an actress, and deserved a good opportunity to show what she could do. It was the same sentiment that existed when Bernhardt was here—"never mind what she is as a woman, we have only to judge her on the stage." Mrs. Langtry herself expressed a deep desire to be judged on her merits, and so she was judged. The newspapers treated her with consideration, until the rumors of her lapse were set afloat, when they sprang on her track like hounds. Nothing new could be unearthed about the Lily, but the careers of her lovers were explored, and the most astonishing things were brought to light. One enterprising journal made all of its esteemed contemporaries blush with envy by publishing a lot of Mr. Gebhard's letters to various people. They were remarkable specimens of illiterate writing. One to the Jersey Lily was addressed to "my dear friend," and accompanied a basket of "fruit." He seems to have a decided antipathy to the use of the letter *i*. A letter to a celebrated firm of wine importers, reads:

Mes Purdy & Nichols.

Gentlemen: Please to send me two number 100 fifth Avenue seven cases of Pomry seek. In haste.

FRED GEBHARD.

It has also come about since the Lily's departure that young George Gould bought a four-thousand-dollar diamond ring at Tiffany's for her, but that she refused to accept it. It is a difficult matter to decide just how much truth exists in the many stories about the beauty, but it is quite plain that she has slipped up somewhere in her social relations in New York.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 5.

After the Parisians abandoned the "pig," which was for some time a favorite mantle ornament and a much worn article of *bijouterie*, and was thought to carry luck to its owner, they substituted with the same view a repulsive-looking miniature hunchback. For some time that was the rage, and dainty ladies did not hesitate to wear the ungainly little object, suspended from their chateaines and bracelet-chains, but that, too, has been discarded now for a new *porte-bonheur* that comes straight from Vienna; it is a mushroom. When made in silver the mushroom is so designed as to be really very pretty, and more than all, it is said to be marvelously lucky. Paris gallants are also sending their innamoratas long bisque baskets, in imitation of plaited straw, the partly raised lid reveals the forms of a little boy and girl at one end; the remainder of the basket is filled with a loose cluster of roses and violets. The little girl has her pretty head bent, as if in the act of smelling one of the roses.

A certain gilded youth is making himself conspicuous in New York by wearing a standing-room-only suit of bright green cloth, through which runs a gold thread that gayly glistens in the sunlight.

THE PHANTOM OF THE "PALATINE."

The Story of a Wreck.

C. B. Todd, in an interesting paper in the December *Lippincott* on Block Island, or, as it is sometimes called, the Island of the Manisees, recounts the stories of the various wrecks which have occurred off the coast of Rhode Island, and at the mouth of Long Island Sound. A volume, novel and interesting, the writer observes, might be filled with records of these wrecks. The old men love to recount them, snugly seated by their fires of peat, while the blast shrieks fiercely without. There is one, however, that they rarely touch upon—the most famous of all—so famous that it has been celebrated in song and story, and is known the wide world over—the wreck of the ship *Palatine*, whose ghostly figure, wreathed in flame, is still seen gliding down the Sound of nights, awaking the awe of the superstitious and the futile researches of the learned. Whittier, in his fine poem, "The *Palatine*," has given wide currency to the legend. His version is that current on the mainland, but it is false in every particular, and does gross injustice to the islanders. In this poem, it will be remembered, the vessel is spoken of as being lured ashore by "false lights over the rocky Head," and the wreckers are pictured as swooping down like birds of prey, tearing out the heart of the wreck, and afterward burning it, that no traces of their crime might remain. The true story of the *Palatine*, however, is almost the opposite of this, and runs as follows: About the year 1720, nearly two hundred emigrants from the German Palatinate embarked at the Hague in a vessel bound to New York. Many of them were well-to-do burghers, and bore with them a store of guilders for the purchase of land or for purposes of trade. This treasure the officers of the ship coveted, and agreed on a plan to secure it; accordingly, they treated the poor passengers with the utmost rigor, penned them up in narrow, filthy compartments, starved them with insufficient food, and kept the vessel so long at sea that nearly all the emigrants were sick or dead ere she sighted the American coast. Passing inside Montauk, she came ashore on Block Island, probably by design, and the surviving emigrants were hurriedly put ashore, leaving their effects on board—all except one woman, who persisted in remaining by her treasure. At flood-tide the vessel floated clear, and, with the woman and crew on board, drifted down the Sound. She was never seen in her material form again; but it was currently reported that the crew burned her to hide their crime, escaping to the shore in boats, and that the woman perished with the vessel. But now comes the strangest part of the tale. A year after the disappearance of the *Palatine* (for so the ship came to be called, from the poor Palatines her passengers, although no one knew her real name, or the name of her officers, or had seen her papers,) a strange light began to be seen hovering about the coast. At first it appeared like a ship's jib, dancing over the water, sometimes near the surface, and again elevated as high as a mast-head above it; in a short time two of these sails of flame appeared; and, before the first year had passed, the entire ship—hull, decks, masts, shrouds, and sails—had been seen, sharply defined in fire, and madly careering over the billows. The hardy fishermen soon discovered that her appearance heralded storm and disaster, nor were they slow in connecting her with the *Palatine* which had drifted away from their shores the year before, and which they believed was now being purified by purgatorial fires, her cruel officers doomed to man her fiery decks and haunt the scene of their crimes until this should be accomplished. The apparition caused a great excitement among the simple fishermen, and throngs of the curious came to see and judge for themselves of this strange appearance. For a hundred years the light continued to linger about the island, and then suddenly disappeared, and it was believed that the unquiet spirits were finally at rest. But within the last two years it has suddenly reappeared, and the local public is again agog with speculations concerning it. It is certain that such a phenomenon does appear off the western coast of the island, between it and the mainland, and the fact is worthy the investigation of the scientist. Doctor Aaron C. Willey, a reputable citizen, formerly residing on the island, in a letter published in 1811, averred that he had several times seen it, and had studied it critically. The first time was at early twilight in February, 1810; the second on the 20th of December of the same year, when he mistook it for the light of a passing vessel, but soon discovered his mistake. "It moved along apparently parallel with the shore for about two miles," he says, in the letter referred to; "then it remained in one place for some time, when it moved off quickly for several rods, and again made a halt. Alternately in a state of motion and then of rest, it finally disappeared altogether." We have no authentic account of the *Palatine* light appearing to any once since 1832, until the summer of 1880, when the phantom was suddenly presented to Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, an estimable citizen of Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island. In a letter to the local newspaper, that gentleman thus narrates his experience: "When I first saw the light it was two miles off the coast. I suspected nothing but ordinary sails, however, until I noticed that the light upon reappearing was apparently stationary for a few moments, when it suddenly started toward the coast, and, immediately expanding, became much less bright, assuming somewhat the form of a long, narrow jib, sometimes two of them, as if each were on a different mast. I saw neither spar nor hull, but noticed that the speed was very great—certainly not less than fifteen knots—and they surged and pitched, as though madly rushing upon raging billows." As to the causes that produced this singular phenomenon, the writer ventures no opinion, content with introducing it to the notice of investigators. But while on the island he made a point of gathering all the data to be had concerning it, and the proof as to its existence and characteristics was conclusive. There was also an entire unanimity of opinion as to its nature and origin—all declared it to be the spectre of a burning ship. Gnarled and grizzled veterans, strong of nerve and keen of eye, had seen it rise suddenly before them while out on lonely fishing cruises, every mast, spar, rope, and sail perfectly outlined in fire. There were strong young men, too, rather skeptical than otherwise of the existence of the supernatural, to whom it had appeared under like circumstances, and who believed firmly in the recorded appearances.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The consummation of a second transcontinental railroad, connecting the Bay of San Francisco with the Gulf of Mexico, is to us an event of importance. The completion of our first road was an era in the history of our State. We had discounted its benefits, had our boom in real estate, and so enjoyed ourselves in anticipation of the event, that when it happened we were disappointed somewhat that its completion did not usher in an immediate millennium. San Francisco, up to that time, having been the receiving and distributing point of all passengers and merchandise, naturally experienced a set-back when this business was done along the entire line of the railroad, and when it was not necessary for the passengers from the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys to come to San Francisco to take ship or enter the harbor of San Francisco before reaching their homes elsewhere in the State. We shall experience a similar loss of trade and passenger traffic when the Villard system shall be completed and accommodate the people of Oregon and Washington Territory with direct Eastern communication. Again, we shall find a rival competing for our business when the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road shall have finished lines to San Diego and Guaymas. Our compensation for these losses is in the increasing population, growing trade, and extending commerce that come as natural results from thus multiplying the great highways of trade. Now, our much maligned California railroad-builders have completed a second transcontinental road connecting the two oceans. The significance of this road to us lies in the fact that it is owned and managed by Californians; that it has received neither subsidies of money nor bounties of land from the General Government; and that it is in a moral sense independent of Government control, and has a right to be let alone in its management. The ever-meddlesome press has, so far as the Southern road is concerned, no right to dictate to it or interfere with it; and even the party demagogue may remember that neither individuals nor municipal, nor county, nor State, nor General Government has paid anything or contributed a dollar for its building. Neither the *Chronicle*, Samuel Seabough, Mr. Estee, John Doyle, Esq., the Honorable Tom Fitch of Arizona, Mr. Harrison of —, nor the *Wasp*, has ever been taxed a dollar for it. Neither the *Examiner* nor the Democratic party has been laid under contribution for this road in the hands of Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, Crocker & Co.

The gentlemen composing this management, with Mr. Towne the superintendent, Mr. Frederick Crocker, and Mr. Tubbs, are now at the front to celebrate the second union

of roads. This will be accomplished in a few days, and we may take an unbroken ride from San Francisco, by way of Galveston in Texas, to New Orleans, over roads owned and controlled by Californians. The importance of this fact—viz., that this great road is owned and controlled by Californians, whose association and interest naturally induce them to favor the western terminus—will be recognized. Our commercial jurisdiction extends to a limit coterminous with transportation. To illustrate: two roads being built, one from Chicago and run in the interest of that city, and one from San Francisco eastward, owned in San Francisco and run in the interest of that city, it will be found that the commercial supremacy will be felt from Chicago west and from San Francisco east, just to the extent of their respective roads. This awful thing which our small politicians and small editors style "discrimination" comes into play. Each road discriminates in favor of its own city. The road, in its desire for long freights, will carry the products and merchandise from San Francisco east just as far as it possibly can, and at decreasing rates. It will bring merchandise from the east to its San Francisco terminus, if possible, in order to earn upon a long travel, and it will charge larger comparative freights upon short than long distances. This is illustrated by the Central and Union Pacific roads. The San Francisco merchant distributes his goods just as far eastward as the Central Pacific road reaches. Any one traveling overland by these routes will observe the empty oyster cans, sardine boxes, the abandoned packages which have contained small merchandise, the bottles that have held beer or wine, the papers thrown aside from goods consumed, and will find them all, this side of Ogden, marked San Francisco, and all beyond marked with the name of some Eastern city. If Jay Gould or Vanderbilt owned a continuous road from New York City to San Francisco, the Sacramento and Stockton merchants would buy their goods east of the Rocky Mountains. If Stanford & Co. owned a continuous line from San Francisco to New York, the San Francisco manufacturer and trader would distribute their goods beyond the Mississippi. This is a natural law of trade. The interest of the transportation company, whether by rail or steamer, is with its home terminus—is to carry its local productions as far from home as possible, and to bring the productions of other localities from as long a distance as its steam route or railroad line reaches. Another hundred miles of extension to the Central Pacific road would have given us the trade of the Great Salt Lake City and of the territory of Utah. Five hundred miles further eastward, and we would have supplied Denver, and Cheyenne, and Colorado, and Wyoming. If Stanford & Co. owned the road to the Missouri River at Omaha, with the branch to Kansas City, and the entire system that accommodates the west Missouri country, they would discriminate in favor of their long line. The Eastern branches, which now gather up the trade of the locality and send it East, would have been used as tentacles to grasp this same trade, and, bringing it to the trunk line, would have sent it west to San Francisco. The city of New York has not so vast an advantage over us as a commercial port, as many think. The difference in the cost of transporting merchandise from ports in Europe, as between New York and San Francisco, is not enough to account for the difference in trade. The relation of the cost of transportation and value to the vast majority of articles consumed is not of sufficient importance to determine whether they shall come from New York west or go from San Francisco east. The port of New York has a shorter European line than has San Francisco. San Francisco has a shorter Asiatic line than has New York. New York has advantage in trade with the West Indies and the eastern coast of South America. San Francisco has the advantage in the Pacific islands, and the Australian trade, and the West Coast, Mexican, Central, and South American trade. One of the most serious difficulties which this coast has to contend with is the fact that the East is the home of capital. It is the centre of enterprise. The men of money and brains who project and execute great business schemes live and have their interests in the East, and not in the West. To Jay Gould or Vanderbilt San Francisco is an outlying province, to be despoiled. They would look upon California as a Roman proconsul looked upon farther Gaul. To them the Californian is a trans-Alpine barbarian, to be despoiled, to pay tribute, to be brought in manacles to Rome to enhance their triumphs. It would serve some of the grumbling idiots of our commercial and producing classes right to have the Californian people turn over the California system of railroads to an Eastern syndicate; to put the whole business under the control and management of non-residents, who do not read the *Examiner*, and who are not called upon to vote for Mr. Estee; who never heard of John Doyle, and who would pay no more attention to the small outcry of demagogues and newspaper scribblers than our seals at the ocean shore do to the gulls which cry at the Farallones. These men would snap their fat thumbs at all their complaints, and pay no heed to them. If we had wrongs, they would let us seek our remedies in the courts. In answer to even just complaints they would give us the law's delay. Instead, as now, of the prompt rectification of mistakes and the prompt ad-

justment of all just causes of dissatisfaction, our business men would experience the indifference that would naturally arise from distance, and from want of local and personal sympathy, and self-interest with the class or locality affected.

The new road, belonging exclusively to one corporation, subject to one management, owned by our own people, and terminating in San Francisco, is relieved from many embarrassments incident to the northern route, which must do its business, convey its passengers, and transport its freight over the lines of not less than six different railroad companies, with their varying and ever-changing tariffs. Emigration contracts may be made in Europe for conveyance to California direct, without subjecting the emigrant to the rivalries and rogues which beset him from the time he lands at Castle Garden until he reaches a cyclone on the northwestern prairies. This road should give us the trade of Arizona, southern Utah, New Mexico, parts of Texas, parts of Sonora and Chihuahua across the Mexican border line, and will, if our merchants and manufacturers exhibit commercial enterprise. San Francisco should be the receiving and distributing point for two thousand miles eastward. The climate of the country through which the road is built, the light grades and long tangents, together with the superior structure, and steel rails, and the superior equipments, guarantee to this road speedy and uninterrupted transportation at all times of the year. Cheap fares and cheap freights will come as a matter of course from the competition which will necessarily be engendered by rival enterprises. It is urged that railroad companies do not compete, but combine, and yet it is true that they do compete till the lowest possible living rate is reached; then they combine in mutual self-defense. In all the Eastern States and in all of Europe we have witnessed similar operations, attended with the same results. The first road is exacting; the second brings adjustment; the third fierce rivalry; and, when finally fares and freights have been brought down to non-remunerative rates, they come back again under compromises and combinations to fair figures, where they remain. We are already assured of five railroads connecting the Pacific and Atlantic waters. The road from the British possessions through the Canadian Dominion; the railroad system whose Pacific terminus is Puget Sound and the mouth of the Columbia; the Central and Union Pacific with its terminus at the Bay of San Francisco; the Atlantic and Pacific road from St. Louis west, connecting with the Central Pacific system some hundreds of miles west of the Mojave station; the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé terminating at San Diego and Guaymas, and the Southern Pacific at San Francisco. Uniting all these roads will be one from Washington Territory along the Pacific Coast to San Diego, and ultimately extending along the Mexican and Central American border. Equalizing the transcontinental business is the ocean navigation from Alaska to Panama along the coast, which enables the San Francisco merchant to receive freight or ship it by any of the railroad routes or by the way of Panama. The India, China, or Hawaiian merchant, doing business with New York, may choose either transcontinental railroad. Thus, in time, and in brief time, the laws of trade, the natural rivalry and the competition of transportation companies, will adjust all the difficulties under which we are now working. When this is brought about, the railroads will disappear from our politics, as they have in a great measure from the Eastern States, and almost entirely from Europe. The idea that all the railroads can combine is chimerical and fantastic. The idea that one syndicate can control and operate them all is absurd and imaginative. There are rules and laws as certain and as fixed in the business as in the natural world. Railroad men and railroad corporations are compelled to recognize them. The laws of gravitation, centripetal and centrifugal forces, are not more unchangeable than the laws governing the transportation of persons and merchandise. The Southern Pacific road is an immense fact in the history of this State, and time will demonstrate the debt the people owe to its builders. It was an ambitious work. Its conception could only have originated in the brain of a broad man. Its realization could only have been accomplished by the resolution and enterprise of active and energetic men. If the writer did not fear the malice of the small-brained, the malignant, and the jealous, he would suggest that it would be better if we did not conspire to drive these railroad-builders out of the State just at present, as it is barely within the possibilities that they may build more railroads. Perhaps, if they do not build more, and content themselves with their present earning of annual millions, it would not do the State any great harm if we should permit them to dwell among us and spend their incomes here. They might, perhaps, construct more elegant dwellings, have other country-seats, erect in our city other commercial blocks, breed faster horses, plant other vineyards, and give us more cable roads. They might, if they were not harassed with small vexations from press, and politicians, and the crawling ambition of small demagogues, consent to die in the country, and, in their advancing years, in grateful recollection of the place where their fortunes were made, might contribute to its public institutions. They might, at least, have built for

them monuments of bronze or marble to mark their resting places. They might while living not be unmindful of charities, and, in death, not forget to immortalize themselves by popular bequests.

We were delightfully anticipant of some most rich and toothsome gossip. We looked forward to racy and piquant slanders. We were in hopes of a feast of flagrant things from the Labouchère and the Langtry, when they should finally open their batteries upon each other. We caught the first sibilant whispers of the coming cyclone of defamation, and awaited with anxious expectation the uprending of ever so many reputations when these female adventurers should get their work in. The Labouchère has shamefully disappointed the country. She fired her Parthian arrow and fled. The Langtry answers with silence and a sneer. We sincerely hope the Associated Press will not tamely submit to this condition of things, and allow its Western readers to lose all the splendid details of these women's lives, as told by each other. There are tidbits of infamous personalities, there are suggestions of dreadful things, and obscure hints which only whet our appetites for the delightful and slanderous calumnies that lie within the inner lives of these ladies of the demi-upper-monde. We are ever so sorry that Mrs. Langtry was disappointed in not penetrating the better society of Boston, and that the mansions of Beacon Hill did not open their doors to these fragrant females from London. The woman who calls herself Labouchère has withdrawn from the Langtry the moral protection which her matronizing influence threw around her, and the Langtry is left to the seductive wiles of the man with a stare, and an eye-glass, and a four-in-hand drag. It would be very strange, indeed, if any respectable American home should be thrown open to these notorious adventuresses, or if any modest American woman should seek their society for its companionship; nor do we believe that there is any respectable circle in England where virtuous women welcome these and such as these. We have heard for two or three years past of the celebrity of certain professional beauties, of their being presented at court, of their attending garden-parties given by her majesty the queen—that lady whose majesty is not so much that she is Queen of England, as that she has adorned the domestic circle, and is the queen of the good and modest women of our English race. It is possible that this royal lady may have been imposed upon by adventuresses. We know that many a young English girl has knelt before her queen in court presentation whose ripening years have produced a harvest of crime. But there is no social place among the good women of England or America for questionable show-women, or women who can not truthfully call themselves wives. We recall the controversy over Mrs. Lewes. How earnest was the effort to allow her genius to cover as with a mantle her illegal marital relations. It did not succeed, and the genius of George Eliot is a thing apart from herself. Her writings may adorn the shelves of our libraries and live as the companion of our intellectual lives; but when we talk of her in the presence of wives, and sisters, and daughters, she is George Eliot, and not Mrs. Lewes.

If anything were wanting to convince intelligent people that the *Bulletin* is insincere upon the water question, and that its object is to secure neither accommodation to the people nor economy to the city, it is afforded in its editorial of Tuesday. To so misstate figures as to make them appear true; to so suppress truth as to make it appear error; to misrepresent, garble, and cover up plain propositions in order to deceive, may be a good and safe way to work personal revenge against the owners of Spring Valley water stock, and depreciate the company's property; but it does not convince anybody that it is sincerely, honestly, and honorably endeavoring to correct a popular abuse or remedy a public evil. When the *Bulletin* figures the entire area of the Golden Gate Park into square yards, and declares that the price of one cent per month per square yard is to be charged by the Spring Valley Water Company for irrigation, and makes it appear that the practical result of this action by the Supervisors and corporation managers is to cost the municipal government seven hundred thousand dollars per annum, it is a deliberate attempt at practical misrepresentation, unworthy of respectable journalism. The Golden Gate Park contains over one thousand acres of land, of which less than one-fourteenth part is irrigated. If the company should charge the full rate and to the irrigated area add all the other parks in the city, the sum would be a little over four thousand dollars a month, instead of forty-nine thousand dollars, as represented by the *Bulletin*'s figures. And, so far as we know anything about the Golden Gate Park, it pays nothing for water used on lawns, shrubbery, conservatory, nursery, and avenues. It is equally absurd that the company should only be paid for water actually used through its hydrants for extinguishing fires. It is a fact, and this fact is alone conclusive of the company's equity: it is necessitated to have reservoirs so placed, and pipes for distribution of a larger capacity, because of the fire necessity. San Francisco owes its safety and its existence to the protection afforded to property by Spring Valley water. Insurance rates are at a minimum in

this city. Without this water, property would be uninsurable, and to talk of depending upon a few widely distributed old tanks left us from the time of the volunteer department, as a protection from fire, is either the drivell of a fool or the misinformation of an evil-disposed person. To fix metres at every fire-plug, and to measure the water used at the parks and other public places, is to necessitate their being placed at the house of every consumer—a vexatious and unnecessary proceeding, and one which would be to the last degree improper. The truth is, somebody must pay the Spring Valley Water Company enough money to enable them to keep up their works and run the machine. If the city and property shirk their duty, the burden will fall upon consumers. We write this because we believe that all this water controversy can be arranged to the satisfaction of stockholders, consumers, and property-holders, if it can ever get out of politics and come under the adjustment of fair-minded and honest men. We think the company is desirous of reaching this result. We think the *Bulletin* has determined that the controversy shall never be dropped. We think the *Bulletin* in this matter is governed by motives of a personal character, and that it is dishonest and insincere in everything it writes about the Spring Valley Water Company. And we think the people know it.

It occurs to us that the butter-makers are unwisely giving away the secrets of their own business, and somewhat unnecessarily advertising the new product called oleomargarine. If the new product made from the fat of kine can not be distinguished from that made from the fat of the milk of kine; if the slaughtered bull contains a bonanza of butter heretofore undiscovered; if in quality, color, flavor, and chemical components it is the same; if science and the practical test of the restaurant and boarding-house, of hash and hot biscuits, can not determine between them, and only the microscope can decide—then, in our opinion, oleomargarine will take its place among commercial products, and will not be compelled to take to itself the ancient and honorable appellation of butter. We commend to our butter-makers a reform in their methods of making and marketing the products of the dairy. Our suggestions are in the interest of the reputation of the honest cow, whom we honor, and on whose lacteal secretion the innocent and young of our human family so much depend, rather than on the average dairyman, who is oftentimes unclean in person and unsavory in reputation; who violates the cleanly instinct of the sweet-breathed bovine by confining her in filthy stables, by denying to her the freedom of the meadow and the luxury of clover; feeds her upon the slops of stills and kitchen swills; robs her of her young, and has her milked by the unsympathizing Portuguese, and her butter manipulated by the uncombed female with crimson hair, made into fraudulent pounds, and sent to conspiring middle-men with immoral views upon the laws of trade. We recommend to our California dairymen—who are a generation behind England, Switzerland, and Orange County in every principle and practice of cheese and butter-making—that they first inform themselves as dairymen, give us honest weight of clean-made butter, that comes from cows properly fed and kindly treated, before they demand that the publicans and sinners who keep restaurants and hotels should placard "oleomargarine." When this kind of legislation is entered upon, let the schedule of fraudulent, imitated, and spurious articles that are offered for sale in all departments of trade be largely increased. We suggest, also, that the ordinary farmer and fruit-grower give us good hay throughout the bale, good potatoes at the bottom of the bag, large apples and strawberries at the bottom of the box, and deserve their name of "honest farmers."

Some wise man has said: "There is always distinction in being at the top." It is this apothegm is true, and Adam found distinction in being the first man, Noah in standing alone upon Ararat, the sole survivor of a drowned world, and Alexander was at the top when he could find no other worlds to conquer—then why is there not also distinction in being at the bottom? The first scientist, navigator, warrior, rogue, or criminal, feels the pride of being first—standing first among his kind. The millionaire who gets the most money, or the politician who gets the most votes, have the same pride; then why not pride in being the poorest man, like Diogenes, or getting the worst political defeat that ever politician received, like Estee?

Stoneman received.....	90,554 votes.
McDonald	5,479
McQuiddy	996
Scattering.....	17
Total.....	97,046
Estee received.....	67,034

Majority of all over Estee.....30,012 votes.

The whole vote of the State was one hundred and sixty-four thousand and eighty. This is a worse flagellation than Judge Folger received in New York. Even poor little Black-and-Tan was beaten less than ten thousand votes. Estee has attained the distinction of being the worst defeated man in the whole catalogue of Republican catastrophes from

Connecticut to California. When, in after times, men speak of the great tidal wave that swept the Northern States in the year 1882, they will state that the man who was drowned the drownedest, sank the deepest, and stayed longest under water, was the man who ran on the Republican ticket for Governor of California in this year of the great comet. The curious will overhaul the archives, and find that his name was Estee.

Embarrassments to business men do not come so much from tariff or revenue imports as from the uncertainty attending them and the fear of change. Our country was never more prosperous in all its great length and breadth, in all its industries and vocations, and among all its fifty-two millions of inhabitants, than it is to-day. The only present disturbing element in our business circles is the possibility of legislative action by Congress changing our revenue laws. Nothing definite will be accomplished this session. It will be an entire year before there will be a session of Congress in which any serious tariff modification will be attempted. In the meantime, the manufacturer and importer are greatly embarrassed because of the uncertainty of prices and markets, growing out of fear of change in the revenue laws. If the two houses of Congress, both parties concurring, would meet and unanimously resolve that for the next ten years there should be no repeal or change in the laws governing the collection of revenue—customs and internal—it would be a happy thing for the country, and more than anything else Congress could do would it contribute to our national prosperity.

The people of California seem to be utterly oblivious to the fact that we have produced from our midst a great man. Yet such is the fact. "Our Harry George," who founded the *Post*, "price, one cent," who rated our gas-metres, who made occasional Democratic speeches for us, who started a weekly paper or two, who insisted all the time that real estate should pay all the taxes, and who has written a book, is now ranked among the distinguished ones. We are glad of this, for we were becoming awfully tired of the recurring iteration of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall. This quartet of philosophers had somehow absorbed all the learning and sense of the world. Jo Cook of Boston has been spinning around the outer edges, but has not succeeded in forcing an entrance to the inner sanctum of these monopolizing biophants of learning. Now comes Harry George—"Our Harry"—with his modest bearing, his original theories of land tenure, and his new and practical views upon all the great questions of political economy. With an iconoclasm as audacious as original, he upsets the doctrines of Malthus, Ricardo, and Adam Smith, and flings his new book, "Poverty and Progress," in the face of all the time-honored traditions and abuses of the age. "Our Harry" has the courage of his convictions. He gets upon the crest of the Land-league wave, and is borne across the sea to the "most distressful country," and while there has the hardihood to differ with both landlord and tenant. He has the intelligence to perceive the demagogism of the Land-leaguers, the Parnellites, and all the blatant Irish agitators, and the nerve to combat their views. Harry had wonderful luck. He was imprisoned by the hated Saxon in one of his Bastilles. He became the subject of international anxiety. The haughty Briton was compelled to apologize. The American Government, through its Minister of Foreign Affairs, finding that Mr. George was satisfied, did not declare war. We are indebted to Mr. George—"Our Harry"—that war does not exist to-day; that the ocean is not incarnadined; and that exasperated ships, from their blood-stained decks, are not exchanging the death-dealing compliments of war. The London *Times* reviews "Our Harry" and his works. He rains newspaper articles like the dropping leaves of Vallambrosa. He piles upon Ossa of pamphlets, and crowns them with a Pelion of books. In a word, "Our Harry" has become famous, and we are proud of him. He enriches the vocabulary of illustrious authority—"Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and George." Let Boston's Jo Cook go hang himself. George is from San Francisco. He may never return to us, and other cities may claim his birth and burial; but in none of them did this Homer in prose ever set up a newspaper, "price, one cent," or rate gas-metres for their inhabitants. We have other great men among us. The Philosopher Pickett is dead, but Horace Davis and Colonel Jackson still survive. The editor of the *Call*—the one that reviews the decisions of the Federal Courts—may blaze out from his impersonal obscurity at any time. Clarence Great-house, of the *Examiner*, Upton and the Reverend Bartlett, of the *Bulletin*, are our reserved forces of greatness that we are holding back for the ultimate astonishment of mankind. But really, badinage apart, Henry George has achieved for himself a reputation of which any of us might be proud, and yet we are not convinced that railroads, water companies, and personal property ought not to help pay taxes, nor are we quite ready to turn over the *Argonaut*'s new building and lot on Dupont Street as the common property of all the impecunious loafers that belong to Henry George's Democratic party.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

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A new story is told of an eminent English dramatist. He was about to read a new piece of his to the company of the—well, I will say a theatre—when, gravely rising from his seat, and opening a black bag he carried, he walked round the stage, and placed a new pocket-handkerchief in the hands of each of the actors and actresses present, simply remarking: "Pardon me, but this is a tragedy!"

A gentleman who has recently taken up the study of French, and who loses no opportunity of airing the little knowledge he has thus far acquired of that language by translating and pronouncing such French words and phrases as his friends might encounter in his presence, was thus addressed by an acquaintance: "If you only knew as much English as you do French, you might get along right well."

Two rival belles at an evening party were seated in the conservatory with their respective cavaliers enjoying their supper. The gas was turned down somewhat, as it should be in a conservatory at an evening party. "My dear Julia," said one of the fascinating creatures, "how beautiful your complexion is—in this dim light!" "Oh, thank you," responded her rival, "and how lovely you look in the dark!"

A certain church in Michigan has been struck by lightning a dozen times, and now, whenever the preacher shows signs of getting long-winded, and passes from his "seventhly" to his "eighthly," the organist slyly imitates the sound of approaching thunder on the pedals. The result is that the preacher finishes his sermon and starts the doxology in an amazingly short time. The congregation has increased the salary of that organist.

An Editor, returning Home one Morning about Eight o'clock, was met in the Hall by his Vigilant Spouse. "Alas," she said, "that you have been Detained by another Breakage of the Press!" "Nay, not so," he Replied; "neither has the Press broken Down, nor have I been Detained by getting out the Weekly; but it was a small game of Ten-Cent ante which Hindered me." Hearing the which, the soul of George Washington turned over in His Grave and Muttered a Silent Benediction.

A West Pointer tells a comical anecdote of a very diffident young clergyman, who had been invited to dine with a professional brother, who also kept a young ladies' boarding-school. He was introduced to a bevy of the fair pupils in the drawing-room, and among them to a Miss M——, to whom he said, stammeringly: "A-a-a—Miss M——, a-a-I-I-I am not entirely unacquainted with you. I-I-I had the honor of sleeping with your father a short time ago!" If this isn't a rich specimen of the art of "scraping acquaintance," we have never heard of one.

The *Springfield Republican* tells how a gentleman took from his pocket, after dinner, a pair of solitaires and passed them to his wife. "Humph," she said, "prize package, I suppose?" and passed them on to her son. "Dollar store, eh?" commented the youth. Papa smiled, and silently replaced the card in his pocket. A few days later mamma said: "Where did you get those ear-rings you showed us?" "Well, a man submitted them to me at the store. They were only nine hundred and fifty dollars, but you are such a poor judge of gems that I thought it wasn't worth while to give them to you."

A Chinese mandarin recently pronounced a decision as novel, if not as wise, as Solomon's famous judgment. A Chinese who had been drinking in a tea-house pulled out a dollar to pay the bill. The money was immediately claimed by a Hindu who was present, and who accused the Chinese of having stolen it from him. When the matter was referred to the magistrate, a second claimant appeared in the person of a Japanese. After profound deliberation, the mandarin came to the conclusion that there was not the slightest evidence to prove that the dollar belonged to either the Japanese or the Hindu; he decided, therefore, that it should be divided equally between them, and the Chinaman discharged from custody.

An Austin man, says the *Texas Siftings*, who made a prolonged trip through Mexico, gives us some interesting details of his trip. He says that when he was in the City of Mexico he was shown through some of the old buildings, convents, and jails that were erected by the Spaniards. In the wall of one of the ancient buildings he noticed a small opening, and he naturally inquired of his Mexican guide what it meant. He was told that it was one of the buildings in which criminals were walled up alive. "What was the use of that hole in the wall?" "Well, señor, you see, as long as the prisoner lived his food was handed in to him on a plate, and he handed the empty plate back; but when he handed the plate back with the food on it untouched, then the jailor knew the prisoner was dead already, and didn't give him any more."

A heavy snow had begun falling, and had soon completely blockaded a railroad, stopping the train with its single passenger car far from any place of habitation. There were a dozen or more travelers; but, as the prospect of relief within a few hours was good, they were taking the unpleasant situation calmly. Among them was a tall, lank, lay-preacher, whose countenance was chiefly remarkable for a preternaturally large mouth. Soon after the train came to a standstill, he arose at the forward end of the car, and, with his blandest professional smile, began: "Now, brethren and sisters, we've got to stay here shut up together for an hour or two—so let us make the best of it. I say brethren and sisters—because we are all brethren and sisters—ain't that so? We're all Christians, ain't we? Of course we are. Now, let us have a little experience meeting here. To begin with, we all believe there's nothing the Lord couldn't do, if he wanted to—we all believe that, don't we?" At this point a green-looking countryman started him by saying: "Waal, now, I dunno 'bout that. I think I know one thing the Lord couldn't do." "Oh, do you?" exclaimed the preacher with great delight; "do you indeed? Well, let's hear it. Speak up loud, and let us all hear what it is the Lord couldn't do." "Waal," said the countryman, with great deliberation, "He couldn't ha' made your mouth any bigger *unless* he'd ha' sot your ears back!" That ended the conference meeting.

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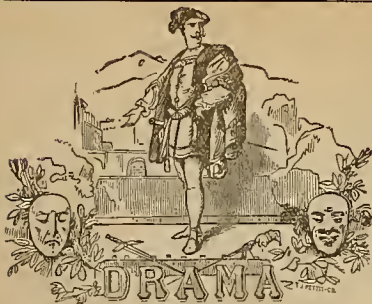
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The periodical retirements of the Grand Opera House into obscurity are quite counterbalanced by the meteoric splendor with which it blazes forth at corresponding intervals. Its big nights are always nights long to be remembered, yet never before have its wide doors swung open to so expectant, so palpitating, and so financially valuable a crowd as on Tuesday evening.

San Francisco sought to do honor to the occasion in full dress, in so far as San Francisco ever permits itself to go. Absolute full dress it seems, so that unbonneted heads were rare, and not a décolletée dress visible, excepting in the royal box. The royal box! What a strange ring the words have in republican America! Yet not stranger than that the world has grown so small that royalty meets royalty upon its distant outpost; for, in our young, far-off city, have we not seen Christine Nilsson anointed queen by the divine gift of song and the acclamation of nations, making obeisance to the daughter of Queen Victoria, in whose veins run eight hundred years of kingly blood? We are good republicans all of us, with a very proper contempt for the inheritance of power; but there was just a little thrill for us in the situation, was there not?

A little spin around the world is such a small thing nowadays, that perhaps half the audience did not see Nilsson for the first time; but the untraveled few waited her coming with such a tension of interest as one rarely feels in a theatre. The personnel of a great artist has half as much to do with her success as her voice. The length of Parepa's girle was a fatal bar in her pathway; and the beautiful Marie Rozé would be the theme for a poet's song if she tipped the scale at two stone less. But as Christine Nilsson came smiling down the stage in her modified concert weeds, every woman in the house took in the idea at once that she was a woman of admirable height and superb figure, and with the carriage of a queen. She has the broad, serious brow and the earnest, strongly marked face of the north. There are those who call her cold, but it is a lingo with some people to call an artist cold. It is a vague, non-committal, metaphysical shrug, and is likely to give the uninitiated hearer the idea that the speaker has set up a little private Vestruis of his own somewhere where he keeps an especial set of feelings at white heat. I have never seen this class of people much moved by music. They have an especial fondness for the bravura style, and when a *prima donna* acquits herself of a *rondeau* of trills, they will look around upon the audience with a curious triumph, as if it were of their own doing.

But they have no chord responsive to the noble simplicity of Nilsson's music, and grudge one of the few great ones her meed of greatness. Cold? There is a magnetism in the noble presence of the woman, and a winsomeness in her simplicity which is beyond telling. It is too late to chant the praises of a world-known voice. But when, after singing the familiar aria, "Angels ever bright and fair," with such solemn sweetness as to make the great theatre seem like a cathedral, she responded to the very warmest of encores with a volk song of her native land, every heart in the throng went out to the woman. What it was all about none of us could tell, but that it was a song by a free-hearted, merry maiden in the beginning, and became a plaintive lay at last, we all knew as well as if it had been read to us; and the ripple of the simple accompaniment, played by her own hands, and the perfect expression of its rendering, were as harmonious as a poem.

I fancy Madame Nilsson intended to give an American volk song when she first made the "Old Folks at Home" famous. She must have learned by now that we have not yet a musical literature, even of the simplest, and that these spurious songs of an alien race are perhaps as nearly our volk songs as she could find. The intuition of the artist discovered as much long ago, and she has united with the pleasing melody an expression which the negroes themselves never give it. There is a plaintive quality in the negro voice—the involuntary cry, perhaps, of a long-oppressed race—which gives their singing always a touch of pathos; but there is something grotesque as well, especially in their long notes, in which the voice itself has a curious way of beating time; and in nothing is this peculiarity more familiar than in those two songs, "Down in the Cornfields" and the "Old Folks at Home." Although Nilsson sings the song without an introduced flourish as simply as the negroes themselves, the great art of the cantatrice is visible in every line of it. With the negroes it is only a soft, pleasing melody. With the artist, it is the inexpressible longing of true homesickness, and it goes straight to the heart. One wishes that the simple words might be left unmarred, for the mingling of the foreign intonation with the uncouth negro dialect has a curious effect; yet, indeed, who would have wished it different when the last long note died into silence?

It was elaborately foiled by the sparkling "Jewel Song," given with a delicious freedom, an ease, a brilliancy which took the audience by storm. Madame Nilsson has essentially the dramatic temperament, and is curbed just so much by concert rules as to give her an ease and at-homeness which is not peculiar to the concert stage, so that she herself was but a degree less satisfying than she would be in opera.

In short, one of the few great geniuses of the earth has wandered this way, and has captivated us by her womanly graces as well as by her gift of song. That intention to please, which is always recognized and always appreciated, was easily discoverable in the making up of the programme, for did not the ever welcome Mendelssohn Quintet give us that fanciful conceit, the Bocherini minuet, which the town went wild over, for it was thrummed on numberless pianos, though it sounds vilely on anything but strings?

And Del Puente, a vigorous little man with the most robust of baritones, sang the perennial "Non e ver" and the catcalling "Torador" song, and, like the great star, was much given to the dramatic action

of opera, but reined in just sufficiently to give us the spirit of it, and became a favorite in five minutes, and made us all long with wild hopeless longing for a season of opera. And did not the tenor with the harsh, choking name—but never mind the tenor. That excessively nervous and most unhappy young man was forgotten so soon as he had succeeded in removing himself comfortably from the stage. Perhaps his voice and courage came back to him at the second concert.

Miss Hope Glenn—what a pretty name it is!—was not so fortunate as the others in her selections, and only touched them nearly in a little ballad given for an encore, and, for all that, it is a coquettish little trifle, sung with the reserve which seems to be characteristic of her. Miss Glenn's voice is of the purest contralto quality, and singularly heavy and deep. There is the ring of sympathy in her voice, but she has a passionless style of delivery, which does not seem to spring from lack of feeling, but rather from a certain shyness in losing the reins. Perhaps it is nothing more than the traditional concert style placed in such close and absolute contrast with the dramatic training of Madame Nilsson and Del Puente. At all events, she was not electric, though well liked and warmly encored. She had a floral welcome, too. An awkward usher presented her flowers at a malapropos time, and they stood unacknowledged among the flags of the Scandinavians, wrought in flowers and kept in countenance by the American eagle, which had been presented to Nilsson. It was indeed a gala night, for it always stirs the blood to see homage paid to genius.

The theatres will suffer for it, doubtless, but upon the principle probably that all the dentists go in one block and all the doctors in another, they are rallying for the Christmas time, and hope that the Nilsson season will get people into the habit of going. At the California the subtle announcement is made that this is the last week but one of the great melo-dramatic spectacle. The subtlety of it lies in the fact that the last week is written in capital letters, and *but one* in tiny italics, so that the hurried reader has a twinge as he glances that time presses, and that he must see "Siberia" if he is going to, or that he must have one last peep at the ballet, as the case may be. With the Christmas tide comes the "Naïad Queen," an apt reversal of the line: "Ring out the old, ring in the new;" for "Siberia" gives way to an old, old Christmas play in the "Naïad Queen," which will run but tamely after the flood of incident in "Siberia," but that it is intended to feast the eye rather than curdle the blood.

Georgia Cayvan takes flight, but only upon the promise to come back again, to take her part in the list of Madison Square plays sneered at by New York as being "strictly moral;" for it does appear that the pretty Baldwin is to open once again, and the people composing the new company are mostly those who helped the Madison Square to its initial success. The dark days would indeed seem to have passed for the theatres; for even the Bush Street Theatre, after all its auctions and dismantling, is renovating yet once again, and, after an all-star specialty company shall have run their dreadful career, will introduce the jovial Colville Company once again, while the minstrels pursue the tenor of their successful way undisturbed even by the Nilsson season.

BETSY B.

If Charles Locke brings to a successful issue his present negotiations with Joachim and Saint-Saens, to make a tour of the United States, it will be the greatest business stroke he has ever done. Joachim has many times vowed that he will never visit us, but money laughs at vows.

It is announced that Jay Rial has secured Baldwin's Theatre for four weeks about holiday time, in connection with Leonard Grover, for the production of two or three of Grover's plays.

Emerson's Minstrels, at the Standard, have made a new hit in "The Vienna Warblers" and "Innocence Abroad." There is a decided increase in their already large audiences.

"Siberia" will be continued at Haverly's California Theatre until the twenty-third instant, when it will be replaced by the "Naïad Queen," with Miss Louise Sylvester as Lurline.

Active preparations are being made by the proprietors the Grand Opera House for the production of the elaborate military drama, "Youth," on the twentieth instant.

Mr. Bartley Campbell left for the East on Wednesday afternoon. He gave a farewell breakfast to his friends a few hours previous to his departure.

Three new stars, Scott, Maxwell, and Haverly, have been added to Emerson's Minstrels at the Standard Theatre.

The Bert-Palmer Company, under the management of Ben Teal, has been playing at Los Angeles.

Minnie Palmer will play a four weeks' engagement in this city before going to London.

Leavitt's Specialty Company opens at the Bush Street Theatre on the 23d instant.

Miss Eleanor Calhoun has been engaged by the London Haymarket Theatre.

Herr Wilhelmj will make another harvest of shekels in America next year.

CCLVIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, December 17.

Tomato and Rice Soup.
Escaloped Oysters.
Veal Cutlets, Cream Sauce.
Potato Velouté. Lima Beans.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly Sauce.
Lettuce, French dressing.
Ice Cream. Angel Cake.
Apples, Figs, Pears, Oranges, and Grapes.

ANGEL CAKE.—The whites of eleven eggs, one and a half cupsful granulated sugar, one cupful pastry flour—measured after being sifted four times—one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of vanilla extract. Sift the flour and cream of tartar together; beat the whites to a stiff froth. Beat the sugar into the eggs and the vanilla and the flour, stirring quickly and lightly. Beat until ready to put the mixture into the oven. Use a pan that has little legs at the top corners, so that when the pan is turned upside down on the table, after baking, a current of air will pass under and over it. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Do not grease the pan.

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Russia Leather Goods, direct from Vienna. Foster Kid Gloves, in every size, shade, and length, just received. Every pair warranted.

132 KEARNY STREET, THURLOW BLOCK.

Jay Rial will open the Baldwin Theatre on Christmas evening with a season of "My Son-in-Law." The Frohmans will resume the management of this house on the 22d of January, opening with "Esmeralda," to be succeeded by "Young Mrs. Winthrop."

—WANTED—A POSITION AS GOVERNESS BY A young lady just arrived from the East. English branches, German, and music. Best of city references. Address GOVERNESS, this office.

—MISS EMMA HOFF, CONTRALTO, LATE OF BERLIN, pupil of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Berlin, and of J. Stockhausen, instructs in Singing. Residence, 526 Post Street. Communications may be left at Gray's music store, 117 Post Street.

—HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL of the Dominion of Canada, and his wife, the Princess Louise, visited on Thursday afternoon, with their full suite of ladies and gentlemen in attendance, the Diamond Palace of Colonel A. Andrews. All the members of this distinguished party expressed themselves as surprised at the beauty of the store and the variety and brilliancy of the costly display of merchandise. The royal princess was kind enough to remark that she had seen nothing in London more exquisite in point of taste, and that there was no establishment in Regent Street where more costly and beautiful jewels were attainable. The work in California gold quartz attracted the attention of the party as something quite unique in point of design and workmanship. The viceregal party will very shortly take its departure for the southern counties. The period of its return has not been fully determined upon, but when it does the Diamond Palace is promised a second visit, when Colonel Andrews hopes to supply its members with Christmas presents—the princess for her regal mother, and to the Marquis of Lorne for his relations in Scotland. Nothing could be more appropriate and elegant in this direction than the specialty of quartz jewelry which the workmen of the Diamond Palace produce with such exquisite taste and skill.

—THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE CITY WHERE THE best, freshest, and purest candies may be obtained is the manufactory of G. F. Roberts, corner Polk and Bush streets. Mr. Roberts is constantly inventing the choicest hon-hons, and has prepared for the holiday season a vast number of various delicious and original confectionery concoits. Besides this he has just received, direct from Paris, a stock of French bonbonnières.

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AN ERRONEOUS IMPRESSION PREVAILS THAT THE California Christmas Card is printed. This is not the case, as all of them are hand painted—no two are alike, and the text can be put on to suit the purchaser. They are also adapted for New Year's cards, as well. For sale by Snow & Co., No. 12 Post Street, Masonic Temple.

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—THE BLOOD AT TIMES BECOMES LOADED WITH impurities, and moves sluggishly in the veins. This condition of the vital fluid can not last long without serious results. An alternative is needed to purify the blood and impart energy to the system, and there is none better than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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—SKINNY MEN, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores tealtb and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. \$1, at druggists.

—IT IS THE COMMON OBSERVATION THAT the standard of natural health and normal activity, among American women, is being lowered by the influence of false ideas and habits of life, engendered by fashionable ignorance and luxurious living. It is a bappy circumstance that Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham has come to the front to instruct and cure the sufferers of her sex.

—REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE HAS GENUINE MERIT, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c. Try it.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

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JNO. LEVY & CO.

118 SUTTER STREET,

Makers and Importers of Fine

JEWELRY,

Have made extensive preparations for the HOLIDAY TRADE,
and have added a most exquisite and odd line of NOVELTIES to
their already ELEGANT STOCK of DIAMONDS, PRECIOUS
STONES, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, CARRIAGE and MANTEL
CLOCKS, OPERA GLASSES, FANS, etc., together making the
handsomest display of goods ever exhibited in this city. We
cordially invite an inspection of our stock, it being no trouble
to show goods. Everything marked in plain figures and strictly
one price.

WE SELL AT CLOSER PRICES THAN ANY HOUSE IN OUR LINE.

OPEN EVENINGS.

COLMAN BROS.

Stylish and Serviceable CLOTHING at Lowest Prices. In every
department our goods are marked for sale at the merest ad-
vance over manufacturing cost. The pinnacle of success at-
tained in our Men's, Boys', and Children's Departments. Our
original styles at popular low prices, compelling buyers to
patronize us. Satisfaction guaranteed. Established 1853.

LEADING CLOTHIERS,

SOUTHWEST CORNER MONTGOMERY AND BUSH STREETS.

N. B.—A large variety of Dressing Gowns and Smoking Jackets just received
direct from Europe.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Elegant Imported Leather and Fancy Goods, Beautiful Juvenile
and Finely Bound Standard and Artistic Gift Books.
Christmas Cards, from English, European and American makers.

C. BEACH,

107 MONTGOMERY ST., OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL.

OPEN EVENINGS.

Books

MAKE THE BEST HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Holiday Books, Books in Binding, Illustrated Books, Juvenile Books, Christmas Cards, Glove Boxes, Dressing Cases, Fancy Articles, Useful Presents.

DOXEY'S,

23 DUPONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

W. K. VANDERSLICE & CO.

MANUFACTURING

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS.

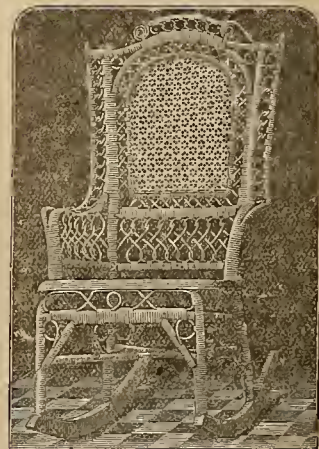
AMERICAN WATCHES, CHATELAINES in Gold and Silver. DIA-
MONDS in single stones and matched pairs, and an elegant line of
JEWELRY, including all the latest novelties for HOLIDAY GIFTS,
at the very closest prices.

136 SUTTER STREET.

OPEN EVENINGS.

If you desire to make an elegant
and useful CHRISTMAS GIFT, pre-
sent your friend with a

WAKEFIELD RATTAN CHAIR.



This CUT represents our LADIES' ARLINGTON
ROCKER, No. 494, \$8.50.

We have now in stock the finest
assortment ever offered in this city.
Send for Catalogue.

WAKEFIELD RATTAN CO.,
644 Market Street.



"Dress Reform" CORSET.

Specially for Stout Fig-
ures, (worn with or without
Straps,) by mail, \$3.00. Send
waist, hip, and bust measure.
Also, Shoulder Braces, Union
Under Flannels, Ladies' and
Children's Comfort Waists,
Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc.
Send for Circular. The only
Depot for these goods.

MRS. M. H. OBER & CO.
Boston Dress Reform,
326 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

An Elegant Corset to
Order for \$4.

J. R. COWEN. J. W. PORTER.
COWEN & PORTER,
FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
118 Geary Street, San Francisco.
OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.

C. P. SHEFFIELD, N. W. SPAULDING, J. PATTERSON



17 and 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
And Dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California and Sacramento San Francisco

"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."
THE NORTON
DOOR-CHECK AND SPRING.



IT IS PERFECTLY
NOTES ELEVATORS, and
readers the same
of doors and
substantially im-
posed

D. S. BROWN & CO., No. 36 California Street,
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND FINE STATIONERY
AT DODGE, BROS. & SHREVE, 32 GEARY STREET.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Fatal Soap.

A little boy went out to swim,
And took a cake of soap with him,
And slimed each supple little limb.
And when he on the bank arose,
One long, last downward look he gave,
And then into the water dove.
And, trying to regain the top,
In vain, alas! he tried to flop—
He went so fast he couldn't stop!
His limbs were soaped from heel to hip;
He couldn't get a half-way grip—
For, every time he tried, he'd slip.
The water no resistance gave,
And so, beneath the murky wave,
He found a wet, untimely grave.
With thrilling, thundering, thumping thud,
He struck the misty, moisty mud—
And tumbled fastened on his blood.
We dedicate this little hymn
To little boys of supple limb
Who soap themselves before they swim.
—Denver Tribune.

Making Up.

Defly the powder she applies
To neck and chin, to face and brow,
(Alack, if the Public's piercing eyes
Could gaze on the leading lady now!)
First the powder, white as snow,
Till the skin takes on the lily's hue,
And not a line is left to show
Where Time has drawn his pencil through.
Next, from its quaint, metallic case
She takes the rouge—but not too much—
And straightway on the lily face
The roses bloom beneath her touch.
No vulgar daub of common red
Is that which beautifies her lips,
But just the warm rich tint instead,
Which Nature's self could scarce eclipse.
And now, with dextrous hand she draws
The eyebrows, arched and delicate,
In strict accord with Beauty's laws,
Not curved too much, nor yet too straight;
The lashes, then, are pencilled dark,
And just beneath is traced a line—
You scarce detect it now, but mark
How large her eyes, and how they shine!
This mass of wavy, golden hair—
She does it as she does a dress;
'Tis false, but what of that? 'Tis fair—
Is she who wears it more or less?
Now comes the lacing and the hose,
The buttoning of dainty shoes,
And things whereof no poet knows
Who cultivates a modest muse!
So ends the "making up" at last—
And there your Juliet stands complete;
You know her rosebud days are past,
That when you meet her on the street
She looks her nearly two-score years—
You know all this, and yet, just now,
You'd swear she is what she appears—
That Time's the cheat, and not her brow!
—New York Clipper.

A Grand, Sweet Song.

Be good, fair maid, and let who will be clever,
Cut your bang even and be ever gay;
And you will get a watch with patent lever
Double-jeweled action from papa some day.
—Kingsley modernized by Puck.

Three Troubles

Three carpets hung waving abroad in the breeze—
Abroad in the breeze as the sun went down;
And three husbands, with patches of dirt on their
knees,
Whacked whacks that were heard for miles up and
down.
For men must work and women must clean,
And the carpets be beaten, no matter how mean,
While the neighbors do the bossing.

Three housewives leaned out of their windows raised—
Of their windows raised, where the light streamed
in;
And they scrubbed and scrubbed, till their heads grew
dazed,

And their ears were filled with a horrible din;
For the pots will fall, and the kettles go bang,
And boilers refuse in the attic to bang,
While the husbands do the swearing.

Three husbands went out in the haymows to hide—
In the haymows to hide where their wives ne'er
looked.

Each said, as he rolled himself o'er on his side:
"I guess I will snooze, for I know I am hooked;
For men will swear, but women may dust;
And before I move that stove that I must
I'll stay right here till morning."

Three judges sat on their benches to judge
Three cases that came from a house-cleaning row.
The parties asserted they never would budge,
But wanted divorces "right here and right now."
So the men went off, and the women went home,
And hereafter will do their house-cleaning alone,
While their former partners snicker.
—Yonkers Statesman.

McButler and the Witches.

SCENE.—A Blasted Heath.
FIRST WITCH.—(N. Y. Democracy.) All hail,
Macben, all hail to thee, thane o' Boston.
SECOND WITCH.—(Penn. Democracy.) All hail,
Macben, hail to thee, Governor of Massachusetts.
THIRD WITCH.—(Mass. Democracy.) All hail,
Macben, that shall be President hereafter!
MACBEN: That's all very well; but I guess the
Southern Macduff won't swallow ME!!
—Puck.

A PURE STRENGTHENING TONIC, FREE FROM
alcohol, cures dyspepsia, and similar dis-
eases has never been equaled. Brown's Iron

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Com-
plaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and Uterine
tumor, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent
Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the
Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in
an early stage of development. The tendency to can-
cerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving
for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.
It cures bloating, headaches, Nervous Prostration,
General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indig-
estion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight
and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in
harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this
Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COM-
POUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue,
Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail
in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on
receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham
freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamph-
let. Address as above. Mention this Paper.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness,
and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
Sold by all Druggists. "C"

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
For Purifying the Blood.



This compound of the ve-
getable alteratives, Sarsapa-
rilla, Dock, Stillingia, and
Mandrake, with the Iodides
of Potash and Iron, makes a
most effectual cure of com-
plaints affecting the blood.
It purifies the blood, purges
out the lurking humors in the
system that undermine health
and settle into troublesome
disorders. Eruptions on the
skin are the appearance of
the surface of humors that should be expelled from the
blood. Internal derangements are the determination of
these same humors to some internal organ or organs, whose
action they derange, and whose substance they disease and
destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors
from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they
produce disappear, such as Ulcerations of the Liver, Stom-
ach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of
the Skin, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches,
Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring-
worm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in
the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility,
Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.
With their departure health returns.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS

SAMUEL P. MIDDLETON, AUCTIONEER.

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

Stock, Real Estate, and General

AUCTIONEERS.

116 Montgomery Street,

Occidental Hotel Block SAN FRANCISCO,

STRONG
FACTS!

A great many people are asking
what particular troubles BROWN'S
IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paral-
ysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Con-
sumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is
simply because it purifies and en-
riches the blood, thus beginning at
the foundation, and by building up
the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by
Rheumatism when I commenced
taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I
scarcely had strength enough to at-
tend to my daily household duties.
I am now using the third bottle and I
am regaining strength daily, and I
cheerfully recommend it to all.
I cannot say too much in praise
of it. Mrs. MARY E. BRASHEAR,
173 Prentissman St.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease,
from which I could get no relief, I
tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which
cured me completely. A child of
mine, recovering from scarlet fever,
had no appetite and did not seem to
be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron
Bitters with the happiest results.
J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

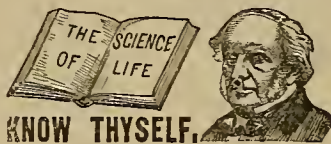
Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Dec. 2, 1881.
After trying different physicians
and many remedies for palpitation
of the heart without receiving any
benefit, I was advised to try Brown's
Iron Bitters. I have used two bot-
tles and never found anything that
gave me so much relief.
Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which
ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON
BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD!
Everybody Wants It!

Everybody Needs It!



THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVA-
TION.
The untold miseries that result from indiscretions in early
life may be alleviated and cured. Those who doubt this
assertion should purchase the new medical work published
by the Peabody Medical Institute, Boston, Mass.

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Pre-
mature Decline in Man, or Vitality impaired by too close
application to business, may be restored, and manhood re-
gained.

Two hundred and fifty-eighth edition, revised and en-
larged, just published. It is a standard medical work, the
best in the English language, written by a physician of
great experience, to whom was awarded a gold and jeweled
medal by the National Medical Association. It contains
beautiful and very expensive engravings, 300 pages, more
than 125 valuable prescriptions for all forms of diseases,
acute and chronic, the result of many years of extensive
and successful practice, any one of which is worth ten
times the price of the book. Bound in beautiful French
cloth, embossed, full gilt. Price, only \$1.25, by mail, se-
curely sealed, postpaid, on receipt of price. Illustrated
sample, 6 cents. Send now.

Is beyond all comparison the most extraordinary work on
Physiology ever published. There is nothing whatever that
the married or single can either require or wish to know but
what is fully explained.—London Lancet.

Is a marvel of art and beauty, warranted to be a better
medical book in every sense than can be obtained elsewhere
for double the price, or the money will be refunded in every
instance.—Author.

N. B.—YOUNG and MIDDLE-AGED MEN can save
much time, suffering, and expense by reading the Science
of Life, or conferring with the author, who may be consul-
ted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Address

PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

Or W. H. PARKER, M. D.,

4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.,

THUNDER POWDER COMPANY.—

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California; location of works, Alameda County, California.
Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following de-
scribed stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on
the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set
opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as fol-
lows:

Name	Cert.	No.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	3	Shares.	\$2 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	37	10,000	4,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	73	200	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	74	300	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley	4	5 not issued	2 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee	5	995 do	398 00
W. W. Dodge	6	5 do	2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee	7	995 do	398 00
E. G. Waite	8	5 do	2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee	9	2,495 do	998 00
Geo. W. Prescott	10	5 do	2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee	11	995 do	398 00
Wm. Sherman	12	5 do	2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee	13	2,495 do	998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee	14	2,000 do	400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee	15	2,000 do	800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	16	1,000 do	400 00
M. Baldridge, Trustee	17	1,500 not issued	400 00
Fred'k Lux, Trustee	18	1,000 do	400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee	19	2,000 do	800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee	20	1,000 do	400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee	21	500 do	200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee	23	500 do	200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee	24	1,000 do	400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee	25	2,000 do	800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee	26	500 not issued	200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee	27	500 do	200 00
F. E. Frasier, Trustee	28	1,000 do	400 00
F. E. Frasier, Trustee	29	1,000 do	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee	30	1,000 do	400 00
L. C. Kelly, Trustee	31	1,000 do	400 00
Chas. S. Neal	32	5 do	2 00
Wm. F. Flick	33	5 do	2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins	34	5 do	2 00
Wm. Wilson	35	5 do	2 00
Benj. Teal	36	5 do	2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee	37	1,000 do	400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee	38	1,000 do	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee	39	1,000 do	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee	40	1,000 do	400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee	41	1,000 not issued	400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee	42	3,000 do	1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee	43	3,000 do	1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee	44	1,000 do	400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee	45	500 do	200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	46	500 do	200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee	47	200 do	80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee	48	100 do	40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee	49	50 do	20 00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee	50	50 do	20 00
A. P. Banton, Trustee	51	50 issued	20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee	52	50 not issued	20 00
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee	53	250 do	100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee	54	250 do	100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	55	1,000 do	400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee	56	500 do	200 00
Jas. S. Porteous, Trustee	57	500 do	200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee	58	100 do	40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board
of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so
many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be neces-
sary will be sold at public auction at the company's office,
No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the
hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent
assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and
expenses of the sale. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary
Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the sixteenth (16th)
day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the thirtieth (30th)
day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the sixth (6th) day
of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the thirteenth (13th)
day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By
order of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the twentieth (20th)
day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By
order of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the twenty-seventh
(27th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour.
By order of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the eleventh (11th)
day of December, 1882, at the same place and hour. By
order of the Board of Directors.
C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the second (2d) day
of January, 1883, at the same place and hour. By order
of the Board of Directors. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

BONESTELL
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.
Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS
Write for Large Illustrated Catalogue.
Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, sent c. o. d. for examination.

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Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
The Regular Dispatch line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

R. H. McDonald,
President,
San Francisco,
Cal.

PACIFIC BANK
Established
1863.
Capital Stock
\$1,000,000.00
Surplus 460,800.70

San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1882.

We take pleasure in presenting for your consideration the following Thirty-eighth Semi-Annual Statement of the condition of this Bank:

RESOURCES.

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 60
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,755,040 20
Due from Banks.....	327,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due from Banks.....	327,279 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

This Bank has special facilities for doing all kinds of banking business.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco,
Dec. 5, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors
of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend
(No. 35) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was de-
clared, payable on Friday, Dec. 15th, 1882, at the office
of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San
Francisco, California. Transfer books will close Dec. 9,
1882, at 3 P. M. JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors held on the 22nd day of November, 1882, an assess-
ment (No. 10) of twenty-five cents per share, was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgo-
mery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the twenty-seventh day of December, 1882,
will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction;
and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednes-
day, the 17th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent
assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgo-
mery Street, San Francisco Cal.

BEST AND BELCHER SILVER
Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City,
Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the eighteenth (18th) day of November, 1882, an
assessment (No. 25) of Fifty (50c) Cents per share was levied
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable im-
mediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at
the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block,
No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Friday, the 22d day of December, 1882, will be de-
linquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday,
the 11th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgo-
mery Street, San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the 21st day of November, 1882, an as-
sessment (No. 6) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the
office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No.
309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the 29th day of December, 1882, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless
payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the
26th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco Cal.

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Trustees, held on the 8th day of December, 1882, an as-
sessment (No. 75) of One Dollar per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office
of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 37, Nevada
Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the eleventh day of January, 1883, will be delin-
quent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday,
the 30th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent as-
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
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E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

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CHRISTMAS

The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 26.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 23, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

Courting à Fairy Queen.

THE VERACIOUS HISTORY OF A VERY DELICATE AFFAIR OF THE STAGE.

I CONSIDER myself fortunate that my hero was all that he was—the acknowledged beau of Petaluma. Josh Hawkins had no need of his father's influence and standing, as one of the smartest and most successful ranchers of the county, to sustain him in his proud and lofty position. He was the beau of the county, and the fact had never been disputed since he had so crushed the aspirations of Dick Weathershy, a clerk in a Petaluma store. Dick, too, had the supposed advantage of city training, having lived in Petaluma since a boy, while Josh had lived most of his life on the ranch, passing only a few gay and rollicking weeks in Petaluma, about fair time, each year, when he made things lively, I can assure you. Dick one time persuaded his uncle, living a short distance out of town, to give him a party—which, up to that time, was quite the most swell affair of the kind the county had record of. The Santa Rosa band was hired for the dancing; the supper was supplied, on a *carte blanche* order, by a Petaluma bakery; and Dick danced three times with the belle of the ball, with whom Josh had only one dance, although it was known he was as good as keeping company with her.

But, gracious! if I could only give you the details of the party at Josh's house the very next month. The musicians were from San Francisco, and after supper cigars were passed around to the gentlemen on the stoop, much to the horror, but much more to the admiration—for Josh—of the ladies present.

"That's just the way they do at the bay," remarked a friend of Josh who had attended a San Francisco business college for three months, and naturally knew all about such things. But what crushed Dick's aspirations and secured Josh his proud Petaluma prominence was this: Dick had allowed his Petaluma guests to go to and from his party as they best could. Josh brought and sent away his Petaluma guests in his own and neighbors' wagons. Josh not only danced three times with the belle, but it is known that she had remarked: "You can talk, but when it comes to doin' the grand and genteel, there ain't none of 'em can lay over Josh Hawkins."

I have said this much only out of the very happiness I feel that my hero should be such a swell.

Josh's father died just after having sold the ranch, for a good cash sum, to a wine-making company. Josh and his mother, by will, shared the property equally, and, as it happened to be cash, our beau saw an opportunity for realizing the one bright, glorious dream of his existence. It was a dream of extended conquest, of gayety and gas-lights, of theatres, late hours without limit, and without the necessity, either, of climbing up the water-spout over the back porch to get to bed undiscovered—a dream, in short, of life. He would be a city—a San Francisco—swell. Josh reasoned—and logically enough, too, so far as I can see—thus: If a fellow is a deuce of a big fish, a regular sturgeon among shrimps, in a small puddle, he must be something considerable of a fish in a pretty big pond. Not—I hasten to add—that Josh ever thought of San Francisco in this connection as a pond. Perish the thought! He thought of it as a roaring, boundless, mighty, and all-comprehending ocean. Still a sturgeon must be no small fry even in an ocean. Josh had never seen a whale.

So Josh came. The ferry-landing and street-cars; grand! The big hotel at which he registered; glorious! He walked abroad on Market and Kearny streets at night; terrific! He went to the theatre; dazzling! He was rollicked of his pocket-money by a sad-eyed stranger, who offered him a three thousand-dollar lottery chance for a dollar and a half; dumfounding, sad, and peculiar! Now, Josh was a cute fellow and not slow to receive impressions, and it was not long before he realized that his dress was not quite the thing. There was a remarkable majority of men whom he met in the hotel and theatre who wore neckties, and Josh determined not to let any such little handicap as the absence of a necktie drag him behind in the race; so he entered a shop where, in passing, he had already been invited by the proprietor to "step inside undt ogsamine de goots." A more obliging and complimentary salesman he had never met, and before he left the store he was the possessor of not only a number of neckties, but of an entire new suit of clothes, hat, and hoots. Josh ordered his purchases sent to his hotel, for he was going to the first performance of the Christmas play at the California Theatre that night, and he was determined to create an impression there if the power to do so within him lay. Josh wore a large red mustache, and on his chin what he called a "goatee"; likewise red. On his way to the hotel he concluded to let the barber have his way, and dye both of these extensive ornaments jet black; the

barber assuring him that it was the proper thing—and charging him a dollar and a half for a bottle of the dye. After dinner—which he called supper—he dressed proudly in his new apparel. He wore—but I shall have occasion to describe his appearance later.

For the present, I turn to the even more pleasant task of introducing my heroine. What a charming task!—yet how hesitatingly the writer must ever approach it. Be she an ideal, or, as in this instance, a real person, the manner of her reception by those to whom she is introduced, rests with the sponsor—the writer. Surely, this is a delicate and responsible undertaking. We know our own heroines to possess all the graces and virtues, yet, hungrily, we may impress them upon our reader's mind as creatures much less than perfect. We know them, through our accurate information, to be just what the reader must be pleased with, yet how frequently the reader, through our poor drawing and coloring, objects to the portrait! If in saying this much I have delicately and cleverly hinted that Miss Orinda Blodget, whom I now present is an unexceptionable heroine, I have accomplished the purpose I had in view. How can I sufficiently express my pride in the happy circumstance that Orinda was as much the belle of Milpitas as Josh was the beau of Petaluma?

But their circumstances were very much unlike. Orinda's father had bought his ranch when the San José Railroad on that side of the bay was projected. He had paid a highly prospective price—had discounted the future something like a half century; and with much inclination to bang around the Milpitas store and pose as the growling granger, things at the ranch were in a bad way. His family was increasing much more rapidly than his acreage of productive vines or trees, and Mrs. Blodget seemed to remain perversely ignorant of the cost of providing for each successive youngest. That Orinda, or "Rinda," as she was called from the day of her baptism, kept her acknowledged place as the belle of Milpitas despite these discouraging circumstances, must be held to her credit.

There had been enough money left at the time the ranch was bought to buy a piano for the then quite young, but quite promising, Rinda, and that piano was not only her solace, joy, and inspiration, but it brought some pupils, who supplied her with the means of dressing as well as any of her rivals. There had been a pretty row when old Blodget once suggested that Rinda might contribute at least as much as the cost of the piano toward clothing purchases for the youthful Blodgets. Rinda, who was considered, not only by her family, but by a large circle of admirers, as the making of a great actress, raved around the house in high tragedy after that suggestion, and in such a manner that Blodget fled to the store, and never returned to his family until ten o'clock that night—tearful, penitent, affectionate, mellow. I have said the piano was her inspiration, for the reason that it suggested to her another, a higher, and a better life. This was all the result of a remark of one of her admirers, who, after hearing her at that piano play and sing "Silver threads among the gold," declared that she did it better than a real actress he had heard sing the same song once in San José. That was the seed of her ambition to go on the stage; it was nurtured and brought into full bloom by two items she read in one copy of a San Francisco paper. One was that Patti had refused an offer by Manager Abbey of thirty thousand dollars for twenty performances in the United States; the other was an advertisement for one hundred young ladies for the Christmas spectacle of the California Theatre. Her mind fairly reeled under its contemplation of the possibilities suggested by these two fate-sent pieces of information. A single stage person in such demand that she could refuse a thirty thousand-dollar offer, and a chance to become a stage person opened to her—Rinda Blodget—within two hours' ride of her home!

Her mind was made up. No longer should she submit to the mean and narrow confines of life suggested by seven five-finger-exercise pupils, three beaux, one South Methodist sewing society, and an uncertain miscellany of "parties." She scarcely dared to think of the greatness, the glory, the brilliancy of the life ahead. Thirty thousand dollars for twenty performances!

* * * * *

"Six dollars a week and costumes furnished. No pay for rehearsals, which begin this afternoon. What's your name?" "Orinda Blodget."

"All right. Six dollars a week, and"—The man was saying this to the woman who came next, and Rinda was shoved on into a crowd of women, to whom the same thing had been said before. He had not said it as though he was

making an offer, but as though he was plainly stating terms to avoid future disputes, which, in fact, was the case.

Orinda was confused in mind and sick at heart. She had gone to the stage-door, as the advertisement directed, but not prepared for any such scene as this.

She expected to pass some kind of an examination, but whether it would be in the nature of a song, a declamation, or—about this last she had some confused idea—an exhibition of posing, she was undecided. She had stood for a long time in a line with other women. Some had giggled and joked with the shirt-sleeved man; some had given their names sullenly, and swore about the niggard pay. "Six, indeed! Never worked for less than ten!" Some, rather old, had passed in quietly and as a matter of course, as though they knew they were expected at this, as at every spectacle—as, indeed, they were, poor things.

And with thirty or forty of these—crowded in between dusty stacks, and piles, and walls of scenery, like great leaves of a book that had been read and laid away until partial forgetfulness would again make its pages almost a novelty; crowded there, hustled by roughly dressed men carrying some thin lumber in from the street; in the dark, and dirt, and dust, surrounded by women, most of whom she instinctively shrank from, with the terms of her engagement, six dollars a week, no pay for rehearsals, etc., confusedly tumbling about in her mind—Rinda could not suppress a sob as a thought of that thirty thousand-dollar contract crossed her mind.

"Sit down here, girl. What's the matter with you?"

Rinda "sat" down, for the reason that the person who had spoken had at the same time given such a sturdy jerk at the back breadth of her dress as to plump her on top of a chest, where the speaker was already seated. The speaker was one of the older women who had passed in as a matter of course. She was rather short and somewhat stout, and her face was not unkind, despite its innumerable tiny creases, which were not wrinkles, and its surpassing redness.

"What's the matter with you?—sick?" she asked again, peering into Rinda's face as well as she could in the half-light of the entrance.

"No," said Rinda, picking up a little spirit. "I'm only tired, and weak, and cold."

"What makes you weak?"

"I left home by the early train, before breakfast, and haven't eaten at all."

"Early train? Oakland?"

"No. Milpitas."

"Milpitas? Ha, ha!" the woman laughed hoarsely, but was looking sharply and curiously at Rinda the while.

"Why don't you want to tell where you are from?" she next asked.

"I did; Milpitas."

"Mil— Truly?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I didn't know people really ever came from there."

Mrs. Potter—that was the name of the middle-aged coryphée who had spoken to Rinda—had been what she was for a considerable number of years—both middle-aged and a coryphée. She had two daughters, who had also been coryphées for a number of years, though they were still young. Mrs. Potter and her two daughters emerged from their Clementina Street residence, as far as the public had knowledge of their movements, only when a spectacle requiring coryphées was "on" at some of the theatres. Every theatre-goer becomes dimly conscious that there are lots of such women in the city, and sometimes may wonder what becomes of them when all the spectacles are "off." I suspect it is best not to wonder. There was a male Potter attached to the Clementina Street household, whom no one ever saw except at such times when he got himself crazy drunk from absinthe-drinking, and sought the bosom of his family for the purpose of begging money, weeping, or kicking up a deuce of a row, as the spirit moved. This occurred once or twice a week when a spectacle was "on"; less frequently when all were "off." His whereabouts at other times was never inquired after.

I do not know what Mrs. Potter was thinking about as she closely examined Rinda, but whatever it was it resulted in her saying, finally: "I think you are square. Where are you stopping?"

Rinda had not thought of lodgings, and told the Potter so. "Then it's all right. You come and stop with me. You can sleep with one of the girls, and the other can sleep with me. If the old man turns up—well, the floor is too good for him. Come on."

As they edged out of the crowded entrance-way, Mrs. Potter spoke to two girls, dumpy like herself, who, staring at

Rinda, followed. On the way to Clementina Street, Mrs. Potter made herself and the girls acquainted by name, age, and occupation, so to say, with Rinda, whom she asked: "You've never been on before, eh?" "On before?" Rinda said, puzzled. "On in a spectacle?"

"I never was an actress before," Rinda ventured, whereat the three dumpy Potters laughed immeasurably.

Madame Potter's interest in Rinda she explained satisfactorily when the family apartments were reached. Salaries for the ballet were so outrageously low, an honest person in that line of life was obliged to jump at any honest chance to increase the income. The honest chance Madame Potter now proceeded to jump at was to arrange that Rinda should stay with her during the spectacle's run, which would likely be eight weeks, and give her five dollars a week for the privilege. "That would leave you only a dollar a week, Miss Blodget," Mrs. Potter said, eying Rinda more critically now that the latter had laid off her shawl and hat; "but it will be more than that; for if you show up as well in shape-clothes as I should judge from what I see of you now, you can do the Fairy Queen—and that's ten dollars a week. There's but two or three lines in the part, but you're on for every curtain—central figure in all tableaux."

This speech, only half intelligible to Rinda, caused one of the Misses Potter to sneeringly remark:

"Now, maw, what are you stuffin' that girl like that for? She'd make a daisy fairy—she would!" Whereat the other Miss Potter was moved to violent guffaws.

"Maw" Potter, her temper not at all disturbed, answered thus: "Mr. Allup, the stage-manager, was complaining to me this very morning that there wasn't a decent fairy in the whole gang there this morning; but he hadn't seen Miss Blodget. 'Ballet material is none too good nowadays,' he says, 'and the other houses drawing on what supply there is makes it queer picking.' If you girls wasn't dumpy, like your maw, you'd been fairies long ago. But you're only fit for the march and pants parts, with nothing to do but to grin in 'em."

This speech was less intelligible to Rinda than the preceding one; but the Misses Potter, who might have been fairies long ago if they had not been dumpy, and who were increasing their dumptiness at that moment with much cold sausage, bread, and beer, appeared to understand all their mother said, and answered not.

The afternoon's events proved that the mature Potter's judgment was correct. It happened that the stage-manager had fixed upon only one point in regard to the Fairy Queen, which was, that she should be a tall, straight woman, who was either good-looking or could be made up to look so. The pictures he was preparing with which each act was to close were, as to the people on the stage, to be framed around a dazzling centre occupied by the Fairy Queen. As to Rinda, if I were permitted to describe her slangily, I would only say that she was a strapping tall girl, with a small head plentifully supplied with red hair, a small nose, large mouth, and rather big light-blue eyes. She possessed, in truth, just such physique and features as produce, when properly treated, exactly that kind of striking stage beauty that is at once the maddening despair and the joy of the male theatre-goer daft of ballet mania.

The week of two rehearsals daily was a hard one, but it passed quickly, making, of course, much change in Rinda, who, after the first bitter disappointment, was delighted with even the excitement of rehearsals, hard and dull as they were to the old hands, anxiously waiting for the fascination of the gas-light, music, full dress, crowd, and applause of a real performance.

The opening night came at last, freighted with more excitement for Rinda than the other Christmas eves of her life, taken all together, had brought her. Madame Potter made her up, after she had dressed for the stage; and never in her life was Rinda so surprised—at the change in herself no more than in the change in the puddy Potters. Rinda's face, throat, neck, arms, and hands were whitened by a liquid the Potter applied liberally with a sponge. After the lower lids of her eyes had been washed with a liquid that made the pupils expand startlingly, they were painted black—not shaded, but marked with a deep black band; the upper lids pinked, the eye-brows enlarged by other dense black marks, and the upper portion of her cheeks colored a furious scarlet. The effect, as Rinda observed it, when she got a chance at the mirror, was one of white background, black lines, scarlet patches, and eyes the like of which she had never seen reflected from her own mirror before.

"But if you could only see yourself from any part of the house, Rinda, my dear," said the Potter, who had become affectionate toward the Fairy Queen, "take my word for it, you will look stunning."

And the Potter was right. Rinda was discovered by the crowded house, toward the end of the first act, when the flats forming the back of a gorgeous scene were suddenly pulled off, disclosing more gorgeousness and Rinda, statuesque and—as the experienced Potter had foreseen—"stunning," in the midst of it all. An appreciative murmur ran through the audience, every opera-glass in the house was leveled at the Fairy Queen, who said something that no one heard, walked half way down the stage, struck an attitude the Potter had laboriously trained her in, was surrounded by a fluttering lot of ballet, and the curtain fell. Rinda had seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing during the whole time she was in sight of the audience; her brain was in a whirl, and a white wall of light, that seemed to come up over the foot-lights, shut out all sights.

But in the next act, in which she was on some time after being discovered, she did better: she gradually saw through the wall of light, and looking about, saw, for the first time since she had been in the city, her beau-ideal. Happiness! he was glaring at her through glasses, fixedly, uninterruptedly, and so continued to do whenever she was in sight. He was all that she, in her heart of hearts, had pictured a city swell to be.

He was radiant in hair that shone and was much puffed out; in mustache and beard jet-black, glossy, and waxed to exquisite points; in a very long light coat, and vest that showed a splendid depth and expanse of shirt-front, the upper portion of which was decorated with the dangling ends of a bright red necktie, and its entire length was made brilliant with green studs, set in elaborately embroidered holes.

His hands, both of which were used in holding his glasses, were set off with gloves of a lively yellow color, and, held under his arm, a tall and very much bell-shaped white "plug" hat completed so much of his costume as Rinda could see. Thus stood Josh Hawkins, utterly routed as to his heart, with a wild instantaneous love, kindled by the beauty and fanned by the glances of Rinda Blodget. Before the end of the last act his case excited the attention, not only of every one in the orchestra chairs and dress-circle, but was noted on the stage.

"That Blodget thing has mashed the guy with the white dicer, standing at the end of dead-head row," remarked one of the dumpy Potters to the other.

"But he's not a dead-head," the other replied, taking in the enraptured Josh at a glance.

I would not, if I could, depict the unhappiness of Josh for the next four or five days and nights. His enslaver was "on the stage," and that meant to him that she might as well be in the moon, so far as possibilities of acquaintance were concerned.

He could only stand in his accustomed place every night, devour her charms as transmitted through his glasses—rented, also, every night—and sigh and dream, but never hope. Never, at least, until the Thursday night of the first week, when, by accident, he observed a note attached to a bouquet which the leader of the orchestra handed to the *première danseuse*. "Why," he desperately asked himself, "if the leader of the orchestra was permitted to hand a bouquet and a note to the *première danseuse* could not he, Josh Hawkins, hand a bouquet and a note to Blanche Borrilli?"—for such was Rinda Blodget on the play-bill!

The idea worked itself out in his sleepless brain that night, and on the following night, dressed in a new, long, bright blue suit, he appeared in his accustomed place, standing close to the stage, hearing the largest bouquet that the florist could make hold together—for such Josh had ordered—attached to which was a large yellow envelope enclosing, alas! the literary outcome of Josh's love, hope, and previous night's sleeplessness.

Josh, visibly agitated, held the bouquet in one gloved hand and the opera glasses fixed to his eyes with the other, when the withdrawn flats disclosed the adorable Rinda. After three or four false starts, Josh finally crowded himself next to the stage, and, waving the bouquet aloft, looked meltingly at Rinda. A titter went round the house.

Josh, all unmindful, continued to wave the bouquet, and, as Rinda came down the stage to the spot where she attitudinized, Josh beckoned her wildly. The titter swelled to a general giggle. Rinda, gazing longingly, made a step toward Josh, but she was hemmed by posing ballet, and the curtain began to descend. She looked her despair only too plainly. Josh saw it, and became desperate. The giggle ran into a laugh.

In a rage of love and agonizing disappointment, Josh, when the curtain was more than half down, with a savage fling, threw the bouquet on the stage, yelling:

"That's for Blanche Borrilli, by gum!"

The bouquet, which was heavy, happened to strike the middle-aged Potter square in the back, and she, poised on one foot, with the other waving unsteadily high in the air, being unprepared for the blow, went sprawling at the feet of the Fairy Queen.

The laugh volumed into a perfect roar, but Josh, wiping the streaming perspiration from his red face with a purple silk handkerchief, only glared at the house. His was too serious a case to be laughed down. The amazed and prostrate Potter picked up herself and the bouquet at the same time. She was very, very mad. When she had partially recovered from the unexpected shock, and had the cause of the laugh and her fall explained to her, she looked at the note. Observing its address, she still held fast to the bouquet, and said sternly to the dismayed Rinda, in the dressing-room: "Well, I should say I have a right to read this note." Under the distressing circumstances it would have been hard to say what the Potter did not have a right to do with the note, and bouquet, too; so Rinda did not object when the middle-aged woman opened and read the note, which was as follows:

"If a humble, but honest, admirer
Could to such happiness dare aspire,
He would ask, Miss Borrilli, to say,
To meet you at some early day."

JOSH HAWKINS,
Address Palace Hotel, (late of Petaluma)."

The composition of this note had been at the cost of a night of mental agony to Josh, and, while he was enamored of its literary beauty, he felt dissatisfied with the description of himself contained in the first line. But the line was written, and he could no more change it, he felt, than he could the color of his eyes. The "humble, but honest," he knew to be poetical, yet he feared that it might convey an impression of a man very different from the wealthy swell he felt himself to be. After much thought and labored deliberation he had evolved the happy inspiration of adding the explanation, "late of Petaluma." That would set him right, he said to himself, for while there might be a Josh Hawkins, humble and honest, the sufficient reminder that it was the Josh Hawkins, late of Petaluma, was as good as adding "a swell, and wealthy," which all people, he further reasoned, must know. When Madame Potter finished reading the note, she said to Rinda:

"This person, who seems to be a very proper sort of young man, requests the honor of your acquaintance. As I understand this sort of thing, you had better leave the matter to me."

Rinda thought so, too, and though she was dying to see the note, which she knew to be from her beau-ideal, she did not, in view of Mrs. Potter's peculiar relations to the bouquet and note, dare to suggest anything regarding either that did not occur to that lady.

Mrs. Potter, muttering "from Petaluma, indeed, and to knock me over with his big cabbage of a bouquet!" left the dressing-room, and hurried the call-boy to Josh with a verbal message to "come at once to the stage-door." Everybody in the house saw the boy deliver the message, and every one knew perfectly well what the message was; and would have known even if they had not seen Josh precipitately follow the boy, his face in a happy glow, his white hat cocked triumphantly on the back of his head.

"Is this Mr. Hawkins?" asked Madame Potter, passing him at the stage-door.

"Yes, ma'am," responded Josh, his voice showing his disappointment at meeting a thick, dumpy woman, with an ulster thrown over her brief stage-clothes, instead of the divinely statuesque Borrilli.

"Then come this way, quick!" the Potter said, taking his hand and hurrying him through the entrance-way, stumbling over all sorts of dusty properties, bruising his shins, and disconcerting him generally.

"There, stand right there," she said at last, backing him up against a lot of dusty scenery, out of use, and piled up against a wall. "Don't move from that spot," she whispered, "until I call for you."

Josh stood still, panting hard, but hopeful again. Suddenly, with a lunge, he was driven nearly through the scenery against which he leaned.

It was a "flat" being shoved back by the scene-shifters setting the stage for the next act. The wooden edge of the flat frame struck him, and held him fast and crushed. He struggled to get free, but something was pushing the flat, and somebody was swearing vigorously because it would not go back far enough. Suddenly some one came running toward him to see what was obstructing. Discovering Josh, in danger of being cut in two apparently, his white hat crushed, and generally mussed, the scene-shifter yelled indignantly:

"What in the devil are you doing here?"

"Nothing," answered Josh, meekly.

This was so plainly the case that the man could only laugh, and shoving the flat forward a little, released him, with the advice to "clear out of that p. d. q."

Josh, without any idea where to clear to, looked helplessly around, when, happily, the elder Potter came up. Josh felt rather queer, and did not understand at all when Mrs. Potter, carefully laying both her bare arms on his shoulders, said earnestly: "Oh! I'm so sorry you got hurt."

Alas! the bountiful make-up on the fat Potter's arms left two long white, unmistakable arm marks on Josh's shoulders.

"Now, in a minute, she will see you in a nice, quiet place behind the scenes," she added, viewing with satisfaction the effect of the arm-marks. Then she piloted Josh around a lot more scenery, until they stood in some half-dark wings.

The curtain was up, and the act was going on, when suddenly Josh's heart gave a great jump, for in the other end of what appeared to be an alley-way—it was really the space between two sets of flats run on the stage—appeared the majestic Borrilli. She hesitated a moment, advanced half way, and—heavens, could he believe his eyes!—stretched out her arms appealingly, exactly as he had admired her in the second act every night. Josh was for running toward her, but the Potter pulled him back, and as she did so, purposely smeared the breast of his coat with white.

"Not yet," whispered Mrs. Potter. "When I tell you, rush to her, kneel, and make hot love. She will pretend to repulse you, but never mind; don't leave her. There; now go!"

Josh rushed to his adored, and knelt at her feet. His brain was on fire.

"For heaven's sake, sir, leave me!" cried the amazed and terrified Rinda, still holding her arms out appealingly, however.

"Never! my dearest angel!"

The audience got the benefit of the last two words, for as Josh spoke them the flat hiding him from the audience was run back, as it was every night. Luckless Josh!

There was a wild shout and yell from the house. The stage-manager, knowing that something was frightfully wrong, looked up the stage from where he stood in the first entrance, and saw, what the whole house saw and was in hysterics over: Josh on his knees, with uplifted hands, before the Fairy Queen; his hat crushed, his clothes dusty and awry, his shoulders marked by two long, white, unmistakable streaks, his eyes bulging in a perfect agony of dismay, the Fairy Queen petrified with outstretched, appealing arms.

That stage-manager was a man of quick wit and determination. He gave one glance at the spot on which Josh knelt; he pulled a signal cord, a bell rang under the stage, a trap was sprung, and Josh shot through the stage into the arms of a shirt-sleeved mechanic.

The mechanic viewed Josh for some seconds in dumfounded amazement, and then exclaimed:

"What in the devil are you doing here?"

That was the second time Josh had been asked that same question within ten minutes, but familiarity with it did not seem to clear his mind on the proposition.

There was nothing, absolutely nothing, in the situation Josh could account for. He knew he had in some strange way been in a horrid flood of blinding light, in full view of thousands of people who were roaring at him on his knees before the Fairy Queen. Then had come a dreadful shock, and he found himself in a dimly lighted hole filled with wheels, and ropes, and shirt-sleeved men, smoking pipes and staring at him very hard. Josh was not altogether certain that he was not in hell.

Josh is again a swell—rather an old bachelor swell—of Petaluma; to which place he returned the very morning after the night of his experience in the California Theatre, and he has never left the county once since. There are younger and gayer beaux in Petaluma than Josh, but none that can approach his reputation as a swell—a reputation enhanced, sustained, and, in its present aspect, based almost, on certain mysterious rumors regarding a very delicate affair in which he figured in a manner much to his credit.

Josh has always refused to go into the details of that affair, saying, with a solemn, meaning smile, that "there are personal experiences no gentlemen will relate, however much his mere vanity might be flattered by their being known."

And Rinda? The stage-manager's note, received the morning after the bouquet night, informing her that her services would be no longer needed, was her salvation.

She went back to Milpitas and married the energetic son of a neighboring farmer. Her husband developed traits her father lacked, which he demonstrated by driving the Blodget farm of debt, and placing it on a paying basis. Rinda's eldest child is called Blanche Borrilli Boggs.

BOTTON

On Account of a Friend.

By JAMES HARDY.

YES, the light is fine on the banks of flowers and the fresh pines behind them, and I'm glad you're able to be out to enjoy it, Mrs. Stetson, after being shut up weeks in a sick-room. This clear air and pure sunshine is the best medicine for a sick frame or a sore heart. That's what I came out for to the Park this afternoon. I'm too sad and vexed to endure the sight of men's faces—on account of a friend.

If you admire brave men, then there was one for you. When they were building the sea-wall at Alcatraz, one day, when the work was half finished, the workmen took it into their heads to strike. No particular reason, only they knew the time was short for filling the contract, and it was a good chance to demand more wages. Twelve o'clock Monday every man dropped his tools and refused to do a stroke more, or let others work. My friend, who was superintending the works, came down at one o'clock, and found five hundred men lounging, and every hour worth gold to the company. He made short argument; for a big fellow, the leader, with his red flannel sleeves rolled above his huge elbows, began to threaten him. "Ye big blackguard," says he, "for a sixpence I'd let the breath out of ye, and the b'ys'll stand by me." Lawrence didn't say any more. He was a slim, wiry fellow, and didn't look like much before the big black Patrick; and one man against five hundred Irishmen, hunting for the best pieces of stone to throw at him, isn't in a place to talk. He stepped to the office and came back with a box of giant-powder cartridges. Black Murphy was waiting for him in front of the mob. "Men," says Lawrence, facing the scowling, muttering, threatening crowd, longing to get at him and tear him to pieces, but not quite knowing how to begin, "I've got one word to say to you. I give you just three minutes to clear out of here and get back to your work. If you aren't gone at the end of that time, I'll let you have these." He stood about twenty feet from them, steady and cool, his cigar between his lips, and in each hand a grenade with the fuse cut short. He had only to light them with his cigar, and throw them into the crowd to blow it to atoms. The men stood their ground, looking at him for a minute and a quarter by the big clock on the outside of the office, when Black Murphy said: "B'yes, I don't like the look of 'em things nor the eyes o' that devil. There's no good stayin' to see what comes of it." He moved away and the rest followed, melting off the slope, and by the time the three minutes were up the last man had his tools in his hand at work in his place. They might have torn him to pieces instead, but somehow they didn't think of it.

Stern? He didn't look it. A quiet, slender, dark man, with thoughtful, inexpressive face, that didn't let out its secrets much; serious dark eyes, that took in everything without looking, and that I've seen all wisdom and sensibility, like a woman's. I don't think anybody ever saw them look so but myself, unless it might be a woman. I'm certain no man ever did. For one thing, he never had to ask many favors. He came from back East when he was hardly out of his teens, and before he was twenty-three he had made over a hundred thousand dollars. By the time he was twenty-seven he had made and lost three fortunes. The last time every cent was swept away except a few thousands belonging to his sisters, which he managed to protect. I remember things well; for the firm I was with went by the same gale, and couldn't pay even my salary just due. About five o'clock that afternoon we heard that Lawrence had gone to complete smash. It was early in November, a sullen, threatening day, and, going up California Street in the dark, I saw Lawrence ahead of me, walking—well, as a man walks when things aren't good with him. I caught up, and fell into his style, and kept up with him. We went past Polk Street and Van Ness Avenue out near Lone Mountain, the dreary fine rain sifting in our faces, a harsh wind coming from the ocean, neither speaking, but keeping that swift pace out toward the sand-hills. We got out by the Cliff House, when he turned in a dogged way, I following, back for the city. When we got by the cemetery, the clouds thinning and weak moonshine coming out, he stopped short, and turned to me, with a laugh:

"Bowen, how long are you going to stick to me this way?"

"To Oakland Wharf, and as far as I can swim after that," I said, meaning it, for I was as reckless as he.

"I won't lead you off the dock to-night; for I'm going to give those fellows another chance to ruin me." Then he set off at a racing pace, till we got on the brow of the hill, above Kearny Street, when I saw him reel. He had eaten nothing since noon of the day before, and the reaction began to tell. I suggested he should get some supper.

"I can't go down to my hotel, or anywhere else they know me. I can't bear the fellows looking at me to-night. Let's go in here," turning to a little coffee-saloon on a side street. "By George! I haven't any money," feeling in his pocket. "No; I paid the last quarter out to the office-boy this afternoon; he came asking for something, as his mother had been bent to pay to-night, and he always helped her. Well, this is a curious sensation. Pretty quick work cleaning a fellow out."

I was as badly off as he till I could get money from home. "Confound it, but I'm savagely hungry when I can get nothing to eat without virtually begging it. Last week I couldn't eat at the Perham's dinner for want of appetite, and now I could eat boarding-house hash or a loaf of bread whole. They feed prisoners going to be hanged for murder; I should think they'd feed a man guilty of losing three hundred and eighty thousand dollars like a fool, as I've done. Young one, go and cram while you have the chance, while I hunt for a trunk-strap to lessen the pangs of hunger. You can eat your watch first, and then begin on your best coat."

Alas! I had pawned my watch—only a clerk's silver one—to send a dispatch home, having prudently lent all my

savings to my employer's son the week before, only keeping enough to last me till pay-day. When he heard the statement of my resources, Lawrence drew out his black silk guard, and let me see his watch was gone, too. I found afterward that he had sold it to send some money promised before the crash came to a needy widowed cousin. A trifle hung to the ring—a dwarf pencil-case, in ebony and gold, that I had often seen there. It was the price of a meal, and I was fool enough to say so.

"Not that, Bowen," he said, with a curious softness in his voice, putting up his hand as if to caress the trifle. "The girl who gave that pencil and chain to me before I left home scripped the trimming on her dress to pay for it, and I've worn it every day since. She cared for me, and I—forgot her, I suppose, in the rush out here, but her gift shan't be sold for a dinner—bless her! Thank heaven, she isn't banging round my neck now, with all that's happened—for her own sake, I mean. Yet I'd give the last thing I had to lose to see her face, and hear her speak to me to-night."

There we were, two wretches, starving hungry, sitting on the steps of St. Mary's Church, turning our pockets inside out to find the price of supper at a cheap restaurant, and all the thoughts of home tugging at our hearts. Luckily I had a hole in my vest pocket, and a quarter had slipped down into the lining. I don't think money was ever as good to either of us before or since. I bought some rolls, and we munched them in the open air, feeling as much like vagabonds as we were, I suppose.

I don't think Lawrence ever forgot sharing those crusts with me, and when he fell into some sort of business, he insisted on my going in with him, and taking care of me till I got on my own feet again.

A year from that time he had ten thousand dollars, and a growing business—small things to what his ambition had been; but he was content to wait his time before trying to strike out again. And he might have been successful, and I might have had my friend still, if it hadn't been for a woman.

Lawrence had just come up from Guaymas, and stayed over at Santa Barbara for the next steamer. But he hadn't been home a day when I saw the change was on him, for he was absorbed, moody, civil, giving the shortest answers, and with the sociability of an obelisk. Theatre? No, thank you. Drive to the Cliff House? Hardly in the mood today. Make some calls on our avenue friends? Not up to it this evening. Things I, I hope Lawrence isn't going into speculations again. One night I dragged him down to the hotel, to some reception we ought to attend, and Senator Chester's party were guests of the evening. You know the daughter, Florence, who came out two years ago from France? She had been sent to school with princesses abroad, and was as fine a brown-haired blonde as they make 'em. The way she came into the parlors that night made us all hold our breaths at her. I can see her coming down the wide room, between the pillars wreathed with smilax and huge ferns; her father, fearfully proud of her, following like the shadow to her beauty. Dressed to a marvel—in pale pink silk, with drifting Flemish laces half a yard deep, a little black velvet in her dress to relieve her exquisite complexion, satiny, warm, rose-white—supple figure, Greek face, lustrous brown hair, and large, maddening brown eyes, a girl to dazzle, infatuate, and mislead. Think of this creature—fresh as dawn, her white, girlish shoulders peeping out of the tulle, her eyes blazing to match her other jewels, the damask tinting in her round cheeks, her pink topazes like linked dew-drops swinging in fine gold threads at her ears, and soft throat that I defy a man to see and not want to kiss. She looked like something to be kept in satin, with the rest of the family jewels, all her life, and for a poor man to set his heart on her was sheer madness. I tell you, I've bated to see a girl's bouquet of pink rosebuds and stephanotis, such as she carried, since that night.

As she floated in, the people hushed a moment to admire her brilliance. I caught sight of Lawrence's face. Not a single line of his features had changed, that you could swear, but there was a light behind them as if his soul had struck fire, and his eyes blazed as they fell upon her. [Do you feel the chill strike you, Mrs. Stetson? I thought you shivered, though it seems so warm and sheltered here. Let me draw your fur around you. If you can listen to my ramblings, I would like to tell you all, and never speak of it again.]

When Lawrence came up-stairs that night to our rooms, it was to say that he had decided to take some heavy Mexican contracts then offering, as old Slade had promised to back him if he ever felt like taking up a big thing again. I had to say that, for modest traders, the idea of handling eight-million-dollar contracts was not a good one to put a man to sleep. But he had his answer ready:

"There are nine hundred thousand profit to be made out of the business and what it leads to, and such operations will put us back among a higher class of people, where we belong. For a year or two, Bowen, I believe I've been losing my ambition, but I've not lost my grip yet."

"Damn pink topazes and the women who wear 'em!" I muttered under my breath. I never had sung out slow before, but it was a big risk for a young firm, and when it was nothing but a pink-and-white woman it was done for, a man had reason to swear. But then Lawrence had made me, as you might say, and I was bound to follow him in the deepest sea he ever swam in. Besides, what was the use of saying anything to a man for whom the sun rose and set over that one woman's head?

It went well with Lawrence's winning and wooing that winter. A man of his prestige isn't lost from society without

regret, and when he began to show himself at people's houses again they were glad enough to credit him with a new turn of his wonderful luck. He pleased the Chesters, for he made their house celebrated that season by his taste and his gifts, which were devoted to the homage of his beautiful mistress. His unerring taste and quick invention planned the Christmas masque, the carnival tableaux, and the choice dinner-parties of twelve, which did so much for Chester's soaring ambition that winter. It was Lawrence's skill which carried off the British earl as prize from a score of jeweled hands held out supplicatingly; and what is more, so amused, aroused, and possessed that noble Briton that he was in the habit of regretting "that California fellow, you know," for seasons after. Lawrence's lover-like fancies in bric-à-brac made "Miss Chester's unequalled taste" quoted in art-shops and æsthetic coteries. Why, that girl was remarked everywhere that season for the superb taste of her bouquets, which were Lawrence's delight to choose for her. He bribed her maid to let him know what dresses her mistress was to wear on occasions, and just before her toilet came flowers so admirably chosen that they were enough to give the wearer a style of themselves. For her pink pale tulles came vivid red rosebuds, glowing through their mossy sheaths, sent from Los Angeles gardens; or if she wore faint Japanese blue, there were blush-roses half blown, with white papyrus, or bouvardias in matchless tinges and flushes of rose penciled with carmine, set in sprays of silver-ivy, or maidenly knots of white abutilons and hair-ferns, or delicious waxen tea-blossoms tied up with their own glossy leaves in exquisite carelessness. You would see her with bouquets of large, black, velvety rosebuds and creamy-pink heath, or a bertha of black pansies to set off her fairness as only pansies can—always flowers with a grace and expression, whether they were costly orchids and adiantum, or a nosegay of bluebells in melting sky, pink and garnet tinges, Frenchiest of common flowers. Lawrence chose the bindings for his lady's favorite books, Burgundy velvet with gem-like ivory miniatures let into the sides; white vellum with gold filigree corners, and the stamped leather in renaissance work copied from king's breviaries, whose intricacy almost led one to go no farther than the cover. His taste ordered the carvings, illuminations, and plaques which made her sitting-room like a princess's cabinet, with its painted lattices, carved bookshelves, Indian porcelains, enamels, and faded rich embroideries. It pleased Lawrence to be every evening busy with pencils and colors in the study, with Miss Chester and her mamma, smiling and complimenting graciously the quick skill which was to make their house and belongings quoted for inapproachable taste by all their fashionable set. This artistic pleasure brought him near the girl he adored, gave him familiarly a place in the household, where he was appealed to, courted, and all but caressed. You know you may stand close to an artist while he sketches the design for your screen in tambour-work, your hand on the high back of his chair, the perfume of your dress affecting him, your warm white slender hand and wrist before his eyes pointing out corrections you wish made, your supple form and silken flounces forever in his way in the easy companionship bred of the atelier. There must be impromptu lunches with my lady and Florence alone after a morning spent in choosing new decorations or placing the new bric-à-brac just arrived by the steamer; there must be consultations over the addition to the conservatory, over the music-room to be made out of the old wing, over the presents to be sent to the last new bride of their acquaintance, or the subscription lists of the new charity, and I'm not sure that Mrs. Chester didn't confide to him her dissatisfaction with her second girl and the French maid. It was very convenient on one side, very encouraging on the other, and if it lulled Lawrence's uncertainties till he could point to his success and speak as an intensely proud man would wish to—why, you women understand these things. I say, that winter, before the Chesters went to New York, things were just as well understood in the family as if Chester had placed his daughter's hand in Lawrence's with his dignified and worthless blessing, and the initials were already marked on the wedding silver. It was, "Here, Lawrence, I've got the directors coming here this evening to go over those lists; can't you take these ladies to hear Janascheck?" or "Can't you spare time to see my wife and Florence down to Paso Robles? Give you a good trip, and I really ought to be here to meet those gentlemen coming round by Panama;" or "Lawrence, Mrs. Chester particularly wished to go to the Palace to-night to call on a very old friend. It's imposing on your good nature, of course, but you seem so much one of ourselves you'll take my asking kindly," and so on. What won't an infatuated man do to keep within sight of the girl he cares for, and within sweep of her dress. What more and better did Lawrence ask than such favor to be her cavalier and servant till he could ask and claim everything. Miss Chester never compromised herself by any indiscretion, I swear—she was too discreetly trained not to be chary of her favors; no pressing of hand, or lips perhaps, behind a curtain, no entangling phrases in little notes. Only eyes can convey unutterable things without damaging evidence afterward, and an exquisite tone of graciousness in an exquisite manner might mean everything to a man blindly, desperately in love.

So it was till that fall, exclusive young Ogden came out to do California in his spring tour. Ogden, with his collections and university manners, his reserve and old family hauteur, dating as much as sixty years back to the smart village pettifogger, his grandfather, who ducked and elbowed his way next to the Presidential chair, and almost as many from the peddler's pack, whence sprang his maternal fortune—Ogden, with his air of doing faultlessly whatever he did, and of say-

ing with perfection the only thing to be said in the circumstances, with his English trousers and Viennese dressing-cases, his colored "man," his superb oblivion of objects not immediately affecting himself, his cold, gray eyes, and general first mortgage on the universe. You know his style: leaving a score of invitations from his mother's friends unanswered on the hotel tables, while he went off to Yosemite on the trail of an English lord; throwing over a lady's dinner party, given in his honor, for a yachting cruise, on which her son happened to be his next neighbor at the table, by the way; going down to choose a lot of Alaska curios for a friend, and huying the whole—silver-mounted pipes, wood and walrus carvings, and painted images—and packing them to New York the same day, without an idea that he had transgressed the sovereign rights which unlimited money and selfishness conferred upon him. This young patrician Miss Chester happened to please, and very much he himself pleased Mrs. Chester.

The feminine Chester was a wary old bird; no fishing for an introduction, no invitations to dinner from her. Only a meeting with her daughter, rosy and radiant as Hebe at a picture-gallery—Hebe in a Valenciennes bonnet, with hedge-roses, pale pink frock in Directoire simplicity, and a lace scarf which had been Mrs. Chester's most cherished and expensive finery. The *jeune fille Américaine* business was charmingly done, the vestal unconsciousness, the delicate connoisseurship, the watchful guardianship of the elder lady, the repose, the graceful floating round the room and retiring to the carriage—a young duchess couldn't have done it better. Then Chester *père* met the young aristocrat, flattered him by talking statesmanship, let him see how the helm of the political party was within reach of his own hand, allowed him glimpses of Miss Chester in exquisite surroundings herefore he was finally permitted to know her. In short, a clever, crafty old politician played a self-willed, concealed young one, till the millionaire determined to add Florence Chester to his unrivaled collection.

The odds were in his favor, the chances of a man of leisure against one in engrossing business, and the Chesters for the first time began to be considerate of Lawrence's time, which he had often illy spared; the chances of assured position and fortune against a man tried by reverses, the airs of a critic and virtuoso against a quick-blooded man, who was only an artist in skill and feeling; and, lastly, the advantage an utterly selfish, unscrupulous man holds against one who devotedly loves. There was just one thing which Ogden had not reckoned for, the preference of a self-willed, petted girl. She honestly liked the man whose breath came quicker as she bent beside him, whose eyes burned into hers the regard he would not trust his lips to utter, and whose exquisite devoirs pleased and complimented her trained tastes to the core. She played into her parents' hands admirably in the preference she showed to Lawrence, for nothing so effectively riveted Ogden's first fancy, till what was the tame choice of the prettiest girl he found became a contest of pride with a gifted, daring rival, as full of nerve, vehemence, and self-will as if he were Ogden of Ogdenville, with the world to pick from, instead of one as poor and clever as that young despot's grandfather. Ogden finally, in his supremely audacious way, taxed Miss Chester with Bohemian taste in choosing her intimates, when she should command the foremost and the best.

"By best I suppose you mean wealthiest," she answered, grandly. "I admire men who can make millions as well as spend them with a grace. I never choose any but successful friends, as you ought to know."

The devil stole a suggestion into Ogden's ear, which invited such confidences. It might be necessary to ruin this rival to get rid of him, and nothing so congenial could offer to a man who liked to feel his power over others' fate and fortunes. The girl before him was of his own make, he believed, after all. Show her the man she was proud of humiliated and discredited, and old Chester would have good reason to doubt she was his daughter if she did not whistle him off as coolly as they could wish.

He went to work in his direct, unsparing fashion. He found Chester *père*, intimated his intentions toward Florence, and signified his support of the ambitious views of his future father-in-law, provided the alliance proved agreeable. The two men talked over the preferences of the girl one of them had molded, with the few significant words and phrases of silence which convey the meaning of ill-made souls to each other. How it was Ogden became possessed of Lawrence's plans and liabilities perhaps Chester knew best. The spirit of Ogden's pettifogging ancestor woke in his heir; his New York broker knew Slade, who was backing Lawrence, and knew Slade's weakness for a good outside thing, and his hankering to get inside a certain ring where Ogden's money had the pass; the rest, to a cool schemer with unlimited money, was easy enough.

I need not bore you to tell bow in less than a month from that time, by various financial moves, old Slade was brought to withdraw his backing; and while Lawrence was aghast at this blow, a dozen sinister rumors crept about him. He was trading on supposed influence to gain the hand of a rich man's daughter, and making this alliance prop his business schemes; he had failed too many times to be worth trusting again; his contract, when finished, never would make money for the stockholders, and so on. Old Chester withdrew from his intimacy gradually and becomingly, which gave credit to these bad compliments. Mrs. Chester amiably "had nothing to say against the young man whom she had treated like one of her own family," and earnestly "hoped poor Lawrence would pull through; she was, too, thankful his errors were only of the head, and not the heart; she had never underrated that generous, ambitious nature," leaving her hearers with an impression that they had overrated Lawrence in supposing him more than an audacious noodle with luck at the start. Florence stood by him till his failure was in the newspapers, and an examination of his accounts ordered in a way which had a skillful flavor of suspected embezzlement; but, as she remarked afterward, "no woman could bear such a blow to the idol she had cherished till it was a part of her life," and accordingly Mrs. and Miss Chester went East to the wedding of some thirtieth cousin, in the same train which took up Ogden on his way from Salt Lake.

The only farewell to Lawrence was a very polite note from Mrs. Chester, with best wishes, and regretting that their address would change so constantly from Cooperstown to Sara-

toga and Seagirt, that they could not promise themselves the pleasure of hearing from friends until settled, later in the season. "Nothing that any one could take up," said that point-lace diplomat, "really nothing that any one bad the least right to feel ill-treated over. There was no reason why the young man shouldn't come to the surface again after his reverses; he had such wonderful recuperative power, and really nothing seems to affect such men much"—which was an excellent reason for leaving him in deep water, and giving his head a bob under as it served them. Then Mrs. Chester must remember that Lawrence had an old photograph of Florence, from which he had made several album sketches; and, with the delicacy of her kind, sent the errand boy to Lawrence's office for it after she had left. "Were they afraid I should parade it as a lady's favor?" he said to me, bitterly. "Why didn't they send a policeman for it?"

It was hard for his friends to see him, in those days, going about the miserable wreck of things, the dreary business of settling up, with its lacerating saws and dagger-thrusts; hearing himself denounced as men speak of one who has committed the crime of ill-success; seeing another firm take hold where the affairs had broken off in his grasp, and reap the profit he had sown. He saved something for his friends, arranged for all dependent on him as far as he was able, and then disappeared.

The cards are out for Mrs. Evyan Ogden's receptions in New York this winter, and her new house, her matchless complexion, her perfect hands—which Graver has modeled for those of his memorial angels—her musical evenings, and her Dresden dinner service, are topics for the gossips. I have just been saying good-bye to Lawrence. Does it make you sad to hear this? You could have been kind to him if you had known him—some women have hearts left. You know the coal vessel that was wrecked outside the harbor the other night? There was one strange hand shipped to work his passage down the coast, and when the waves washed the grime off his face, and laid him out on the sands next morning, some one knew him for Lawrence Breton. The little black silk guard was around his neck, and the pencil knotted in it. We took it off for some one who might inquire for him. A little thing, isn't it? to he all that's left of one's friend.

You know that pencil? And you were Hester Adams, who gave it to him? And I've been telling this long story to you, another man's wife?

A MORAL TALE.

The Prince of the Province of Ya—

'Tis far in the land of Nod—

Had a wizard god-papa

Who owned an enchanted rod.

A wonderful rod, they said,

Golden, and set with pearls;

At its touch men fought and fled,

And it caught the shrewdest girls.

"I'll will you this," said god-papa

To the princely prince of the Province of Ya.

"'Tis good of you, I'm sure;

But the yeomen of Ya are leal:

And, really, I wish the girls were fewer—

I do, by my royal seal!"

"By Ya! he refuses my gift,"

The wizard frowned out in a huff:

But the young prince merely whiffed

The smoke from his royal ruff.

"He's a good old lad, but a fig for his rod,

And for all the girls in the land of Nod."

* * * * *

One day, half awake, half asleep,

In a hammock that fronted a lawn,

The young prince lay; a reverie deep

Had compassed his brain since dawn.

And the mystery was he couldn't tell what

The deuce was to pay in that royal spot

He had learned was his heart. It was not pain,

Nor yet was it joy; 'twas only plain

That something was up with his royal ribs.

Had his heart thumped hard 'gainst his royal ribs,

Or his brain whirled swift in his princely head,

"'Tis the Tagus wine," the prince would have said,

But that this something was plainly not.

Just then a housemaid, passing the spot

Laden with linen, stumbled and fell.

Linen, and lawn, and ankles—well,

The prince had an eye for a fine effect;

And, even had details less correct

Made of the picture more than half,

They'd not have smothered the royal laugh.

But the maid was angry, and quite forgot

Who 'twas she was answering, and what

She said to his highness. This 'twas she said:

"You're a mean old thing, and I wish you were dead."

* * * * *

"Ha! that is treason!" He called the guard,

And they led her into the castle hall.

"By my sooth, but it bites me hard

To man'cle a maid," said the captain tall.

But they led her in chains to the dais stair,

And bade her kneel at the foot of the throne.

"By my budding prince, but the maid is fair,"

Muttered the prince; but the prince's tone

Was cold as the steel of his rapier long

As he had her arise and stand less near.

"It likes me not—thy sex. Stand there!"

And he motioned her to the end of the hall,

Where, over against the farthest wall,

Stood the enchanted wassail-chair.

A golden hauberk flashed in the light

That streamed through the window high o'erhead.

She was a woman, and, swift as the flight

Of a swallow, the tawny, golden red met.

Of the wizard's rod and her golden red met.

The proud prince paled. Could he forget

His black-browed god-papa's hot farewell?

Then he flushed deep. There's little to tell

Not told already. The prince was young.

And the maiden fair as a lover's dream.

So the genealogist, Fundelung,

Paddled his skiff along the stream

Till he found a poor apology

For a royal duke afloat somewhere.

And the prince's courtiers shouted: "There!

We knew 'twas so from the first. Huzza!

For the duchess who weds the Prince of Ya!"

RALPH S. SMITH.

December, 1882.

THE LEGEND OF THE VILAS.

Adam and Eve—so teaches us the old legend—had thirty sons and thirty daughters. When the Lord questioned the father one day about his children, he, heing ashamed of his numerous family, kept back three of his daughters, and mentioned only twenty-seven.

Whereupon the Lord was very angry, and took the three most beautiful of all these daughters, and raised them from the earth on which their father had denied them, and which they should never tread again, and gave them over to the atmosphere.

So fly the Vilas through the air, immortal, as long as mankind shall last, rejoicing in all the joys of humanity, and free from all the sorrows which oppress the human heart.

They flew with the air into the ark of Noah, mourning over the destruction of man, and made ready to give their assistance to the incoming race.

And when the great Redeemer appeared on the earth, through the sacrifice of his blood to ransom mankind, once more sunken in sin and shame, they hovered humbly around, adoring, praising, and glorifying the holy manger at Bethlehem. They followed the Son of God on his way, and while the cross of Golgotha loomed up above, kissed, weeping, the wounds of his feet and hands, from which his innocent blood flowed for the guilt of humanity.

And then they sped far away over the earth, everywhere blessing man and assisting him. But when they came to Serbia, where the great Czar reigned, they would roam no farther. Here would they stay and make their home; for they found that the land was like Paradise, out of which their parents had been driven, and through whose closed portals they looked back admiringly and longingly; they found that the people in this land were good, and true, and pious, as nowhere else on the earth.

But the Vilas were lonely, and envied man the love which glorified prosperity, and changed to joy misery in suffering. As their feet were not allowed to rest on the earth, they built themselves a palace in the clouds, supported by the top of the mountain. This palace had three doors. The first glistened like gold, the second shimmered as with pearls, and the third flamed with reddish purple. Out of the golden door they carried fortune, victory, and riches to man; out of the gate of pearl they flew down to bring to the unfortunate and suffering the blessed relief of tears; and before the purple portal they sat, and looked down on the play of the lightnings, which, in the thunder-clouds at their feet, quivered through each other. But they were lonely in their palace, and longed for the love which might glorify and warm their lives as they warmed and glorified the life of man.

And God took pity on their longing, and allowed that each should choose, according to her taste, a brave and pious hero from the Slavonian people.

So the Vilas flew down over the Slavon land, and each chose a beautiful, brave, and pious youth from this noble race. They appeared to their chosen ones floating on before them, as they wandered over the mountains on a lonely hunt; and the youths followed the beautiful, magical maidens, who always soared farther upward, and who led them at last to the magnificent cloud-palace, where they sank in their arms, and blessed them with unspeakable delight.

Their longings were satisfied, and in more perfect bliss they lived with the beings of their choice in the pure heights of the air, over the droves of the earth. And graceful daughters grew to them out of their alliances of love, modest and pure as they, like them bound to the atmosphere, powerful as they to defend mankind, and to revive him with strength in battle and consolation in suffering.

But they forgot man in their happiness; they forgot to watch over the Slavonian people; they went down no more to strengthen it in faith and piety.

There drew near the Turkish army. The mighty din of battle reached up to the cloud-palace, and awoke the Vilas from their dreams of love. Terrified, they flew down through the quivering lightnings, and saw how the banner of the cross retreated, and how the wild hordes of blood-thirsty Turks drew nearer and nearer.

Then they armed their own loved heroes with glittering weapons, and sent them down to assist the oppressed. But God had turned away from them. These heroes fell in battle, and their valiant work with their weapons accomplished nothing more than to open to a small band of Serbian warriors a way of escape from the hollow Turkish troops, from which they fled in struggling flight to the Black Mountains, where they have dwelt for centuries, gaining a refuge of religious faith and loyalty in the midst of the Turkish Government, to which all the land around is subject, struggling for freedom, and waiting with patience for the wrath of God to turn, and for the day of deliverance of all Christians of the Slavonian race to dawn.

The Vilas hovered long, mourning over the blood-stained battle-field, and spread veils of clouds over the corpses of their loved ones, until their bones sunk to dust. But then they left the land, and followed the sorrowing fugitives to the land of the Black Mountains, where they built another cloud-palace on the peak of the Lowshen, where they dwell with all their daughters. This palace also had three doors, but the golden door and the purple remained closed.

Only now and then Riviola, the eldest, whose business it principally was to strengthen with victorious might the heroes in battle, opened cautiously the golden door, to see whether the glittering cross arose with the rising of the sun, by which glorious symbol it should one day be proclaimed that the wrath of God was appeased, and that boasts of brothers drew near to the rescue.

And when the day comes—when Riviola, the Vila of the Holy Cross, sees this wonderful symbol—then will all the doors of the cloud-palace fly wide open. Out of the golden door will the Vilas fly down to cover the weapons of the Slavonian heroes in flashes of fire, before which the dazzled enemy fall backward. Before the purple door will they gather up the lightnings, in order to dash them down on the chiefs of the unbelievers. And before the portals of pearl will bow itself the rainbow of victory and the reconciliation of God; whose ends rest, the one on the holy, liberated city of Constantinople, and the other on the residence of the Russian Czar, and whose arch includes the whole of the human race.—For the Argonaut from the German by

A Christmas Night in the City of Mexico.

By JOSÉ F. GODOY.

AFTER one of those *pronunciamientos*, unbappily too frequent formerly in the land of Montezuma, the City of Mexico in the year 185—passed into the possession of the *conservadores*, or clerical party. As is often the case on such occasions, most of the public officers were removed by the new administration—a thing that also sometimes occurs in this republic.

Don Juan Garcilaz, who under the *liberales*, or liberal party, had held a subordinate office in one of the many departments of the government, was asked to resign his position. This he did promptly. Though he never took a very active part in politics, and though his salary was very necessary to him for the support of his family, Don Juan, even if he had not been asked to send in his resignation, would never of his own accord have remained in office with the new administration. He considered that it had come into power through fraud and force; he thought that its principles were subversive of the public good, and he therefore could not submit to serve it in any capacity. Some of his friends, who were in favor with the new government, again and again asked him to submit to the new order of things—a more remunerative office than the one he formerly had was even offered to him—but he turned a deaf ear to his friends, and insisted on remaining aloof from public affairs. He did not enter the ranks of those who opposed armed resistance to the new government, for he was no soldier; besides, he always deplored the fratricidal contests that forever rent asunder his native land. He contented himself with staying in the city with his family, as his means did not allow him to leave, and cherished the hope that his party might be restored to power.

While waiting for such a happy event, Don Juan, who had heretofore depended on his salary to support his family, was fortunate enough to obtain employment as book-keeper in a large hardware establishment in the Calle de la Palma. Don Juan was of a cheerful disposition, efficient and trustworthy, and soon gained the confidence of his employers. Don Anastasio Perez, the head of the firm which he served, took a decided liking to him, and treated him more as a friend than an inferior.

But it was not only in business that Don Juan and Don Anastasio were united; socially they were also on intimate terms. Their two families visited each other frequently; the wife of Don Juan was wont to spend whole days at the house of Don Anastasio; the children of the two families went to the same school, and the *días de fiesta*, or public holidays, (of which in Mexico at that time there were a great number, and nearly as many as working days,) were spent together, sometimes at the house of Don Juan, sometimes at the house of his employer.

The family of Don Juan consisted of his wife, Doña Tomasa—a lady who, besides going to church and attending to the kitchen, thought there was nothing else in life but to spend all her time talking to this and to that friend—Concha, their daughter, and Juanito, their son. Concha Garcilaz was, at the time we are speaking of, about seventeen years of age, a brunette of the loveliest type, with hands and feet like a child's, eyes as black as jet, within whose depths a world of tenderness and affection lay. The fascination, the fire, and, at the same time, the timid looks of her eyes, drew on her admiration from all. Still, though possessing beauty, Concha was modest, unassuming, and kind. She knew that she was beautiful (for what fair woman does not know that?)—but she never abused the power her beauty gave her. Not that she disliked to win admiration, but she did not endeavor to play the coquette, have a train of admirers, or become what we would call a belle. Juanito, the pet of Doña Tomasa, and the youngest branch of the family tree, was about five years of age—a vivacious, mischievous, and romping child; one whose animal spirits neither discipline nor example could restrain—a boy as boyish as boys ever are—but affectionate to excess. The mother and her two children looked upon Don Juan as the greatest and the best of men. As to his greatness undoubtedly they erred, as Don Juan's talents were but ordinary, and he possessed none of those qualities which make a man great; but if there are men on this earth who can be styled perfect, we must rank him among their number. A good citizen, a loving husband, a kind father, a true friend, a charitable man—all this Don Juan was. Is it then strange that his family, brimful of love toward him, considered him the best of men?

Don Anastasio Perez was bappy in the possession of a wife, who, every year of their married life, had blessed their union with an heir. He had been married to Doña Paula five years, and he had five children. It would not interest the reader, perhaps, were we to describe the five little ones; enough to say that there were two boys and three girls, and that Lolita, the eldest girl, was the father's favorite, as well as of no less a personage than Juanito Garcilaz. The affection of Juanito toward Lolita was so marked that he never missed an opportunity to be by her side, and his mother had found no better way to put a stop to his mischief than to threaten not to allow him to see Lolita. No matter on what mischief Juanito was bent, no matter how amused he might be in any game, at the sight of Lolita he would leave everything to fly to her side. She, likewise, ever sought his company, and looked happiest when playing with him.

By his first wife Anastasio Perez had had a son, Manuel, who, now in his twenty-second year, had returned to the City of Mexico, after having completed his education in Europe, and traveled for two years on that continent. He had come back a man with habits and tastes entirely opposed to those of his family, taking no interest in the affairs of his own country, disliking his early associates and companions, and secretly despising what he considered the want of refinement

and education of his family and their friends. From the day of his return he led an idle and dissolute life among young companions whom he considered congenial spirits, and who, like him, spent their time in carousal and idleness. His father several times asked him to take a position in the firm, or, if he disliked mercantile pursuits, to enter upon some professional career, but Manuel always said that while he was rich he did not see why he should work, and that manual, or even intellectual, labor was irksome to him. As Don Anastasio's first wife had left Manuel a fixed revenue, his father was not able to deprive him of the means to continue his mode of life.

Manuel was scarcely ever at his father's house; most of the time he dined out with his own friends, and often returned home so late in the night, or, rather, so early in the morning, that he rarely met any of the family visitors. Still, the visits of Doña Tomasa Garcilaz and her daughter to Don Anastasio's house were so frequent, that one day Manuel had to meet them there.

From the first moment he set eyes on Concha, her beauty and modesty caused a deep impression on him. From that moment he loved her, or, rather, he desired to possess her. He was too cynical, too vicious, to have experienced a true and holy passion for her; he fancied her as a spoiled child likes a toy, to break it after it gets tiresome.

He became very attentive to her, and employed all his arts of fascination to charm her. As he was the son of her father's employer, she received his attentions graciously, though she could not disguise a certain dislike toward him that she was unable to overcome. His bad reputation had already been discussed by her father and mother, and she knew that his conduct toward his family was not commendable. But even had his character been other than it was, even had his handsome figure and boned words possibly have pleased her, he never could have won her love—that was plighted already.

Luis Moncada, a brilliant and talented young journalist, who, before the occupation of the City of Mexico by the clericals, had been editor of one of the pronounced liberal newspapers of the capital, had succeeded ere this in being beloved by her. When the *conservadores* came into power he had left the city, and, laying aside the pen, had taken up the sword and joined the ranks of the liberal army. Since his departure, Concha had now and then heard indirectly from him. She knew he had distinguished himself in many a battle, and had risen to the rank of colonel. Afterward, through the newspapers, she learned that he was at the head of one of the *guerrillas* that roved around the City of Mexico. All this time, however, she never received any letters from him; he never wrote, knowing that his letters would be intercepted by the enemy.

Before leaving he had, with the consent of Concha's parents, become betrothed to her, but the marriage had been postponed until the time arrived for the triumph of the liberals. It was, therefore, with anxiety that Concha looked for that happy period. Her love for Luis had but increased by his absence; his long silence did not disturb her. She trusted implicitly in his love, and felt convinced that he still was true to her, and would ever remain so.

In vain did Manuel glibly pour compliments in Concha's ears; in vain did he remain in his house when the Garcilaz family called, and become as attentive as he could to them; in vain did he invite them to places of amusement. His advances were but coldly received by Concha, and seemed displeasing to her father. It is true that he made the conquest of Doña Tomasa, who now said she knew the reports about Manuel's wild ways were incorrect, and always in private stood up in his defense when her husband blamed Manuel's conduct. Not a word of love had ever passed Manuel's lips when addressing Concha; however expressive his eyes might be, his lips were always sealed.

One day that Doña Tomasa and Concha were at the house of Señor Perez, and while they, Doña Paula, and Manuel were together in the parlor, the subject of the civil war then raging was broached.

"The news is very favorable for the government," Manuel said. "Yesterday a band of *guerrillas* was routed a few leagues from the capital."

"That is indeed pleasant news—for *your* government," said Doña Tomasa.

"And true, besides—no mere newspaper talk—but reliable news. The government forces attacked and destroyed the *guerrilla* of Luis Moncada."

"Of Luis Moncada?" Concha asked, growing suddenly pale at the mention of that name.

"Yes, and I am assured that the leader of the band was killed," answered Manuel.

"Killed!" cried Concha with a shriek, and falling on her knees. Her beautiful eyes looked up to heaven, then closed, and she fell back senseless in her mother's arms.

"Did you not know that Luis Moncada was her betrothed?" reproachfully said Doña Paula to Manuel, and then assisted Doña Tomasa in restoring Concha to consciousness.

Manuel was ignorant of the fact that Luis Moncada was his rival, but now that he knew it he secretly rejoiced at the thought that that rival would no longer stand in his way.

Concha was just reviving when her father, who happened to be in the house, entered the room.

"Has anything happened to Concha?" he asked, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Oh, merely a fainting spell," replied Doña Paula, not wishing to renew Concha's grief by mentioning what had taken place.

"She heard of poor Luis Moncada's death," said his wife to him in low tones.

"Luis is not dead," said Don Juan, aloud, so that his daughter might hear him. "The news of the defeat of his troops has been confirmed, but he was not killed nor taken prisoner."

Joy and happiness were depicted in Concha's grand eyes as she heard her father utter these words. Manuel could not fail to perceive that it was love for Luis that filled her soul, and that his suit would be nearly hopeless while that love existed.

"I am deeply grieved that my words should have caused you the pain they did. Believe me, señorita, I did not know of your engagement with Luis Moncada," he said to Concha, in an apologetic manner.

"I thought as much, and so I forgive you the pain that unintentionally you inflicted on me," said Concha, in a rather cold manner.

From that day Concha's dislike of Manuel Perez became stronger than ever. She avoided his conversation on all occasions, and repelled all the advances he made to her; while with him, what at first had been a whim, a fancy, now became an absorbing passion. All his thoughts were centered in her; even his companions and his dissipated mode of life could not tear her image from his heart.

A month passed away, and Christmas week came. It had been arranged between Don Juan and Don Anastasio that their two families should spend the Noche Buena (Christmas night) at the house of the former.

On Christmas eve the city always presents a gay appearance. The Plaza Mayor, or public square, opposite the cathedral, is filled with booths of all descriptions. All kinds of sweetmeats and toys are exhibited for sale, and all classes of entertainments—more especially *titeres*, or marionettes—are seen everywhere, for the delight of the children. The plaza swarms with people, buying and selling, seeing the sights, and promenading. At night the scene becomes even more attractive, owing to the lights of the booths and the increased attendance of people. In the Mexican homes, instead of our Christmas tree, it is the custom to have a *nacimiento*, or representation of the birth of our Saviour.

Let us enter the house of Don Juan, where there was to be one of these *nacimientos*. At eight o'clock the Garcilaz and Perez families, and many of their mutual acquaintances, were assembled in the parlor. When the word was given that the *nacimiento* was ready, all the children, who till then had been showing their impatience in various ways, burst out in loud cries of joy. Don Juan then ushered all into the room where the *nacimiento* was placed. What they saw there was beautiful enough to warrant the clapping of hands and other demonstrations of delight by the children.

A temporary stage had been constructed in the back of the room, and upon it diminutive hills and valleys were faithfully represented, and upon them toy butts might be seen, while Lilliputian shepherds were tending their flocks. In the centre, in one of the butts, the birth of our Saviour was represented, by means of a miniature stable, containing figures of wax delicately worked. The shepherds, the three kings from the east, St. Joseph and the Virgin—in fact, all the personages that we often see in paintings as having been connected with the events of that solemn occasion—were portrayed there.

The whole tableau—if one might so call it—was illuminated by hundreds of candles of different colors. The effect of it was wonderfully charming. After the *nacimiento* had been duly admired and commented upon, the children were left to eat sweetmeats, romp, and amuse themselves, while their elders went back to the parlor to dance and make merry. Juanito and Lolita remained by themselves in one corner of the room, aloof from the other children, eating some bonbons that Juanito had presented to his little friend.

Scarcely had the first dance begun than Don Juan was called by a servant, who said a gentleman wished to speak to him.

"His name?" asked Don Juan.

"The gentleman hasn't any, I don't think," answered the servant—a rather stupid one; "for he wouldn't tell it to me."

"Very well; take him to the dining-room, and I will see him presently," said Don Juan.

Shortly afterward Don Juan entered the dining-room, and saw a person who, wrapped up in a heavy cloak, was standing near the door.

"Please close the door, Don Juan," said the stranger, in a tone of voice that seemed familiar to Don Juan.

When the door was closed, the stranger quickly took off his cloak.

"You here, Luis?" exclaimed Don Juan, amazed at seeing in his house Luis Moncada, for whose head a price had been offered by the government of the *conservadores*.

"Yes, Don Juan, it is I," said Luis. "I am here on a secret mission from the Liberal Government, but could not leave the city again without seeing Concha once more."

"But you are mad, Luis. Do you not know that you are risking your life by remaining in the city any longer?" said Don Juan, in hurried words.

"I know it," replied Luis; "but what care I for that so long as I am to see Concha?"

"But at least you might have chosen some other time to make your visit, when it would be less dangerous," exclaimed Don Juan.

"The danger for me is less on a night like this. Everybody is in the streets, and the police are not on the alert for political offenders. Besides, how could they imagine that I would be in a house where so many people are coming and going, as is the case here to-night. No, I am safe. But let

me see Concha but for five minutes, Don Juan; let me hear her say once more, 'Luis, I love you,' Moncada said, in a passionate manner.

"You shall see her presently; but let your stay be short. Every minute you stay in this house may imperil your life," exclaimed Don Juan, and then hastily left Luis to notify Concha.

She was sitting on a sofa, her eyes cast down, and scarcely paying attention to the many compliments showered on her by two or three young gentlemen sitting next to her. A few words were hurriedly whispered in her ear by her father; and her eyes brightened, her cheeks glowed, and, rising quickly, she excused herself to her admirers, and left the parlor.

Luis was anxiously awaiting her coming. Upon seeing him, she flew to his arms as a dove would fly to her mate.

"Ah! at last I see you, dear Luis," she exclaimed.

"Yes; but for a few moments. Ah! cruel fate that it were not a century," he said.

"But why must you leave me so soon?"

"There is great danger for me if I remain. But when I look in your eyes, it seems to me that death itself could not tear me from your presence," he said, passionately.

"Danger, you said; then leave me. Sweet as your presence is to me, the thought that you might be in danger for my sake terrifies me."

"But can I leave you, dear Concha, without hearing your sweet lips uttering words of love?" he reproachfully exclaimed.

"Love! What more would you have me say, than I have told you a thousand times, that I love you as my life—my existence," she said, and her eyes glowed with love.

Concha had scarcely uttered these last words, when her father came back with anxiety and fear depicted in his countenance.

"Quick, Luis, leave the house! The police are at our door," were the first words that Don Juan uttered.

"The police!" said Concha, turning deadly pale.

"Yes; and your only means of escape is the *azotea*. The roof of our house communicates with those of the other houses in our block. There is not a moment to be lost," said Don Juan.

Just then the noise of soldiers entering the *patio*, or courtyard, of the house could be distinctly heard.

Hurriedly snatching a farewell kiss from Concha, Luis directed his steps to the staircase that led to the *azotea*, or roof of the house; whilst Concha and her father, trying to conceal the agitation that had possession of them, returned to the parlor.

Soon the chief of police presented himself before the astonished household.

"Is Don Juan Garcilaz among you," he said.

"That is my name," exclaimed Don Juan, stepping forward.

"Then I summon you to deliver up the handit, Luis Moncada," slowly and deliberately said the officer.

"Luis Moncada is not in my house," said Don Juan, as slowly and deliberately. "Luis must have escaped already," he thought to himself.

"We shall see whether he is not in this house," the chief of police replied; and, stepping to the door, he addressed a sergeant that was awaiting his orders, and said to him: "Sergeant Martinez, let your soldiers search the house from top to bottom; and don't forget the *azotea*."

Concha and her father could scarcely restrain a slight tremor on hearing these words.

The sergeant was about to execute the order given him, when Luis Moncada entered the room, saying:

"It is useless. I am your prisoner."

"Ah! So the bird is caged already," exclaimed the chief of police. "So you thought to escape by the *azotea*. Too many have played me that trick already. That is why I had some of my men enter by the neighboring houses, and remain on the roof until the blow was struck. And now follow me. You'll not have to wait long for your execution."

On hearing these terrible words, Concha remained as if petrified, while Luis grasped her hands, and in low tones uttered the words: "Courage, dearest; courage."

"And as to you, Don Juan," continued the chief of police, "you must also follow me as a prisoner. You have been guilty of harboring a *prisionado*."

Concha heard no more, but she rushed to her father, and, embracing him, wildly exclaimed:

"They shall not take you away—never, never!" and fell into a swoon in the arms of Don Anastasio.

"No more nonsense, but take these two prisoners away," said the chief of police, in harsh tones.

Not even giving time to Don Juan to bid adieu to his family, he and Moncada were dragged away between two files of soldiers.

"I wish I was bigger, for I would kill you," said little Juanito, threatening with his little fists the chief of police as the latter was going away.

The Christmas festivities terminated sadly indeed for Concha and her mother, and Don Anastasio and his family joined in the grief of their friends. Only one person who had witnessed the above scene, though manifesting deep concern at what had occurred, now and then smiled to himself with inward satisfaction. That person was Manuel Perez.

* * * * *

That very night the City of Mexico was attacked by the *liberales*, who took it by storm, and entered in triumph on the succeeding morning. Their first measure was to liberate all their partisans, who were languishing in the *Acordada* and other prisons.

Among these was Don Juan Garcilaz, who joyfully returned to the bosom of his family. Luis Moncada also was restored to the arms of his lovely Concha.

It is needless to say that a few nights afterward a marriage ceremony took place at the house of Don Juan Garcilaz; that the contracting parties were Luis and Concha; that Don Anastasio and his family were present on that occasion; that Juanito and Lolita danced together to their heart's content; and that all seemed joyful and happy. It was remarked that Manuel Perez was not present, but his absence was easily explained, as he had on that very morning left for an extended tour in Europe.

ERATO.

A Passion Plaint.

Up from the level setting of the sun
My footsteps pass, and then I kiss her hand,
And see her by the unblown lilies stand,
And carry off the prize that I have won;
And, lo! she knows not that the deed is done,
Nor that amid sky altitudes, so grand
They make the stars into vast spheres expand,
This part of her doth with my swift race run.
And once again I come and touch her hair,
Tossing the red-gold masses on her face,
And even now she has no thought of me;
Yet where rent sails stream out along the air
Men hear my trumpet sound through distant space,
And hail me as the great wind of the sea.

December 1882.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Vivien.

About her lissome limbs the samite clings,
And in her hair I see the snake of gold;
I meet her glances sweet, and soft, and hold,
And in mine ear her low love-song she sings;
And at my feet her trustless trust she flings.
I know her well; 'tis she who fold on fold,
In days long gone, round Merlin, wise and old,
Wrapped all her subtle charms, sweet threatenings,
And tears, and smiles. Dead! Vivien dead? Why,
You and I, and all men, for her sake
Daily forget ourselves, and every day
Do hear the cry, O Fool! She will not die
While there is still in man a heart to ache,
A brain to turn, a soul to lead astray.

December, 1882.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

Sestina.

Back, salt and bitter fountain of my tears,
Thou Marah in the desert of my heart!
Hast thou slept sealed and bound these many years,
Now into passionate flood-tide to start?
Now, when the hour of restfulness appears?
Now, when fair love has bid all care depart?

Once into exile me Fate bade depart;
Unhlest I fared, incapable of tears;
Still, in sleep, broken by convulsive start,
I live again in dreams those weary years,
Though from those bitter days that racked my heart
No shadow now upon my calm appears.

To-day the current of my life appears
Smooth as a summer-wasted brook. Depart,
Fool lightly, down Time's sunny slope the years.
Yet—yet—for slightest cause my wayward heart
Burns and brims over with these torturing tears—
The lax chords into strange vibration start.

I urge my mind's swift couriers to the start;
Perversely, bitterly beloved, appears
Ambition's thong, cutting the wretched heart.
The race begins, the blinding mist of tears
Would dim the goal. The chariot wheels depart.
Hail to the Future! Farewell, vanished years!

But stronger than oblivion stand the years
On whose gold background, at a word, will start
The stately face where that strong love appears
Which kept me like a fortress. I depart
Down Life's wild road—but, deeper than all tears,
That love throbs, living, in my stormy heart.

And but for that I would have slain thee, heart!
No helper thou to these my working years.
The grasp, the poise, the force of thought depart
When thine inexorable claim appears.
An iron nerve shall yet control thy start,
And a sealed stone the fountain of my tears.

Sad source of tears, the weakness of my heart,
At this new start, where all so vague appears,
With the lost years I bid thee hence depart!

December, 1882.

PHILIP SHIRLEY.

Opal.

My love is like a lute, whose silver strings
Are stirred by every breeze that flutters by;
My love is like the stars up in the sky,
Which clouds do now and then hide in eclipse;
My love is like the mists upon the hill,
Golden and azure, crimson-dyed and wan;
My love is like the changing emerald sea,
A gem, a flower, a sigh—all things that be.

Sometimes I say, she is so calm and pure
I dare not touch her even with my thought;
She is so saintly-fair that love's sweet lure
Must smirch her. Then a sudden change
Doth cross her nature, and she blossoms swift
To tenderness—most like a rosy dawn
Brimmed full of song, and light, and the soft thrill
Of breathing leaves and amorous-threaded winds,
And shy, swift flutter of awakened wings.
And then, a pensive mood creeps to her lips,
Pallid, and gray, and weird, and sad, and strange;
That, in a breath, is shot with flame and fire;
Her eyes grow heavy with her heart's desire,
Her cheeks and mouth are vivid with deep hues
Stolen from some red sunset wet with dews.
She is a human poppy, subtle, warm,
Drowsy with dreams, yet filled with passionate life
And riotous with all love's rue-sweet strife.

December, 1882.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

LEGEND AND SUPERSTITION.

Although legend and superstition have left only a trace of their existence in this age of knowledge and progress, yet it is amusing and instructive to recall the fanciful and pretty myths that the minds of all classes scarcely questioned. They say it was from the weeping willow that the rods were made with which the Saviour was scourged, and from that time it has drooped its branches with shame. Washington Irving relates, in his life of the prophet, that at the age of three years, while Mohammed was playing in the fields with his foster-brother, two angels in shining apparel appeared before them. Gabriel, one of the angels, laid Mohammed gently upon the ground and opened his breast, but without inflicting any pain. Then taking forth his heart he cleansed it from all impurity, wringing from it those black and bitter drops of sin inherited from our forefather Adam, and which lurk in the hearts of the best of his descendants, inciting them to crime. When he had thoroughly purified it, he filled it with faith, knowledge, and prophetic light, and placed it in the bosom of the child. Nearly all the precious stones have superstitions connected with them. Famous diamonds have influenced the fortunes of nations and families. The emerald is said to have healing properties. It was a stone of ill-omen to Cortez, since the gift of a magnificent emerald to his bride so roused the envy of the Spanish queen as to withdraw from him her favor. The ruby was considered an amulet against poison, plague, evil thoughts and spirits. The sapphire is the favorite stone of Scripture. The tables on which the ten commandments were engraved are said to have been made of it. The carbuncle was supposed to have dropped from the clouds during flashes of lightning, and the changes in the opal were attributed to a supernatural agency. The turquoise is said to grow pale in sickness and sorrow, and the amber is the petrified tears of the sisters of Phaëton, the unlucky sun-charioteer. Grecian poets say that the rose was originally white, but was changed to red by the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis. The fragrance of the rose is said to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid, and its thorns to be the stings of bees, with which his bow was strung. The Druids blessed apples and distributed them among the people as a safeguard against evil. It was an ancient belief that the spirit of the far-famed upas tree had committed some great crime, and, in the way of penalty, it is caused to poison the air for hundreds of yards around it, so that the birds shun it, and vegetation beneath its branches is destroyed. At this day, in some countries, amulets are worn against disease and tribulations, which shows that, while science has explained away almost all superstitions, an inherent love of the marvelous and hidden obtains some credulity for these idle whims. A passage from an ancient Welsh law affords a somewhat ingenious argument in favor of the use of wax candles in churches: "Bees derive their origin from Paradise, and because of the sin of man did they come from thence, and God conferred on them His blessing, and therefore mass can not be chanted without their wax!" Paris is the headquarters of the Thirteenthers. Now that the republic has entered upon the thirteenth year of its existence, in circumstances of stress and doubt such as befit that most unlucky of numbers, Frenchmen remember that the thirteenth year has been a year of doom to every government which the present century has witnessed in France. Thirteen years after his elevation to autocratic power, the first Napoleon began his disastrous Russian campaign. Thirteen years after the Restoration, the fate of the Bourbons was sealed by that first reactionary *coup d'état* which led to the formation of the Polignac ministry and brought on the revolution of July. In the thirteenth year of the reign of Louis Philippe the tragic death of his son, the Duke of Orléans, blasted the hopes of his house. In the thirteenth year of the Second Empire the fatal Mexican expedition was undertaken. And we are now in the thirteenth year of the Third Republic. And though Frenchmen have not noticed the alarming fact—the Third Republic is the thirteenth government that has been known in France since the downfall of the old régime was announced by the capture of the Bastille. Thus runs the succession: Louis XVI., the Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, the Consulate for Life, the First Empire, the First Restoration, the Hundred Days, the Second Restoration, the Monarchy of July, the Second Republic, the Second Empire, and the Third Republic! Tradition also goes to show that there are many superstitions concerning musical instruments. The horn of Roland is heroic and superb when the preux chevalier, in distress in the ravines of Roncevaux, blows in it with a furious blast that the blood spurts from his mouth and his temples split. His cry of despair pierces the rocks; it is like a death-rattle cleaving the air; at a distance of thirty leagues it pierces the ear of Charlemagne, who feels the hero's soul passing in it. The horn of Oheron is mocking, comic, and fantastic, as it is fitting that the instrument that the King of the Elves should be; all who bear it are obliged to dance. In Welland's hallad, the chevalier Huon, surprised by the Calif at the feet of his daughter, the beautiful Rezzia, is condemned to the stake together with his lady-love. But, at the moment when the faggots are lighted, Huon puts to his lips the magic horn that Oheron gave him. At the first blast the whole town is seized with vertigo; agas, imams, muftis, pachas, and dervishes, with their fantastic pointed bonnets, begin to turn furiously and form an immense farandole around the pyre. In Norway, the genius Fossegrin teaches the violin, in the night of Holy Thursday, to any person who sacrifices to him a white goat and throws it into a cascade flowing northward, taking care to turn away his head. The genius then seizes the right hand of his pupil, and moves it over the strings of the violin until the blood comes out under the nails. The apprentice is thenceforward a master, and his enchanted violin will make trees dance and stay rivers in their course.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1882.

R. S. F.

The *setina* is the most complicated and difficult of all the old Provencal forms of verse. It was invented by Arnaut Daniel, a Provencal troubadour of the end of the thirteenth century. It consists of six six-lined stanzas, each of which ends with the same six words, not rhyming, but arranged in a prescribed order, and it concludes with an *envoy* of three lines, containing all six of the final words, three in the body of the lines, and three at the end. It is a form of verse which has been written in the English language, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, in his *History of the English Language*, first, and Mr. Harrison Ainslie, in the second. The rhyme is more difficult than the one in the adjoining column is believed to be. It was written in English. Mr. Swinburne wrote the first.

The Biled Owl.—A Christmas Story of San Francisco in 1982.

By DAN. O'CONNELL.

"In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying."

PIERRE," said Baron Shandygaff, "bring me a looking-glass."

There were tears in the eyes of the dumb old servitor, as he hastened to obey his dying master's request. The baron gazed at the mirror and sighed.

"I am a sad wreck," he said, slowly, "a sad wreck, Pierre. Has the Duke of Yerba Buena yet called to inquire after my health?"

"He has not, my lord; but the Earl of Rincon Point sent his regards."

"Ha!" growled the sick man, "no word from Yerba Buena. Pierre, my ledger."

The valet brought a ponderous tome, and opened it at "Y." The baron ran his emaciated fingers down a long line of figures, and with a stuh pencil cast them up.

"Yerba Buena," he said, "owes me forty thousand dollars, but partially secured by notes and mortgage. I would he a sad loss to his grace," he added, grimly, "a sad loss. But I may not die yet. Pierre, summon the countess."

While the haron's servant is on his way down the great marble stairway, we will explain to the reader that the scene of this tale is laid in the year 1982; that a magnificent feudal aristocracy has been established in San Francisco, and all the Pacific States; that twenty-five years before the opening of our story, republicanism was voted a delusion and a bore, and all men who could pay for the distinction were invited to step up the Patent Office and buy their titles; and that the utmost harmony prevailed among the patricians and the plebeians.

Baron Shandygaff, though not the highest in rank, was one of the wealthiest of the new aristocracy. Besides nine pawn-shops in the most populous portions of the city, he owned a vast extent of territory in San Mateo and Marin counties. It had been an unhealthy Christmas, and the haron, while appraising a fifty-vara lot in the Western Addition, which the owner desired to mortgage, caught cold, and was in a very bad way. But let us return to the castle, which, from the summit of Telegraph Hill, frowned over the humbler dwellings of the haron's retainers.

"My gracious lord," sobbed the beautiful countess, falling on her knees at the invalid's bedside, "has the gruel done you any good?"

Esther Litchestein was of Jewish birth, and had been wedded, when quite young, to the baron, who was anxious that his progeny should have a natural taste for the small-loan-deposit business, and therefore married into this comparatively humble family.

"Very little," said Shandygaff, querulously. "Who was that I heard thumping the piano in the front parlor?"

"Only my Cousin Isaac," said the countess, while a faint blush overspread her exquisite features.

"And what does Isaac here?" asked the haron, suspiciously.

"He came bither to tell me about the Yom Kippur, and to show me a most beautiful diamond, on which he has made a small advance."

"Ah, a diamond!" said the baron, brightening. "Show him hither."

YERBA BUENA TOWERS.

John, second Duke of Yerba Buena, was a gay and careless child of fortune. Having lost his patrimony when quite a boy at three-card monte, he made a second raise by selling an alleged copper mine on the Oakland flats to a syndicate of English capitalists. The latter endeavored to have the duke punished for this outrageous fraud, but as all international law regarding such matters had been nullified, they could only write letters about him to the San Francisco newspapers, which were published at so much a line. Finding this too expensive, they gave it up, and the duke continued the leader of Oakland society. He had built a light bridge from Goat Island, where Yerba Buena Towers stood, to the Alameda shores, upon which a sentry paced to and fro to stop all tradesmen who could not give the countersign.

"We shall have a merry day of it," said the duke to his boon companion, Lord Saucelito, also an impoverished nobleman, "a merry day of it, Saucelito. Christmas Eve to-morrow, and, as I am a living duke, there is not a turkey on the island."

"Can't you borrow one?" suggested Saucelito, gloomily. The duke laughed hoarsely.

"Nary a borrow," he said, shortly, "Or steal one?" continued Saucelito.

"Three of my retainers, Michael, Pat, and Fritz, are now lying in the east wing of the castle, plum-full of bird-shot. No, no; the neighbors are too fly. Pat will never sit down again, and I had Doctor Antonio, my physician, out this morning looking for Fritz's ear, which is lying somewhere in the hush."

"Then what shall we have for dinner?" asked Saucelito.

"Clams and tom cods—devil a thing else I can think of—that is, if we are lucky enough to find any," said Yerba Buena.

"Couldn't you negotiate a loan?" asked Saucelito.

"I can negotiate nothing. Nobody will play pedro with me now, or throw dice, or pull straws, or match half-dollars. I tell you, my lord, it is all u. p., and if we want a Christmas dinner, we must ring in on some other crowd. Hush—here comes the duchess."

The Duchess of Yerba Buena was a beautiful woman; tall, plump, and, with the exception of a slight stoop, contracted a really life when hanging over what is facetiously known as

the Irish piano, (to be practical, wash-board,) was in every respect a most perfect female. She was very respectful to her noble husband, who, to satisfy a judgment for the amount of a wash-hill contracted in early life, had placed a ducal coronet upon her brows.

"What would it please your grace to hev for dinner Christmas day?" she asked, with a low obeisance.

"What's in the larder, Bridget?" inquired the duke.

"Wan box of sardines, a half keg of mackerel, the worst balf of a sea-gull pie, and a two-gallon demijohn of whisky," said the duchess.

"Leave us, Bridget," said the duke, nervously, "leave us—but stay; send one of my retainers hither with the whisky and my tablets. I myself will draw up the bill-of-fare."

THE LOVERS.

"And you love me, dearest; you love your own Lucius?"

"How often, then, giddy hoy, must I confess that my heart is wholly thine?"

"Every moment, every precious moment, Bedelia," and Lucius Shandygaff, heir-apparent to the Shandygaff estates, pressed his glowing lips to Lady Bedelia's cherry-ripe mouth, the sweet Bedelia, only daughter of the ducal house of Yerba Buena. Of course, their parents knew nothing of this attachment. It was not meant they should until Lucius, himself a millionaire, should hire a Whiteball boat, pull over to Goat Island, and demand his sweetheart's hand from her baughty father. Lucius was the superintendent of the Shandygaff pawn-shops, and displayed a keenness and attention to the duties of his office which delighted his father. The needy customer, who tried to play an oriole chain on Lucius for the real metal, quickly found himself in the wrong shop. Between Lucius and a sucker lay miles and miles of ocean. He had his mother's nose, and the sharp, pungent wit of his father. The nose was useful to his profession, and the wit endeared him to the fair sex. He first met Lady Bedelia at a Sunday picnic, and it was indeed a case of love at first sight. They ate sandwiches and drank lemonade together, and when they parted it was with the understanding that whenever Bedelia wanted matinee tickets she had only to say the word. Now, on this December evening, as they stood hand in hand on the sea-wall, and gazed over the sparkling waters of the bay, they felt that no power on earth could ever divide their paths. Saucelito bad, it is true, cast languishing eyes on Bedelia, but Saucelito was flat broke, and most of his broad acres in Marin County had passed into the hands of the Baron of Shandygaff. He still owned the ruins of a few ancient yacht clubs, but they were not negotiable property.

"We are wretchedly poor, Lucius," said Lady Bedelia, breaking the long silence. "My pa, the duke, has forfeited his credit in every grocery store in Oakland. It was only the other day that Lord Pretzel, who keeps that big beer saloon, threatened to sue him if he did not settle right away."

"I know he is gone in, financially—a total wreck, in fact," said Shandygaff. "We have his family jewels, and the interest is so long over-due that I know he will never pay it. Last Wednesday, I myself advanced him nine dollars and seventy-five cents on your mother's coronet. But what does that matter? I have enough for all. We will give the duke a fresh start—say, in the dry goods business, because it would not do to trust him with a saloon. Or, as he is fond of the sea, a small junk store might meet his views. We'll find something for him to do, never you fear."

"My brave, brave hoy," cried Bedelia, joyously; "you are too good, and too sweet," and again the lovers embraced, heedless of the hoarse cackle of a cynical crab-fisher, who sat with his legs dangling over the wharf. Arm in arm they wandered toward North Beach, while the crab-fisher, muttering "I guess there's a piece in this for me," gathered up his nets and ran swiftly toward the iron gates of Shandygaff Castle.

THE INVITATION.

"Shandygaff Castle, December 24, 1982.
"The Baron and Lady Shandygaff present their compliments to the Duke and Duchess of Yerba Buena and the Lady Bedelia, and request the pleasure of their company at Shandygaff Castle to dinner on Christmas day. The Baron and Lady Shandygaff sincerely hope that no previous engagement will interfere with the compliance of the Duke and Duchess of Yerba Buena and their charming daughter with this request."

Such was the note that was banded to the Duke of Yerba Buena on Christmas eve by the faithful Fritz, who looked indeed an unsightly object with his single ear, Doctor Antonio having failed to find the other in the chaparral.

"What the dickens does this mean?" inquired the duke of his crony, Saucelito, who was partially intoxicated from his repeated calls on the demijohn that stood between the pair. "Shandygaff hates me like poison. I have sent all my plate to his pawn-shops; he has all our family jewels. I fear he has foreclosed the mortgages he holds on my Contra Costa and San Mateo properties. Now, what the deuce can this mean?"

"Give it up," replied Saucelito, with a hiccup.

"You are a thick-headed pig," said the duke, angrily. "What do you suppose I keep you in whisky for, if you can not answer an occasional conundrum?"

"Give it up," chuckled the tipsy peer.

"I was about to propose that you should come disguised as one of my retainers, and fall in for a share of the cold victuals," said the duke, angrily; "but I've changed my mind. You'd get drunk, and give me away early in the evening. Now you can stay here and make a meal on the salt mackerel." And, with a contemptuous scowl at his dissi-

pated friend, the duke left the apartment to see if his duchess could throw any light upon the unexpected invitation.

The partially convalescent Baron Shandygaff sat in his bed, propped up with pillows. Before him stood a ragged, evil-smelling crab-fisher.

"You are sure the tale you told me yesterday is true?" said the baron. "Mind, fellow, your miserable carcass shall hang from the outer walls if I discover that your story is false. You saw Lord Lucius kiss my enemy's daughter?"

"I did," replied the spy, "and she kissed him back. They was as thick as a pair of turtle doves, and they talked of getting married; and I think I heard him say that you wasn't long for this world, anyhow, and that it was a good riddance of had rubbish."

The haron ground his teeth. "Go," he said, hoarsely. "Come here the day after to-morrow, and you shall be rewarded for your information. And on your way down, fellow, send me the cook."

The crab-fisher was not the only one who left the room. As the haron turned his head toward the wall, muttering curse words, Lord Lucius Shandygaff crept noiselessly out from under his father's bed, and made his exit unperceived by his fuming and excited parent.

"The dastard!" said Lucius. "The lying son of a starfish! But I'll be even with him, the clam-bearded tramp! I'll have my revenge."

THE BANQUET.

The grand banquet hall of Shandygaff castle was gloriously decorated with evergreens, and crimson herries, and mistletoe (gathered at a vast expense in Mendocino County), and the huge yule log blazed upon the hearth. Attired in the garb of waiters stood all the assistants—clerks, cuspidor-tenders, hook-keepers, etc.—of the nine pawn-shops, for Baron Shandygaff hated needless outlay, and counted Christmas in as a working day. The baron, himself, sat at the head of the table, and was still weak and languid, though his eyes glowed with a peculiar and haleful light. Behind Lady Shandygaff's chair stood the devoted Isaac, in a white apron. On the haron's right were the Duke and Duchess of Yerba Buena. On his left Lord Lucius, and the lovely Lady Bedelia, who wore an exquisite pea-green satin, and bad sham-rock in her hair. Behind the duke was Saucelito, in an impenetrable disguise, consisting of a burly wig and a false beard. The unfortunate peer had heged so hard to be taken along that the good-natured duke did not have the heart to refuse him.

Shandygaff, who was an eminently religious nobleman, said grace, and the feast began. Lord Lucius looked pale and determined as the crab-fisher, also in disguise, brought in the soup.

"I drink your grace's health," said the baron, howing sardonically to his guest.

"Good luck. May the Lord love you and not call for you too soon," said the duke, cheerily, draining his glass.

After the soup came the fish, and then the haron arose, and thumping on the table with the baf of his carving-knife, called for silence.

"Mighty early in the feast for the toasts to begin," whispered the duke to his wife.

Shandygaff's brow was black as thunder. His frame trembled like an aspen. The veins on his forehead looked swollen almost to bursting, as, in a hoarse voice, he began:

"May it please your grace of Yerba Buena, I, an humble haron, invited you to this feast, and your duchess, and your daughter. To eat turkey? No. To get drunk at my expense? No. To what, then? To pierce your proud heart, haughty and poverty-stricken noble, whose daughter dared to ensnare my only son, the heir of all my possessions. What, ho, without there, cook!"

THE BILED OWL.

Before the fierce yell of the haron had ceased to echo in the vaulted chamber, a huge platter containing an immense owl was placed before Shandygaff. The guests were speechless with amazement as the haron, with one mighty stroke of his carver, severed the owl in twain, and lo! a large bundle of papers was disclosed. "Behold!" yelled Shandygaff; "Behold the foreclosures on your estates! Behold the evidences of your ruin! Behold!"

"Silence, Baron Shandygaff!"

It was Lord Lucius who spoke. With eyes aflame, and in the voice of a first-class boatswain the young nobleman continued: "Foreclosures, eh! O blind and miserable man, that I should be condemned to call you father! See! see!" and he tore from the dish the package and waved it aloft. "These," he shouted, "are your price of Yerba Buena, the pawn-tickets for your family jewels, all marked 'received payment,' and these the releases of all your mortgages. Ay, tremble in your chair, proud Baron Shandygaff, and know that I did not learn to knock down for nothing. Yes, my darling Bedelia," turning to the weeping girl, "I always had the key of the till."

When, two weeks afterward, Baron Shandygaff was able to crawl down-stairs, he was an altered man. The first evidence of returning vigor that he displayed was to hang the crab-fisher, and the next to bless and forgive his noble son and the entire Yerba Buena family. At the nuptials of Lord Lucius and the lovely Lady Bedelia, he presented the blushing bride with a magnificent necklace of diamonds, (unredeemed,) and it was not many years ere the united families of Shandygaff and Yerba Buena owned every pawn shop in this vast and prosperous city.

The Lost Ship Marigold.

A STRANGE TALE OF AN INHABITED ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC, NOT UPON THE CHARTS.

By ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

"On clearing the straits Drake accordingly held a northwest course, and in two days the fleet had advanced seventy leagues. Here it was overtaken by a violent and steady gale from the northeast, which drove them into 57° south latitude, and two hundred leagues to the west of Magellan's Straits. * * * On the 24th, (September, 1578,) the weather became more moderate, the wind shifted, and they partly retraced their course, for seven days standing to the northeast, during which land was seen, and near which a vain attempt was made to anchor. Their troubles did not end here. Once more the wind got back to its old quarter, and with great violence; and on the 30th the *Marigold* was separated from the *Elizabeth* and the *Golden Hind*, as Drake, on entering the South Sea, had named his ship, in compliment, it is said, to his patron, Sir Christopher Hatton. They made the land, and the *Marigold* was borne to sea by the stress of the gale, and was never heard of more. We do not even find a conjecture breathed of the fate of this ship."—*Lives and Voyages of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier*.

"AND so you have got back from your cruise, have you, Dick?" I said, as I casually met an old chum on the street the other day. "Had a good time, eh?"

"Well, I should say so, rather," replied Dick, with a mysterious air. "But I haven't time to tell you about it now. Come up to my room this evening, and I'll tell you something that will shake your faith in the Spencerian theory of homogeneity tending toward heterogeneity, and all that sort of thing. I must go now. Mind you come. Ta-ta." And he fore I could answer he had disappeared down Pine Street.

Dick Ferrier was a man of leisure, possessed of enough money to take things easy; somewhat of a dilettante, too, in art and letters, and, as I thought it possible he might have picked up something interesting in his late cruise with Sir Harry Buckstone, I determined to accept his invitation.

And now about the cruise I refer to. Last summer a gentleman of fortune, an Englishman, Sir Harry Buckstone by name, visited San Francisco in his yacht. During his stay here, Dick Ferrier—everybody calls him Dick—was introduced to him, and through community of tastes and parity of age—each was about thirty-five or so—that sort of companionship common to men of the world with plenty of money and nothing to do grew up between them. Thus it came about that when Sir Harry got tired of the land and proposed a cruise on the Pacific, he asked Dick to accompany him, and Dick went. I do not know that they had any particular destination in view when they started. I rather think not. Nor did Dick limit himself to time—he did not need to do so.

"Well, what about that cruise, Dick?" I said, after appropriating the most comfortable easy-chair near the fire, and settling back to the enjoyment of a Havana. "What have you been doing with yourself since you left here? More than six months ago, isn't it?"

"Ah, my boy," placidly answered Dick, as he pushed the decanters, "I have sailed half round the world since then. Had a splendid time. But I'm not going to give you a full account of my travels; that is, not just now. Life is too short. But I do want to narrate one little bit of South Sea experience that, I think, will interest you in the unromantic age," he concluded, with a knowing twinkle.

"Agreed," I answered; "I give you my word I won't make any noise until your narrative either grows miserably dull or supremely impossible. As to romancing, I won't give you credit for that—you haven't got the imagination for it. If you can only say what you have to say briefly and without long-winded digressions, you will find me the most indulgent of listeners. If not—well, then—"

"All right," laughed Dick, good-naturedly; "here goes: It was last June, wasn't it," he began, "that Sir Harry's yacht was here? Yes; I remember it was somewhere about the middle of the month that we sailed, or steamed, I should say, out of the harbor. The *Firefly*, as you know, is a quick runner—thinks nothing of fifteen knots under a full head. Sir Harry had just come from Australia, you know, via the Fijis and Sandwich Islands, and his past experiences had only whetted his appetite for more; so I was not surprised, after getting outside the heads, that he should drop the abrupt remark: 'What do you say, old fellow, if we take in the islands again—those South Sea groups, you know? No end of variety. Charming, I assure you.' Of course I professed myself delighted, and we steamed merrily south through the finest imaginable Pacific weather. We struck out in the direction of the Fijis, and stayed there a couple of weeks in the biggest of them, all of which was very new and interesting to me; but, as Sir Harry had been there before, and only dropped in to get a favorite cane or something he had left, he presently voted it slow; and, after showing me round sufficiently, as he thought, one fine morning we dropped out of the beautiful bay.

"Now," said he, "which shall it be, Auckland or Valparaiso? Coal we must have. What do you say if we strike for Valparaiso, and visit Pitcairn Island on the way? I have a fancy to see these curious people."

"Of course I was delighted, and away we went. Pitcairn Island, as perhaps you know, is a lovely little dot, lying some fifteen hundred miles south of the line, and between two and three thousand from South America. You know that, as it is out of the track of ships, it is seldom visited, and that the arrival of a ship there is an event of great rejoicing. Well, we got along swimmingly for about a week, when we experienced, for the first time, some uncommonly rough weather. Of course this was disagreeable; but we took the pitching about and the smashing of the glass in the cabin, and even the demolition of the last but one of our cases of champagne, philosophically enough, and as the fortune of war; but when it came to the breaking of a blade of our screw, we felt that it

was piling on the agony a little too much, and indulged in some appropriate comments on our elemental luck. That didn't mend matters, however, one particle; and, as, in addition to being blown out of our course, we didn't get a sight of the sun for a matter of five days, we could tell only by dead reckoning that we were a good way south of where we ought to have been. Such things, however, don't last forever, and when it cleared up one night, and our captain could use his sextant, he gave our latitude as—let me see; I've got it down in my pocket-book. Yes; here it is—as 33° 24' S., 132° 15' W. I remember noting it down particularly, as Sir Harry and myself were curious to know where we were, and went off immediately to look up the chart.

"Not so bad after all, gentlemen," said the captain, as he looked over our shoulders; "we are not quite five hundred miles south of Pitcairn Island, and if we have any luck we shall make her inside of three days. Meantime we must lay to till morning. Some of the tackle wants fixing."

"Lay to we did; and, as I was performing my ablutions next morning, what should I hear but Sir Harry's voice shouting cheerily outside my state-room:

"'Dick, I say, get out here. There's an island lying a few miles east of us which the captain says isn't on the chart. Just think of it; we're discoverers. Names in history and all that sort of thing. What fun!'"

"Of course I dressed in double-quick time, and got on deck, and sure enough there was the island, lying, I should say, some four or five miles off, and looking as pretty as a picture. There stood Sir Harry and the captain side by side, each with a big telescope glued to his face, and gazing with rapt attention.

"And, by God, there are people on it!" exclaimed the captain, as he shut up his glass with a snap.

"Very strange that it isn't on the chart, isn't it, captain?" remarked Sir Harry, inquiringly.

"Well, no," said the captain, reflectively. "I don't suppose a ship gets into this section once in twenty years, and only then when she's blown in like we've been. You see that island lies five hundred miles further off the line of travel than Pitcairn does, and she's on the direct route from nowhere to nowhere. So, it ain't as strange as it looks. One thing's certain, that island ain't on any chart; for I've got all the latest, and I have likewise verified my calculations this morning."

"All right," said Sir Harry; "just bring us as near as you can and we'll land. This is something like an adventure—eh, Dick? An undiscovered island—inhabited, too! Won't the natives be puzzled to see us! The usual course in such cases is for all the natives to take to the hills, isn't it? Not much of bulls, either, are they? How big do you think it is, captain?"

"Well, that's the funny part of it," replied the captain. "There seems to be some six or eight miles of a coast line on this side, anyway. But, you see, there's no land of any great height there. Ships might pass within fifty miles of it and never see it; and, as I said, she lies hundreds of miles off all the lines of travel."

"As we got nearer the shore Sir Harry and I kept our telescopes to our eyes, to make out what sort of natives they were. Some scores of them had collected upon the beach and were watching our approach. Before we could make out much about the people, we could plainly see, about half a mile inland, a village of houses, some of them evidently wooden ones and painted, others made of mats and poles, such as we had seen among the Fijis.

"That looks uncommonly like civilization," said Sir Harry. "Can you catch what sort of dress they wear? Seems to me they have clothes on down to the feet, at any rate."

"As we got nearer I saw that Sir Harry was right, and that the people were, at all events, rigged something like ordinary Christians, though I couldn't for the life of me make out at first what I did see. Well, when we got within about a quarter of a mile of the shore the landings grew shallow; so Sir Harry and I got into the captain's boat, and they pulled us to the beach. On our way we kept getting a better and better view of the islanders, and Sir Harry said to the captain:

"You must have made a mistake, Biggs. These people are no savages. Why, they are dressed in some sort of long clothes, though I can't tell yet what they are. This is no undiscovered island!"

"Phew!" said the captain; "I'm blessed if I can understand it. I'd swear the place ain't on the chart, and I'd swear that my observations are all right, too. But if I ever saw anything like this—well, I am blown," and he whistled in a mystified way.

"By this time we had got to the beach, and jumped on shore, and if ever I was staggered in my life I was then. You know I've seen a good deal, and I've read a good deal, and I'm not usually pulled up with a round turn by anything that isn't a pretty long way out of the ordinary, but if I ever—if I hope to see— Here Dick got completely at a loss for words, and came down on the table with a bang that made the decanters and glasses dance.

"All right," said I; "till you get calm enough to go on in a rational manner, I'll take the hint and fortify myself for the forthcoming disclosures. You've been dull enough hitherto, in all conscience. Your wine is infinitely superior to your story."

"All right," said Dick; "c'fraid away. But if I don't make you think as I do before I'm done, you may put me down for—where was I? Oh, yes; on the beach. Well, the three

of us, Sir Harry, the captain, and I, left the sailors in the boat and jumped ashore. About twenty paces in front of us, and about the same distance in advance of the big crowd I told you we saw at first, stood four of the queerest, the quaintest, the most nondescript—well, I'm stumped if I can find words to express it. Did you ever see any of Burnand's hurlesque operas—the old ones, I mean, where a chorus is sung by a quartet of heterogeneous anomalies in the most utterly fantastic dress it is possible to conceive? Well, the four figures who stood before us reminded me more forcibly of that than anything else.

"Let me describe them in detail: The right 'end man,' so to speak, of the four, bad on a mantle reaching to about his knees, once evidently gaudy, but now faded from age, and here and there patched with some different material. The legs, from the knees down, were encased in boots of untanned leather, such as are ordinarily worn by the stage brigand. A long white beard fell from a rather pleasant-looking brown face, while on the head was a species of leather slouch-hat with a broad brim. The next was a well-proportioned, black-bearded young fellow, in a short mantle of faded silk, his lower extremities likewise sheathed in galigaskins of fine rawhide. This one held his hat in his hand, and it had a long feather in it. At his hip hung a sword in a curiously chased sheath. The other two were middle-aged men, attired in old-fashioned leathern doublets and long rawhide boots, with antiquated cutlasses strapped to their waists. Each posed in a different way, and all were evidently trying to make an impression. The expression on their faces was evidently meant to give an idea of importance, and each, in his own attitude, remained as if posing for a photograph. Anything more ludicrous and comical I never saw in my life, but I can't expect you to have any proper conception of it from my lame description. The effect on us, however, was irresistible. For one moment I was utterly dumfounded and nonplussed. The next, I came to a sense that Sir Harry was in fits behind his handkerchief, while the worthy captain stood like a statue, head thrown back, mouth wide open, and eyes staring out of his head. If anything was wanting to complete the picture and my utter demoralization, it was this. I gave vent to a guffaw before which an Apache war-whoop would seem tame, and which had the effect of exciting extreme commotion in the ranks behind the quartet, which had meanwhile been coming gradually closer, and many of whom then and there turned and fled precipitately, with a pack of howling children at their heels. This, however, broke up the matinee, and brought all hands, as it were, to a sense of the situation. It was now in order for both sides to say something, and if I was utterly demoralized before, I was now routed, horse, foot, and dragons. May I be struck dumb and paralyzed on the spot, if that old fellow with the long, gray beard and brigand boots didn't amble up, with a Chesterfieldian bow, and say:

"May't please your worship to go with us and taste of our cheer? Ye are right welcome to this island. We will entreat you well, for I betthink me ye do come from the land of England, of which our forefathers spake. We are right glad that ye have come, I warrant you. Suffer us to conduct you unto our homes."

"Yea, prithee, fair sirs, we entreat you," chimed in the other three.

"Sir Harry at once grasped the situation, and politely accepted the proffered hospitality. We then went along with our entertainers in the direction of the village I told you we saw from the ship, followed and surrounded, at a respectful distance, by the rest of the folks, who watched us narrowly and curiously. After a walk of about half a mile, during which we passed many cottages surrounded by gardens and plats of cultivated ground, we reached the village. This consisted of some forty or fifty cottages, of various sizes, some of them built of logs, some simply of poles with coconut matting flung over them, others of boards with roofs and gables which would compare favorably with similar structures of our own, one or two of them painted with a sort of ochre. All of the better class had doors and windows—that is, window-shaped openings protected by lattice work. Of course, we were puzzled to account for it all, and on the way up asked if it was actually true that they had never seen a ship before. The old man said that he remembered having, on one occasion, while on the top of the hills, seen a ship sailing on the horizon very far to the east, and at another time one was driven past the island by a storm; but none had ever stopped there, and no stranger had ever been seen at the island, either in his time or within the traditions which he possessed. You may be sure that this assertion piqued our curiosity still further, and made us more anxious to solve the enigma of what it all meant; and Master Martin—for so the old man called himself—promised to satisfy us on all these points before we left.

At last we stopped before one of the most pretentious of the cottages, on the threshold of which we were met by two females—one middle-aged, who was introduced to us as Dame Elizabeth Martin; the other, a mere girl of sixteen or so, as Amy Martin. The dame was like most elderly females, with a decided leaning to *embonpoint*, but the young lady was a veritable dusky beauty—bright, flashing eyes, rosy lips, jet black hair, piquant features, and so on. What did they wear? Well, you know I'm not much of a Jenkins, and there is one thing I am more ignorant about than about a woman's dress. Old women can't be made to loiter, witching by any quantity of diamonds and furbelows

per contra, young ones, if they are hewitching, can't have their attractions obscured by even a domino. Probably the old Greek tunic would come nearer to describing the feminine dress than anything else. It was loose, caught up by a girdle somewhere in the regions of the waist. It was flowing. It seemed to fit the body, and yet fell in folds. It left the neck and arms bare from the shoulders down. It was made of some material resembling coarse linen. It was bleached; and, above all, it was clean. And now you have all I know about it. Well, the ladies courtesied, and in that quaint old Elizabethan language, with which we are familiar in the pages of Ben Jonson and old Roger Ascham, asked us to be seated; the seats were very passable high-backed chairs adorned with an attempt at carving. There was already a table spread with a snowy cloth in the middle of the apartment, which was of the capacity of an ordinary family room. The floor was strewn with rushes. A large fire-place, lined with stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end. In fact, the whole thing smacked of some bygone period. It was as if we had suddenly dropped from the nineteenth century to the seventeenth, and, as it turned out, to all intents and purposes we had. It was funny at first to hear "prithee" and "withal" used in the ordinary conversation of life, but the effect was delicious through the knowledge that the expressions were natural. So, too, even when the old lady soundly herated a swarthy menial who brought in a roast kid upon a huge brown crockery platter, the incongruity of a dark, olive-hued matron in a loose Greek tunic, saying, 'A murrain on thee, wench! Canst not abide till the fair guests be seated?' was atoned for by the natural simplicity of the expression.

"An't please your worships to be seated, we will fall to," was the invitation to which we responded by bringing our chairs close up to the table, the fair Amy being flanked by Sir Harry on the one side and Master Marigold Thomson, the young fellow with the dandy doublet and hose, on the other, while another female of the family was similarly cavaliered by myself, and on the other side of the festive board the worthy captain looked like a modern brass-buttoned sailor trussed up between two of the ancient buccaneers or swash-bucklers of the Spanish Main. With a dusky Aspasia in the forties at the head, and a dark-skinned Polonius at the foot of the table, I doubt if any stage burlesque ever furnished a parallel. The dinner was plain, but well cooked, the company being served indiscriminately upon wooden trenchers and brown crockery plates. There were knives and spoons, but no forks. Master Martin, our host, carved the kid by simply taking a good grip of the head with his left hand, while with his right he cut off chunks of the meat, which he put upon our platters as they were handed up to him. There were baked and hoiled yams upon the table, with some other native succulent vegetables; what the old lady called a 'manchet' of wheaten bread, with a dish of goat's-milk butter; fruit, such as mangoes, bananas, and pine-apples. After the roast kid a dish of wild ducks was brought in, with eggs and cheese. And while this was going on, you must not suppose that we had nothing to drink.

"Dickon," called Master Martin, in commanding tones, to a bare-footed helot who hovered about, "get thee to the buttery, and fetch a measure from yon cask we broached yestereven, when we saw their worships' ship over against us; and, sirrah, see to't that a goodly portion of sugar be mingled with the hippocras for the dames. Thou art ever amiss therein. An' thou fail in this, look to thyself; for, truly, I will swinge thee roundly. Begone! hie thee!" then, apologetically to Sir Harry, "I crave your pardon, fair knight, but these caitiff knaves must be strictly entreated, else will they most woefully malingere. Is it ever so in thy country?"

"To which Sir Harry gravely replied that it was, and so the banquet went merrily on. It was a sight for the gods to see our worthy captain hobnobbing and carrying on an animated conversation with the buccaneers at the other side of the table; for all tongues were loosened under the influence of the wine, which was old and really fair. I could see, too, that Sir Harry was making his way in the good graces of damsel Amy, much to the perturbation of Master Marigold Thomson. I, of course, tried to do the agreeable, under difficulties, with my early English partner in the Greek tunic."

Here Dick paused. "Just show that decanter this way, old fellow; talking makes one terribly dry."

"Now, look here, Dick," I said, with besetting solemnity, "I've stood this long enough. What on earth has come over you to-night? Do you expect me to believe such a yarn as this? Who ever heard of grapes, or wheat, or any stuff fit to make cloth out of, growing on a desert island in the Pacific? By your own admission, no ships had ever touched there within the memory of tradition, and yet you dress up your natives in doublets, and tunics, and boses and leather hoots, and silk mantles, and swords, and so forth. I suppose you'll tell me next that they were adepts at poker, and crack hands at billiards. You're laying it on too thick; you are, indeed."

"I grant it does look pretty absurd," weakly conceded Dick; "but before I'm done I will convince you, at all events, of the possibility of all I've told you, and leave the verification of it to certain parties who will be here in a day or two. The yacht, you know, stopped at Wilmington, as Sir Harry wished to visit an old chum of his now staying in Los Angeles, while I came on here ahead of them. I hope you won't impeach their testimony, at least," and Dick assumed an expression of injured innocence and conscious rectitude.

"Well," he continued, "the dinner passed off without a flaw. A perfect *entente cordiale* had been established, and we rose from the table in time to see the bare legs of black Dickon in hot pursuit of some of the villagers, who had transgressed the bounds of propriety so far as to gather unnoticed round the door while we were eating. After dinner we produced our cigar-cases and astonished the natives by smoking. As may be imagined, they did not follow our example. It now became in order to arrive at a solution of the enigma which had been presented to us, and to this end Master Martin was called upon to enlighten us. Sitting down in the shadow of a patriarchal palm, the old man told us, as far as he knew, the traditional history of the island, which had been handed down from generation to generation; but wisely judging that such a history would seem more authentic if supported by some extraneous evidence, he went into the house, and returned in a few minutes with several articles—

one of them a volume bound in black leather with silver clasps. This proved to be a black-letter edition of Edward VI.'s Bible, printed upon parchment—nothing else would have stood the wear and tear and thumping of centuries. This, he told us, was the only book on the island, and from it he and all I saw around me had learned to read—that is, all of the upper class; for even in this small and simple community the lines of caste were strictly drawn. Besides the Bible, Master Martin showed us a manuscript book, which proved to be a ship's log, much of which was blurred and rendered illegible by sea water and extreme age, but from which I made these extracts from the last few entries, for your especial satisfaction," and Dick produced from his pocket-book a page of manuscript of which the following is a transcript:

* * * The xxj. of Awgust we entered the streights called Magelanes Streytes, the xxij. of the same, we arrived at an land where we had grete store of fowles which could not flye, of the bygness of geese; we kyde in lesse than one day above thre thousand of thes fowles, and victualed our selves thrwly with them, as we thought. These streights were full of water and wodde all the waye and very by lande of both syds, in some places but a leauge in hredtbe, in some the vj. September we entered the sowthe sea, where in all our beynege we never found but contrary winds and extreme tempestes and hoysterous wether. * * * and Master Wyntar, qd. be, where is your man Vlusses? by Gods lyfe yf he were my man I wold cut of his ears, yea by Gods wounds I wold hange hym; but wherefore truly I do not know. * * * Such an infinite number of seales as may seeme incredible to any man that hath not bene there, not fearing the presence of men; for the most of our men were upon the island for the space of fifteen days to set up a Finnesse, during which time the seales wold come and sleape by them, and rather resist our men, then giue place, unless mortall blowes forced them to yeelde. * * *

The last of September being a very fowle night, and the seas sore growne, we lost the Generalls shippe and the *Elizabeth* running to the Eastward to get the shore whereof we had sight the vij. of October, falling into a very dangerous bay full of rocks; and there we lost company of M. Drake the same night. * * * the ambush brake out and set upon them, and helore they could recover their bote and get her on fote they hurt all our men very sore with their arrowes. * * * John Bruer, John Martin, Thomas Flud, Tom Bruer, great Nele a dane, littel Nele a Fleming, John Gripe, John Mariner, Gregory Rayment escaped their wounds and were cured. * * * Here we do live unto this daye in grete peace and plentye, and in amitie with ye natives.

Master Dixon, wch was the Generalls brother-in-law, having much skille in weying, doth teche ye native women how to make faire cloths unto themselves of certaine plantes and trees wch doe grow here most abundantly, so we are like to have no lack of raiment whiles we stay. Likewise Nele the Fleming is no mean cordwainere wch helike I did not know till now. Likewise more of our men doe prove themselves cunning in divers ways. We have bene unto ourselves boords in some sort from the trees that be here whereof the wodde is fayre to splitte with the ships axes. Therefrom we have higen bowsses and chaires and tables. Ye whete wch we had for our hogge, and of web were a fewe graines residue in the harge, we sowed and now have goodly harvests and brede much to our help. Ye razens wch we had a bagge from the Portugals we likewise sowde their seedes wherefrom grew grapes. Seeing that much time hath passed without syne of ship or rescue, all save Thoms Flud and myself have taken unto ourselves wives wherefrom they have children, hy which we are much holpen. I doe thynke we shall hringe all in ye feare of Godde.

JOHN THOMSON.

Captain of ye *Marigold*.

At ye lland of Malluia, this 25 day of December (Xmas.) Goddes sun his daye, as I recon in the yere of ourlorde fifteen hundred eighty-three, Y years have we bene here; God save Her Majesty.

"Now, what do you say to that?" shouted Dick, triumphantly, as I finished reading. "Well, Master Martin showed us more things which had been saved from the ship—the figure-head, pieces of rope, the compass, some hoes, a caliver—if you know what that is—some old cutlasses, and other articles, which were preserved with the utmost care and reverence. As to the dresses they then wore, and which had excited our sense of the ludicrous at our arrival, he explained that they were some of the original clothes of the crew of the *Marigold*, and had only been donned on the present occasion in deference to a sacred injunction, handed down from father to son and generation to generation, that these garments should be worn to welcome the first arrivals in, as proof of who their original wearers were. The dresses had accordingly been preserved from moth and mildew with the most reverential care, and, even after such a lapse of time, retained something of their pristine character. Marigold Thomson, for instance, the good-looking young fellow who was sweet on Master Martin's daughter, appeared, by hereditary right, in the holiday bravery of his ancestor, John Thomson, the captain of the ill-fated vessel, whose name the youth bore. It is not often that young men have the privilege of airing themselves in the togery of an ancestor of the tenth generation, is it? And still seldomer that they would appreciate the honor, eh? Sir Harry said that at his place in England there were chests of wardrobes of dresses quite as old, but none, so far as he was aware, in such good repair. This compliment, I may add, was vastly appreciated. Well, the day wore on, and toward evening we returned to the yacht, our hosts being loth to let us go, lest they should lose us forever. Sir Harry, however, comforted them with the assurance that all the yacht's boats would return in the morning, and take as many as they could carry aboard. And so we parted.

"Well, so things went on from day to day, till at last we lived more on the island than we did on the yacht. And a beautiful place it was, and no mistake. One of those

'Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea,' that the poet sings of. Quite romantic, I assure you; and quite romantic did we get. You needn't laugh. We were in a new world, and a real one. It had its

'Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas;'

it had its loves and its strifes, its work and its merry-makings, all carried out with as much fervor as anywhere I was ever at. You mayn't give me credit for it, but I made quite a study of the whole thing. I had to do something, you know, for before we had been there a week I could tell that Sir Harry was snug in the meshes of the dimpled god. *Tête-à-tête* in the shade during the day, and moonlight rambles on the beach at night, tell a tale, you know; and so I killed time as best I could, by rambling myself over the island with my gun. Of course, I literally had the freedom of it, for every one was apprised of our arrival two hours after we cast anchor. As I know you are of a statistical turn of mind, I may as well tell you, prosaically, that the island was six miles long by about four in width; that its population numbered about two thousand persons, three-fourths of whom were in a sort of serfdom to the remainder; that there were cultivated fields and gardens; that there were gay-plumaged birds in the groves, and goats upon the high ground. It

seems that, however it had been in former times, there was now little or no intermarrying between the two classes of the community. This social provision was, no doubt, the cause of the paucity of families—which hardly ever numbered more than one or two children. The women used the distaff and spindle—the secret of which had been, no doubt, handed down from the time when 'Master Dixon,' as the log said, first taught them the art. All the ship's iron had been long ago heaten out into axes and knives, which were now extremely scarce, and guarded with the most jealous care. A species of hard wood, something like iron-wood, provided hoes and spades, for there were no beasts of burden, and all agricultural work had to be performed by hand. The natives were adepts with the how, and shot wild duck, which were plentiful in both the creeks, with a species of flint-head arrow. I mention this fact, not from its novelty, but because it cuts a figure in the story later on.

"Well, as I said, while I was potting wild duck upon the creeks, Sir Harry was making love to the fair Amy in the shady lanes or upon the beach. Of course, this didn't escape the notice of Master Marigold Thomson, who, I could see, eyed the pair with anything but feelings of affection. One evening as we were lying in our hammocks smoking—he swung our hammocks under a big tree near old Martin's cottage—Sir Harry began to talk.

"'Dick,' said he, 'did you ever see a girl like that? So simple, so artless, so innocent, such a beauty, so unlike those sophisticated, artificial, hot-house exotics one meets in a London drawing-room! By Jove, I've a good mind to do it.'

"'All right, old fellow, go ahead,' I said. 'I know you'll do it anyhow, so I may just as well chime in now, and he done with it.'

"'I think I can make it all right at bome,' he went on. 'Of course, they'll kick at first, but I'm the party principally interested, if it comes to that.'

"'What does the girl say to it?' I said. 'Who knows but there might be some objections on that side?'

"'To-morrow I mean to ask her,' sighed Sir Harry. 'I don't think I'm mistaken in the result.'

"As we smoked dreamily on, a figure passed us in the dusk, and entered Martin's house. Presently we heard the sound of talking inside. Two male and two female voices were engaged, and, judging from the high tones employed, some exciting topic was on the tapis. After about ten minutes the door opened and Master Marigold Thomson came out, followed by old Martin, who stood in the door-way with a cocoa-nut oil lamp in his hand, and said:

"'Truly, I am sorry that thou shouldst ask this thing. Nevertheless, as thou demandest it, it must perforce be so. Prithee consider, Master Marigold, and demand it not,' and so they parted.

"'I wonder what's up now?' I said, 'The old party seems excited about something.'

"'Some family tiff, I suppose,' yawned Sir Harry, as he turned over.

"In the morning we found out what it was, and, as it turned out, it was a matter of some importance to Sir Harry, too. It seemed that there was an immemorial usage on the island that the first man who asked the hand of a maiden in marriage was conceded the preference under certain conditions. If the girl accepted him, well and good; there was no farther trouble. If she did not, she was compelled to declare her preference for some one else, and in that case the first comer had a right to challenge the favored one to a trial of skill in shooting. Whichever came off winner at this shooting-match got the girl. It was simply the old tournament in a different shape, suitable to the conditions of the place. Now, the reason for the high talking in the cottage the evening before was that young Marigold, presumably seeing which way the wind was blowing, had made a formal proposition for old Martin's daughter. The girl, thus urged, in her simplicity, and following the custom she had invariably seen around her, expressed her preference for Sir Harry, and thereupon Master Marigold had signified his intention of deciding the affair by the time-honored custom referred to. Old Martin was in a dilemma. He had either to fly in the face of an established custom, or commit a flagrant breach of hospitality. Besides, like all old people, neither he nor his worthy dame had the least suspicion of what was going on under their noses. With all their simplicity they had enough sense to see that their rules didn't apply to an outsider, and that any declaration should have come from Sir Harry. The case, however, was simply put before him as it stood, and Sir Harry answered it by simply going round to where Miss Amy stood, putting his arm round her waist, and kissing her. Nothing like simple measures in a simple community, you know. Old Martin, seeing the state of the case, thereupon tried to get Master Marigold to forego his claim, but the latter couldn't see it, and insisted on a strict observance of the letter of the law; namely, that Sir Harry should shoot with him at a distance of a hundred paces—the prize the hand of the maiden. Now, here was a quandary. Sir Harry hadn't had a bow and arrow in his hand since he was ten years old, and even then, as he ruefully remarked afterward, he couldn't hit a barn-door with it. He, however, expressed his perfect willingness to accommodate Master Marigold with rifles or revolvers. After a stormy discussion a compromise was at length effected on the basis that the match should take place for the stakes proposed, each champion to use his own weapon. This seemed fair for both parties.

"'A lucky thing for you that you liked the girl,' said I, that evening. 'Suppose it had been my Dulcinea—the maiden aunt, I mean, that sits next to me at table?'

"'Even rifles don't always carry straight,' laughed Sir Harry, 'and that reminds me that I must be remarkably careful to-morrow. I haven't shot for some time, and they say my rival is a perfect Locksley with the bow.'

"Next morning the contest began in a beautiful grassy dell, specially set apart for such encounters. All the people of the island had collected before the hour named to witness the spectacle, rendered doubly exciting by the peculiar conditions under which it took place. They ranged themselves on both sides of the dell, which was stepped off for a hundred paces by old Martin, who fulfilled in himself the functions of judge, referee, and master of ceremonies. A pole with a cross-piece at the top was stuck in the ground, and from a string attached to the end of the cross-piece hung a large mango. This was set in motion so that it swung right

and left transversely to the field of vision. Whichever of the contestants hit the mango oftenest in three shots won. It was the old Elizabethan game of quintain over again. Master Marigold was on hand with a confident smile, for this was his favorite pastime, and he had practiced it ever since he could handle a how. Sir Harry loaded his rifle with scrupulous care, for more depended upon the result than he had ever staked on the traps at Hornsey. The fair Amy was on hand, too, with her mother and maiden aunt, and the whole thing had a most picturesque and chivalric appearance. Master Marigold drew the long straw, and took his stand. Twang! went the how. Squish! went the mango, and Master Marigold stepped jauntily aside. He had on the ancient finery, by the way, of his ancestor, the captain. Then Sir Harry took his place. Crack! went the rifle. Squish! went the second mango, and he too stepped aside, and carefully wiped the breech of his gun before reloading. It now became evident to both parties, and indeed to every one there, that this was no ordinary affair. Neither was it. Master Marigold again parted his mango fair in the centre, while Sir Harry peeled off a slice of the rind. Master Marigold again drew his arrow to the shoulder and took aim. It left the how; but, just as it left, a bird flew out of the grove and made a peck at the fruit. The bird dropped dead, but the mango was untouched. Sir Harry politely waived the accident, and asked his rival to shoot again. This was unquestionably fair, and he did so; but this time the arrow whizzed by harmless. Possibly the accident unnerved him. Sir Harry followed, and again smashed his mango. The people cheered, and Sir Harry went over to the side of Amy, while Master Marigold, with bent head and dejected look, disappeared slowly and alone among the trees.

"Now, no doubt you will suppose that a time of regular courtship began. So it did. It began. That evening, after dinner, I was comfortably strolling along the moonlit beach smoking a cigar, and complacently appreciating the luxurious warmth and ease of my surroundings. About a hundred yards to my right I saw a couple of figures which I had no difficulty in recognizing as Sir Harry and Amy. They were strolling along as close as lovers, near where a fringe of myrtle ran down almost to the edge of the water. I was thinking over past reminiscences of the same sort, and dreamily taking in the situation in general, when whang! came a sound out of the laurel thicket. The next moment the air was convulsed with a masculine groan and a feminine shriek. I did the hundred yards between the figures and myself in less than eleven seconds, though you may not believe it, and found Sir Harry on the sand and Miss Amy engaged in tugging away at an arrow that had lodged in his back. I shoved her to one side, very impolitely I admit, but at the same time very practically, as I want you to understand, for I saw at the first pull that the arrow had done its work well, and the barb was firmly imbedded in the flesh. So I just slipped his arms out of the sleeves of his coat and waistcoat—I had been there before, you know—ripped off the back of his shirt and underclothing, and then went to work on the flesh round the barbs. I didn't wait for the hullabaloo and surgery that old Martin or any of his gang could afford, but simply cut away the meat round the barbs, and brought out the arrow. It had gone in three inches deep below the left shoulder—just the length of the flint! I'm no surgeon, but I know enough about anatomy to tell that an inch to the right would have struck either the heart or the lungs. Well, twenty seconds after he had been hit, I had him plastered up—you know I always make it a point of carrying enough plaster in my pocket-book to fix up a regiment; and by this time Amy's shrieks had brought the old man and the old woman, and about a hundred of the villagers. They came running up with lights, and crying, with that melancholy cadence which is the distinctive mark of barbaric man, as if their hearts would break.

"Sir Harry was brought in and nursed with all the possible care that simple, kind people, whose heart is in their every action, could give. Nobody could account for the catastrophe. Strange as it may seem to you, the brand of Cain had never been set upon their brows within their memory, and had been blotted out even from their dim traditions.

"Morning rose with Amy still hovering round his bed, when news was brought in of another terrible calamity. Marigold Thomson had been found, with his brains dashed out, at the foot of the highest coast bluff on the island, about a mile off.

"Now, I won't keep you much longer. Nobody ever knew who fired that arrow. If they did know, they said nothing. Poor Marigold was brought in dead. He was covered with flowers—and most beautiful, resplendent, gorgeous flowers they were, too. We hurried him with true grief, true tears, and the most heartfelt feeling. Sir Harry was too weak to attend the ceremonies, but Amy did. Such a mixture of Christian form and barbaric reality as I witnessed at that funeral made a deep impression on me, and inwardly demonstrated to me that the true feelings of humanity hold a high balance on the natural side. I saw in the grief of these poor, simple folk a foretaste of the calamities which must inevitably overtake them, should they ever be brought into the vortex of so-called civilization; should commerce ever mark them for her own, bringing in her wake the companion, though antagonistic, influence of missionaries and rum. And why shouldn't these islanders feel sorry? A youth brought up among them, whom they had known from the earliest childhood, harked of his love by a woman's whim and a chance of war. Bah! And so ended, after three hundred years, the last descendant of John Thomson, captain of the *Marigold*, who had passed through Magellan's Straits with Sir Francis Drake, and brought his ship safe to land on an island in the South Seas. Oh, the travesty of fortune! Push that decanter this way, and light another cigar. To-morrow I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Sir Harry and his island bride. But, to tell truth, my sympathies are with Marigold. Poor Marigold!"

When emeralds were first discovered in America, a Spaniard carried one to a lapidary in Italy, and asked him what it was worth; he was told a hundred *escudos*. He produced a second, which was larger; and that was valued at three hundred. Overjoyed at this, he took the lapidary to his lodging, and showed him a chestful; but the Italian, seeing so many, damped his joy by saying: "Ah ha, señor! so many—these are worth *one escudo*."

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Ladies of St. James's.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN.

The ladies of St. James's
Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them,
With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her huddled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest-moon.

The ladies of St. James's
Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at *Ombre*,
With candles all of wax;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
Is scarce so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays forever,
Their red it never dies;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's
With "Mercy!" and with "Lud!"
They season all their speeches
(They come of noble blood!);
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her shy and simple words
Are sweet as, after rain-drops,
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's
They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you—for seconds,
They frown on you—for weeks;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide
Is always true—and Mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
Is all the world to me!
—Austin Dobson in *Harper's* for January.

Phosphorescence.

Behind the swiftly moving ship strange light
Floats on the waves and dances in the spray;
Brighter than moon and whiter than the day,
Its myriad points leap dazzling to the sight,
And make the whole sea fair in darkest night.
No science yet has fathomed, or can say,
Where lies the shining secret of its ray,
Or at what hour the water will be bright.
Such moments and such mystic lights there are
In human lives. The days' deep currents flow
Miraculously calm, and all things glow
With radiance borrowed from no sun or star.
'Twixt golden past and present lies no bar;
The future, golden, draweth near too slow.

H. H. in *Overland* for January.

The Last Meeting of Pocahontas and the Great Captain.

(A. n. 1616.)

In a stately hall at Brentford, when the English June was green,
Sat the Indian Princess, summoned that her graces might be seen,
For the rumor of her beauty filled the ear of court and Queen.

There for audience as she waited, with half-scornful, silent air,
All undazzled by the splendor gleaming round her everywhere,
Dight in hroidered hose and doublet, came a courtier down the stair.

As with striding step he hasted, hundered with the Queen's command,
Loud he cried, in tones that tingled, "Welcome, welcome to my land!"
But a tremor seized the Princess, and she drooped upon her hand.

"What! no word, my Pocahontas? Must I come on hended knee?
I were slain within the forest, I were dead beyond the sea,
On the banks of wild Pamunkey I had perished, but for thee.

"Ah, I keep a heart right royal, that can never more forget.
I can hear the rush, the breathing; I can see the eyelids wet;
I can feel the sudden tightening of thine arms about me yet.

"Nay, look up. Thy father's daughter never feared the face of man,
Shrank not from the forest darkness when her doe-like footsteps ran
To my cabin, bringing tidings of the craft of Powhatan."

With extended arms, entreating, stood the stalwart Captain there,
While the courtiers press around her, and the passing pages stare;
But no sign gave Pocahontas underneath her veil of hair.

All her lithe and willowy figure quivered like an aspen leaf,
And she crouched as if she shivered, frost-touched by some sudden
grief.

Turning only on her husband, Rolfe, one glance, sharp, searching,
brief.

At the Captain's haughty gesture back the curious courtiers fell,
And with soothest word and accent he besought that she would tell
Why she turned away, nor greeted him whom she had served so well.

But for two long hours the Princess dumbly sat and bowed her head,
Moveless as the statue near her. When at last she spake, she said:
"White man's tongue is false. It told me—told me—that my brave
was dead."

"And I lay upon my deer-skins all one moon of falling leaves
(Who hath care for song or corn dance when the voice within her
grieves?)
Looking westward where the souls go, up the path the sunset weaves.

"Call me 'child' now. It is over. On my husband's arm I lean.
Never shadow, *Nenemosa*, our twin hearts shall come between.
Take my hand, and let us follow the great Captain to his Queen."
—Margaret Preston in *Harper's* for January.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Oscar Wilde's brother wishes to come to America to lecture. He is an æsthetic poet, too.

Johann Strauss is at Paris, pending the divorce suit which Frau Strauss is hringing against him at Vienna.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's Florida orange groves yield her a profit, it is said, of one thousand five hundred dollars a year.

The new Spanish Infanta will be called Isabella, and will have only four Christian names, although Spanish princesses usually have a dozen or more.

Miss Calhoun, the California actress, has been engaged by the Bancrofts for the Haymarket Theatre, London, and she will play Esther Eccles in "Caste."

Dr. Schliemann has recently finished the erection of a residence in Athens which has cost more than one hundred thousand dollars, where he and his family now live.

There is only one Freemason in the French Cabinet, but such prominent statesmen as Gambetta, Brisson, Cazat, Jules Ferry, Paul Bert, and Constans are members of the order.

There is just now a revival of the report that General Lew Wallace, United States Minister to Turkey, intends to accept a prominent position in the military service of the Sultan.

Mr. P. T. Barnum, of the original and "only greatest show on earth," recently celebrated the semi-centennial anniversary of his release from the common jail in Danbury, Conn., where he had been for sixty days imprisoned for an alleged libel published in his paper, the *Herald of Freedom*.

The Hon. Lionel Sackville West, British Minister to the United States, went to Maryland the other day to fish in the placid waters of that State. He caught a few fish, but was in turn caught and arrested by an unsympathetic officer, for violating the fish laws of the State. He was, however, immediately released by order of the State Department.

A list of the "first-nighters" at the recent revival of Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse," in Paris, would include about all the best known names in French politics, art, and literature. Among them were President Grévy, the Duc d'Aumale, General Gallifet, Gambetta, Brisson, Rochefort, Ferry, Simon, Gérôme, Gounod, Daudet, Déroulède, Zola, Hous-saye, Mendès, and Coppée. The veteran Camille Doucet was there, too, being admitted on a ticket he had bought fifty years before, and kept as a curiosity.

"I met Oscar Wilde in London once," said Madame Christine Nilsson-Rouzeaud the other day, "where we were both guests, and he was to take me down to dinner. He commenced to talk his nonsense and pose to me as we were going to the dining-room. I said to him: 'Look here, Mr. Wilde, I will put up with no such stuff. This is all put on, and there is nothing in it but nonsense.' Mr. Wilde said: 'Thank you. You are the first sensible woman and true friend that I've met.' After that he acted as a man should, and talked sensibly."

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* suggests, as there are many people who do not care to see Mrs. Langtry disguised as an actress, but who would like to see the famous beauty of London society, and as her object and that of her managers are the same—to make money—that she hold a reception in some hall, theatre, or hotel, under her theatrical management, at first-class theatrical prices, and that she wear no paint or powder, and simply such an evening dress as she wore in the drawing-rooms of London. That would be doing business in a straightforward manner, without disguises.

Whittier declines to be the social lion that Boston society would like to make him. He will seldom accept an invitation to tea or dinner unless he is convinced that the purpose is not to make a show of him. "I heard a lady invite him the other night," says Nora Perry, "and she assured him that he would meet nobody but the family. The old poet had grown wary; he had seen these families stretch themselves indefinitely too often, and, shaking his head, he remarked: 'I do not take tea easily.' He had a moment before told me of accepting an invitation to 'see some acquaintances,' and when he arrived it was to find himself the centre of a crowd."

A man who has attended his own execution, and survives to relate the details, is worthy of a short paragraph. According to the London *Echo* his name is Colonel Marteras, and in 1869 he was on the point of being proclaimed President of Uruguay, when he was arrested and condemned to death. On Monday, June 30, of that year, (to be precise,) he was taken by a platoon of soldiers out of the city to a meadow in the heart of a forest, and hound to a chair. At the word "Fire!" a "spasmodic shock" threw him to the ground; he did not hear the volley; the soldiers marched away without giving him the customary *coup de grâce*; and Marteras by the kindly aid of a neighboring laborer got away, was healed of his wounds, and to-day serves society more humbly, but yet more safely, as waiter in a Paris café.

In Cuba it is one of the duties of the alcalde, or justice of the peace, to superintend dramatic performances and other public entertainments, and to punish the performers, if in his judgment they deserve it. Not long since a little traveling dramatic troupe, of the order known in the United States as "harm-stormers," played "The Gordian Knot" in one of the small country towns, and played it very badly, in consequence of their imperfect knowledge of their parts, which compelled the prompter's voice to be heard continually. The alcalde, who was present, was much disgusted. At the end of the performance the leading man of the company, according to custom, advanced to the footlights, and announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow we will have the honor of presenting before this illustrious public 'The Philosopher Knowing It.' " "Stop!" shouted the alcalde, furiously, "have this evening presented 'The Knot,' without knowing it, and if to-morrow you don't know 'The Philosopher' you that you shall all go to jail."

SOCIETY.

The McLaughlin Reception.

One of the most delightful, as well as one of the most brilliant, society events that ever took place in this city, or anywhere, probably, was the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin to their friends at the Palace on Thursday evening, the twenty first instant. No pains had been spared in perfecting plans for a splendid entertainment. The parlors of the Palace and the entire court of the parlor floor had been covered with snow-white canvas and decorated with cut flowers and evergreens. Besides the large string band inside the parlors, which provided dancing-music, a brass band was placed at the western end of the court on the second floor, which played choice selections from nine o'clock until nearly twelve. The grand court was illuminated from roof to pavement, and presented a magnificent scene. The supper was simply a matchless piece of gastronomic art that we never expect to see excelled, if equaled. Guests commenced to arrive shortly after nine o'clock, and were received by Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, assisted by two very pretty and agreeable young ladies, Miss Ives, and Miss Rebecca McMullin. No more thoroughly pleasant and cordial reception could be given than that of Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin and their two stylish and amiable assistants. Dancing commenced at ten o'clock, the music being by Ballenborg and his full band, and was kept up until three. There were about five hundred persons present.

The following are some of the costumes:

Mrs. McLaughlin had on a marvel from Worth, which we can not describe—a brocade satin, with embroidered velvet panels, and front of duchesse lace.

Miss Ives, a brunette, was in pink, and Miss McMullin was in blue. Mrs. Henry S. Crocker wore a dark blue velvet trimmed with pearls and duchesse point; train *a la princesse*; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Kohl, of San Mateo, had on a black velvet, trimmed with jet; *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. N. T. Smith, a costume of scarlet satin trimmed with brocade velvet, *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Rutherford looked very beautiful in a blue satin princess dress, point lace front and blue brocade satin back, and cardinal sash; around her neck she wore a cardinal collar with a solitary diamond.

Mrs. Jewett had on an attractive costume of white crepe and drapery of illusion; garniture of roses and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Schmiedell had on a remarkably handsome imported costume, princess train, trimmed with lace and sprays of pink and scarlet geraniums; ornaments, solitary diamond ear-drops and diamond necklace.

Mrs. Main wore a Paris dress of garnet velvet, *en train*, and corn-colored satin overdress richly embroidered; she wore an immense butterfly of diamonds in her hair, large solitary diamond ear-drops, and other diamond ornaments.

Mrs. MacDermott also had on a Paris dress of white satin, *en train*, and front of matchless embroidery; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Breeze, in black satin, *en train*, trimmed with Cbantiilly lace; diamond ornaments.

Miss Kohl, of San Mateo, in a short costume of blue satin.

Miss Bradley, in a short costume of pink striped silk, baby waist.

Miss Crane, of Oakland, in a very pretty dress of combination colors, *en train*; garniture of cloth of gold and sylphide roses.

Mrs. Irving Scott, in claret-colored velvet and pink satin, *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, in a mauve satin, *en train*, richly and elaborately trimmed with duchesse lace; diamond ornaments.

Miss Dodge, in a short costume of cream-colored satin.

Mrs. Scott Wilson, in an elegant costume of blue satin, profusely trimmed with lace and flowers; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Grant, in black velvet, *en train*, trimmed with jet passamenterie; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. McMullin, in a crimson velvet, court train; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Goad, in blue brocade satin, trimmed with cardinal satin and lace; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Herman, in a short costume of black velvet; diamond ornaments.

Miss Hager, in a short costume of pink satin.

Mrs. Newton, in a scarlet satin, Cbantiilly lace flounces; *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Miss Hastings, in crimson satin and drapery of pink crepe embroidered in colors; *en train*.

Miss Torbert, in a short costume of pink satin and crepe; garniture of marguerites.

Miss Holladay, in a short costume of white crepe; garniture of lilacs.

Mrs. Ruth Holladay, in a short costume of pink satin and crepe; Mrs. Sullivan, in crimson velvet, princess train; petticoat of em-bossed velvet; diamond ornaments.

Miss Burling, in a short costume of blue satin; ornaments, pearl ear-drops and necklace of pearls.

Mrs. Tewksbury, in ruby velvet, court train; ornaments, diamond ear-drops and crescent of diamonds.

Mrs. Swift, in *cane au lait* satin *en train*; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Pixley, in black velvet and point appliqué lace; diamond ornaments.

Miss Van Reynegom, in pink crepe and satin.

Mrs. Stanwood, in black velvet, *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Wetherbee, in corn-colored satin, trimmed with roses and cardinal ribbon bows; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Sonntag, in a magnificent costume of rosebud pink plush, train *a la princesse*; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Fry in a marvelously fitting and attractive dress of gold and canary-colored satin, trimmed with lace; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Henry Scott, in a costume of cardinal satin and brocade petticoat, *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Miss Wood, in an exceedingly pretty and elaborate costume of white satin; she wore a handsome ornament in her hair, and carried a bouquet of roses.

Mrs. Ross, in a costume of pink satin, *en train*.

Mrs. Miller, in black velvet train, *a la princesse*.

Miss Miller, in an elegant brocade white satin.

Mrs. Mizner, of Benicia, in black, silk *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Miss Mizner, in a short costume of white.

Mrs. Sedgwick, in blue brocade satin.

Mrs. Castle, in a remarkably handsome white satin and embroidered train; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Kinzey, in a cardinal satin and superbly embroidered petticoat; *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Madame Berton, in a lovely suit of pale pink plush, *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Sharon, in a very handsome and perfectly-fitting dress of rosebud pink watered satin, *en train*.

Miss Rice, in a pretty costume of figured silk.

Mrs. Stoneman, in blue satin elaborately trimmed with Cbantiilly lace and cardinal, *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Poett, in blue satin and lace.

Mrs. Thorn, in a very pretty costume of Ottoman silk, and lace overdress; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Melone, in a handsome Paris dress, *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Miss Hawkins, in pale blue satin, trimmed with duchesse point.

Mrs. Spaulding, in black velvet, *en train*; corsage cut square.

Miss Donabue, in a canary-colored brocade satin, trimmed with lace.

Mrs. Dean, in a lovely costume of white brocade satin, *en train*; her ornaments were solitary diamond ear-drops, diamond necklace, and bracelets.

Mrs. Shaw, in a white brocade satin, *en train*; diamond ornaments.

Miss Tot Cutter, in a white satin, *en train*.

Mrs. Loomis, in a black velvet, *en train*.

Miss Felton, in a costume of pink satin.

Miss Johnson, in a lavender satin, *en train*.

Miss Trowbridge, Miss Peters, and, in fact, all of the young girls present, were in pretty suits.

Mrs. McNulty, in a black satin, *en train*.

Mrs. Chapman, in a black brocade satin, *en train*.

Mrs. Gilson, in a cream-colored brocade satin, which was much observed.

Mrs. Doctor Whitney, in a white satin elegantly trimmed,

The following named ladies and gentlemen were present: Colonel and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mayne, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hooker, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Miss Hooker, Mrs. John McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Torbert, Miss Torbert, Dr. and Mrs. Whitney, Governor and Mrs. Stoneman, Judge and Mrs. McKinstry, Miss McKinstry, Senator Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Messrs. Schofield, Mr. and Mrs. P. Donahue, Colonel and Mrs. Andrews, Miss Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Lieutenant and Mrs. Van Ness, Major and Mrs. Breckenridge, General and Mrs. Kautz, Mrs. Vanderwater, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Messrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilson, Frank Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Schneidell, Miss Peters, Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, Judge and Mrs. Hager, Judge and Mrs. Ross, Captain and Mrs. Maddox, Miss Moore, Judge and Mrs. Wallace, the Misses Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. S. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Bowie, Miss Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Blanding, Commodore and Mrs. Phelps, Dr. Harkness, Mr. and Mrs. Barollett, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Miss Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick, Miss Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. Goad, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, Miss Burling, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, Miss Felton, Judge and Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Hamilton Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Mr. and Mrs. Truman, Miss Hawkins, Mrs. Hastings, Miss Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Keyes, Miss L. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Withington, Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Smith, Miss Deborn, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Roswell, Miss E. Roswell, Mrs. Colonel Catherwood, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Judge and Mrs. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sonntag, Miss Garber, Miss Wood, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Shaw, Miss Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Kohl, Miss Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. McDermott, Mr. and Mrs. Herman, Mr. and Mrs. Jayne, Mr. and Mrs. Frant, Mr. Pixley, Miss Van Reynegom, Miss Trowbridge, Miss Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Marshall, Mrs. Cutter, the Misses Cutter, Mr. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin, General Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Reis, H. S. and Mrs. Crocker, Miss Nannie Crane, T. K. Breeze, S. D. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Kinzey, Madame Berton, Mrs. Poett, Mamie Donohue, Mark McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Requa, Governor and Mrs. Johnson, Captain Mix, Judge and Mrs. Currie, Mrs. Laton, Doctor and Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. E. B. Crocker, Miss Crocker, Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Jones, Miss Jones, the Misses Adams, Miss Annie Prince, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown, Miss Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brown, Miss Aldrich, W. E. Brown, Mr. Tate, the Misses Durbrow, Messrs. Durbrow, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Miss Bradley, Judge and Mrs. Mizner, Miss Mizner, Mr. and Mrs. W. Norris, Doctor and Mrs. Toland, Mrs. Y. Breeze, Misses Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, Judge and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Colby, Miss Fannie Fargo, Miss Fargo, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Miss Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, the Messrs. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Brumagim, Misses Brumagim, Mr. and Mrs. Vavert de Mean, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Fauli, Miss Wildman, Major and Mrs. Langer, General and Mrs. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Miss Miller, Lieutenant and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. M. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Godley, Miss Godley, Dr. and Mrs. McNulty, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Stanwood, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Miss Hammond, Charles Crocker, Mr. Spofford, General Butterfield, Lieutenant Hein, Mr. Schofield, Mr. David, Colonel Stone, Lieutenant Maison, Judge Sawyer, L. Mizner, C. Kenney, C. Coleman, F. Carolan, L. W. Mix, C. Belden, E. Wheeler, Henry McDowell, Fred Sharon, R. H. Pease, Frank Washington, Jerome Hart, Messrs. Woods, Wetherell, Hooper, Rhodes, Borden, R. Morrow, C. Swift, W. S. Jones, William Dewey, E. Greenway, E. Scott, C. Weller, Lieutenant Hubbert, Lieutenant Prince, Lieutenant Burley, C. A. Burley, Richard Pierce, H. G. Platt, Guy Shirley, Messrs. Mott, Platt, Wallace, Redington, Gilmore, Swift, Sheldon, Page, Natop, Beal, Goddell, W. Woods, Wetherell, Hopper, Rhodes, Borden, Kingsbury, Miller, Parker, Osgood, Lewis, Hall, Tubbs, Kewen, Boyd, Mayne, Newell, Burling, Keane, St. John, Bowie, Dennison, Fisher.

The Last Nilsson Concerts.

The closing Nilsson concert on Monday evening drew out even a larger audience than that of the first evening, which itself seemed to be an aggregation of all the fashionable people of our city, and a good deal larger but less brilliant and less dressy audience than that of the second concert on Thursday evening of last week, which was the most noticeably beautiful of any of the gatherings. On this occasion, in particular, the toilettes of the ladies were exceedingly elaborate and showy, while a liberal display of pink and white mantles and opera-cloaks imparted a diversified charm to the animated scene. Much to the satisfaction of all who did not occupy front seats, the fair sex generally wore the capote, which is the prevailing evening head-gear in Eastern cities at present, or else some *petite* conceit in pink, white, or crushed-strawberry plush—at any rate there were not more than a dozen pokes or hats in the lower part of the house, and less in the dress-circle. It was a gorgeous sight—the auditorium of the Grand Opera House—on Thursday night, and was surely the grandest display of the reigning wealth, beauty, and refinement of San Francisco that has ever been presented in our city. There was not a very perceptible change of costume or position of occupants at the first two concerts. The *matinée*, however, was a complete transformation, especially in the body of the house; and it was plain to behold that many of the occupants of seats were not *habitués*—that the holders of season-tickets had given their seats to friends or dependents. Even the boxes, except Mr. Fair's and Mr. Dunphy's, were turned over to less aristocratic auditors. Monday evening, as we have heretofore intimated, was a crush; and the spectators of the first two evenings, as a general thing, were to be seen in their accustomed seats, with some marked exceptions: for instance, the box which contained Mrs. Robinson and other notably pretty ladies must have been turned over to a delegation from Milpitas; the manager's box must have contained a committee from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and so on. The box formerly occupied by the princess was occupied by Governor-elect and Mrs. Stoneman and party. Mrs. Stoneman was dressed in a white satin, and wore a white capote. Mrs. Charles Sonntag had on a cardinal and black satin, and was without bonnet. Mrs. James G. Fair had on a light brocade, and wore a pink bonnet; her daughter was in blue. Miss Jennie Dunphy had on a black brocade satin, cut square in the neck, and trimmed with Chantiilly lace; she wore a black capote. Mrs. Dunphy Jr., wore a costume of blue silk and white hat. Miss Jennie Flood had on a marvelously showy costume of satin. One of the most conspicuous persons in the house was Mrs. Goad, who looked very queenly in the centre of the dress-circle in an exceedingly brilliant costume, and hair dressed *a la mode*. The programme was not so satisfactory as any of the previous ones. Still, the selections given were generally acceptable.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Charles F. Crocker and Mrs. Easton, who have been enjoying the delightful climate at Monterey for a week or two, have returned. Mrs. Robert N. Graves and Miss Graves and maid, who have been at the Hotel del Monte for a month or more, have returned to the Palace. Captain George H. Burton, U. S. A., (who has a leave of absence for several months) and Mrs. Burton and her children, are spending the winter in Los Angeles. Colonel and Mrs. Creed Raymond, who have been spending quite a while in Southern California, have returned. Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, accompanied by Mrs. Mark Hopkins, arrived here from New York on Monday last, in a special car, over the Southern route. Charles M. Plum came home by the same train on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. Callahan and Miss Callahan returned from the East on Thursday last. A telegram announces the safe arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Hemphill in Philadelphia. Colonel Horace Fletcher, who left here on Saturday last for Japan, expects to return on or about the first of March. Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Miss Amy Crocker have returned from Monterey. General Daniel Butterfield, of New York, arrived here with Mr. Charles Crocker upon the return of the latter gentleman a few days ago. Master Charles A. Foster, U. S. N., has been at the Palace during the week. A large number of U. S. N. officers were at the Occidental on Sunday last, among whom were Lieutenant-Commander George E. Ide, Passed-Assistant-Paymaster H. Trum-

bull Stancliff, Passed-Assistant-Surgeon Richard A. Urquhart, Paymaster Daniel A. Smith, of the *Alaska*, Philip Cooke and Charlie Bogan, Lieutenant Carl F. Palfrey, of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., was also at the Occidental on Sunday last. Miss Daisy Van Voorbees, who has been visiting in Los Angeles with her father, has returned to Sacramento. Miss Lizzie Sinton departs for Sacramento immediately after the holidays, on a visit to her friend Miss Susie Russell, who was the acknowledged belle of an elegant party given at the Palace lately. Mr. and Mrs. Bliz Paxton, who have been for some time contemplating an Eastern trip, left here for Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday last. Mr. Edgar Mills and his very attractive daughter went by the same train. Consul and Madame De Mean go to Monterey this afternoon, to remain until Tuesday, the second proximo. Miss Mary Miller, who arrived here from New York on Friday, the fifteenth instant, and occupied a mezzanine box at the third Nilsson concert the day following, looked extremely bewitching in a blue velvet costume, and was the object of many a lorgnette by admiring friends. Miss Jennie McFarland, of Sacramento, has gone to Los Angeles to remain until after the holidays. Mrs. Thomas Grant and her two daughters leave for Europe in a day or two, to remain abroad a year or more. Commander Frederick Pearson, U. S. N., who left here on the fourteenth instant on a short leave, has arrived in Washington; the statement that Commander Pearson is about to enter into an engagement must be politely contradicted. Rear-Admiral Balch, whose retirement we noted in a former issue, will be joined at Panama by Mrs. Balch and family, who left here on the fifteenth instant, and the whole party will proceed Atlanticward from that point. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Collier, of Van Ness Avenue, but at present in St. Louis, will leave that city in a few days for home. General and Mrs. Banning, of Los Angeles, have been at the Occidental since Saturday last. Surgeon James C. McKee, U. S. A., returned to this city by the southern route on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith and the Misses Griffith have been at Monterey during the past week. Miss Slade has returned from Monterey. Mrs. George H. Kimball, of the Grand, left here yesterday for Los Angeles to enjoy holiday festivities with her mother and sisters. Mrs. General W. S. Hancock has written a "Te Deum Laudamus," which is shortly to be published; Mrs. Hancock is remembered by all Los Angeles people of twenty odd years ago as not only a charming musician and composer while a resident of that place, but as a lady of irresistibly winning and delightful ways. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chapman, whose daughter was married to the youngest son of General Grant, just two years ago, at the Palace Hotel, are expecting a visit from the happy couple whose matrimonial engagement was the result of mutual admiration at first sight in the dining-room of the Palace and subsequent declarations of love at a noted pleasure resort in Sonoma county. The Miss Jennie Chamberlain, the beautiful American girl (of Cleveland) who is at present creating a sensation in England, was in this city four years ago, and with her father and mother and sister spent the winter at the Palace; she was generally regarded by the Palace people as a very pretty girl; she is tall and a blonde. Miss Hammond has returned from Monterey. Sir James McCulloch and Lady McCulloch, of Australia, have been spending a few days at Monterey. Colonel Bernard, U. S. A., and family, who left here a few days ago, are in Los Angeles. W. H. King, U. S. N., and C. P. Eakin, U. S. A., are at the Occidental. Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Wright went to Monterey on Saturday last. Mrs. Lieutenant-Commander Buford has postponed her departure for the East until after the holidays. Miss Emma Irwin, daughter of ex-Governor Irwin, is visiting friends in this city. Hon. S. O. Houghton, of San José, is spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. Colgate Baker gave a delightful dancing party at her residence on Van Ness Avenue on Monday evening last. Mrs. J. Mora Moss will arrive here from the East to-day. Miss Hubbard and Miss Hastings returned from Monterey on Monday last. A Washington correspondent of the New York *World* says that "Senator Fair and his family will return to Washington after New Year's, and then the Monte Christo banquets of the bonanza king will again dazzle his winter guests." Another correspondent, in his statement that Senator and Mrs. Fair had secured apartments at the Arlington, pays a high compliment to Mrs. Fair, and concludes: "And her jewels will rival the stars in their brilliancy. To the regret of the younger belles, Senator Fair's oldest son and namesake will not come East, preferring to remain in the glorious climate of California for the short season of his parents' absence." General J. F. Houghton, of Oakland, whose family are in Europe at present, has taken up his residence for the winter at the Palace. The Governor-elect and Mrs. Stoneman have been at the Palace since Saturday last; on the Monday following, which is the weekly reception day at the Palace, Mrs. Stoneman received a large number of ladies; in the evening she attended the Nilsson concert, accompanied by General Stoneman and a number of friends. Cards are out for a party to be given by Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank Smith, of Oakland, on Thursday, January 4, 1883. The invitations say: "8:30 P. M.—Dancing." The Princess and the Marquis of Lorne and party are still at the Hotel del Monte, where they went on Friday, the fifteenth instant, intending to tarry but a day or two; but the Princess has taken a great liking to old Monterey and the Carmel Church, Cypress Point, and other places of interest in the vicinity of her hotel, and may not leave there for several weeks. Major Pitcher, U. S. A., and family, arrived here from the East on Thursday last. Trenor W. Park, who, it will be remembered, married the eldest daughter of A. C. Nichols, of this city, seven or eight months ago, died in New York on Wednesday. The Misses Beaver and Master W. F. Wood will arrive Sunday, after a twelve-month's tour of Europe and the Eastern States.

Weddings and Engagements.

Miss Minnie Glassell, granddaughter of the late Doctor Toland, a very pretty and accomplished young lady of Los Angeles, but well known among San Francisco society people, was married at the former place on the thirteenth instant, to Mr. Harrington Brown, of the same city. Mr. Brown and his two brothers, some time ago, in their search after an accidental home, in company with their mother, a very delightful lady from the sunny South, settled in Los Angeles. And they soon settled the question of "none but the brave deserve the fair" in that neighborhood, and made quick work of unsettling the minds of three less ardent or less skillful Romeos than themselves; for they respectively laid siege to and won the hearts of the pretty and *petite* daughter of an ex-Confederate general, the pretty and not *petite* daughter of an ex-United States Senator, and the daughter of Judge Glassell, whose marriage we have just announced—which is good for the Browns. On the same day in Los Angeles, Mr. Fred W. Wood, a prosperous young gentleman of that city, and Miss Leona Figné-Dupuytren, formerly of this city, were married. At the residence of the bride's father, in this city, on Friday evening, the twenty-second instant, Miss Ira Ellis, daughter of Captain H. H. Ellis was married to Dr. W. E. Ledyard. On Wednesday evening next, the twenty-seventh instant, Miss Ivy Wandesford, daughter of Mr. J. B. Wandesford, will be married to Mr. H. M. Kersey, of Oregon, at the residence of Miss W.'s parents in Oakland. A reception will follow the ceremony, and the happy couple will shortly afterward leave for Portland.

The late Charles Darwin, Professor Blackie, Doctor Carpenter, and Messrs. E. A. Freeman, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, etc., have all written letters in response to a series of questions touching their practice in the matter of alcohol and tobacco. They are shortly to be published in a small volume, under the title of "Study and Simulations." It will doubtless be exceedingly interesting reading to men of letters and science.

Monsieur Auguste Vitu, the dramatic critic of the *Figaro*, publishes an interesting theatrical study, "La Maison Mortuaire de Molière" (Paris: Lemerre). He gives a complete history of the houses in the neighborhood of the Rue Richelieu and the Palais Royal which were in any way connected with the career of the great playwright. Another theatrical work is "Les Premières Illustrées," by Raoul Toché, (Paris: Monnier,) in which the author describes the audiences who greeted the successes of the past year or two, such as "Odette," "Serge Panine," "Les Rantzau," "Madame le Diable," "Le Jour et la Nuit," and many others. He also gives the gossip that attended their production. Monsieur Henri Melhiac furnishes a rhymed preface.

FROM MANHATTAN ISLAND.

The Parties and Plays which are now Agitating New York Society.

The social season is on its feet at last, and in a fair way to boom from now until coaching day, next spring. The decisive start was made Monday, when the F. C. D. C. gave its first ball since the last season. Sneers and derogatory remarks have been leveled at the F. C. D. C., and its downfall predicted many times. Its bitter rival, the "Small and Early," has waged a fierce war against it, and it has been accused of allowing "common" people to attend its balls. Mr. Ward McAllister, the father and protector of the organization, has been accused boldly of allowing it to run down, and its oldest patrons spoke of it complainingly. In point of fact, its future did look shaky a little while ago, but it has overcome all its enemies, backed its rival to the wall, and regained its imperiled position with one grand success. The ball was one of the most brilliant the city has seen.

Mr. McAllister has exerted himself as he did when the class first began, and sent the invitations with the utmost care. He secured the cooperation and attendance of such people as Lord Douglass Gordon, Lord and Lady Mandeville, Count and Countess de Cairy, Baron Blichroeder, Attorney General and Mrs. Brewster, Governor Carroll and wife, Royal Phelps, Colonel Delancy Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, the Astors, the Stuyvesants, and more than a hundred more of the best society people. Of course, this settled the matter, and the ball was a success. There were three hundred guests, including no less than thirty *débutantes*. That was a good many girls to make their first bow to society at once. Of course, they all bowed gracefully and smiled sweetly. They were invariably dressed in white, danced incessantly, and were flushed and brilliant-looking throughout the whole evening, going home in a flutter of delight. They are all insanely happy, and firmly convinced that society is more beautiful even than their dreams. They will change their minds within six months. There will be few balls in the future that will be more attractive in themselves than the F. C. D. C. for 1882, and all social affairs will decrease in attractiveness as the *débutantes* of Monday grow older with the season. Still they had a happy time Monday night, and smiled sweetly upon the indefatigable Mr. McAllister, who was in a paroxysm of delight and gratification at the success of his pet society. He never mentioned the words "Small and Early," but overflowed with human kindness all the evening. Delmonico's rooms had been specially decorated for the affair, and the dreadful crash dancing-cloth abolished. If the enthusiasm can be sustained, and the membership kept pure, the F. C. D. C. will go on in its course as successfully as before.

I have a profound regard for honest criticism—though, on the whole, I prefer to read clever and brilliant criticism. Then, lest I should be impressed by the brilliant criticism, I have decided not to believe any criticism. This leaves me free to regard truth and admire brilliancy without having any opinions. When "Iolanthe," Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, was produced at the Standard Theatre I was at a dinner-party. The following day I read all the papers, and came to the conclusion that the latest production of the famous Englishmen was a grand success. Accordingly I went the next evening. On the way I met a man whom I knew to be a level-headed man, and he yelled:

"Ullio! where you goin'?"

"To see 'Iolanthe,'"

"Haven't you seen it?"

"No; or else I would not be on my way there to-night. Have you been?"

"Yes; went first night. May be a good thing, but I failed to see it. After I had seen 'Pinafore,' 'Penzance,' and 'Patience,' I came away with three or four rattling good tunes running in my head and a feeling of refreshment after a good deal of laughing. When I came away from 'Iolanthe,' I couldn't remember a solitary darn strain, and was conscious that I hadn't laughed once."

The remarks of this level-headed man passed out of my mind until I had seen the new opera, when they returned in extraordinary force. The man's judgment was indubitably correct. "Iolanthe" is the least attractive of the later works of Gilbert and Sullivan. There are no two cleverer men in the way of light-opera writers alive to-day than the authors of "Pinafore," but they have slipped up this time without a shadow of doubt. The new opera is the result of nearly a year's labor by two men who sail in their own magnificent yachts while writing, and have all the advantages accruing from large wealth. Their conditions could not have been more perfect than they were when "Iolanthe" was written; everybody looked forward to the master-piece of comic-opera writing. Gilbert and Sullivan have worked the same old themes over again, both in music and libretto, that they began on in "Pinafore." The grotesque idea of the first of the famous "P's" was reshaped in "Penzance," and again in "Patience." When the last-named opera came out, people murmured somewhat, but were delighted with the clean and bright lines and the tuneful melodies. The satire, too, was easy for even the least cultured to understand. Now the fourth of the series takes up the same grotesque idea that formed the basis for the other operas, and points it with an alleged satire on the House of Lords. There is little interest among Americans for that renowned British institution, and little wit in its treatment by Mr. Gilbert. This time they should have given us something new. The interminable drumming on one string is becoming monotonous. When we saw the Captain and Ralph Rackstraw calmly change places, heard the way the twins were mixed up, and listened to the cold truths of the Admiral, in "Pinafore," we laughed. The idea of acting grotesque situations with perfect gravity was irresistibly funny. In "Iolanthe" the same thing is less artistically worked up, besides lacking the charm of novelty. The music will not live, and there are too many choruses and too few solos. "Iolanthe" is not a success. I am aware that nearly all the critics say that it is, and that I shall be considered an ass for calling it otherwise. I do not "weaken," however, but advance a single opinion—that of a man who has been all his life in New York and visited the theatres continually.

The *Herald* affords me vast amusement. Its errors are funnier than half the humorous articles in the Western pa-

pers, and its owlish wisdom overpowering. But it is when it attempts to "crib" and conceal the fact that it becomes most interesting. Not long ago a musical paper of this city told a story about Miss Emma Abbott, the alleged *prima donna*. Miss Abbott's weakness for introducing familiar airs into staid and venerable Italian operas is well known. Recently she sang "The Old Folks at Home" in the middle of the mad scene of "Lucia." The bass fiddle had a Chinese fit, the snare-drum fainted, and the conductor arose and swore that it would make poor old Donizetti turn over in his coffin. However, he urged Miss Abbott to repeat the sacrilege, as it might have the effect of making Donizetti turn back again. The *Herald* read this story and was convulsed with laughter. Thereupon it said:

"Be hivins, Oi will have recourse to a wily plot, and print this same joke meself!"

The next day it appeared: but, alas! the opera had been changed from "Lucia" to "Faust," and the name of Gounod substituted for Donizetti. Therefore Miss Abbott sang the ballad in the mad scene in "Faust," and "Gounod turned over in his coffin"—Mr. Gounod being at present bale and hearty, and at his residence in London.

Did you know that Leonard Grover was going to San Francisco? Probably not, as the fact is not momentous. Still it is said here that he is to manage one of your theatres, and produce some of his own plays. He has been a successful playwright, and is a jolly sort of a man. He seems very anxious to go, but I fear it will be a mistake. He has several important plays on the stocks now, and they will never be finished if he takes a theatre on his hands. The duties of management leave small time for writing plays. Many men can manage theatres, but few can write such plays as Leonard Grover writes. They are not great, but they are amusing.

We have suffered cruelly of late from the unwonted prevalence of the English actor. He comes out in the sad and fading autumn with a dewy and pristine freshness that leaves nothing to be desired. The arrival of the Wyndom and Langtry companies let him loose in large numbers on Broadway, and he became amazingly prominent in Delmonico's. Out of one hundred English actors, at least ninety-nine become violently excited when they first visit Del's. They have heard that the place was high-priced, and hence (as they are invariably men of mournfully meagre means) they are wary and shy about giving their orders. After staring all the gentlemen in the place out of countenance, they yell at the waiter in robust tones:

"Oi soy, George! Bring me some Baws's ale, there's a good fellow—an'—oi soy—don't be long, y' know!"

After delivering himself of this, the English actor falls to staring at the ceiling through his single glass until the bottle of ale is brought to him. He looks hard at the label, gives a grunt of satisfaction, and tries the ale. It is entirely to his satisfaction, and he drinks four or five bottles, as he gazes at the throngs of beautiful women passing down Broadway. When he is ready to depart, the waiter casually passes him a check for two dollars or thereabouts, and the English actor promptly becomes partially insane and vastly indignant. His protestations and his vituperations are listened to by the trained waiters at Delmonico's with well-bred attention, and the Americans who have been stared at by him now stare at the English actor with smiles of cunning sarcasm. Eventually he pays, and stalks out with an alleged haughty carriage of the head, vowing that he will never enter the place again. The same ale in England would have cost him only a few cents, and he attributes all over that to the extortion of Charlie Delmonico. In point of fact, his favorite ale would cost him thirty-five cents a pint bottle everywhere in New York, on account of the immense import duties. Still, he doesn't know this, and lays it all to the restaurant. He may indulge in abuse of Delmonico's, but he really has the strongest possible respect for a place that is so very high-priced, and when he learns to buy cheaply, he will spend all his time there. He will probably appear in San Francisco in the course of time. You will recognize him at a glance, if he is quiet. If he is not quiet, you will hear him when he is still several blocks away, and you will reverentially step aside and wait for him to pass. Presently he will loom up with a bell-crowned beaver at a slight tilt over the left eye, and the right eye concealed by a large glass on which the light scintillates as he wags his head in the air. His hair is brushed forward over the ears, and his mustache curled at the ends. He has little side-whiskers whimsically known as "fire-escapes," and his hands are incased in brick-dust colored gloves. On his feet are heavy shoes with cork soles, and he carries a yellow stick with a hammered silver head. No other part of him is visible, for he always wears a huge Newmarket top-coat with tails that reach the ground. Above it is one of the latest collars—a vast white band, nearly two inches wide, that all but chokes the wearer, but is nevertheless awfully swell. It may be your destiny to meet the English actor. He will surprise you greatly, for in nine cases out of ten he is, despite his ridiculous make-up and aggressive airs, a thoroughly good-hearted and honest fellow. Besides, he is invariably amusing.

NEW YORK, December 14, 1882.

The following interesting paragraph is from "The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English." The author of these pleasing periods is one Dom Pedro Caroleno:

We were increasing this second edition with a phraseology, in the first part, and some familiar letters, anecdotes, *idioms*, proverbs, and to second a coin's index. The Works which we were conferring for this labor, found use for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that carelessness to rest these Works full of imperfections, and anomalies of style; in spite of the infinite topographical faults which sometimes invest the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those Works the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodial accent in the portuguese; indispensible object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly. We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptance of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly.

Doctor G. M. Sternberg, U. S. A., has been elected a fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society. This is a marked compliment, but no more than Doctor Sternberg deserves.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Some of his Views on the Relations between Authors and Readers.

In the January number of the *Atlantic*, Doctor Holmes resumes his pleasant intercourse with his readers, under the heading, "An After-breakfast Talk." He mentions the long series of articles from his pen which have appeared in that magazine, and in the course of his remarks upon them says:

An author may interest his public by his work, or by his personality, or by both. A great mathematician or metaphysician may be lost sight of in his own intellectual wealth, as a great capitalist becomes at last the mere appendage of his far more important millions. There is, on the other hand, a class of writers whose individuality is the one thing we care about. The world could get along without their help, but it wants their company. We are not so very curious about the details of the life of Gauss, but we do want to know a good deal about Richter. Poor Charles Lamb did not invent any grand formula, he certainly had not the lever of Archimedes, but he had a personality which was quite apart from that of all average humanity, and he is adopted as one of the pleasantest inmates of memory.

An author should know that the very characteristics which make him the object of admiration to many, and endear him to some among them, will render him an object of dislike to a certain number of individuals of equal, it may be of superior, intelligence. Doubtless God never made a better berry than the strawberry, yet it is a poison to a considerable number of persons. He (or she) who ventures into authorship must expect to encounter occasional instances of antipathy, of which he and all that he does are the subjects. Let him take it patiently.

There is a converse to all this, which it is much pleasanter to contemplate and to experience. Let us suppose an author to have some distinguishing quality, which shows itself in what he writes, and by which he is known from all other writers. There will be individuals—they may be few, they may be many—who will so instantly recognize, so eagerly accept, so warmly adopt, even so devoutly idolize, the writer in question that self-love itself, dulled as its palate is by the hot spices of praise, draws hack overcome by the burning stimulants of adoration. I was told, not long since, by one of our justly admired authoresses, that a correspondent wrote to her that she had read one of her stories four times in succession.

It should not be forgotten by the critic that every grade of mental development demands a literature of its own; a little above its level, that it may be lifted to a higher grade, but not too much above it, so that it requires too long a stride. The true critic is not the sharp *capitator verborum*; not the brisk epigrammatist, showing off his own cleverness, always trying to outflank the author against whom he has arrayed his wits and his learning. He is a man who knows the real wants of the reading world, and can prize at their just value the writings which meet those wants. I remember, many years ago, happening to speak, before a certain clergyman, of the great convenience I had found in having Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance to the plays of Shakespeare always at hand. He spoke scornfully, *naso admo*, of the poor creature who could require an index to such familiar productions. No doubt he remembered every line and every word of the distinguished author—at least, it was fair to presume so—but there are some who might not feel quite certain about every passage, and would not be ashamed to consult the volume he could dispense with. The organs of criticism swarm with just such prigs and pretenders, and the young author must be prepared to run the gauntlet through a double row of them. Happy for him if he can keep his temper, and profit by their rough handling; satisfy them he never can.

In spite of the positive verdicts of the soundest criticism, we must not forget that each individual has always his right to like or dislike, for the simple reason that he is what he is, and none other. The writer who attains a certain measure of popularity, so as to reach a considerable variety of readers, must be ready for a trial more dangerous than that of running the gauntlet just spoken of. He will be startled to find himself the object of an embarrassing devotion, and almost appropriation, by some of his parish of readers. He will blush, at his lonely desk, as he reads the extravagances of expression which pour over him like the oil which ran down upon the beard of Aaron. We ought to have his photograph as he reads one of those frequent missives, oftenest traced, we may guess, in the delicate, slanting hand which betrays the slender fingers of the sympathetic sisterhood. A slight sense of the ridiculous at being made so much of qualifies the placid tolerance with which the rhymester or the essayist sees himself preferred to the great masters in prose and verse, and reads his name glowing in a halo of epithets which might belong to Bacon or Milton. We need not grudge him such pleasure as he may derive from the illusion of a momentary revery, in which he dreams of himself as clad in royal robes and exalted among the immortals. The next point will very probably bring him some slip from a newspaper, or critical journal, which will strip him of his regalia, as Thackeray, in one of his illustrations, has disrobed and denuded the Grand Monarque. To be known as a writer is to become public property. Every book a writer publishes—say, rather, every line he traces—is an open sesame as good as a latch-key for some one; it may be some score, or hundreds, or thousands. The already recognized author, with whom his affinities may be more or less strong, takes his hand as a brother—after the public has accepted him—sometimes before. The unsuccessful authors, seeing that he is aloft, struggle to the surface through the dark waves of oblivion and grasp at him, in the vain hope that he can keep their heads, as well as his own, above water. The hitherto undiscovered twentieth cousin starts up in the huckleberry bushes, and claims him as a relative.

There is one more trial which touches the finest sensibilities of an author. The reader who has adopted him as his favorite, or his object of admiration, has formed an ideal of his person, his expression, his voice, his manner. How rarely does an author correspond to this ideal picture!

Now, as to all these troubles of authorship, there are two ways of dealing with them. An author has a perfect right to say: "I am not on exhibition, like the fat boy or the double-headed lady. If I were, I should charge the usual price of admission to the show. It is not my profession to write letters to strangers who consult me on all manner of questions, involving their private interests. These people have no right to appropriate my hours of labor, and I will have my rights, even if I am an author."

This is one way of looking at the question, and I am by no means sure that, hard and almost churlish as it seems, it is not, on the whole, the wisest for all concerned. Sooner or later the burden of correspondence becomes so heavy as to be insupportable, unless some short and easy method can be found of dealing with epistolary aggressions; such, for instance, as a printed formula, or a number of such formulas, which the author can sign by the dozen, and which will, in the large majority of cases, answer every purpose. This is the plan Willis adopted and announced long ago.

It must not be forgotten, on the other hand, that all human beings have a certain claim on each other. The writer who has attained success owes something to those who are struggling to attain it. It is perfectly true that the greatest number of young persons who write to noted authors are entirely destitute of any exceptional talent which gives them any claim to be encouraged to devote themselves to literary pursuits. Still, they are fellow-creatures, and if Nature has denied to them the gifts which they fondly believe themselves to possess, they are entitled, not to our scorn and ridicule, but to our tender consideration. We never laugh at the idiot, but we are too ready to make sport of the weakling.

On the whole it is better to handle a feeble literary aspirant gently, and let him print his little book—for that is the natural crisis of his complaint. Let him, did I say? The powers of the universe could not prevent him from doing it. He asks your advice, and all the time he has his proof-sheets in his desk or his pocket. And it must never be forgotten that in the midst of the weeds of vanity and folly, at any time, in some unexpected way, in the place where you never thought of looking for it, may spring up the shoot which will flower as a genius. Fortunately, as a general rule, mediocrity betrays itself in the first line or the first sentence of its manifesto.

A Month of Housekeeping.

By BETSY B.

"THE truth of the matter is," cried Flo, after a spirited argument over the vexed question; "the truth of the matter is that the difficulty lies with the masters and mistresses quite as much as with the servants. You will see how smoothly I shall glide along."

Two years of wandering and a further two years' siege of hotel life had made Flo begin to yearn for her own ingle nook. She had been house-hunting for a fortnight, had secured a *hijou*, signed a two years' lease, and was now looking for a miraculous Chinaman, and invited me to pass a month with her when he should be found.

"I can easily fancy the trials of the *hausfrau* in the East," went on Flo, quite knowingly, "but in San Francisco, with this vast horde of Chinaman to draw from, these quiet, dexterous, soft-stepping fellows, who take to cooking with the genius of a Frenchman, and to cleanliness with the instinct of a Mohammedan, (in a hook,) there can not be any great difficulty. Then, too, they live on rice, a comparatively inexpensive article of food, and are economical by instinct."

"And where will you go to look for this miracle?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh," said Flo, "they are plentiful enough, but it is always better to hear of them through a friend. I do not place much reliance on the intelligence offices."

The arrival of a Chinaman from a friend was simultaneous with our own. He was accompanied by a small assistant, a ridiculous duplicate of Crooks himself, for "the friend" stood godfather to every Chinaman sent. The small hoy had a pair of head eyes like a bird's, a small, shrill voice, and an absolute ignorance of any word but his native Chinese, together with an inordinate fondness for carrying on long conversations in that tongue. At the expiration of two days he had learned to say "all right," but the fact that he said it without any relevance whatever detracted something from its usefulness. As it was also discovered at the end of that time that soda biscuits and apple pie were Crooks's sole accomplishments, Flo gently but firmly requested the return of the twain to Chinatown. Accordingly, after dinner they packed their pocket-handkerchiefs, and came into the library to give us all a cheerful good-bye.

"Really," confessed Flo, after they had left, "I have had a little private dread of dismissing a servant, but this little affair has passed off so comfortably that I am now determined to keep on trying until I get a first-class cook. Mr. Brooks will send me one to-morrow morning."

Brooks and his blue handkerchief arrived in due time. Brooks perpetrated one meal and an apple-pie. He was seen to depart through the back-gate shortly thereafter—a sure sign of deep humiliation on the part of a Chinaman leaving his place, and a portentous glare in Flo's eye for the remainder of the day prevented our asking any questions.

Gretchen, the little major-domo of the household, reigned in the kitchen for two days. At the end of that time we had recovered from Brooks's pie, and the smile had returned to Flo's face.

"I am to have a first-class Chinaman at last," she informed us at the dinner-table. "You know what epicures the Snooks are. Well, a Chinaman who lived with them for five years has just returned from China, and Mr. Snooks will send him over to-morrow morning. What I really want," went on Flo, "is not so much a French cook as a cosmopolitan one. I should like one who could give me a Southern breakfast in the morning, a Yankee lunch or tea, a French dinner, and an English supper. Now, a Frenchman's talent seems all in one groove; but the Chinese are adaptable, and learn anything. I should like one with a wide experience and a civilized palate, and they tell me that Ah Gee is all that I can ask. I am determined that my dinners shall be *chefs-d'œuvre* by the time Boh comes home."

* * * * *

"What do you think Ah Gee is making?" cried Flo next day, bursting into the room, with indignation in every quiver of her lip, and the fire of a coming storm in the glance of her eye. "Apple-pie!" She fairly shrieked it. "Apple-pie! and I was too dumb with surprise, indignation, satiety—whatever you like—to forbid him. Biscuits and apple-pie! I begin to feel as if the whole world were one big apple-pie, tastefully trimmed around with soda biscuits."

"My dearest Flo, quiet yourself," I said. "Do you not know that a Chinaman always prides himself upon what he can do with the flour-barrel? Any of them can make anything you like in flour, from a *vol-au-vent* to a hatter-cake. Therefore, it is their natural instinct, when they go to a new place, to put the best foot foremost, and show first what they can do best. The deeper mysteries of sauces are sealed to their opium-dulled palates, and they learn the cooking of meats only by sight. Yet they can learn anything, and one of the beauties of teaching them is, that they need to be shown but once. Why not teach Ah Gee, who seems to be a ductile sort of creature? Mold him to your will, and make of him the phenomenon that you seek?"

"I will," said Flo, taking fire at the thought, and with all the energy of a new resolution she plunged into the kitchen.

For three days she was visible only at intervals. Ah Gee became wildly hilarious for a Chinaman. That is to say, the dull, apathetic, listless look of his countrymen still hung upon his face, but bursts of Chinese song, in the shrillest falsetto, reached us at intervals from the back domains. Everything learned from the despised white race is accounted so much capital by the copper Mongolian, whether it be a recipe for a stew or a lesson in English.

Appetizing little dishes served in fanciful ways became familiar things with us. The dishes lost the Chinese sameness of flavor, and visions of dinner-parties began to loom

up in Flo's imagination. Flo lost her appetite with much tasting, and her spirits waned in the heat of the kitchen fire, but Gee's education was getting on, and the miraculous Chinaman seemed once more a not impossible thing. Then Flo, acting upon a theory of her own, that cooks should be left to their own devices, began to abandon the kitchen. But not for long. As the flavors gradually began to disappear, she returned to her mission, and, being a little woman with a certain amount of energy which never goes hand in hand with patience, she addressed Ah Gee several times in the course of the afternoon in that tone of voice most frequently employed by the vexed housewife.

It is one of the peculiarities of the Chinese species that under a uniform of stolid apathy they carry a uniform of acute sensitiveness, and are as liable as a woman to burst into a flood of tears at any moment. To Flo's dismay, she discovered Gee presently weeping bitterly into the sink.

"What's the matter, Gee?" exclaimed his mistress.

"Oh, madam, you no like me no more," spake the heathen, while his almond-eyes swelled afresh and his lips quivered.

"Don't be a fool, Gee, even if you are a Chinaman," adjudged Flo, with considerable emphasis, and hounded out of the kitchen in disgust. A half hour later he appeared at her door with swollen eyes, and thus delivered himself:

"Madam, I damfool, dam Chinaman. I think more good you getee new cook."

"Very well," said Flo, cheerily, and much to the heathen's surprise, "very well, I'll get a new cook to-morrow morning."

Whereupon the weeping Gee washed his hands literally and metaphorically of all further concern in the household, delivered the kitchen over to Gretchen, and vanished.

"There are many nagging things one has to endure in this vale of tears," said Flo, as his queue swung dejectedly around the corner of the street and his white heels twinkled upon our sight for the last time; "but a weeping Chinaman is not one of them. The fact is, I think it every one's duty to discourage the immigration of the race, and I begin to feel that I would be infinitely more comfortable with a woman in the kitchen. There is a different flavor to their cooking—a palatable bome taste. After all, it is the right and natural way for white people to eat food prepared by their own race, and I propose henceforth to do the right and natural way." And forthwith Flo descended upon the intelligence offices.

She was as blithe, brisk, and unsuaded a little woman as clicked her heels upon the sidewalk that morning, and there was menace in her air as she entered the first of them. But the sparkle was gone from her eye and the pride from her mien as she sallied forth from the last of them.

"Do I look," she asked that evening, "like a woman who could be easily bullied, and catechized, and altogether subjugated?"

We mildly intimated that Bob had never succeeded in reducing her to metaphysical pulp.

"No," acknowledged Flo; "but what he has never dared to try, a string of servant-women have done. I have been actually pelted with questions of such a searching character as I would not permit to my nearest and dearest. My innermost thoughts and convictions have been torn from their sanctuary. I have been cross-examined rigidly from a domestic, a religious, a financial, and a social standpoint. I have been told a ridiculous number of times that I would not do, and have been alternating all day between blind rage and hysterical amusement."

"And have you found no one whom you suited?"

"Well, yes; I have chosen a small, frail creature, with whom a home is an object rather than wages."

"Ah, Flo," I interrupted, "the laborer is worthy of his hire; and if he be not worthy of it, he is essentially good for nothing. Is she altogether an experiment?"

"Well, no; she seems diffident and unwilling to boast of her accomplishments, but she has been a married woman, and kept house for fifteen years, and you will admit that that is something of an experience. However, interview her for yourself, and pass an opinion—will you not?"

I did improvise an errand to the scene of terrors, and Flo, being unable to restrain her curiosity, improvised another and followed me. The new-comer was a small, scared, timid creature, and expressed herself repeatedly as being willing to try. People imhine a respect for "trying" from their first copy-hooks, and when she informed us repeatedly that "she would do the best she could," Flo began to think she had discovered a treasure.

"Ah, by the way, what is your name?" one of us asked, at length. And when she replied, timidly, "Mrs. Gallin-court," we were both quite crushed by the weight of the small creature's syllables.

Flo rallied first. "Don't you think," she began, "or rather—that is to say, I think better—in point of fact it is a time-honored custom in our family to address servants by—in short, by their front name," went on Flo, lapsing into slang somewhat lamely.

"My name is really Julia," said the small woman, meekly; "but I've never lived out before, and I don't feel like a servant; I call myself the help," she perorated, bursting into tears.

We fled the kitchen at sight of them.

"If she is a crier," said Flo, firmly, when she reached the upper regions—"if she dares to be a crier, she perishes at the point of the carving-knife, without a flinch on my part."

When Flo took up housekeeping, and was setting forth her theories with all the confidence of the untried, she announced a deep-seated fondness for fancy cooking, and an unalterable determination to have it. She also decided to make the first dinner a test of each new cook. She would provide with an abundance which would terrify or delight them, as the case

might be, but she would leave them to prepare it according to their own skill and knowledge, and without any direction.

Julia was simply terrified at the prospect, but Flo relentlessly left her to herself, and calmly awaited dinner. At seven o'clock it was not yet announced. At half past seven Gretchen reported that Julia was still struggling with the bill of fare, but had not made much headway. At eight Flo hounded into the kitchen. To describe her gait in any other manner would be simply to modify the truth.

But at sight of Julia's timid face, the down-pouring streams of perspiration, and the heads of agony on her brow, Flo's heart softened.

"What is the matter with the dinner, Julia?" she asked, gently.

"Well," answered the unhappy Julia; "there seems to be so many things here that I never heard of before, that I don't exactly know how to go at 'em. But I'm trying, I'm doing the best I can."

"I thought you were a married woman and had kept house fifteen years," said Flo, severely.

"And so I did," whimpered Julia; "but I lived on a ranch, and I liked nothing but hog meat, and I cooked that, mostly. People did say I made pretty good bread, though, and I have fixed up a little thing for dessert that you may like," and Julia smiled at her forthcoming triumph, and removed a d'oyley from the concealed master-piece.

The ominous flash of Flo's eye told me in a glance that it could be nothing else than apple-pie.

"Woman!" said she, with deadly calm, "I could have borne aught else than this! You were a poor, forlorn, willing creature, and I took you in. I had intended to bring a battery of culinary intellect to bear upon your understanding. Pierre Blot, Mrs. Henderson, Marian Harland, Mrs. Beecher, Mrs. Hill, Miss Parloa, the Tilden recipes, and a file of clippings are upon my dressing-table at this moment, selected as the text-books for your education. I would have made you a pearl of great price, and set you, so to speak, upon your culinary legs. But a cook who begins with apple-pie—"

"I'm sure I done the best I could. I tried!"—whined Julia.

"—stirs all that is combative in my nature," went on Flo. "Your late consort's fancy for a diet of hog meat may have helped to make your case a hopeless one, but your pastry is your fatal flaw for me. You may leave Gretchen to finish the dinner, and devote the remainder of the evening to making your farewells."

"I will abandon my Quixotic scheme of teaching some one to cook," announced Flo, next morning, "and shall demand an experienced cook with the finest references and the first reputation. Temperament is very much a matter of climate and food. I think our fancies must be finer for eating artistic food, as our tastes become more cultivated for being surrounded with beauty. The desire of my soul is an æsthetic cook; but, as I have not money enough to buy one, I content myself with one who means."

The yearner came next day—a bale, buxom, merry-looking woman. She had lived with every epicure in town, but had not a reference to show.

"What does a piece of paper amount to?" spoke Flo. "Do we not take in Chinese all the time without a question?"

Her first dinner was delicious. Soup clear and strong enough to delight a *gourmet*; smelts curled up into Montagues and served with a new and most ingenious sauce; lambs' tongues with Spanish sauce; a roast, done to a turn, and basted with unusual fidelity; vegetables so palatable that they made your mouth water; a salad which was the perfection of mingling; and a dessert whose secret we have never since been able to discover. It was a miracle in eggs, but the worker never told her trick. Flo and I shook hands warmly upon the entrance of each course, and gazed at each other with speechless delight each first taste; while Gretchen hovered over us with a proprietary interest in the success of everything, which was quite touching.

"I would be a happy woman," said Flo, in the plenitude of her satisfaction after dinner, "I would be a happy woman, if I dared; but it is too good to last, and what do you suppose is the matter?"

"My dear Flo," I answered, "genius, as you know, is crockety, and always has its vagaries. A good cook is a genius, and a good cook always either drinks or has a high temper. If she has a temper, avoid the kitchen. If she drinks, put her to bed till the spree is over, and we will span the intervals as best we can."

"I will," said Flo, succinctly, and waited events.

For four blissful days we lived upon the fat of the land, and the cooking was something to write a poem about.

On the fifth day it was evident from the first that the dinner was going to be something queer. We ate in solemn silence, and Flo and I would not catch each other's eye.

"You do not seem to be animated by the expressive sympathy of Monday last," commented one who had been a shakel and amused observer of the struggle. "I would shake hands, if I were you, over that last course. When a thing is monumentally bad, it deserves some notice, and I don't think I ever tasted anything quite so execrable."

"Nor I," assented Flo, moodily; "and as for this one, if I were not familiar with the habits of the Oregon grouse, I should say that bird was in a state of beastly intoxication." The whole dishful did look ridiculously drunk. Their legs and wings flew out from their little bodies quite at random, just as the fire had distorted them; and they actually leered, though they hadn't an eye to leer with. They were burnt or raw, just as the cook had happened to feel between drinks.

"If there are any accompaniments," said Flo, in her most rigid manner, "I should like to see them appear."

A huge bloated face came suddenly at the slide; there was a thick murmur of something having been forgotten, and two vegetable dishes were thrust in. Upon opening them they were both found to contain boiled potatoes, packed like sardines. Gretchen removed one of them, and was heard in low-voiced expostulation at the slide, and presently reappeared with two other vegetable dishes.

"Perhaps we will find something to eat this time," began Flo, a little crossly, but stopped suddenly, dumb-stricken, as another pair of dishes of potatoes revealed themselves.

"The potato," said Flo, "is a popular edible, but this may be said to be an instance in point of too much of a good thing. I am going into the kitchen, but I acknowledge to a mortal fear of a drunken woman. Who will accompany me?"

Not to be outdone by the fables of history, we all got up and accompanied her; but paused upon the threshold irresolute, not for fear of the drunken woman, but because we could not get in. Flo's neat and orderly kitchen, upon which she prided herself, was a scene of desolation and disarray.

Its high priestess, with an attitude copied from the grouse, was gazing with maudlin pity at a pair of swollen feet, and apostrophizing them in thick Celtic. Vegetable peelings, dirty dishes, beer bottles, and boiled potatoes abounded. There was a red-hot fire roaring in the range, and the smoke from a pan of sweetbreads from which the water had boiled off filled the air.

"Go to bed, you drunken thing," cried Flo, fiercely, and dodged out of the door expecting an attack, but the big, bloated creature simply murmured, "Yes," meekly, and made the attempt. We followed the sound of her ascent with considerable interest, expecting momentarily to hear her clatter to the bottom. But she reached the top in safety, and threw herself across the bed without any attempt at disrobing.

"What would you do?" asked Flo, helplessly, as we heard the door close upon her. "What would you do?" And she wrung her hands like Lady Macbeth.

"Why, simply wait till she gets over it, and then go on as if nothing had happened," we all counseled oracularly, and perhaps selfishly. "We agreed in the beginning that a good cook must have a grave fault, but so violent a spree can not last long," and upon this supposition we all rested our hopes.

The sinner awoke next morning duly repentant. Figuratively, she bathed Flo's feet with her tears and kissed the hem of her garment. During the course of a long and checkered career she had never met any one who was so completely all that her fancy had painted. She would forever forswear the rosy and keep to a severe course of water and tea. Indeed, how she had been overcome the night before she could not imagine, since never, never, never, etc.

How could Flo resist in the face of the last three days' cooking? She granted the penitent full forgiveness, pointed silently but reproachfully to the wreck of order, and left the cook mistress of the situation.

In half an hour little Gretchen came running in, pale with affright and indignation.

"The cook is tipsy, again," she gasped, "and I can't do nothing with her."

Then Flo arose in her might, afraid of no one, drunk or sober, and sailing into the scene of action she discharged the batteries of her wrath. Flo is a mere dot of a woman, and the cook loomed up above her big, round, and purple, but she quailed before her little mistress, and slunk sadly and slowly away from the beer bottle, and went out into the rain a sadder but not a wiser woman, for we heard of her in the police court a fortnight later, and we wept salt tears over a genius dethroned by alcohol.

Beer was her favorite tipple, but a survey of the premises after her departure disclosed an omnivorous appetite. Whisky, wine, beer, Santa Cruz rum, had disappeared like dew before sunrise, and even the alcohol bottle was at low tide.

"I have been trying to estimate the expenses of this week," said Flo, a day later, "and what between the advanced wages paid my fine cook, the food destroyed by her, the dishes broken, and the liquor consumed, the wear and tear on my mind, and the utter uprooting of my anchor of faith in human kind, I find it makes up a pretty long column."

A Chinese boy was procured to clear up the wreck of the drunken cook's devastating week, and he was so deft, so quick, so clean, so altogether comfortable, that I found Flo frequently eyeing him wistfully.

"My dear Flo," I said, "I see you daily drifting again to Chinatown. Confess that you have had enough of women—that the soft, cat-like glide, and the quiet, meaningless face of the heathen, are attracting you once again."

"Well," said Flo, "what is the use of battling against the customs? It is the Chinaman's country, and one may as well submit to the idea first as last. If I could find a treasure—"

"I know a treasure," I ventured at last to say, somewhat reluctantly, for I never like to recommend a doctor, a dress-maker, or a cook; "I know a treasure, but he is already bespoken. Yet it may chance that that treasure knows another treasure, whom I will guarantee if he be recommended by mine. I will go look him up this very morning, and you shall have a first-class cook before the sun sets to-morrow."

"Ah, what a beautiful thing is friendship," murmured Flo, with a huge sigh of relief, and settled down to absolute peace of mind for twenty-four hours.

I discovered a Chinaman so highly recommended that I wondered the Union Club had not picked him up long ago. He was of the more aristocratic type, when he appeared in dark, rich, silken garments, with his native shoes upon his feet and his native cap upon his head. Flo and I both expressed ourselves as having a horror of the hybrid creature who dresses in the composite style, as compared with this tall, well-dressed Chinaman. He further inspired us with respect by demanding such a price, to be paid weekly, as only a chef would dare to ask; and Flo showed him the way to the kitchen with a smile of the liveliest hope.

"I fancy, Flo, that we have stumbled by chance upon the one entire and perfect chrysolite in the way of cooks," I said, as she reappeared. "What might this mandarin's name be? We may as well get used to it at once."

"Gong," said Flo, shortly; "and it went off, when he said it, like a cheap door-bell. I don't exactly like his name, and there seems to be an evil gleam in his narrow eye. But I don't care if he is a highbinder, so he can cook."

"It is not an acknowledged fact, but it is nevertheless true, that no one ever does anything well who has not a spice of the devil in them; and Gong would not look well with a halo around his head. I await dinner with the utmost impatience."

"Well, for once," said Flo, "I am unprepared for a new cook, and it is Sunday. The human family is visited with an insane idea that Sunday is the day for good dinners—Sunday, when the markets are closed, and the ice gives out, and the fish can not possibly be kept fresh. I never attempt an extra dinner on Sunday. It may day for roast beef—a good, honest rib-roast; no skewering, and rolling, and chipping, and trimming, but a good rib-roast, ribs and all. It is the pride of my heart. I have put it in countenance to-day with a pair of canvas-back ducks, but I have nothing which to test Gong. Any fool can cook ducks and roast-beef, but I have a little theory of my own that fish are the actual test for a *cordon bleu*."

We went to dinner in high spirits. People always do go to a duck dinner in high spirits, for the digestible bird seems to affect them pleasantly beforehand.

The ducks came on. They were stuffed. They were roasted as black as a hat and as dry as a bone. They had been in the oven a good hour.

"I will keep my temper," said Flo. "Though I die for it, I will keep my temper. There must be some misunderstanding. Gretchen, cause the roast beef to appear!"

It appeared. Flo almost wept as she saw it. With that imitiveness which possesses the Chinese mind, Gong had attempted to roll the roast, but the attempt confounded him. The bone had been torn with unsurgeon-like skill from the lacerated meat. The skewers wouldn't pierce it, the strings wouldn't hold it, and it flopped and wobbled around the dish, resisting the carver till it seemed like a thing alive, and made us all laugh uproariously, but Flo.

"Fate could deal me but one more blow at this dinner," she said, when the roast was removed, "and that is apple-pie."

"Apple-pie!" said Gretchen at the moment, and placed one on the table.

In silence Flo rose from her seat, and in silence she returned to it.

"Is Gong gone?" asked the first one who dared to break the spell.

"He is," spoke the hostess, solemnly.

"Is he dead?" asked the carver, with corresponding gravity.

"No," answered Flo; "I have permitted him to live to find out how canvas-backs ducks are cooked. If there be any of the spirit of Vatel in China, the humiliation of it will break his heart."

And, sure enough, we did hear that he went to the friend who had recommended him, and wept long and bitterly over his brief, disastrous day.

By that time two or three of his fellow-countrymen had come and gone. One of them was of an excessively ornamental character, who had recently been taking lessons of a pastry cook, and was immensely proud of his icing. Discovering that Flo was fond of decoration, he attempted, upon the occasion of a small dinner-party, to make the room beautiful. When we went to table we found little curly-queues of icing over everything, in little strings along the table-cloth, in grotesque figures on the fruit, on the handles of the soup-tureen, and even, upon later investigation, hanging like sweet stalactites to the tassels of the window-shades.

"I can not struggle any longer with their stupidity. I must have some one who speaks English," cried Flo, and tried another girl.

They all had a specialty but this one. But her cooking was as negative as if she had no palate. Being told that it was flavorless, she piled everything high with red pepper; and being told that it was too hot, she left out everything, even the salt.

"If I had only known a French cook was what you wanted, ma'am," she said, when she was disbarred, "I could have got a woman to come in and teach me for five dollars. I am willing to learn."

"I think these willing people are the most trying of the incapables," complained Flo, when the door had shut upon this last one. "But the curious thing about cooks is that they all demand the price of skill, whether they know anything or not. Where am I to go, where can I go, for a cook?" And who could tell her? "I must wait, as others do, till one drops in upon me from heaven. I am willing to pay more than fair wages. I have a good home, a small family, and I put the washing out. You will pardon my relating these homely details, but I have become so used to telling them in the intelligence offices that they come pat. And, withal, you see for yourself what my experience is. My friends tell me that I must go in the kitchen and superintend. I will hold to my idea of letting the cook get the first dinner alone; then, if there is some one worth superintending, I will go in and exercise my capacity in that line. But I want to see what they can do before I become a culinary academy."

"My dearest Flo," I said, "you have expressed a pet idea of my own in that last word. It has long been my dream, when my ship comes in, to establish a cooking academy. It shall be as complete as a university. There shall be professors in French, Spanish, German, Jewish, and American cooking. The complete course will cover the ground of all the nations, but pupils may take lessons in any one department if they like. Our diplomas will be priceless paper, for the pupils may not graduate in any course, or all, until they have passed a rigid examination before a board of epicures. They will be in such demand that not one of them need ever be idle a day. Housewives will arise and call me blessed. The kitchen will be the studio of a new art. Cooks will rise to a proper sense of the magnitude of their own genius, and the world will rise with them. As the artist transforms canvas and pigments into a thing of beauty, so the cook will transform beef or mutton into a thing of joy. For, after all, Flo, we eat only beef, mutton, and poultry, and it is only the artistic or the unskillful handling of them that makes the difference."

"And in the meantime, while you are waiting for your ship to come in, and for your protégés to be educated up to this superb standard, in the meantime what do we eat?"

"In the meantime, dear Flo," I say, sadly, "in the meantime, there seems nothing left to do but to eat apple-pie!"

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

In a recent letter to the *Philadelphia Press*, its Paris correspondent thus writes concerning British ignorance of America:

I was lately at a dinner-party where the guests were all Americans, and all of them had made a sojourn of longer or shorter duration in London. The conversation turned on the really comical ignorance of all things American displayed by the best educated English people, and numerous anecdotes in illustration of the topic in question were cited. One of these related to the son of a former United States Minister in London, Mr. Edwards Pierrepont. At some public dinner one of the guests asked Mr. Pierrepont Jr., while his father was in the act of making a speech, who the orator was. The young gentleman made answer that that was the American Minister. "Is he of the Established Church or a Dissenter?" was the next question. But this does not quite equal the query of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who lately asked of an American visitor to explain to him "the attitude assumed by the United States toward Dissenters." Next came a young Southern gentleman, who described an interview that he had recently had with an English lady, who was introduced to him as a prodigy of intellect and of learning. "You come from the Southern States, sir?" she remarked, amiably; "which of the two did you come from—Missouri or Peru?" With great presence of mind my young friend informed her that he was then residing in Peru, but intended shortly to remove to Missouri. But I rather think that the climax was capped by an English author, who, on being told by an American lady that she came from Missouri, said, thoughtfully: "Missouri—let me see—what State is that in?" "Missouri is a State," responded the lady. "Ah, yes—yes—to be sure it is—it is Mississippi that I was thinking of." I myself have become thoroughly case-hardened on the subject; so that when a charming English lady, the wife of a distinguished Indian officer, asked me one day if it were not very dangerous to walk in the environs of Philadelphia on account of the rattlesnakes, I was enabled to answer her without moving a muscle of my countenance.

A writer in the Boston *Transcript* remarks that in addition to the ignorance prevailing in England regarding American affairs, there is an almost universal feeling of contempt toward America. He says:

There is hardly a public journal which does not at times reflect at least English ignorance of America, if not English spleen and bitterness. A conspicuous example of these sources of misrepresentation is the *Times*, which has always been not an advanced leader of the higher culture of England, but a polished reflector of vulgar opinion. In 1861 Mr. Bright said of this great journal that it "bad not had, since Mr. Lincoln took office, one fair, and honorable, and friendly article on American affairs." Four years later, in 1865, Mr. Bright said again that the course of the *Times* had been one of "four years' uninterrupted publication of lies with regard to America." * * * It has not been the custom with English journals to have more than a few lines of American news. The *Standard*, a conservative paper, has quite recently set an example of enterprise in this respect, but it is a new departure. The rule has been, and with most journals still is, a few lines daily of American news. But when the Giteau business was in hand at Washington, English journalism generally showed a great appetite for a selection of the most disgusting facts. It is a commonplace in England that American journals sin abominably in their reports of disgusting matters. Yet there was all England fed on the garbage of the Giteau trial, although for respectable news English journalism has not found America worth special attention. All this maintains a state of things naturally antagonistic to America. Mr. Roebuck, the Sheffield plebeian in Parliament, who, during our civil war, attempted to get England and the Emperor Napoleon to join in recognizing the Confederacy, gave voice, in his gross ignorance and almost infamous spleen, to a traditional barbarism which lies heavy on the whole land.

By way of retort courteous to English contempt of American institutions, the Springfield *Republican* thus relieves its mind on Anglomania:

If among the people of England should suddenly spread a servile imitation of American speech, dress, and customs—taking good and bad alike, and the bad principally—cultivated Englishmen would be apt to speak of it as "beastly rot." But although Americans speak English, it is not that sort of English. So the present fashionable Anglomania, which has all but turned the brains of would-be ladies of society and their followers, may be truthfully and in pure English spoken of as a vulgar, silly, and unpatriotic craze. Let us extol and buy American carriages, that are light, easy, and graceful, and adapted to our roads, our horses, and our climate, rather than to import English carriages, that are heavy and ugly. Why do people make themselves uncomfortable and ludicrous by burning about in village carts? Can anything be more ridiculous than a big man in a village cart in Fifth Avenue? Yet it is seen every day, and many times a day. If it had been an American fashion, the people who use them now would suffer anything short of a martyrdom equal to driving in one of these abominations rather than to follow the fashion. Then, after the manner of the English prize fighter, every lank youth, with arms like pipe-stems, swaggers up the street with his elbows at right angles to his body—except when he forgets himself for a moment, and drops his arms into their natural position with a sigh of relief. Then because the "baw haw" Englishman says "It's so coddish, you know," Americans copy the vulgarity; when they should simply their speech and speak pure English by saying "ill-bred" instead. Then, too, because he talks always of "the play," we must never say "I have been to the theatre," when one expression is quite as good English as the other, and the one is customary among us, the other not so. Then because the English natives are so stupid that they will not have a check system for baggage on their railroads, and don't call the bits of brass "checks," but "brashes," they find plenty of geese ready to follow their lead, when to the uninitiated American mind "brashes" would mean a pair of andirons and a fender. Then, having the misfortune to live in an atmosphere of fog, they seldom have a wholly good day, and so when they come over here and see bright days, such as they never dreamed of, they remark, patronizingly: "It's not half a bad day," and presume to laugh at us for saying, "It is a lovely day." "Ah, there goes that American 'lovely,' you know." It isn't "good form"—what is "good form"?—in society to introduce people in England, and so true politeness is to be pushed to the wall, and we are to meet with a cold frigidity, and be thoroughly uncomfortable, and make all about us so, because "it's English." Travelers abroad and the newspapers are having a notably bad influence in one especial way—and that is, in trying to change a nomenclature which belongs to us by right of birth to one which is as foreign to us as French would be. Forty years ago, when steam came into use in both nations, we were practically foreigners to one another. On each side of the ocean a natural set of terms became incorporated into the language, and belong where they are, because the same terms convey no ideas if transplanted. In England railroads are railways, the rails are the "metals," the switch is a "shunt," cars are coaches, engineers are drivers, firemen are stokers, conductors are guards, baggage is luggage—all equally good terms and equally good English; but our terms are as foreign to them as theirs to us. What would be thought in England if any English-born person should use American terms? They would be scoffed at. Then let Americans be scoffed at also when they attempt to change their nomenclature. Why confuse the great mass by this silly introduction of foreign terms? Why should a Pullman car be called a coach, which it resembles no more than a wheelbarrow? English people, perhaps, feel obliged to be aggressively national because their country is such very small one, and because America is such a large one, and they may be swallowed up; and it is the toughest thing in life to lose one's individual grip. Let us sympathize with them and indulge them, and teach them better manners when they come to America—to take off their hats when they pass a lady in a hotel corridor or meet her in an elevator, instead of bat on head, and bands in British breeches pockets, to give her a long stare, as is their usual custom. Let us teach them that "beastly" and "nasty" are beastly and nasty words, and let us feel proud of the Cleveland girl who said, "Oh, don't you think 'nice' is a nice word?" replied: "Do you think 'nasty' is a nice word?"

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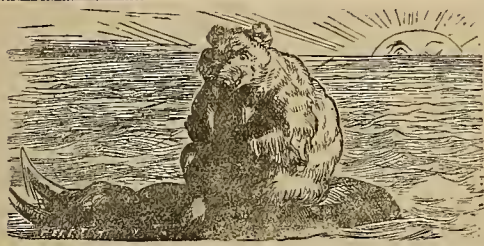
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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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San Francisco is gaining sufficient rank among the great cities of the world to receive visits from the more distinguished people who travel for amusement or business. Not only in geographical position is it eligibly located, but in point of population it is rising into the upper, if not the first, rank of commercial cities. Holding to our Western and Pacific coast the same relation that New York does to the

Eastern and Atlantic, we may reasonably expect a growth commensurate with the expansion of Pacific commerce and the growth of our Pacific empire. We find ourselves already on one of the great highways of the world's commerce. India, China, the Pacific islands, and Australia find their natural road of travel to the Atlantic States and Europe through our Golden Gate. The European traveler does not think his American tour complete unless he has visited these western coasts. The world tourist is not the world tourist unless he has done the splendid scenery of the Pacific States and Territories. The same class of steamships that navigate the Atlantic will be brought to the Pacific. Two days of time can be saved by rail from San Francisco to New York. As California becomes better known, it is being recognized as one of the earth's most delightful sanitariums. It is coming to be understood among the folk of wealth and leisure that ours is a good spot to enjoy their *otium*; that we have an agreeable climate in spots; and that the *bon vivant* may indulge in all sorts of creature comforts and physical enjoyments, beginning with strawberries in March, and ending with oranges in February. Some of the distinguished strangers, like the Marquis of Lorne and the Royal Princess, his wife, will spend money among us. Some, like the Swedish Nilsson, will take it away from us. We are not indifferent to the fact that our city is of sufficient importance to detain for a time these distinguished travelers, or to have attracted one of the world's most famous musical artists. Next summer there comes to us the conclave of Knights Templars; and, as railroads shall be built and traveling accommodations multiplied, we may reasonably anticipate that San Francisco will become one of the shrines of a fashionable pilgrimage. In this coming travel there is profit to us, if we endeavor to encourage it. To make the city an attractive place to visit, and an agreeable home in which to reside, there is something demanded of ourselves and of our municipal government and charter-makers; and, while we would not say one word in encouragement of criminal or extravagant municipal expenditure, we would suggest the maxim of "penny wise, pound foolish." Our hotels are, beyond any that we know, comfortable in accommodation and reasonable in charges. Our streets, beyond any we have ever seen, are awfully awful. Our plazas are, if not unsightly, at least unattractive. Our park, with its splendid possibilities and ocean drive, is a drifting Sahara, with narrow and dangerous roads. It possesses an elegant conservatory and about fifteen acres of lawn and flowering shrubs. Occasional music is paid for by private subscription. There is a speed drive and broad boulevard, depending upon the donations of men who love horses better than money. The amusements of our city are costly beyond the reach of the middle class, or cheap and vulgar below the demands of people of culture and taste. Government, city, and State spend money lavishly upon prisons, schools of reform, and Magdalen asylums, but not one dollar in answer to the universal prayer that goes up from the young and unamused, "Lead us not into temptation." We license the vicious to sell intoxicating drinks. We indulge the gambling-hell and the brothel. We allow trades-unions, which steal employment from our boys and girls. We permit their parents to be debauched, and their bones made desolate and unattractive; and then, in our supercilious goodness, we wonder that our moonlight nights, and soft, balmy, summer atmosphere, give us hoodlums, vagrancy, and crime. We build churches of architectural beauty, hire eloquent preachers, employ sweet and costly singers, and rent upholstered pews along carpeted aisles, while the inexorable tyrant which dominates dominion and congregation fixes the standard of fashionable dress, and then we—good, pious people, who love Jesus—wonder why the poor or the ill-clad do not flock to our churches, and worship the (to them) unknown god; wonder why they go to the seaside garden to bear a military band on Sunday, (price ten cents,) or flock away to the green and shady spots in the country beside stream or ocean, where they hear solemn anthems sung in the roar of the sea, and listen, in the meadows and groves, to the melody of birds and babbling brooks.

The wonder to us is that the devil does not get more of our boys and girls. The other wonder is that business men, and tax-payers, and boards of supervisors, and charter-makers do not recognize the business sense, the economy, and the safety of providing places of cheap and rational amusement for that large class who are too justly proud to present themselves at a church-door on a Sunday to meet the supercilious eyebrow insolence of disdainful, well-dressed, fashionable Christians; who are too poor to pay for a family box at the theatre; who do not keep their carriages for a Park drive; who work for two dollars a day when work can be obtained, and who live and toil, as the laboring poor always do in all countries and as they have done in all ages, from hand to mouth. In this country all these boys will vote, and if the wise statesmen of the time do not see to it that they do not grow up in idleness and crime, in ignorance of law and indifference to moral codes, society will find its harvest gathered by a whirlwind. There should be provided in San Francisco for the young, the poor, and the middle classes a respectable, attractive place of cheap and rational

amusement, where children can play, where young people can gather, and where elders can spend a pleasant hour. Cleanliness and good conduct should be the price of admission. It should be attractive enough for everybody. It should not be out of the reach of anybody, and this is what we would do: We would take Portsmouth Square first, because of its location, being in the vicinity of one of the poorer parts of the town. We would build over it a palace of iron and glass which, together with its inner arrangements, should cost half a million of dollars. We would entrust its construction, management, and the expenditure of all moneys to an unsalaried commission of un-Christian gentlemen. In this crystal palace we would have conservatories for flowers, with walks and fountains, not unlike the Park conservatory; a dancing-hall with music, a stage and auditorium for lectures, concerts, or volunteer private theatricals; a reading-room, warm and comfortable, with books for the common people; a casino, where cheap refreshments could be had at the cost of their production—coffee, tea, and chocolate of the best kind, no alcoholic, vinous, or malt liquors, but candies, and popcorn, and fruit for children. In the centre should be a grand fountain with music and a promenade, and on the outer edges alcoves, nooks, and quiet corners for love-making and flirtation. There should be grottos and fountains in a fantastic garden with singing-birds, a museum with curiosities, an aquarium with fishes, a skating-rink, and a gymnasium. It should be a place where the laborer, coming in tired from his daily toil, could go and smoke his pipe; where old wives could gossip, and young ones take their children; where boys, and girls, and young men, and maidens could meet. We would have this pleasure-resort brilliant with lights, a place of pure air, warmed to the proper degree in winter, and fanned by breezes in summer. It would be to the working-man a more pleasurable resort than the corner-grocery, for in the smoking-room it would have clean card-tables and clean cards, where seven-up could be played for tobacco, or coffee, and would educate the taste to regard coffee as palatable as bad beer or viler gin. This resort would be more agreeable to young folks, to the class from which our hoodlums come, than the places under the wharves, or in the hay-barns, or in the abandoned houses where they now rendezvous and hide. It would be more inviting than the dance-cellars or the dives, to which strangers and sailors are seduced and robbed. It would fill the place that is largely occupied by social clubs, in affording young men and women of the working classes an opportunity for social intercourse under proper conditions. Such an institution should be free and open to all who would dress cleanly and behave themselves properly. The penalty for the offense of rude or improper conduct, vulgar or unseemly language, should be exclusion. Whether a nominal entrance fee should be charged is an open question. The dominant idea and governing principle of this public resort should be to provide a place for the people, which belongs to the people, where innocent, healthful, rational, and more attractive amusements would be provided at less cost than amusements of a vicious and demoralizing character. Our idea is that organized society should recognize this taste for amusement and pleasure as a governing principle, which can be taken advantage of to keep young people from vicious ways, and old ones from the indulgence of vicious propensities. The kindergarten is a step in the right direction. It should not be left to the charity of generous men, or the toil of good women who go out into the streets and purlieus of a city to gather in and educate the children of drunken and criminal parents. It should be the duty of government, if not as an act of philanthropy, then as an act of prevention and economy. If the children who make mud-pies on Tar Flat can be withdrawn from the evil associations which surround them at three years of age, and be thus rescued from a life of idleness and crime, society will find its profit in expending some of that money for kindergarten instruction which further along it must pay for the support of industrial schools, Magdalen asylums, and prisons. If society will provide healthful recreation and innocent amusement for its young people, it will not only save many from the possibilities of temptation, but will rescue many who, when they lose the pride of social position, precipitate themselves into lives of crime. We should be glad to see an experiment tried in the direction of providing public amusement for the people. We should be glad to see it made at the sacrifice of an occasional school-house, and at the sacrifice of ever so many of our fashionable churches. We understand there is to be erected in this city a Catholic cathedral of costly magnificence. The money for its erection will come largely from the poor. We wish it could be devoted to the erection of a Roman Catholic pleasure-garden, where the poor might obtain the worth of their money in this world's comforts. We wish that half of our now unoccupied Protestant churches, one-half of our high schools, and all of our cosmopolitan schools, could be pooled into one or more institutions of the kind we have very rudely marked out. Cheap amusements are very scarce in this city—innocent and cheap are unknown. We have thousands of whiskey saloons. At Benicia and Vallejo there is one for every seven voters; one for every twenty voters throughout the entire State; and one for every sixteen voters

in San Francisco. We have brothels, and gambling-hells, and billiard-rooms, and bowling-alleys, all of which are accessories to whisky. We have singing-rooms where good music is provided, but the bad-smelling waiter with his tray, dripping beer, is allowed to elbow his way among the audience to solicit patronage for the bar. We have costly and elegant churches where the souls of our rich people may be saved at tremendous salvage. We have an opera-house and theatres where we may hear Nilsson for four dollars, and an ordinary star for one dollar and a half. We have negro minstrels for a quarter of a dollar in the gallery. We have vile and dreadful melodeons, where the exhibition of lewd women, ribald wit, and awful gin may be obtained cheaply. And yet we statesmen and Christians, we of the cultured and bigbly moral class, we of the wealthy and prosperous stratum, we who teach Sunday-school for nice little boys and girls in clean Sunday clothes, and frown when the frolicsome hoodlum escapes from his den of misery, called home, to the sunlight of the fields on Sunday, we who pay taxes to punish crimes and support paupers, have neither the sense, the courage, nor the humanity to declare that government should prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks; nor do we interfere with those who destroy the young for money, or display business prudence enough to provide for our citizens who are unable to provide for themselves one of the prime necessities of life—viz., "Amusement."

We put forth these reflections for the consideration of our charter-makers. An opportunity is afforded for an experiment in this new direction. If our municipal law-makers could kick the skeleton of the dead Horace Hawes out from our city closet; if the *Bulletin* would treat all its writers to a trip to Europe, and forego that everlasting editorial of "one cent tax upon a hundred dollars"; if our good people who compose the Prison Commission, and those of our clergy who think the only thing that anybody has worth saving is his soul, would stand aside; if our young Christians would not meddle with that which they have not sense to comprehend; if our temperance people and prohibitionists would lay hold of some practical straw to save themselves from drowning in cold water; and if those who think tobacco a deadly sin would allow plain reason and good sense to have sway—if all these changes would take place, then we might secure for San Francisco this experiment. This is not the experiment made by the Cæsars to amuse the bloody race of Rome with the fight of beasts and gladiators, or of modern Spain to provide bull-fights, or of the later Cæsars of the Latin race who build a grand opera-house to give pleasure fêtes in Paris; but it is the attempt of the colder-blooded family of the Saxon race to provide cheap, healthful, and moral recreations for its youth, and profitable entertainment to divert the leisure hours of the toiling classes, to the end that the young may not fall into temptation, or the old find it more agreeable to spend their time and money in irrational and criminal indulgences. And all this as a question of governmental economy.

Olive Logan is inexpressibly distressed because American travelers are guilty of the vulgar habit of giving shillings and half-crowns to servants, ushers, and others who have done them a service. The amiable and tuft-hunting Olive then narrates some stories told by that unmistakable thing, the "English gentleman," illustrating the amiable ignorance of certain vulgar Americans in offering gratuities to distinguished persons. For instance: "The Right Honorable James Lowther, Earl of Lonsdale, a peer of fabulous fortune," was thanked with a shilling by an American party for showing it to the House of Commons. Now, this is not so remarkable when one has observed the very common clothes and more uncommon manners of some English gentlemen, and when it is known that the Marquis of Westminster, the richest peer in England, habitually wears a colored shirt, and wears clothes which are seemingly never new, and not always clean. It is not strange when one looks over the Houses of Lords and Commons, and notes the very common-looking faces of men who dress inelegantly, who wear their bands in their breeches pockets, are uncouth in deportment, and who converse with a bronchial stammer that threatens the rupture of a blood-vessel in their vain attempt to speak English. It is not, therefore, perhaps quite so marvelous that traveling Americans should tender gratuities occasionally to English gentlemen in disguise, when we consider how successfully they do disguise themselves. We have a very lively recollection of several titled English gentlemen who have visited California. For utter and vulgar boorishness we have never seen them excelled. For clothes that were cheap, common, and unclean, they were not excelled. And if they possessed culture, refinement, and that inbred unselfishness and modesty of deportment which characterize the gentleman, they most adroitly concealed it. Of more than a score who have visited San Francisco, we recognize but three exceptions to an otherwise universal rule. We recall, as traveling companions by rail, two Oxford professors, dressed in corduroy clothes, smoking dudheens, and actually smelling bad; but then the professors of the learned universities of England are not necessarily gentlemen—they are only scholars.

Thenexttime Olive visits the ancestral home of the great house of Ripon and Grey, whose head was formerly minister at the court of Washington, we wish she would speak to his lordship, and ask him to throw open the great ruin of Fountains Abbey to the inspection of curious Americans for something less than three shillings. This great titled and wealthy aristocrat has a ticket-office in the court of his residence, from which is issued for three shillings a coupon ticket that entitles you to visit his grounds. The same thing is done at Abbotsford. You are shown through the home of Sir Walter Scott for one shilling. The palace of Holyrood and the crown jewels of Scotland are visible for three shillings. Westminster, the sacred edifice in which are entombed the bones of its illustrious dead, is a show-house—price three shillings. The Tower of London and its treasures may be seen, its glorious memories may be recalled, and its traditions recited from the parrot-tongue of a trained usher in fantastic uniform—all for three shillings. There is not, as far as our observation goes, an historic spot in all England to which the tourist must not pay an entrance fee, and, as far as our observation goes, there is not an edifice so sacred, a place so guarded, or a house so private, that for a fee it does not fly open to him who pays. We have paid our way through Europe, from one end to another, and we now recall no shrine of the Holy Roman Church, no cathedral of the English church, no mystery, and no solemn, sacred spot, which did not fly wide open for coin. We have seen the bones of the seven thousand virgins at Cologne, the anatomy of the good old Bishop and Saint, Borromeo, covered with jewels, lying in his sarcophagus of silver and crystal in the cathedral at Milan. We have seen the wood and nails of the Cross, the blood of Saint Januarius, Christ's baby-basket, the finger and wedding-ring of Santa Theresa, the bride of the risen God. We have seen the two holy springs which burst forth when Saint Paul's hand touched the ground, and the holy stairs of the house of Pontius Pilate up which Christ walked. We have seen holy relics enough to fill a bonded warehouse, and we do not recall a holy toe-nail which we did not pay to get sight of. So we say to Miss Olive: Don't you fret, my dear lady, lest we should wound the sensibilities of an occasional English gentleman by offering him a shilling which he is unwilling to take. If, for money, the government of England shows its cathedrals, royal palaces, castles, and crown jewels; if, for money, the nobility and gentry of England show their grounds, houses, and works of art; if, for money, priests of God expose their holy relics, and if, at the clink of coin, vaults, mausoleums, crypts give up the ghastly secrets of their dead, you can set it down, Miss Logan, that in England, as elsewhere, it is "money that makes the mare go"; and when next you write to the San Francisco *Morning Call*, dear Olive, don't you forget it.

The official vote of the State gives the following for the gubernatorial candidates: Stoneman, (D.), 90,694; Estee, (R.), 67,175; MacDonald, (Pro.), 5,772; McQuiddy, (G.), 1,020. Stoneman's majority over Estee is 22,519. Mr. Estee is in a minority of 30,311, counting the entire vote. Conkling, for Lieutenant-Governor, who was never heard of before the nominating convention, and has never been heard of since the election, beat Mr. Estee 4,475 votes. W. W. Morrow, candidate for Congress at large, leads Estee 6,564. Hunt, for Supreme Judge, beat him 6,084. Pedlar, for Secretary of State, received 6,296 more than Mr. Estee; Davies, for Controller, 6,977; Weil, for Treasurer, 6,821; Minto, for Surveyor, 6,424; Gross, for Clerk Supreme Court, 7,176; and Waterman, for Superintendent Public Instruction, 6,731 more than the Republican candidate for Governor. Mr. Estee falls behind the average of his ticket 6,396 votes. We do not print the figures to claim that the result comes from any influence of the *Argonaut*. It is true that, in the performance of what we conceived to be our duty, and because it afforded us the great pleasure of an immense personal gratification, we opposed his election. Mr. Boruck, in the *Spirit of the Times*, did the same thing. The Sacramento *Record-Union*, during the last days of the canvass, did the same thing. We believe there is no other Republican journal which did not give Mr. Estee its support. If we did not contribute to his defeat, we are at least entitled to the credit of having made a good guess at the drift of public opinion, when we prophesied that the manner of his nomination, and the machine whose aid he had, would drag a better man than we thought Mr. Estee to certain defeat. Under the circumstances, any Republican would have failed of an election. And the "circumstances" to which we allude are the notorious and shameful fact that the Republican party in California had fallen among thieves; that a criminal gang of political vagabonds in San Francisco, aided by the county courthouse cliques, had obtained control of the party; and that the result was the most disgraceful and criminal extravagance in office. That the Republican party in California can rally from this defeat in time to give the electoral vote of this State to a Republican, is, we think, more than doubtful. If the defeat had been local we could have rallied for a Presidential election; but the same influences having produced the same results in nearly all the Republican States, the Re-

publicans are immensely demoralized. Politicians may work themselves into the frame of mind necessary for reaction, but the great non-political rank and file are very much disposed to let the national control drift over to the Democracy. The same feeling that manifested itself in reference to our State and municipal politics, and that made good party men bolt the ticket and good Republicans abstain from voting, for the avowed purpose of punishing party-leaders, is still abroad, and the sentiment finds frequent expression that it will be better for the country to turn its administration over to the Democracy. This is the sentiment of many who love the country and who have been loyal to it; who have been good Republicans, and whose interest in its welfare is not lessened by the fact that the opportunity now presents itself to punish the criminals who have found prosperity in Republican party ranks. California Republicans have this additional discouragement. We hear of no Republican candidate for the Presidency who did not lend himself to the Chinese conspiracy. Senators Logan, Sherman, Windom, Harrison—in fact, each senator who may be regarded as eligible for the Presidential nomination, has rendered it impossible for us to give him our electoral vote, because of his attitude upon this question. However, two years is a long time. Ever so many things are liable to occur within two years. Two years is a very long time for the Democracy to behave itself, especially when it has such a city as San Francisco and such a State as California under its unquestioned control. Two years is a sufficient period for the Republican party to become very penitent, and at least to look very sorry. We are so utterly demoralized, and so indifferent concerning the position, and so despondent at the prospects of the next Presidential election, that we most sincerely hope the Democracy will wisely, honestly, and economically administer both our city and State affairs for the full term to which it is elected.

The *Record-Union* gives the following facts and figures in reference to railway transportation. Upon the principal products of California, such as wool, wine, sheep, hogs, cattle, grain, hay, hops, green fruits, mill stuffs, etc., the rate of reduction of the freight-rates of railways between the years 1879 and 1880 shows an average of 13.67 per cent. Between the dates of 1879 and 1880 the reduction has been 22.69 per cent. These figures present but feebly the progress that is being made by railways in the direction of reduction. As roads multiply, as competition increases, as business extends, and population grows, these reductions will increase from year to year, till our State will find itself in the enjoyment of complete and economical railway transportation. We follow the *Record-Union* in noting the marvelous fact that fruits grown in the valleys of our State are supplied fresh to Eastern tables at a very slight advance over the retail price in San Francisco. It is one of the miracles of railway transportation that a cluster of grapes or a Bartlett pear grown in the valley of the Sacramento is sold in Philadelphia or New York for the same price that it is sold for in San Francisco. The oranges of Los Angeles or San Bernardino are as cheap in New Orleans as in Stockton or Sacramento. Beef grown upon our great plains of the Platte is sold fresh in London and Paris. The great prairies of Texas now supply meats to Europe. California sends fresh fruits to all the great cities of the world, while our dried fruits are the cheap luxuries of the most distant lands. Notwithstanding all the complaints of the grumbling press and all the misrepresentations of politicians, it is apparent that even in California the railway can and does compete with the ocean highway and with navigable streams. The railway brings wheat from Red Bluff to the ship or rail in San Francisco—carries passengers from San Francisco to Los Angeles; when completed to Oregon it will compete with ocean steamships; will carry wheat, and wool, and wine to the Gulf of Mexico, and send it to Liverpool in rivalry with the Horn route. Railways carry passengers and freight in every direction cheaper than any conveyance existing before their construction. The railroad-builders of California have done more good to the State, accomplished greater results in the way of increasing the business of the State, giving property value, and promoting its material progress, than all others combined. The cry against them is the howl of the hungry wolf.

A long list of proposed saints has been brought to the Sacred Congregation of Rites for beatification and canonization, says a Catholic paper. This list contains not less than two hundred and one names, of which one hundred and sixty-eight are the names of martyrs, eighty of them belonging to Corea, twenty-nine to Italy, twenty-two to France, ten to China, nine to Cochin China, five to Spain, one to Austria, and one to Poland. And not a devil of a saint for all England, Germany, or America. Only think of it, eighty saints in Corea and one in Austria; nineteen from the two Chinas, and only one in Poland. The United States of America has never had, so far as we are informed, a single saint. It is a curious business, this manufacture of saints. We are studying it up, and will be able shortly to give you a list of just how saints are made. We desire to encourage the industry, with a view to its introduction to California.

The Alleged Humorists.

The Siren and the Sucker.

"And do you discard me forever, Gertrude Gilhooley?" "I do," was the answer, in a low, sweet voice, while a pair of soft, brown eyes, suffused with tears, looked tenderly up at Sebastian McCarthy. "You know that my heart is yours, and that I would gladly give thee my hand, but papa says nay, and when he twitters the procession is apt to move." And, saying this, the girl hurried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

"But think again, Gertrude," said the young man, in eager, anxious tones. "See if thy woman wit may not discover aught that will avail to make our future pathway bright. I have loved you too long, too earnestly, to resign the prize so eagerly sought without a struggle."

"Let me think," said the Lady Gertrude, brushing back from her fair forehead the bangs which so gracefully overhung its pearly surface, and placing carefully on a toe of the statue of Mercury which stood in the conservatory a generous hunk of chewing-gum for which she had no immediate use; standing silently by a marble Psyche for a moment, she turned suddenly to Sebastian.

"You know the Mulcaheys?" she said.

"Ay, whose moated castle frets the sky on the avenue?"

"The same."

"I do."

"Get thee thither with all speed, and when you have crossed the draw-bridge and tethered your palfrey in the terraced court, knock holdy on the front door, but relax not your vigilance, an you love me, for the Mulcaheys come of Norman blood and keep a dog. When the portal shall be opened, and you are admitted to the presence of my aunt, the Lady Constance Mulcahey, say to her that her favorite niece, Gertrude, seeks her aid; that a cruel father would wed her to one she loves not. Tell her that about four o'clock to-morrow afternoon, when the sun is gilding the shot-tower, a cassocked justice of the peace will appear at Castle Mulcahey, and that I shall soon follow with my bonny bridegroom. Do you understand?"

"I am on," replied Sebastian, "and, by my halidom, the plan is a good one." And kissing Gertrude trustfully under the left ear, he went down the front steps and was soon lost to view.

"And so my pretty niece would fain marry you?" It was the Lady Constance Mulcahey who spoke these words, and the one to whom she addressed them was Sebastian McCarthy.

"The plan is a good one," she continued, tapping gently with a broom-handle the dainty foot that peeped from beneath her robe. "The Earl is working in the suburbs this week, and I shall not hear the clank of his dinner-pail until nearly seven P. M., so that all will be over ere he comes. You may tell Gert that I will be fixed for her."

A cold, clear afternoon in the festal Christmas-tide. Up the avenue came, with merry tinkle of bell and proud prancing of blooded steeds, drawing-room horse-car No. 176. In one corner of the vehicle sat Gertrude and Sebastian, nestled close to each other, like little birds in the merry, ageish spring time. Presently the car stopped. Sebastian was on his feet at once, his face expressing plainly the indignation that swept over his soul.

"I prithee, do not leave me," said Gertrude, grasping his ulster with a convulsive clutch.

"Fear not, sweetest. I go to see what dastard has dared to stop my faithful steeds."

He soon came back, and saying, with a merry sigb, "It is a freight-train on the crossing," again clasped Gertrude to his vest. The car moved on anon, and soon the happy couple were safe in the Castle Mulcahey.

The words that bound Gertrude and Sebastian together with the silken tether of matrimony had been said, and the happy groom had planted on the lips of his bride a large three-story-and-basement nuptial kiss, when suddenly the door was opened, and Pythagoras Gilhooley, Duke of Galway, stood before the happy couple.

"Forgive me, father," said Gertrude, placing her soft, white arms about his neck, and looking wistfully into his eyes.

Removing from his mouth a two-inch pipe, and setting his dinner pail on the *étagère*, the Duke of Galway said, in clear, calm tones:

"Yez are all forgiven. Divil a much I care if ye were jined a year ago," and with these words, he silently took a chew of hard tobacco, and was gone.—*Joseph Medill in the Chicago Tribune.*

Society Note.

A coolness has arisen between Kosciusko Murphy and Mrs. Hufnagel, one of the most fashionable ladies of Austin. There was a lawn party at the Hufnagel mansion. Mrs. Hufnagel showed Mr. Murphy over the grounds, and asked him what he thought of their arrangement. "I am delighted, madam," was the reply; "wherever I go I see the footprints of your genius." As Mrs. Hufnagel has a foot almost as big as a wheelbarrow, she supposed there was something personal in the remark. She did not hint exactly that she was not glad to have him stay to supper, but she opened the gate and pointed into the street, and Murphy (who is very sensitive) strolled away.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Western Editor.

A Western editor received a letter from an indignant subscriber, who said: "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor mildly replied: "That is all right. I wouldn't make it any longer if you did, because in that case I should have to buy a new press. The present length just suits me, and I am glad it suits you." It is to be hoped this answer turned away wrath.

Bill Nye and Lydia Pinkham have Broken the Tie.

I have just received a letter from my friend Bill Nye, of the Laramie City *Boomerang*, wherein he informs me that he is engaged to the beautiful and accomplished Lydia E. Pinkham, of "Vegetable Compound" fame, and that the wedding will take place on Christmas.—*The Bohemian.*

We are sorry to say that the above letter, which we dashed off in a careless moment, has been placed before the public, as later developments have entirely changed the aspect of the matter, the engagement between ourself and Lydia having been rudely broken by the young lady herself. She has returned the solitaire filled-ring, and henceforth we can be nothing more to each other than friends. The promise which bid fair to yield so much joy in the future has been ruthlessly yanked asunder, and two young hearts must bleed through the coming years. Far be it from us to say aught that would reflect upon the record of Miss Pinkham. It would only imperil her chances in the future, and deny her the sweet satisfaction of gathering in another guileless sucker like us. The truth, however, can no longer be evaded, that Lydia is no longer young. She is now in the sere and yellow leaf. The gurgle of girlhood and the romping, careless grace of her childhood are matters of ancient history alone. We might go on and tell how one thing brought on another, till the quarrel occurred, and hot words and an assault and battery led to this estrangement, but we will not do it. It would be wrong for a great, strong man to take advantage of his strength and the public press to speak disparagingly of a young thing like Lyd. No matter how unreasonably she may have treated us, we are dumb and silent on this point. Journalists who have been invited, and have purchased costly wedding presents, may ship the presents by express, prepaid, and we will accept them, and struggle along with our first great heart-trouble, while Lydia goes on in her mad career.—*Boomerang.*

Another.

[What might have been seen in the obituary column of the *Tonawanda Tocsin.*]

We are deeply pained to announce the loss of our promising young friend and fellow-townsmen, Mr. Jabez C. Pennifeather, the son of our esteemed contributor, Deacon Pennifeather, whose emporium on Main Street enjoys an enviable popularity, which arises not only from the high commercial quality of the deacon's goods, but from that liberal spirit of business enterprise which has always characterized this pillar of the Second M. E. Church, and which is nowhere better exemplified than in the column announcement which appears on the last page of this week's *Tocsin*, directly following reading-matter. Readers who have for many years taken pleasure in perusing this large and artistically worded advertisement will observe that even in this hour of grief and bereavement, Deacon Pennifeather's sense of duty to the public of Tonawanda moves him to sacrifice the man to the merchant; and the emporium will be closed only between the hours of twelve and one o'clock P. M., during which time the funeral of his lamented son will take place, as per announcement under head of "Deaths and Marriages." In Mr. Jabez C. Pennifeather this community has lost a member who gave promise of reflecting great credit on the town of Tonawanda, and adding a new lustre to the fame which our beloved burgh has already achieved throughout the length and breadth of the State. A young life is blotted out, a golden sunrise is quenched in the murky clouds of a premature night, the potentiality of an illustrious citizen is hopelessly annihilated beyond all possibility of resurrection, and a gloom is cast over a happy household of which he was the joy and pride, as well as a most assiduous helper in his father's popular emporium. Although but a young man—having cast his maiden vote at the last election for the grand old party whose sons cling to her in the hour of defeat as nobly as in the days of victory—Mr. Jabez C. Pennifeather had already evinced a notable degree of business ability, and had developed a sweet and touching character, and a principle far beyond his years. As an illustration of both of these qualities, we may refer to the pleasure experienced by his friends in beholding him on the anxious seat at the recent revival in the Second M. E. Church, and to the keen financial eye which he displayed in securing the two-acre lot on the canal, which was formerly the property of the widow Dolliver, and which Deacon Pennifeather has since sold at two hundred per cent. advance on the purchase price. What makes the sudden and unexpected taking-off of our young townsman the more sad is the fact that he had but recently entered into the holy bonds of matrimony with a most estimable and attractive young lady from Toughakawaska, Miss Mehitabel Hostetter. The young couple were, indeed, on their wedding tour when death gently beckoned them both to his arms, and it was only by the exertions of several talented physicians that the fair bride was prevented from obeying the summons, and was fairly snatched from the arms of the relentless destroyer. Trusting and confident, they had gone down to the modern Babylon—the great city of New York—not to share in its lurid dissipations, for both were young people of high moral training and strict abstainers on principle, but to study its noble monuments, and pace hand-in-hand through its museums and its libraries. Repairing to a temperance hotel of well-known and high reputation, they retired at an early hour and blew out the gas.—*Puck.*

Another Affair.

"I have come in to kill you," said a man entering an Arkansas newspaper office, drawing a pistol, and confronting the editor; "you published an article derogatory to my character, and it is my duty as a husband and father to kill you." "I am glad of it," the poor editor replied; "I was thinking of committing suicide." "Well, if that's the case let's go down and take something." "Now you move me to emotion," and the two deadly enemies went out together. And yet some people are in favor of prohibition.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Science and Sole.

"Wonderful," said Professor Pippendorf, "are the discoveries of Science. The eagle eye of Science, gentlemen, enables me to say that this gigantic foot-print which we have just discovered was unquestionably made in prehistoric ages—in the Jurassic period, in fact—by that enormous monster which I, gentleman, have had the honor of discovering—the Monster Mastodon Muskrat, or Mus Craticus Gigans, which?"

"Which didn't make 'em," broke in Professor Gripsacque, with a snarl. "Maybe those foot-prints weren't made in the post-triassic period—my own discovery—my private discovery—by the Mastodonick Duckhilled Platypus of the period—another discovery which belonged to me—my own private property."

"You thought it," returned Professor Pippendorf, "off a busted scientist in Waukegan, Michigan."

"If I may be allowed to express an opinion," mildly interposed Dr. Gunderop, the author of "The Fairyland of Science," and other works; "if I may be allowed to express an opinion, I will say that, without taking a too romantic view of the subject, it seems to me that this is probably the well-known Hippogriff, so long, though erroneously, supposed to be a fabled animal. Here is clearly the mark of the Hippo, while the Griff is distinctly indicated at the other end."

And the good doctor took off his eye-glasses and put on his spectacles to examine the marvel.

"Hippogriff!" snorted Professor Pippendorf, disdainfully. "Hippogriff your respected grandmother," sneered the sarcastic Professor Gripsacque.

"Well, gentlemen," said the doctor, meekly, "I certainly thought I observed traces of the Griff—or, well, perhaps it was the Hippo that deceived me." And he sighed sadly.

"Suppose, gentlemen," suggested Professor Pippendorf, "we move on and follow the tracks up. We may find the skeleton of the mighty wonder of the Jurassic period."

"Jurassic your aunt's second cousin!" howled Professor Gripsacque: "Post-triassic and no nonsense, neither. And if any gentleman here wants to take off his coat, and settle it right here, in the interests of science, I'm his philosophical hairpin!"

"I think we had better follow up the tracks," said Doctor Gunderop.

* * * * *

"Yes, I am sure that Reginald loves me." The chilly splendor of the late December day was fading in the west as these words dropped from Reine McCloskey's lips. The fair girl was walking with hurried footsteps along the high road that led from the bustling city of Chicago to her ancestral halls, in Coastcliff Castle. As she walked briskly on her way, in spite of the effects of the recent thaw, which had made the roadway as tender as a porous plaster culled in the dreamy days of July, it was not the breeze alone that brought the flush to her velvet cheek and the brightness to her eye. Reine McCloskey was entering that delicious period which comes to crown the life of every girl, and which ends like a happy dream in the sweet and strong luxuriance of womanhood.

"Yes," she said, quickening her pace, and her feet seemed to touch the earth more lightly as the thought brought the peach-bloom to her cheeks; "I am sure he loves me. But I would give a chromo and seventeen cents to know why those three old buffers are trailing me. Is it?"—and her eyes grew more brightly tender; "is it a mash?"

* * * * *

When morning dawned the early Chicago milkman found three inanimate forms lying in a deep depression in front of Coastcliff Castle. Reine McCloskey's fairy footfall had done its fatal work.—*Puck.*

When Dignity Works All Right.

Colonel Ingersoll said at Omaha the other day that he hated a dignified man, and that he never knew one who had a particle of sense; that such men never learned, and were constantly forgetting something. Josh Billings says that gravity is no more the sign of mental strength than a paper collar is the evidence of a shirt.

This leads us to say that the man who ranks as a dignified snoozer, and banks on winning wealth and a deathless name through this one source of strength, is in the most unenviable position we know. Dignity does not draw. It answers in place of intellectual tone for twenty minutes, but after a while it fails to get there. Dignity works all right in a wooden Indian or a drum-major; but the man who desires to draw a salary through life and to be sure of a visible means of support will do well to make some other provision than a haughty look and an air of patronage. Colonel Ingersoll may be wrong in the matter of future punishment, but his head is pretty level on the dignity question. Dignity works all right with a man who is worth a million dollars, and has some doubts about his suspenders; but with the man who is to get a large sum of money before he dies, and get married, and accomplish some good, must place himself before his fellow-men in the attitude of one who has ideas that are not too lonely and isolated.

Let us therefore aim higher than simply to appear cold and austere. Let us study to aid in the advancement of humanity and the increase of baled information. Let us struggle to advance and improve the world, even though in doing so we may get into ungraceful positions, and at times look otherwise than pretty. Thus we shall get over the ground, and though we may do it in the eccentric style of the camel, we will get there, as we said before, and we will have camped and eaten our supper while the graceful and dignified pedestrian lingers along the trail.

Works, not good clothes and dignity, are the grand hailing sign, and he who halts, and refuses to jump over an obstacle because he may not do it so as to appear as a gazelle, will not arrive until the festivities are over.—*Bill Nye.*

Literary Notes.

THE PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received such a number of holiday books that space does not suffice to give them merited attention, and we shall have to pass them by with but a cursory notice.

Mrs. Oliphant's exquisite story, "A Little Pilgrim," has been reprinted from *McMillan's Magazine*. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, 75 cents.

"The Winners in Life's Race" is a clear and comprehensive review of the vertebrate animals, by Arabella B. Buckley. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Doxey & Co.

The same firm have published, in their "Young Folks' History Series," a short and well-written life of "Drake, the Devon Sea-King," by George M. Towle. For sale by C. Beach; price, \$1.25.

Mrs. R. F. Kaufmann, of this city, has prepared a most admirable history of "The Queens of England," basing her work on Mrs. Strickland's famous books. Published in three volumes by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

"Songs of Lake Geneva, and Other Poems," is the title of a volume of mediocre verse, by J. B. Kaye. The metre is frequently bad, and the taste more frequently execrable. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.30.

"Life, Death, and Other Poems" is the title of a book of verse by George H. Calvert. As the *Atlantic* once said of a somewhat similar collection, the poems are "not necessary." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

The fourth edition of Harvey Rice's volume of poems, which bears the title of one of their number, "Mount Vernon," appears in a handsome binding, with numerous well-executed wood engravings. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$3.

The "House that Jack Built" is a volume of the collected papers on home architecture which E. C. Gardner recently published in *Our Continent*. It is excellently prepared, and has numerous illustrations. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

"The Knockabout Club Along Shore" is the latest of C. A. Stephens's popular stories of travel for the young. This time he takes a number of boys up the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland to Greenland and Iceland. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by C. Beach; price, \$1.50.

The latest number of the "Kaaterskill Series" is "The Modern Hagar," by Charles M. Clay, author of the popular "Baby Rue." It is a story of strong plot and dramatic setting. Published in two volumes by G. W. Harlan, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, \$2.00.

The pages of *Harper's Young People*, with its charming stories and pictures, have been delighting juvenile readers all the year, from week to week. They now appear bound uniformly with last year's volume, and will form one of the most attractive of the coming Christmas gifts. For sale by Bancroft; price, \$3.

George Bartlett is always planning amusements for children, either in the tableau or charade way, or else in sports and plays. He has now issued a volume entitled "New Games for Parlor and Lawn," which will successfully effect its mission. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

The "Bryant Birthday Book," arranged by Janet Ruutz-Rees, is another of that delightful series which has for some time been collecting for us the best thoughts of most of our great writers, in dainty and convenient form. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"Building the Nation" is an excellent child's history of events in the United States from the Revolution to the civil war. It is profusely illustrated, and its author, Charles C. Coffin, already has the reputation of being one of the best story-tellers. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$3.

Mrs. Lillie, whose articles on England in *Harper's Magazine*, and æsthetic story, "Prudence," have attracted such attention the past two years, has ventured into the juvenile field, and produces a book of pretty stories with the title, "Mildred's Bargain." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Macmillan & Co., of London and New York, have recently been publishing cheap six-penny editions of standard authors. The paper numbers of Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall" and "Old Christmas" are printed in far better style than any similar American publications, while the illustrations are surprising in their originality and design. For sale by Bancroft.

Edward Everett Hale has just issued another of his useful children's books. It is entitled, "Stories of Discoveries, as told by Discoverers." It deals with Columbus, Da Gama, Drake, the Atlantic and Pacific discoveries, the Northwest Passage, the Nile, the Antarctic Continent, and numerous other interesting topics. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Henry Watterson, the well-known editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, has prepared a volume of sketches, entitled "Oddities in Southern Life and Character." It consists of different tales and episodes, written up by Southern writers, to which have been added pithy notes and comments by Mr. Watterson. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have issued two handsome volumes: Tenyson's "Ring out, Wild Bells," illustrated by Miss L. E. Humphrey, and Rose Hartwick Thorpe's poem, "Curfew must not Ring To-night," illustrated by T. J. Merrill and E. H. Garrett. The work done on these books is elaborate and well befits the subjects. For sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price of each, \$1.50.

"The Wife's Manual," by Rev. W. Culvert, rector of St. Antholin's, and a minor canon of St. Paul's, is an English book, reprinted by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, in imitation of a volume of the sixteenth century. Its pages contain beautiful border ornamentation, and the cover is of parchment. The poems are written after the style of Heber and George Herbert. For sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.25.

Walter Crane, the well-known English artist, has selected the choicest of the German "Household Stories" of the Grimm Brothers, and, aided by his sister, Lucy Crane, who did the translating, issues them with a setting of elaborate and æsthetic illustrations. The designs are fully up to the artist's best work, although coloring would have been an addition to their charm. Published by MacMillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.

"Hours with Art and Artists" is an elaborately gotten-up volume by G. W. Sheldon, author of "American Painters." It deals entirely with modern painters, and treats of the French, English, German, and American schools. There are nearly one hundred and fifty engravings on wood and steel. Each is chosen to represent the best work of the artist who is being discussed, and in many instances several illustrations are devoted to one artist. The biographies given are short, but as complete as can be expected, while the more celebrated paintings of each artist are enumerated and described. The volume is large, and elegantly bound, forming a very appropriate holiday book. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

The long-looked-for "Selections from Robert Herrick," illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey, is finally out. It may certainly be given the palm over all other American books of this nature that have yet appeared. It opens with an admirable preface from the pen of Austin Dobson, which is printed after the fashion of the prefaces of the last two centuries, and which breathes of hills, homes, and people, with the same inspiration that guided the poet with whom he deals. Many of the engravings have already made their appearance in *Harper's Monthly*; but their reclamation from a cramped magazine page setting, and the manner in which they have been clothed in the sumptuous livery of a two-inch margin, with the thickest of gold-edged paper, will be hailed with pleasure by every art-lover. It is needless to describe at length these exquisite pictures of the talented New York artist, Abbey. Each one is a gem in itself—from the "Mad Maid" to the "Tinker's Song." Published by Harper & Brothers; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$7.50.

We have received a number of handsomely bound Christmas books from Messrs. Cassell, Peiter, Galpin & Co., of London and New York: "Fred Bradford's Debut" is another of those interesting juvenile stories by Joanna Mathews, of the "Bessie Books" fame; price, \$1.25. "Little Folks" is a children's magazine which is issued monthly. It possesses many illustrations and choice reading matter. The publishers have issued the numbers for 1882 in a gay binding, with colored frontispiece; price, \$1.25. Charles Dickens's charming juvenile story, "Boots at the Holly-tree Inn," is issued in an elaborate dress, with numerous original designs by J. C. Bead; price, \$1.50. A pretty story by Mrs. Henry D. Brine, deals with the adventures of "Papa's Little Daughter." It is profusely illustrated; price, \$1.25. *Do-Dee* is a magazine for the youngest readers; printed in large type, and with attractive pictures on nearly every page; price, \$1.00. "The Changing Year" is a gift-book made up of poems and pictures of life and nature. It is illustrated by many well-known English artists. The poetry relates mostly to scenes in pastoral life and romance; price, \$3.00. "Wild Animals and Birds" is an illustrated treatise by Dr. Andrew Wilson, upon the haunts and habits of the most important types of the different mammalia and birds; price, \$3.00. All these books are for sale by Bancroft.

William Hamilton Gibson when a lad neglected every other study for the pursuit of art. From early childhood the pencil was continually in his hand, and landscapes and faces were transferred to paper with art hand. For a number of years he has been the chief landscape artist on the unequalled staff of *Harper's Magazine*. His illustrated papers from month to month have been inspired by nature in her many different garbs from January to December. His articles have twice before been collected in superb book-form, and now he has issued a third volume, comprising four papers which have appeared in *Harper's Magazine* during 1882. The book is entitled "Highways and Byways," and comprises "Along the Road," "The Squirrel's Highway," "Across Lots," and "Among our Footprints." With magic genius Mr. Gibson has essayed to portray the hitherto most unapproachable effects of light and shade, forest and meadow, stream and hillside, and he has succeeded in the daring task. Who ever thought to see transferred to paper the feathery flakes of snow which sway down the pine boughs? Or what hand ever before set upon the book's page a spider's web whose gossamer lace trembles with starry dew. There is in Mr. Gibson's work none of those touches which Paris studio slang dubs "chic." Every blade or tendril has its original in nature. The cover is a study in itself, and represents a large spray of full-blown golden pussy-willow, thrown upon a field of sombre green. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Bancroft.

MISCELLANY.

"Court Life below Stairs," to be published by Hurst & Blackett, will describe London under the first Georges.

Science, the new illustrated weekly, will make its first appearance in Cambridge early next month. The leading scientific men of the country will contribute to its pages.

Mr. Clark Russell's new novel, "A Sea-Queen," is to appear first in this country in the pages of *Harper's Weekly*. William Black's "Yoland" will be published first in the *Bazar*.

Mr. Austin Dobson's poem in the next *Harper*—"a proper new hal-lad of the country and the town"—chants most daintily the charms of "Phyllida, my Phyllida," a buxom rustic maiden.

Two novelties in the publishing trade are mentioned in the *London Journals*. One is the printing throughout in brown ink of a new edition of Miss Austin's works, and of Fanny Kemble's notes on Shakespeare's plays; the other is the bringing out of books in covers of various sorts of wood.

Mr. Henry Grey, known in England as the editor of a series of "Classics for the Million," has published, through Griffith & Farran, a "Key to All the Waverley Novels, in Chronological Sequence." A table is given of the leading characters in each story, and the plot is set forth as briefly and as clearly as possible. As these thirty-two novels fill ten thousand closely-printed pages, it is unnecessary to insist on the usefulness of such a pamphlet.

In an article treating of what it calls the British "pig-headed obstinacy for running in grooves," the *London Globe* says: "Up to the date of the naturalization of the two American magazines, *Scribner's* and *Harper's*, the woodcuts in English magazines were simply ludicrous. We had got into a groove of illustration, and the public, *fainte de mieux*, were forced to be contented with it; but when the above-named American magazines appeared, and the public saw what could be got at the same price, there was an outcry, and consequent reform in the right direction is everywhere apparent."

PERSONALS.

The *Boston Advertiser* talks about "the feminized social atmosphere of Howells and James."

An illustrated "Pedigree of the Devil," by Mr. A. T. Hall, is about to be published in London.

Mr. George W. Cable will begin his history of the Louisiana creoles in the forthcoming number of the *Century*.

Miss Louisa Alcott has been forbidden to write by her physician. Her last volume is made up of stories collected from the magazines—only one, "The Baron's Gloves," being new.

Lord Otho Fitzgerald, the handsome young Englishman who died of blood-poisoning the other day, is said to have been the original of the agreeable nobleman in Mr. Henry James's novel of "The Portrait of a Lady."

The frontispiece of the February *Century* will be a portrait of Mr. George William Curtis. The accompanying biographical sketch is to be by Mr. S. S. Conant, who has for many years been intimately associated with Mr. Curtis on *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Ruskin expresses himself as greatly disappointed at having received no response to his public appeal for funds to purchase some of the MSS. at the Hamilton Collection sale for the St. George's Museum at Wakeley, Sheffield. He is now on the Continent superintending the work of three artists he has engaged to make copies by eminent masters for the museum.

Mr. F. J. Stimson, says the *New York Tribune*, a young Boston lawyer, is thought to be the author of the successful novel, "Guerndale." The versatile Clarence King is mentioned as the author of "Democracy." Those acquainted with Mr. King's trenchant yet delicate work know that he is quite capable of writing a brilliant novel—but he did not write "Democracy" for all that.

Bayard Taylor, one day, in the course of a conversation with Longfellow, said to the elder poet: "There is a little poem of yours which is hardly known, which few people ever mention; but of all your shorter poems it is my favorite." Mr. Longfellow's eyes kindled. "Is it 'Chrysaor'?" he asked. He was right; it was "Chrysaor," and his quick question seems to show that it was also his favorite.

Mr. Walter Besant is secretary to the Palestine Exploration Fund, and the late Mr. Rice was London editor of the *Toronto Globe*. When their novels began to command high prices it was suggested that they should give up these vocations and devote themselves to fiction. Mr. Rice replied that they should continue their more practical work on the ground that they liked to be perfectly independent of the public taste and of publishers.

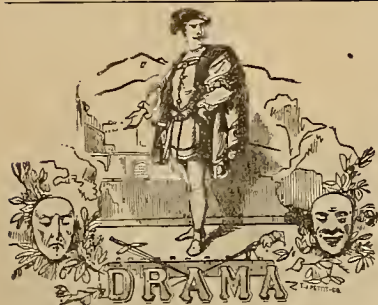
Mr. Emerson was troubled with amnesia, though his poetical faculty was unclouded. Mr. Alcott used frequently to pay Emerson a morning visit, during which the latter would discourse eloquently of lofty themes. Mr. Alcott would drink it all in, and then return in the afternoon and pour it out in scarcely less transcendental style. And Mr. Emerson, quite unconsciously, would exclaim: "What a wonderful mind my friend over the way has."

Victor Hugo's real kindness of heart is illustrated in a story told of Pierre Dupont, the poet. When the latter arrived in Paris, poor and half starved, he applied for assistance to Hugo, and was repulsed at the door by a stern servant. Taking a card and pencil from his pocket, he wrote a little poem, in which he compared himself to a flower perishing with thirst and asking for water, and a starving swallow heating his wings against the window. This poem he asked the servant to deliver to Hugo, and was walking away, when the elder poet sent a messenger to bring him back. He stammered his apologies, but was gently interrupted with the remark: "You are one of us, and you may look on me as an elder brother." And straightway Hugo found employment for the young writer. It is kindness such as this that endears Hugo to his guild.

At a recent social gathering in Boston the conversation was upon literature, and somebody chanced to mention the saying about a prophet's lack of honor in his own country. "Yes," remarked Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, "I know all about that. The tax-collector called upon me last spring, and in the course of conversation asked me what I did for a living. I said I wrote, and after having to explain to him that I was neither a book-keeper nor a copyist, I told him I wrote books. 'Pshaw, now,' said he, 'I want to know! Wa-al, it's kind of curious I never heard of that. Got any of 'em about yer?' I said I had some of them in the house, but I didn't keep a very large supply on hand. 'Well, you can git 'em, I s'pose' was the next remark. I said I could, and he gave me an order on the spot. 'Send me down the handsomest copy you've got,' said he, 'and I'll pay you for it. If we've got a nian that kin write, I'll do my duty by him.'"

The volume of Miss Mitford's correspondence contains that lively lady's version of Carlyle's conversation with J. T. Fields concerning Washington. "So, sir, ye're an American?" quoth the self-sufficient Scotchman. Mr. Fields assented. "Ah, that's a wretched nation of your ain. It's all wrong. It always has been wrong from the vera beginning. That grete mon of yours—George (did any one under the sun ever dream of calling Washington *George* before?)—your grete mon George was a monstrous bore, and wants taking down a few hundred pegs." "Really, Mr. Carlyle," replied Mr. Fields, "you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected such an observation. Look at your own book on Cromwell! What was Washington but Cromwell without his personal ambition and without his fanaticism?" "Eh, sir," responded Carlyle, "George had neither ambition nor religion, nor any good quality under the sun—George was just Oliver with all the juice squeezed out."

A biography of Hans Christian Andersen, lately published in Copenhagen, contains a number of letters from the Danish writer which curiously portray his excessively nervous temperament. In every letter he alludes to his escape from some danger, real or imaginary. For instance, when only fifteen years old, he wrote an account of his first journey by carriage across the Island of Zealand, which, he adds, "was not without danger, for the road went up and down bill several times." And throughout his letters he is forever alluding to dangers of equal magnitude. Although of a healthy, if not robust, physique, Andersen never dispatched a letter without alluding to some ailment from which he was suffering, until it passed into quite a joke among his friends; but the most amusing feature which this nervousness produced in Hans Andersen was a perpetual fear of being buried alive, so that when he went to bed at night he always placed by his bedside a piece of paper on which was written, "I am only apparently dead."



After a storm a calm, and with the close of the Nilsson season came a week of stale attractions. The last notes of the great singer's voice have scarcely ceased to ring in our ears, and people have not yet done talking of the last concert. It was not altogether a pleasant one. The threatening weather interfered with the brilliancy of the toilettes, and the house took on a more sombre appearance than it had yet worn. There was too much repetition in the programme to please a public who had certainly paid the increased prices cheerfully and readily enough, but they counted every golden note that came from the singer's throat, and not in the gilded capitals of Europe, where troops of dilettanti have nothing else to do but drop in at the opera, did Christine Nilsson ever sing to more attentive ears.

There was a disorderly gallery, and much quoting of the gallery-boy has made him over liberal with his cheap wit, till the effect of it has become unpleasant—singularly so in the concert-room, where one involuntarily feels one's own tone to be higher and the gallery-boy does not really seem to have a place.

Then, too, Mme. Nilsson's last song, "Please, sir, give me a penny," after a most tumultuous—it can almost be said impassioned—farewell, did not strike the chord responsive, and there was dissatisfaction in the vast throng that went slowly out of the big opera house reluctant to believe that the brilliant Nilsson season was indeed over. For, although an intangible cloud hung over the last night which might have been merely something in the air, it was indeed a brilliant, beautiful season. It is not comfortable to sit on the outer edge of the world "and hear the nations praising them afar off," these queens regnant in the world of art, and never get a glimpse at them. It is a treat now and then to see a man or a woman something out of the common, and Christine Nilsson, besides her linneth throat, has a marked individuality and a magnetism such as few possess. It would have been interesting to the unimpassioned cynic to stand at the wings and watch her play upon that vast multitude, but the cynic was not abroad, and every one gave up to her mood most absolutely. It is a better gift for the artist before the public, this magnetism, than talent or genius, for its charm is irresistible, and something outside and beyond the pale of criticism.

Annie Louise Cary has it to a marked degree. She has but to smile, her initial smile, and she is *en rapport* with every one in the house, whether she be the impassioned princess in "Aida" or the ballad-singer in the cold, uninspiring concert-room.

Modjeska has magnetism to an extraordinary degree, but it is of a different sort from the insouciance of Cary—more tender, more pathetic, more insinuating. To come nearer home, you will find it a striking quality in Francesca Ellmenreich, the German actress, and pretty little Georgie Cayvan has climbed many rungs of the ladder with little else to further her than this inherent, uncultivated strength. For, when one looks back upon her seven weeks of popular success, she has done nothing in particular; but people like the slow sweep of her big black eyes, and the ring of her earnest voice; and every one is delighted to know—if the rumor prove to be true—that she is coming back to be leading lady at the Baldwin.

It is many years since San Francisco has been so far behind as now in the production of popular Eastern successes. Fortunately for the coming ones, the public is now in a theatre-going mood, and quite undismayed by the avalanche of attractions immediately coming. Before the Madison Square season sets in, we are to have a fortnight or so of Leonard Grover's comedies at the Baldwin. Once upon a time the author sat at home and learned the fate of his play over the telegraph wire. It has become the correct thing in America for the author to travel about with his budget, and oversee its destinies himself. Bartley Campbell relates that when he first took to play-writing, all the dramatic authors in America lived in bleak apartments in the great cities, and saw other men reap the fruits of their work, for the actors lived in great villas out in the deep-green country, and supped on nectar and ambrosia—which, in the modern, is champagne and "cans." But being moved to go over the water to learn the French methods, he discovered the actors making the best of life in apartments, while the authors found it something quite endurable in suburban villas. And he adopted the French authors' financial method, with an adaptability strictly American, and a success which is perhaps cosmopolitan. Leonard Grover is following in his footsteps, and opens the Baldwin with "My Son-in-Law," a comedy not yet played here. Leonard Grover is known principally through "Our Boarding House," and that chiefly through the Raphaelesque pair, Robson and Crane.

But the man behind the scenes, who once invisibly pulled the strings, is coming to the fore. During the Nilsson furor, Abbey divided the honors of notoriety with Christine herself. The managerial lithograph now faces you from the posting-walls, the centre of an elaborate medallion, with his combination grouped artistically about him, and his capitals in the hills, give him an individuality which he never possessed before. Tony Pastor was the pioneer of this sort of thing, but Tony was himself a star, or thought he was, and acquitted himself nightly of his motto songs with such a radiant confidence, both in himself and the good will of his audience, that neither dared dishonor the trust, and he left the stage with flying colors which he had not fairly won. But a rival has risen in his night, and Pastor does not make his annual visit to California. The new man does not sing motto songs, but he puts his capitals in the possessive, and Leavitt's All-star Specialty Troupe becomes a group of people without any particular individuality, singing under his direction. There is a familiar name here and there among them, notably Miss Plana Moore, whose clarion voice and songs *à la* Rooney are not forgotten. Talking of individuality, what a trait it is that little wild Irishman, with his ape-like trail upon the entire specialty department of the profession, and not a one of them ever

sings an Irish song without the Rooney shrug and shake. It is as traditional in its way as Colley Cibber's stage directions. You will see it with half a dozen of Leavitt's specialists next week. You will find it somewhere in any olio. You may drop in upon it any night at the Minstrels so long as that tiresome pair, Ferguson and Mack, continue their meaningless, witless sparring. Billy Emerson will sing "Morality" without it, for he sings like himself and none else; but you will not find another stage Irishman in all the length and breadth of specialty who does not bear the Rooney mark.

There are few people who will confess to an actual fondness for specialty, yet who ever saw a specialty troupe play to an empty house on the first night? As an institution, the specialty performance should be encouraged. It is a harbor of refuge to any man or woman who can do any one thing well, whether it be to sing, to dance, to imitate, or even hold the breath under the water—for a specialty manager does not stop at carrying a tank across a continent. It is one of the idiosyncrasies that Christmas, which is essentially the home season, is always celebrated by the theatres with a flood of novelties. Thus, while there has been actually no place to go during the past week, every theatre in town will have a Christmas matinee with a new bill. At the Grand Opera House a new melodramatic spectacle—they must go hand in hand, nowadays—with the terse title "Youth," is to be produced. A most gorgeous *mise en scene* is promised, together with a thrilling plot, a chapter of incidents which will out-Herod Campbell himself.

At the California the old "Naïad Queen," which with all its accessories will prove to be but mild pap as compared with the spiced diet of the last few weeks, and will feast the eye only. But it will be a genuine, old-time Christmas spectacle. The children will love it, and, as the Christmas time is theirs, its success is assured. What, with "My Son-in-Law" at the Baldwin, a new bill at the Minstrels, and "Leavitt's All-star Specialty Company" in the renovated Bush Street Theatre, it will not be easy where to choose for Christmas Day. BETSY B.

Madame Nilsson left on Tuesday morning for Sacramento on her way East. Her stay here was one of unbroken pleasure, with the sole exception of what the dailies term "an unpleasant incident." The Swedish nightingale is a disciple of the German school rather than the Italian, and did not hesitate to express herself to a reporter on her opinions in regard to the demerits of the florid Italian methods. The reporter, on his part, took no pains to suppress the lady's rash expressions, and added to them a certain fiery intensity of his own. An exile from sunny Italy, one Ricardo Lucchesi, who has long taught scales and trills to the Mary Anns and Sarah Janes of Taylor Street, happened to light upon the contemptuous apostrophe to the music of his native land. It burned deep into his soul, and straightway he wrote a note to the cantatrice, demanding to know whether the report was her unvarnished opinion on Donizetti, Rossini, Petrella, Bellini, Ricci, Pacini, and the rest. Without, however, waiting for a reply, he inserted a card in the papers in which he cast reflections on the lady and her voice. Madame Nilsson replied to him with an invitation to visit her, but the Italian returned an insulting answer. Thereupon the musical director of the company visited the musician with a view of securing an apology, but was unsuccessful; so the matter rests, or at least rests in so much that a man who has hitherto plodded in comparative obscurity now succeeds in winning himself a certain unenviable local notoriety. Madame Nilsson, on her arrival in Sacramento, performed a very graceful act. The train to which her ear was attached tarried but for the short space of half an hour. A large crowd had gathered at the station to catch, if possible, a brief glimpse of the prima donna. Soon the strains of a piano began to float from the open car-windows, and directly after the multitude was overjoyed to hear the sweet tones of the singer in "Hard Times come again no more." The applause was tumultuous, and the lady gracefully responded to the enthusiasm with "Old Folks at Home."

The Teachers' Association of California is to convene on Wednesday next, December 27th, for a three-days' session, at Y. M. C. A. Hall, on Sutter Street, between Kearny and Dupont. A novel feature of the programme this year is the invitation extended to all citizens interested in educational matters to be present. They are also invited to introduce resolutions in relation to the present workings of the school system, at 2:15 P. M., December 27th, and at 2:30 P. M., December 28th. Such resolutions will be discussed at 11:30 P. M., December 28th, and at 11 A. M., December 29th. The C. P. R. R. and S. P. R. R. have reduced the rates of travel for teachers in attendance at this meeting, charging full fare to San Francisco, but one-fifth the full rates from the city to place of starting.

The "Old Minstrel" is a song by Mr. Albert B. Cheney, words by J. V. Cheney. Its title-page deserves attention, by reason of its novelty and original design. It represents an inscription on an old frieze, and is the work of a lady amateur of this city, Miss M. E. Ingalsbe, who possesses a talent for wood engraving which should certainly be developed.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Herrmann, the conjurer, has just returned to Vienna from South America, where he had a very successful tour. Herrmann, conjurer though he may be, can not exist in the flesh on two continents at once. If the original Herrmann is at present in Vienna, who is the fellow now travelling round the country under that name? Can it be that he is a trickster in a double sense?

Bill of Fare for Eighteen Persons—Christmas, 1882.
Eastern Oysters on the Shell.
Vermicelli Soup.
Shrimp Salad.
Terrapin à la Maryland.
Chicken Pie.
Broiled Tomatoes. Mushrooms. Celery.
Roman Punch.
Roast Turkey, stuffed with Chestnuts, Cranberry Sauce.
Sweet Potatoes.
Ground Artichoke Salad.
Gravy Cheese.
English Plum Pudding.
Mince Pie. Ice Cream. Fruits Glacés.
Apples, Pears, Japanese Persimmons, Bananas, Oranges, and Grapes.
Walnuts, Almonds, Figs, Prunes, Raisins.
Coffee and Wines.

"THE PEER AND THE PERI."

"Iolanthe," Gilbert and Sullivan's New Comic Opera.

"Iolanthe"—by the way, Mr. Gilbert says that it should be pronounced with a broad sound to the initial letter—describes the vicissitudes of two Arcadian lovers. Strephon, son of the fairy Iolanthe by union with a mortal, is the accepted lover of Phyllis, a ward in chancery. The Lord Chancellor refuses his consent to their marriage, and seeks either to win the girl for himself, or marry her to some nobleman. Strephon begs his mother, Iolanthe, to intercede for him with the fairies. Phyllis accidentally witnesses their interview, and, ignorant of Strephon's origin, is jealous of the beautiful fairy, and will not believe, at first, that so young-looking a woman can be mother to a youth of twenty-five. The Lord Chancellor and the numerous band of peers, who happen in at that moment, also ridicule the idea. But Iolanthe invokes magic aid, and the Queen of the Fairies, with her court, enters and compels the Lord Chancellor and his peers to submit. The young pair are united, Iolanthe recognizes in the Chancellor her long-lost husband, and the fairies proceed to take unto themselves husbands from the noblemen.

One of the liveliest songs is the chorus of the peers:

Loudly let the trumpet bray—
Tantantara!
Gayly bang the sounding brasses—
Ting!
As upon its lordly way
This unique procession passes!
Tantantara! ting! boom!
Bow, ye lower, middle classes!
Bow, ye tradesmen! bow, ye masses!
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tantantara! ting! boom!
We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation!
Tantantara! ting! boom!

When one of the noblemen, Lord Tolloller, is repulsed in his suit by Phyllis, he responds in the following pathetic "Ballad":

Spurn not the nobly born
With love affected,
Nor treat with virtuous scorn
The well-connected.
High rank involves no shame;
We boast an equal claim
With him of humble name
To be respected.
Blue blood!
Blue blood!
When virtuous love is sought,
Thy power is naught,
Though dating from the Flood,
Blue blood! ah, blue blood!

Spare us the bitter pain,
With stern denials,
Nor with low-born disdain
Augment our trials.
Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials.
Blue blood!
Blue blood!
Of what avail art thou
To serve us now,
Though dating from the Flood,
Blue blood! ah, blue blood!

The "Lord Chancellor's Song," like that of the Admiral in "Pinafore," has already become a street tune in London:

When I went to the bar as a very young man
(Said I to myself, said I.)
I'll work on a new and original plan
(Said I to myself, said I.)
I'll never assume that a rogue or a thief
Is a gentleman worthy implicit belief
Because his attorney has sent me a brief
(Said I to myself, said I.)
I'll never throw dust in a jurymen's eyes,
(Said I to myself, said I.)
Or hoodwink a judge who is not over-wise
(Said I to myself, said I.)
Or assume that the witnesses summoned in force
In exchequer, queen's bench, common pleas, or divorce
Have perjured themselves as a matter of course
(Said I to myself, said I.)

At the meeting of the Peers and the Fairies, the following dialogue takes place:

PEERS.—Our lordly style
You shall all quench
With base cantale.
FAIRIES.—(That word is trench.)
PEERS.—Distinction ebbs
Before a herd
Of vulgar plebs.
FAIRIES.—(A Latin word.)
PEERS.—'Twould fill with joy
And maddest merriment
The but polli.
FAIRIES.—(A Greek remark.)

A clever bit of rhyming is another of the Lord Chancellor's songs. It is somewhat after the style of the celebrated "Patter" song in the "Pirates," and bids fair to become quite as popular:

When you are lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is tabooed by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in without impropriety.
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you;
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you;
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles, so terribly shabby is the picking;
And you're hot and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking;
Then your bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle.
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with bot eyeballs and head ever aching,
But your slumbering teens with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking;
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing like mad in a steamer from Harwich;
Which is something between a large bathing-machine and a very small second-class carriage;
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations—
They're a ravenous horde, and they all come on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington stations;
And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon);
He's a bit under-sized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven.
Well, you're driving like mad, with this singular lad (by the by, the ship's now a four-wheeler),
And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "Tie pay the dealer;"
But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle.
In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle;
And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they have somehow or other invested in—

And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a company he's interested in;
It's a scheme of devices to get at low prices all goods from cough mixtures to cables
(Which tickles the sailors) by treating retailers as though they were all vegetables.
You get a good spademan to plant a small tradesman (first take off his boots with a boot tree).
And his legs will take root and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and spread like a fruit tree.
From the green-grocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflowers, pineapples, and cranberries.
While the pastry-cook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three-corners, and banberries.
The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring;
And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing.
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck; and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you're needles and pins from your soles to your shins;
And your flesh is a creep, for your left leg's asleep; and you're a cramp in your toes, and a fly in your nose, and some ruff in your lung, and a feverish tone, and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;
But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long—ditto, ditto, my song—and, thank goodness, they're both of them over!

Strauss, whose waltzes are household words the world over, found himself quite out of tune when he attempted to write the comic operas which have lately been added to the long list of his works. He never would have attempted them had it not been for his wife; and it was she alone who kept him from giving up in despair after the first unpropitious effort. She had noticed the money made by Offenbach out of operas in dance rhythm. "And who," she demanded, "can write prettier dance tunes than my husband? Let him write opera bouffe, and success is certain."

—WANTED—A POSITION AS GOVERNRESS BY A young lady just arrived from the East. English branches, German, and music. Best of city references. Address Governress, this office.

—MISS EMMA HOPF, CONTRALTO, LATE OF BERLIN, pupil of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Berlin, and of I. Stockhausen, *inst-uct in Singing*. Residence, 317 Geary Street. Communications may be left at Gray's music store, 117 Post Street.

—FOR ADOPTION—A FEMALE INFANT, FOUR weeks old, of healthy Swedish parents, will be given by the mother to a responsible person desiring to adopt the child. Address Mrs. E., Argonaut office, 522 California Street.

—CHAS. GOFFRIE, SOLO VIOLINIST, FROM LONDON, has a rare collection of genuine Cremona Violins and fine Bows, at his residence, 807 Bush Street; can be seen from 8:30 to 11 A. M. N. B.—Violins bought from Mr. Goffrie will be taken back and money refunded, minus 10 per cent., at any time.

—"IT'S A FEARFUL HIT AT THE EASTERN WINTERS, but I am going to send it all the same," said a lady, yesterday, while purchasing one of the "California Christmas Cards" at Snow's. Nothing will more forcibly bring to the mind of old Californians now in the East, or show to those who have never been here, the great difference in climate between there and here, than one of these beautiful cards—price, two dollars and fifty cents. They are sent by mail to all parts, and are for New Year's as well as Christmas.

—THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, AND ST. PAUL Railway Managers have just opened an office at 138 Montgomery Street. It will be in charge of Mr. Samuel A. Van Praag, the well-known Pennsylvania railroad man, in whose care the efficient traffic-agent, Charles E. Fairbank, has placed the San Francisco business of the company. The C. M. & St. P. Railway is noted throughout the Union for being the safest, most comfortable, and best-equipped line on the continent. The luxurious passenger coaches are models of ease and convenience, while the Pullman palace drawing-room sleeping and dining cars are attached to every train. Express trains run back and forth daily between Council Bluffs and Chicago. All who are contemplating an Eastern trip would do well to call on Mr. Van Praag, who will give them complete information in regard to every particular of this line.

—KADSURA IS A PERFUME WHICH IS FAST GAINING the first place in this country. It is prepared by a celebrated chemist-perfumer of Paris—the famous Violet. The tree from which it is extracted is a native of Java and Japan, and is noted for its rare perfume and stimulating and healing qualities. The agents in this city for KADSURA are Messrs. Langley & Co., corner Front and Pine. The same firm has on sale the well-known RACHEL'S ENAMEL BLOOM, which is invaluable as a harmless beautifier of the complexion. It gives a peachy softness to the most intractable cheeks, and is something that no household should lack.

At the Concert.

THERE WERE MORE NEW AND LOVELY BONNETS at the Nilsson concerts last week than one can imagine. For instance, one worn by the wife of the Vice-Consul, was close-fitting, the front formed of large puffs of pink velvet, and the crown entirely of black embroidered Spanish lace. Roses and buds covered the left side. Another was entirely of crystal and pearl embroidery. The crown and front were joined by an Etruscan gold band and buckle. It was called "The Opera," and was worn by a lady from the Palace. Its simplicity was extremely becoming to the wearer. Another of our handsomest ladies wore one of shell-pink and black lace, and pink feathers. One of the most attractive hats seen was "The Empress." It was a combination of white and black velvet, with leathers, white marguerites, and crystal ornaments. Several ladies of the Ralston House displayed new novelties in head-covering. A lady of Pine Street wore a lovely and wonderful creation in the bonnet line. It was of solid gold embroidered brocade, with a front of gold and pearl beads. On the left side were gold marguerites. A California Street belle wore one composed of green moss leaves of various autumnal tints, and shaded pink crystal beads and pink roses. There were many bonnets seen of crepe and the new shades of red. Of course, they all came from the court milliner. A well-known society lady of California Street wore in the Park, last Saturday, one of the most elegant bonnets seen this season. It was of garnet velvet. In the centre of the crown was a butterfly made of humming-birds' breasts, and surrounding it were innumerable brilliant bugs and beetles. A bill of gold lace, embroidered with garnet beads, adorned the front.

—HERRMANN, THE WELL-KNOWN HATTER OF 335 Kearny Street, has just issued his semi-annual catalogue for the current season. It contains designs of all the latest styles of head-covering, and is also diversified by pictures of local scenery, well-known actors, painters, etc. In the beginning are full directions concerning hat-measuring and the procuring of goods by mail. There is no house in the city that equals Herrmann's, in either quantity, quality, or variety.

—MR. GEORGE F. ROBERTS, THE NOTED CANDY manufacturer, has, for several weeks past, been preparing the most delicious bonbons for the Christmas season. An immense assortment of confectionery rarities arrived last week from Paris, and may now be inspected at his manufactory, northwest corner Polk and Bush streets. Mr. Roberts's talent for original designs and recipes in the candy line has rendered him celebrated all over the coast.

—OVERWORKED MEN AND WOMEN, PERSONS OF sedentary habits, and others whose system needs recuperation, nerves toned, and muscles strengthened, should use Brown's Iron Bitters.

—WOMEN THAT HAVE BEEN BEDRIDDEN FOR years have been completely cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

—NO HAIR PREPARATION IN THE WORLD HAS attained such a world-wide reputation as Ayer's Hair Vigor. This is due to its healthy action on the hair and scalp, and its remarkable power of restoring gray hair to its original color, and imparting a gloss and freshness which makes it so desirable to all classes and conditions of people.

—\$4.00 FAIRY SEWING MACHINES, PRACTICAL, cheap, durable; greatest bargains; every one wanted. Secure one ere it is too late, or the supply is exhausted. Read carefully the announcement of Messrs. E. G. Rideout & Co. in this issue.

—COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE.—WE DESIRE TO call attention to the advertisement in another column of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Michigan, the great seedsmen, whose mammoth establishment is one of the sights of the chief city of Michigan. They do the largest business in their trade in the United States, reaching even across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The house is entirely reliable, and if you wish to get exactly what you order, you can not do better than to send to them for your seeds, and you may depend upon it, you will get the best that the market can supply. Their seeds have become known over the entire civilized world for purity and fertility, and have gained for them an enviable reputation. Their Annual Seed Catalogue, just issued for 1883, replete with information and beautifully illustrated, will be sent free on application.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, New York.

—WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT REDDING'S RUSSIA Salve, is the verdict of all who use it. Price 25c.

—STINGING IRRITATION, INFLAMMATION, ALL Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." 5c.

—WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

—USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

—THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE CITY WHERE THE best, freshest, and purest candies may be obtained is the manufactory of G. F. Roberts, corner Polk and Bush streets. Mr. Roberts is constantly inventing the choicest bon-bons, and has prepared for the holiday season a vast number of various delicious and original confectionery conceits. Besides this he has just received, direct from Paris, a stock of French bonbonnières.

—MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN THE world, 826 Market Street, (Phelan Block).

—HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC BELTS, AND appliances for the cure of nervous, painful, and debilitating diseases. Pamphlets, with full particulars, free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC COMPANY, 513 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ATTRACTIONS!

Our selections for the coming Holidays are exceptionally fine, and embrace the largest assortment of articles pertaining to the **DIAMOND, WATCH, JEWELRY, and SILVERWARE** business to be found in the State, and we are selling at close prices. All goods are marked in plain figures, from which no deviation is made.

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.

110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Books

MAKE THE BEST HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

THE FINEST DISPLAY IN THE CITY OF

NEW YEAR CARDS

—AT—

DOXEY & CO.

23 DUPONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

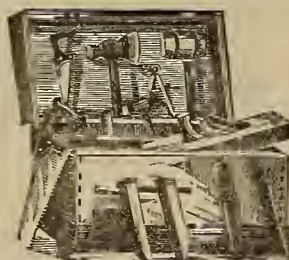
—RHEUMATISM, DISORDERED BLOOD, GENERAL debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5

—Go To Bradley & Rushton's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!



BOY'S TOOL CHEST

No trash. We put up our own chest. All steel tools.



BOY'S BICYCLES!!

The strongest and cheapest. Call and examine.

SCROLL SAWS,
SCROLL SAW MATERIAL,
MECHANICS' TOOLS,
HARDWARE.

OSBORN & ALEXANDER,

628 Market St., opp. Palace Hotel.

THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER.
No. 8 MONTGOMERY STREET, . . . OPPOSITE GRAND AND PALACE HOTELS, S. F.
GOLD MEDAL AWARDED FOR THE BEST PHOTOGRAPHS.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES
235 KEARNY S. ST.

SOUTHWEST CORNER OF BUSH.
PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES T. DOUGINE, et als., Defendant. Superior Court. Department No. 3. (Late 10th Dist. Court.) No. 6738. Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against James T. Dougine, Mrs. James T. Dougine, his wife, and Mary A. Griswold, defendants, on the 31st day of August, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book 2, of said Superior Court, at page 174. I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Webster Street, distant two hundred and four feet northerly from the northeasterly corner of Webster and Washington Streets; thence northerly along the easterly line of Webster Street, twenty-five feet and six inches; thence at right angles easterly eighty feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five feet and six inches; and thence at right angles westerly eighty feet to the point of commencement. The same being part of the parcel of land known on the official map of the Western Addition as Block No. 365.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 15th day of January, A. D. 1883, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States. San Francisco, December 23, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
TODIN & TODIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
December 23, 30; January 6, 13.

DANICHEFF

FACTORY,

119 DUPONT ST.

KID
GLOVES.



TO ORDER OR READY MADE.

DRESS,

WALKING,

DRIVING.

THEY
MAY BE EQUALED.
CAN'T
BE EXCELLED.

Storyettes.

GRAVE AND GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

A lady, whose ambition is to shine in the wide, wide world of literature, art, and fashion, undertakes to create a salon, and selects a reception day, but vainly does she expect a throng of celebrities—the celebrities do not come. Her lady friends feel for her, of course. "I see she has taken a reception day," says one. "No, my love, a deception day," says the other.

When Daniel O'Connell, while conducting a case before Lord Norbury, observed: "Pardon me, my lord; I am afraid your lordship does not apprehend me," the Chief-Justice, (alluding to a report that O'Connell had avoided a duel by surrendering himself to the police,) retorted: "Pardon me, also; no one is more easily apprehended than Mr. O'Connell whenever he wishes to be apprehended."

A German banker, for his services to his government in arranging a loan, is created a baron, and prepares to take a walk abroad accompanied by his son and heir. According to custom the young man respectfully takes his place on his sire's left. "You may walk on the right side," says the new baron, ceremoniously; "you have one titled ancestor more than I." And as his heir seems surprised at this statement, he adds majestically, "I am that titled ancestor, sir!"

"You mustn't touch the top of the baby's head," said a mother to her little four-year-old; "she has a soft spot there that is very tender." The youngster gazed at it curiously for a moment, and then asked: "Do all babies have soft spots on their heads?" "Yes." "Did papa have a soft spot on the top of his head when he was a baby?" "Yes," replied the mother, with a sigh, "and he has got it yet." And the old man, who had overheard the conversation from an adjoining room, sang out: "Yes, indeed, he has, my boy, or he would be a single man to-day."

At a revival meeting held in Nauvoo, on the Mississippi River, last summer, old Captain Higgins strayed into the camp-grounds, and before he knew it found himself pretty well forward among the "mourners." The captain, who has been a river pilot for over thirty years, is troubled with weak eyes, and in consequence has frequent recourse to a big red handkerchief. One of the active brethren of the meeting noticed his apparent interest in the proceedings, and thought he had hooked a convert. So he approached the old weather-beaten pilot, shook him warmly by the hand, and said: "Well, Brother Higgins, how do you feel?" "Tough; how do you pull through in this d—d hot weather?"

An ingenious clerk in the British Admiralty was asked by a gentleman with whom he had a slight acquaintance whether he might come to his room to see the recent review of the troops on their return from Egypt. "Certainly," replied the clerk. "May I bring my wife?" "Yes." "I have two daughters; may they come?" "By all means." A second time the gentleman called to ask whether a few nieces might be added to the band. To this the clerk cheerfully assented. "We can not be sufficiently grateful to you," said the gentleman, "for enabling us to have so good a view of the review." "I am afraid," answered the clerk, "that you and your family will not see very much of it, for my room looks out into a back-yard."

A queer story is told of the way in which Talleyrand became possessed of the benefice of Saint Denys de Reims. He had come to Paris with little more capital than his wit. This, however, gained him a reception everywhere. One afternoon he was at Madame Dubarry's, where a gathering of young dandies were boasting of their conquests among the fair sex. Talleyrand was abnormally quiet, and the king's favorite rallied him, saying: "Monsieur l'Abbé, what renders you so silent?" "Alas! madame, I am oppressed by a mournful reflection." "Indeed! And of what?" "That it is a good deal easier in Paris to become possessor of a mistress than benefice." Dubarry carried the *bon mot* to Louis XVI., and Talleyrand became Abbé of Saint Denys, with returns of eighteen thousand livres yearly.

One fine evening in the last century, says the New York *World*, the poet Chapelle and a French duke of his acquaintance supped together, and, having tarried long at the wine, naturally began to grow moral, to lament the brevity of this life, and to insist that nothing was more desirable than religion, which alone could purchase for them a happy hereafter. Unfortunately the prospect of devoting a whole lifetime to well-doing seemed somewhat unattractive, and both began to envy the early martyrs, who had gained a blissful immortality by a brief moment of suffering; and, having had another bottle, they resolved, with fervent tears, to go to Turkey and earn the palms of martyrdom. "We shall be taken while preaching," said the poet, "and led before the Pasha, who will command us to abjure our faith. I shall reply firmly; so will your grace. I shall be impaled; so will your grace. And there we shall be, both of us, in Paradise." "Hold on," exclaimed his companion; "as a marshal of France, duke, and peer, it will be my place to speak to the Pasha, be impaled, and go to heaven first—not a base-born clod like you!" "What the deuce do I care if you are a marshal of France, duke, and peer?" screamed the indignant poet, snapping his fingers under his grace's nose. Then the duke threw his plate at the poet, and the poet fell upon the duke, and the table upon both of them, and there was the scene, when they were separated, and undertook to reason what they had been fighting about.

"What sort of a servant have you now?" inquired a lady of a friend that she was visiting. "Oh, splendid!" she replied; "he's a Chinaman, and is so methodical in his habits that I know just what he is doing at any hour in the day. He is now, probably, putting away the dishes and tidying up the kitchen. Come and see if I'm right." She led the way to the kitchen, quietly opening the door, and there, in the middle of the floor, sat John Chinaman washing his feet in the dish-pan.

"Papa," said a gushing and modest young damsel of Chicago, "I want you to give me this Christmas a sealskin sacque and muff, a pair of diamond ear-rings, that beautiful writing-desk we were looking at the other day, and bushels and bushels of French candy. Will you, papa?" and the dear thing's eyes danced in glowing anticipation, while her feet beat a tattoo on the velvet carpet that sounded like muffled thunder. "Ah, my dear child," replied the proud father, as he gazed at his daughter with a pensive, upward-tendency-in-pork look, "indeed I will; just hang your stocking up in the back-yard, and I will fill it for you, darling, if I have to chuck in a house and lot."

When the Duke of Vendôme was charged with obtaining the signatures of the most important of the Spanish nobles to the declaration in favor of Philip V., several of the signers added to their names, "As noble as the king." Monsieur de Vendôme made no objection to this, being unwilling to offend any of them; but when one of them added to his signature, "As noble as the king, and a little more so," he could not repress his surprise, and said, politely: "Surely, sir, you would not cast a doubt upon the right of the House of Bourbon—the oldest in all Europe—to be regarded as noble?" "No, your grace," replied the Spaniard, "but Philip V. is French, and I have the honor of being a Castilian."

A Wisconsin man, says the Milwaukee *Sun*, had been injured by the cars and had sued the railroad company. The testimony for the prosecution was all in, and the defense called in a witness to prove "contributory negligence," in that the injured man did not use due caution to protect himself from injury. Counsel made a few remarks on the sin of "contributory negligence," and in his mild, sad way tried to show that really the railroad company was the injured party, when plaintiff's counsel got up, mad as a hornet, and said to the judge: "Your honor, there never is a case of this kind but the defense pleads contributory negligence, and I should not be surprised, if the heirs of Jesus Christ should bring suit against His persecutors for damages, and opposing counsel should be retained by the defense, to hear him put in the plea of contributory negligence upon the part of Christ, because He carried the cross and injured His back."

A little while ago, four bold, bad sophomores in a certain college in Maine went into the room of a freshman whom they judged to be verdant. After the sophomores had got into the room the freshman asked what they wished. "Oh, we've come to put you through," was the reply. The freshman told them they had better not attempt anything, but they scornfully refused to listen to advice from a member of a lower class, and made a rush for the youth whom they took to be green. With a blow he laid one of the bold sophs upon his back. In the mêlée that followed the light was overturned and extinguished, when the freshman grasped a chair, and the sophomores were obliged to beat a hasty and disastrous retreat. The next morning the freshman was called before the President of the college, who inquired the cause of the disturbance in his room the preceding evening. The freshman narrated the circumstances of the case very minutely, and the President listened with the greatest attention. When the freshman had finished, the President said: "And you cleaned them out?" "Yes," was the answer. "I congratulate you upon your success," said the President, as he took the boy's hand and gave it a hearty shake.

Colonel Ramsay had been but a short time in India when he was appointed aid-de-camp to the Governor of Bombay, Sir George Arthur. At the first great dinner party his brother aid-de-camp was ill, and he had to pair off the guests, all strangers to him. To make matters worse, at the last moment many of the arrangements had to be altered: "I got on very well until I came to a large, imposing-looking officer, and I said: 'Colonel D—, I believe?' He bowed assent. 'I see you are down on my list to take Miss A— down to dinner.' Sternly and briefly, he replied: 'No, sir, I will not.' I stared at him, speechless; and he said: 'Ah, I forgot; you are new on the island. That fellow D'Arcy is, I suppose, amusing himself in the jungles, so I may as well let you know I am a full colonel off pay and reckoning, and Commissary-General of the Bombay army, and my position entitles me to a married woman. I will take no miss down to dinner.' I smiled sweetly, and said: 'Colonel, I have just come from a little place called England, and there we are very fond of taking young ladies down to dinner, and the older we get, the more we like it.' 'I know nothing about England,' he replied; and off he went again—the old refrain, full colonel, commissary-general, etc., etc. I was obliged to tell him that he had been originally marked off for a married lady, but, owing to the numerous apologies, there was now none available. The next officer I came to was standing by laughing; I said: 'Colonel B—?' He bowed. I then told him how delighted I was to find that he had to take down a married lady. 'No, sir,' he said, hastily, 'I can not; I have not spoken to her for twenty years.' I was in despair. However, the two great men went down good-naturedly together."

A martinet of a sergeant turns up unexpectedly to call out a fatigue party. Only one soldier answers to the summons with promptitude. "Confound it all to confusion!" yells the irritated officer. "What in the name of a hundred thousand devils do you mean by turning out alone, sir, when I called out the whole squad? Forty-eight hours in the black-hole! That'll teach you to be the only man to turn out!"

A Cleveland man named Jones has a cow addicted to the uncomfortable habit of switching her tail in his face while milking her. The other day Jones took the tail and tied it firmly to his leg. The cow, irritated by the flies she could not drive away, started off, and feeling the curious attachment to her tail, became frightened and ran. Jones is now walking around on crutches and remarking: "About the tenth time I had been baled around that lot I began to see where I had missed it. I oughter tied her tail to *her* leg, and not to *mine*."

"I raised seven boys," said an Arkansas man, "and all but one was killed. Tom was killed by his uncle; Ned was stabbed by Ike; Ike was horned to death by a cow; Jake was blowed up; Sim was killed by a wild hog; and Nat was flung by a horse, and killed." "What was your other son's name?" "Lige, and he was as good a boy as ever lived, and smart! That boy could write his name anyhow, and he could read big show printin'." "And so they were all killed but Lige?" "Yes," said the old man, with a sorrowful sigh. "And what became of Lige?" "Why, sir, the Governor took a fool notion and wouldn't pardon him, and he was hung."

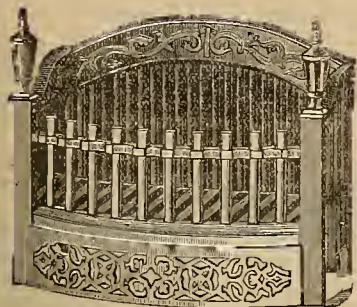
"I had a funny experience to-day," remarked Fenderson. "I had taken my seat in the car and opened the window, when all of a sudden a fellow back of me leaned forward and said: 'I beg your pardon, sir; but did you ask me if the dust annoyed me?' I didn't know what to make of him, but I shook my head and took up my paper. Five minutes later, blamed if that chap didn't touch me on the back again, and say: 'Did you ask me if the wind was too much for me?' And I hadn't said a blessed word to him. Guess the fellow was drunk or crazy." The boys said they guessed he must have been, and then began to laugh. But Fenderson couldn't see what in time they found to laugh at.

One of the latest of French theatrical successes, "Le Truc d'Arthur," turns upon the ingenious expedient adopted by a young man desirous to elude the importunities of the sweetheart with whom he is desirous of breaking. The idea of permitting the too faithful lady to discover that he was a footman originated with Eugène Sue. Great, naturally, was the fair one's disgust and indignation, upon calling at the novelist's dwelling, to find a strange gentleman assuring her that he was Eugène Sue, and to recognize the gay Lothario in the flunkey who brought in the coal to make the fire. "I should have known it!" sobbed the victim. "You wretch, you were so stupid all the time that I felt sure you could never have written those romances!"

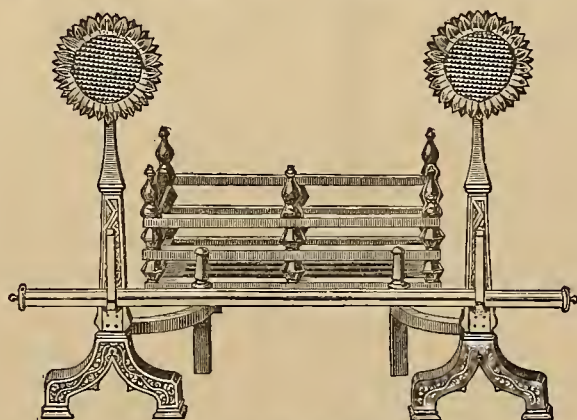
That good old Bible and pistol story seems to have a new boom this fall, and it is with the utmost reluctance that we aim a blow at the venerable tradition by the following cold statement of facts. It seems that a young Deadwood City miner named Hogdon, was in the habit of frequently reading from a hymn-book, the gift of his mother, which he invariably carried in the breast-pocket of his coat. One day last week, while said garment was hanging on a bush at a little distance, a party, familiar to the reader as a typical bold, bad man, came by, appropriated the coat, and impudently put it on at once. As it contained all the exemplary youth's money, as well as the hymn-book in question, a fight was inevitable, and both men opened fire without loss of time. The bullet that should have killed the thief lodged in the hymn-book and enabled the desperado to walk off with a sacrilegious grin on his wicked countenance. The good young man was killed as dead as Guiteau. Now, what are the writers of Sunday-school books going to do about this entire new deal?

The Arabs tell a story to show how a mean man's philosophy overshoots itself. Under the reign of the first Calif there was a merchant of Bagdad equally rich and avaricious. One day he bargained with a porter to carry home for him a basket of porcelain vases for ten paras. As they went along he said to the man: "My friend, you are young and I am old; you can still earn plenty. Strike a para from your hire." "Willingly!" replied the porter. This request was repeated again and again, until, when they reached the house, the porter had only a single para to receive. As they went up-stairs the merchant said: "If you will resign the last para I will give you three pieces of advice." "Be it so," said the porter. "Well, then," said the merchant, "if any one tells you it is better to be fasting than feasting, do not believe him. If any one tells you it is better to be poor than rich, do not believe him. If any one tells you it is better to walk than ride in your carriage, do not believe him." "My dear sir," replied the astonished porter, "I knew these things before; but if you will listen to me, I will give you such advice as you never heard before." The merchant turned around, and the porter, throwing the basket down the staircase, said: "If any one tells you that one of your vases is unbroken, do not believe him." But before the merchant could reply, the porter made his escape, thus punishing his employer for his greediness.

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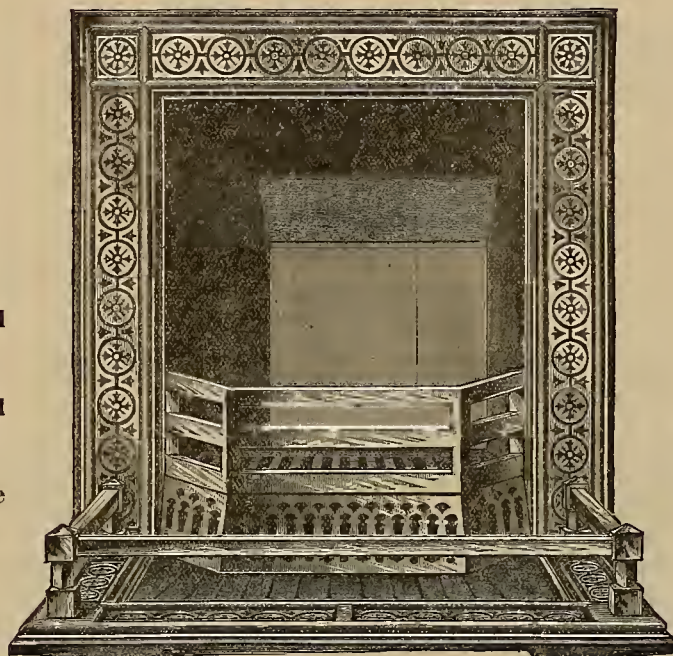
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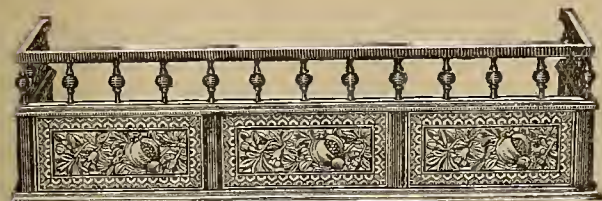


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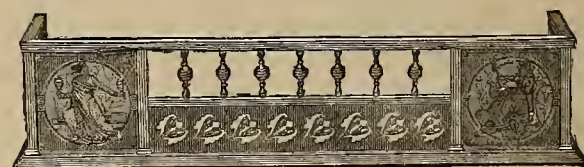
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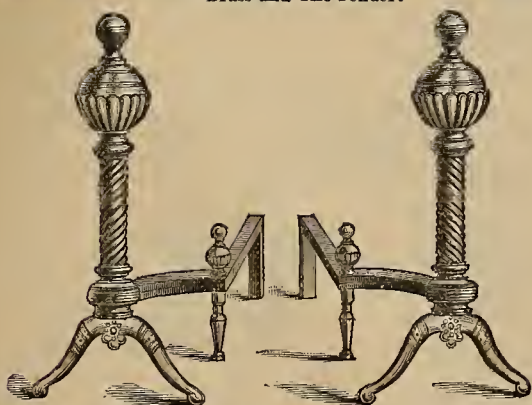
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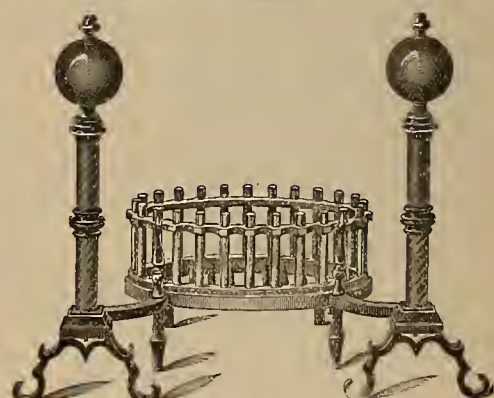
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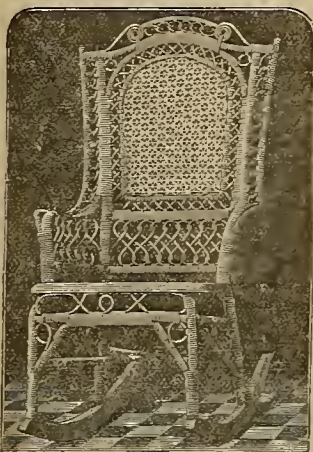
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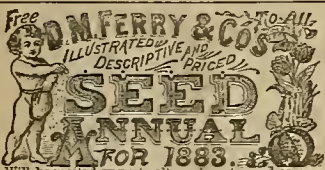
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AGENTS,

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Tholuj: the Hanged

*NATHAN ben NATHAN, unto those that yet,
In spite of all, believe in Christ: to those
Who find both time and sinews taxed to get
Daily supplies of sustenance and clothes,
Shut out by poverty and private woes
From Sabbath operas, where "better folk"
Blend chant and essay with an organ's throes
And think they worship God; to those that broke
Latus human and divine to flee Christ's heavy yoke:*

I know not how it happened, but I know
It came to pass somehow, some time, somewhere,
That, wrecked and broken by the storms of woe,
I stranded on the desert of Despair—
A soul too dead to seek relief in prayer;
While the salt surf of bitterness did fray
All feeling, intellect, and purpose bare—
A thing so hopeless dead that where it lay
The vulture, Passion, looked, and slowly sailed away.

For from my childhood I had loved the Lord
With changeless, perfect truth and constancy
That would have braved the fagot, or the sword,
Or any form of death and agony,
To prove my faith in Him that died for me;
But the hour came when all aghast I saw
That War, and Slavery, and Usury,
The crimes that curse mankind, are crimes that draw
Their fatal strength as much from churches as from law.

With cruel certainty I saw 'twas vain
To hope "Religion" could regenerate
Our human life. Broken in heart and brain,
I sank beneath the vast and bitter weight,
Of hopeless pity for the world's sad fate.
"There is no help in Earth or Heaven!" I said;
"Jesus, the Beautiful, hath died in vain!
Man hath no refuge but the sombre shade
Of quiet, dreamless Death! Would God that I were
dead!"

How long I lay in this void, pangless grief
No mortal knoweth: but at last there came
A sad-faced Angel, grand beyond belief,
Strong, quiet, beautiful, as if his name
Might be Compassion. Lovingly he came,
Lifted my wan-hope spirit tenderly
To his white, radiant breast, and like a flame,
Noiseless but bright, with waving pinions free,
Floated through starless heavens o'er mountain, vale,
and sea!

I can not tell you how the thing was done;
But it was so that as we glided through space
We also glided back through ages gone,
And soon descried a vast and wondrous place
Long centuries behind the Year of Grace.
"Behold Jerusalem!" the Angel said;
"The battle-field whereon a fallen race
Triumphed o'er Sin, and Selfishness, and Death!
Behold the Christ," he said; "Jesus of Nazareth!"

The Angel spoke and vanished. My soul stood
At lone Golgotha, in the midnight air,
Too dead to feel its own bestitude,
Too dull to think, too faithless, sick, for prayer,
Steeped to the very eyelids in despair.
In the blue midnight then I dimly saw
A Roman cross, that—rough, erect, and bare—
Stood harsh, unyielding, cruel as the law
Which ruling classes make to keep the poor in awe.

Then a white Something, terrible and stark,
Gleamed from the cross-tree, and I heard it speak
Words dropped like saintly music through the dark:
"Give me thy heart, my Son! O smitten, weak
With mighty griefs that mar thine eye and cheek,
Thou hast no refuge when the tempests rise
Save faith in me! That ark of mercy seek,
And it shall waft thee safe to Paradise,
When human efforts fail and human wisdom dies."

Then my dead soul was stung to life again,
Smitten with an unguaranteed rage,
And maddened by immediate pain,
That neither love nor hatred could assuage,
And, glaring on the mild Etesian sage,
"Lo, Thou art Tholuj," said I, "and those men
Who hanged thee up were righteous in their rage.
King Herod erred with cruel wisdom when
He slew the Innocents, but did not slay Thee then!"

Then softly as dawn opens in the East
The lips of Tholuj parted tenderly,
And words came swift as singing birds released:
"Why raillest thou, poor Soul? I died for thee!
I give thee life eternal, perfect, free!
Soon fade the sorrows of this world away,
And, in the light of immortality,
Thou shalt regard them but as dreams that lay,
Heavy upon thy heart, to vanish with the day."

"Thy work hath failed, Thy Kingdom come to
naught!
I hate Thee, Tholuj! Loathe, abhor, detest
The lying promise of Thy Gospel, fraught
With cunning frauds that crucify the best
And noblest spirits of a race oppressed
With its vast consciousness of sin and pain,
Which Thou hast crystallize into Unrest,
That wears down the aching heart and brain
Yearning to live a life that man can not attain!"

"Son," answered Tholuj, gently, "if I lied,
Who speaketh truth? Whom trust if I deceive?
That is not grief that is grief sanctified,
Nor sin that is sin pardoned. They that grieve
Shall yet be comforted. Thou shalt receive
The crown immortal when thy task is o'er,
And white robes which unfallen angels weave
Of purest light upon the other shore,
Where sorrow never comes, and sin is feared no
more."

My spirit writhed with bitter hate and scorn:
"Thou wouldst convert the world," I answered:
"Thou,
O outcast Son of Stada, basely born,
And justly numbered with transgressors now
By that death agony upon thy brow!
Lo, I despise myself, because, misled
By thine audacity, my soul did bow
And worship Thee through all the wasted, dead,
Unprofitable years that bowed my heart and head.

"Ah, how I hate Thee, Tholuj! My glad youth
Was like a song of triumph, whose full lines
Were full of grandest prophecies of truth,
Solemn but sweet, as when the sombre pines
Breathe music to the winds from all their trees.
I met Thee, and Thy strange, seductive lies
Of Faith that sanctifies, Love that refines,
And Holiness that triumphs though it dies,
Have made my life a long and useless sacrifice.

"Me Thou didst crucify unto the world
As wiser men did Thee. Before mine eyes
Nature and Youth their starry hopes unfurled—
Banners that guide to Passion's ecstasies,
To wealth, and power, and homage of the wise,
And all the prizes human life can yield;
By Thee misled, I chose the way that lies
Through pain and self-denial, sorrow-sealed,
While meaner souls enjoyed all that the earth re-
vealed.

"Thou art a Liar, Demagogue, and Cheat!
Boasting Thy love and pity for the poor,
Thou, full of craftiness and all deceit,
Hast forged out cunning systems vastly more
Inhuman than the world had seen before,
Backing the ancient tyrannies, that made
The hearts of men faint, cowardly, and sore,
With thine eternal sanctions, that displayed
More skill than despots knew to make their slaves
afraid.

"Thou sayest: 'Ye poor and heavy-laden, come,
And I will give you rest!' O Hypocrite!
Look through Thy many-peopled Christendom.
A few that are the vilest, wretches fit
For hands and scourging only, safely sit
In the high places of their power and pride,
Saved by wise Selfishness, a gospel writ
For Scribes and Pharisees, who bate, deride
The toiling poor for whom Thou bast so vainly died!"

"Thy Church makes haste to baptize and to bless
All wrongs that felon statutes authorize.
War, Serfdom, Usury, crimes that oppress
The Common People, till it groans and dies,
Ecclesiasticism sanctifies!
They have cast out Thy gospel and proclaim
Glory, and Patriotism, and other lies,
Teaching as truth, and teaching in Thy name,
Such devil-words and works as Honor, Wealth, and
Fame!

"All ye are Brethren, sayest Thou; but Thy Church
Panders to Law and Order hawks, that make
Our life a lie so vile that it would smirch
The brows of Satan; for, though Dives take
The crumbs from Lazarus, and lie awake
In purple and fine linen, to contrive
New statutes fine enough to grind and slake
The pauper's bones to dust, yet let him live,
Thy Holy Church sells Dives all she has to give.

"Mammon, that pardoned any sin for gold
Although a pirate's band might bring the bribe,
Is more a god than in the days of old.
Judas, the Financier—curst be his tribe!
Is patron-saint of Pharisee and Scribe;
And I that loved Thee, Tholuj, sought Thy grace,
Here broken-hearted greet Thee with a gibe,
And curse Thee to Thy white and awful face,
And for myself despair, and for the human race."

Then, softly as a healing breeze that blows
Across the crystal hosom of a lake,
To lovingly caress the cheeks of those
Whom pestilence hath smitten, His voice hark
The midnight silences as Tholuj spake:
"And thinkest thou, my son, I have not seen
Thy life-long faithfulness that naught could shake?
Thy truth and courage that have ever been
Like thine unchanging love—pure, strong, devout,
serene?"

"Thou never wert deserted; of that cup
No mortal tasteth. All thy days, what time
Thou didst sift sheaves of thought to garner up
What good seed science growth in her clime,
Burning its chaff to leave thy learning prime,
Pure, nourishing, and incorruptible—
Through thy soul's patient search that went sublime
Through mysteries of earth, and heaven, and hell,
Lo, I was with and approved thy life-work well.

"For this cause have I called thee, child of grace,
Cast down but not forsaken, overweighed
With pity for the sorrows of thy race,
And righteous wrath at the injustice laid
Upon the Many by the Few, whose trade
Is but to rob and to oppress mankind.
Be thou not hopeless! Be not thou afraid!
Be steadfast! Thou a perfect cure shalt find
For social leprosy, sure skill to couch the blind.

"This cup of pain shall pass thee by, my son.
Thou never shalt forsake me, nor forget
The perfect work that hath in thee been done;
And thou shalt see my kingdom triumph yet.
For this cause I have called thee hither—set
The Man of Sorrows herein Calvary,
That thou mightest see his very death, and get
New hope, faith, love, to fit and temper thee
For the evangel which thy lips must speak for me!

"For, looking on me, how canst thou despair?
If I faint not with bitterness and pain,
When those whom I commissioned to declare
My gospel have betrayed their trust for gain,
Why dost thou falter? Let thy weary brain
Rest as a dove sits brooding in the dark,
Till thy sore heart its wonted health regain;
Then, prone to rise as the ascending spark,
Thy glad soul shall soar skyward singing like a lark!

"I suffered thee to be cast down, because
Thou so must learn how false my churches are
That pander to unrighteous worldly laws.
Thou shalt speak thus: No Christian man can bear
Arms in a war; no Christian man shall dare
To own a slave; no Christian shall conceive
Increase, or usury, or any snare
To rob his neighbor; let the Church receive
Title to all things owned by them that do believe!

"Because my gospel makes the family
The unit of society, and makes

The Church the only structure that can be
Built up thereon by Christian men, he breaks
The first law of democracy who takes
A private title unto property—
Robs God and man, and in his own heart makes
The love of Mammon the idolatry
Which curses earth, from which I came to set man
free."

Sadly I answered: "Lord, this sacred chrism
Is shed too late upon me, Lo, mankind,
Joined fast to false ecclesiasticism,
Harvest the husks of truth, and leave behind
The golden grain. Broken in heart and mind,
I have not faith and courage to defeat
The Law and Order systems, that, combined
With Thine own Church, have made the mercy-seat
A market-place, and gold the only Paraclete!

"Caesars, and Scribes and Pharisees, and all
That be 'respectable and rich,' are they;
Offices, rank, and wealth, and power they call
The true religion. All their tombstones say
No rich man goes to hell, but paupers may—
For gold is god, and poverty is crime.
Thou didst mistake the Life, the Truth, the Way;
Eternal life, and all its hopes sublime,
Thy Church puts up at public auction in our time!"

Then answered Tholuj: "When thou plantest vines,
Which cometh first?—the green leaves or the fruit?
Or, when thou takest jewels from the mines,
Takest thou not up stones and clay? What brute
Hath neck and hoof so fashioned as to suit
Man's use by nature? Do not vines require
The labor of the husbandman for fruit?
The gem, the lapidary's lathe and fire?
The brute, long, careful training, bred through dam
and sire?"

"For Nature is no perfect thing," I cried.
"But, hanging on Thy cross, ages ago,
Thou didst declare, as Mary's offspring died,
'Lo, it is finished!' Thy vast overthrow
Hath given immortality to woe!
I hope no longer. Generations rise
To suffer and to die. Thou didst not know
The way to save man, and the truly wise
Are they who seek the best of what this life supplies."

"Son, it is finished, and the work is good.
No later revelation will be sent.
Man needs not more to give the multitude
True life on earth, and perfect glory blent
With perfect joy beyond the firmament,
Which parts things, seen and unseen, like a veil,
Through which life passeth like to one that went
Behind the shadow hanging in the dale."

"Why doth Thy kingdom, then, so miserably fail?"
"Behold," said Tholuj, "partly for this cause
I brought thee hither; this thing thou shalt learn;
Henceforth thou shalt not murmur at my laws,
Henceforth with zeal and love thy heart shall burn;
And, learning this, thou straightway shalt return
To thine own age and people, and proclaim
My truth in righteousness, and thou shalt earn
Souls for thy wages, speaking in my name
Not some new gospel, but one verily the same:

"The kingdom of thy Lord is based upon
Communion of the saints, and faith in me.
In wisdom and in mercy it is done.
It is an Absolute Democracy,
Built on community of property
And rights among all them that do believe.
To it I gave grace and thaumaturgy,
That, seeing miracles, mankind might leave
Worship of Mammon, and to Communism cleave.

"Other foundation can no mortal lay.
The kingdoms of this world arise, grow strong,
Flourish in wickedness, and fade away
Poisoned by one immedicable wrong.
In every age and nation, tribe and tongue,
The right all human statutes recognize,
To bold and transmit property; the wrong
Whence comes the pauperism that defies
The strength of law, and mocks the wisdom of the
wise.

"The Propets and the Law this truth foretold:
The statute of the Year of Jubilee,
Which God ordained for ancient Israel,
Which mine Isaiah turned to prophecy.
Meant only this, and was fulfilled in me.
The Pharisees were covetous; they heard
When I ordained that Communism be
The basis of my kingdom, and they stirred
Rome and the Pagan world to crucify the Word.

"But the Disciples—steadfast, faithful, few—
At Pentecost set up my kingdom, and, in
spite of Pagan, Pharisee, and Jew,
Proclaimed my Gospel; and that sacred band
And those who followed them, by sea and land,
Through the known world, till the fourth century,
In glad obedience to my command,
Proclaimed the kingdom of the Lord to be
But Faith and Communism of rights and property.

"This Gospel triumphed o'er the Pagan world,
Though Nero, Diocletian, and the rest
Of Rome's imperial rulers vainly buried
The flame of persecutions, to arrest
The progress of the truth from East to West.
Where'er the standard of the cross was raised,
The Thaumaturgists gathered to attest
The spoken word by wonders that amazed
The multitude that saw, believed, obeyed, and praised.

"The Gospel was at flood-tide then. Since then
It has not reached by one poor cubit higher
On the bleak coasts of human life; for when
Great Constantine, that hypocrite and liar,
Came out of Guul, consumed with the desire
To rule Rome solely, and consolidate
The hostile factions, and hid war expire,
Only the Church had numbers, virtue, weight,
And unity enough to save the sinking State.

"The crafty heathen promised to defend
The Church from persecutions, and besought
The Christians to receive him as a friend
Who here labours—Roman standards wrought
In likeness of their crosses—when he fought

Maxentius at Red Rocks. False Constantine
Had sent shrewd messengers before, who taught
That he, like Saul, had heard a voice divine,
Beheld my cross, and came to make the empire mine!

"The Church, sore-vexed by persecutions, thought
That truth divine, long demonstrated by
The wondrous miracles already wrought,
And further strengthened by the victory
Of Constantine's 'conversion,' could not die.
They took the bribe, made him their king, betrayed
And sold my strong, divine democracy,
And lost in that most sacrilegious trade
The thaumaturgy long triumphantly displayed;

"Because the thaumaturgy which I gave
Unto the Common Church was never sent
To build up worldly kingdoms, and enslave
Man to a wonder-working government!
Mankind were slaves when my apostles went,
Saying to all: 'The truth shall make you free!'
Where'er the church takes back the pearl she spent
On pagan Rome, mine own democracy,
She shall regain the lost power of thaumaturgy—

"Never while she conforms unto the world!
Never while she to Mammon-worship cleaves!
Sooner will I, with gospel-flag unfurled,
Call Nihilists, and Socialists, and thieves,
To reconstruct society that beaves
Already, like an ocean tempest-tossed,
With a blind wrath that feels, and half perceives,
That Miracles and Communism, which cost
The blood of Christ, might save them had not these
been lost.

"Son, knowest thou now what thy Lord did teach?
See'st thou that spiritual truth alone
Is but a stone within a shriveled peach—
Good for the future only, the unknown
That lives in faith and hope like all seed sown?
Or thinkest thou that He who died to save
Cared nothing for man's welfare, and made known
Naught that can profit him this side the grave,
Content to save his soul and let his body slave?

"If now thou understandest that thy Lord
Placed politics and social truth before
All spiritual dogmas in his word—
If all the parables He uttered here
Upon the kingdom that was nothing more
Than Communism plus Faith—go thou and preach
The Gospel that is good news to the poor,
The communistic Christism that can reach
All faithful hearts, and make them brothers, each to
each!

"For naught is needed to convert all men
Save that believers tear their own hearts free
From Mammon-worship, and then storm the den
Where Selfishness maintains its sovereignty,
The idol's stronghold, Private Property!
If the Church fail, behold, there comes an hour
When, void of faith, hope, love, thaumaturgy,
The Christless multitude shall use its power
To bid civilization perish, root and flower.

"My truth shall give the heavy-laden rest.
The labor of the Christian world shall yield
Enough to make my faithful people blest
With easy toil. New springs of joy, congealed
By unjust laws, shall rise in every field
Of thought, desire, and hope; and man shall see
Divinest statesmanship and love revealed
In a pure system of democracy,
Whose vast resources all are held in trust for me.

"So shall all tears be wiped from every eye;
Enough for all there shall be, and to spare;
They shall not go so far away who die,
Nor shall bereaved hearts yield to despair;
For Miracles shall strengthen Faith, and prayer
Shall bring the world's Consoler very nigh;
And my true Church, set free from Mammon's snare,
Shall roll triumphant anthems to the sky,
And gladdened hosts above shall answer, 'Victory!'

"I utter no new truth, my son. Behold,
The Law and Prophets, like schoolmasters, sought
To lead Jerusalem to Christ of old!
And the Four Gospels and the Acts teach naught
Save the fulfillment of the truth they taught.
This Gospel triumphed over Paganism
Till Constantine subverted it, and brought
Instead a false ecclesiasticism!
Go, thou, teach man my Truth is Faith plus Com-
munism!"

*I knew not how it happened, but I know
That after this grand scene with the Lord
My spirit lost its bitterness and woe.
I saw new meanings in the sacred word;
I counted law and statesmanship absurd,
Although from Moses unto Blackstone I
Had mastered statutes, plainly it appeared
That Government is built upon this lie:
That Life's one sacred thing is Private Property.*

*Sinners, hear my first sermon: Jesus Christ
Is the sole statesman known to history!
All others are mere scoundrels who spiced
Some half-learned facts to lying theory!
The only perfect democrat is He,
Teaching what tendeth to the common good
Of all mankind. War, serfdom, usury,
Poison the vitals of the multitude
In every other kingdom. His alone is good!*

*Sinners, if these last fifteen centuries
Had kept His truth like the preceding three,
The wrongs, crimes, selfishness, inequities,
Which make civilization like a tree
Whose fruits are sin and pain, and misery,
Would have been banished from the world. No schism
Had rent the Apostolic Church which He
Divinely built on Faith plus Communism,
And dowered with Miracles—a threefold saving
chrism!*

*Sinners, the heart of Christendom is sore!
Herod and Christ, Dives and Lazarus,
Labor and capital, the rich and poor,
Are warring for one vast Woe which tortures us,
French, Latin, German, Anglican, and Russ!
Naught can avert the coming Day. / / /
Though Leo and Prince Bismarck may
(Like Pilate and Caiaphas) the pain
Of safety—naught save Christ, a
and Faith!*

NATHAN TH.

The Machine Muse.

SOME VALUABLE NOTES ON VERSE-MAKING MADE EASY.

THE GAME OF CRAMBO.

The game of "crambo" dates from the Dunciad. That masterly satiric bome-thrust, instead of discouraging, stimulated the rhyming misability of the hour. Swift instituted the game, originating it to amuse Stella, and, once the fashion in London, Dublin, and Bath, crambo became the rage. The literary and the pseudo-literary cultivated it with cumulative assiduity. When the real craftsmen laid it down, the dilettanti took it up. When Pope tossed it aside, with a sneer, Sir Peterkin Poindexter began its painstaking cultivation.

You may not remember the first crambo verses Swift wrote. In the light of their chronological interest they are worth quoting. The question was, "Is this that?" The word, "Kiss." The verses, as follows:

If this were that and that were this,
I'd ask of Stella just one kiss.
But, dared I put the question pat,
I know she'd answer, "No, not that."
And so, denied the chieftain bliss,
I vainly feign that that were this;
And, bending low as grandest don,
I kiss the page her name is on.

What the first great leader of Irish public opinion thought not too trifling for his pen to play with, the lesser thinkers and the duller wits of the hour need not have been ashamed of. Yet more than a generation went the way of all things mundane ere the philosopher of Grub Street's literary beginning first began to play crambo. It is not greatly to Johnson's credit that he should permit himself the luxury of verses like the following. The question, "Why is Bozzy so wise?" The word, "Looking-glass." The verses, as follows:

When Jamie Boswell came from Scotia's hills
He thought he something knew of human ills,
And sought the thoroughfares of London town
That he might jot his meditations down
Of life and death, and making debts and paying.
He came a year ago, and still is staying,
For more of London town he fain would know
Ere back to Scotia's misty hills he'd go.
Small is the wonder that his heaving face,
With wit, and wisdom, and each sovereign grace,
Shines more and more unto the perfect day,
For Boswell's senses nothing have obeyed.
Intent on knowing all that man may know,
Pushing each throb of joy, each pang of woe,
He sits all day beside the gate of life,
Where human passions all at war are rife,
And, as the microcosmic pictures pass,
He sees them all within his looking-glass.

It is safe to assume that if Boswell had ever seen the ill-natured lampoon, the most famous of biographies would not have been the life of Johnson. Goldsmith never cared for crambo, nor did any one of the notable poets of a generation later, save Southey. If Byron said, with contemptuous but characteristic unfairness, that a poet who would be guilty of crambo would prove an untrustworthy custodian of spoons, he merely expressed the prevailing sentiment of his fellow-craftsmen, including such opposite characters as Coleridge and Wordsworth and the more congenial spirit of Shelley. But De Quincey was almost as deeply addicted to crambo as he was to opium. He wrote no poetry and very little verse. It is well he did not if the following example be a fair one. The question was: "What's the boss fun?" The word: "Hot cross-bun." The verse is as follows:

Yellow-headed youngling,
Is it not boss fun,
While the cook is hungling,
To eat a hot cross-bun?

Should any one doubt that a verbal purist like De Quincey would use such a slangy word as "boss"—even in crambo—let him read the essay on "Certain Characteristics of the American Gadfly," in volume seventeen of the old American edition, which Fields edited so lovingly, and Ticknor published so exquisitely. It is not in any record to which I have had access that Landor ever played the game. So careful a critic as Siedman has classed Landor among the Victorian poets; and, indeed, it is only a step from the most Hellenic of Englishmen to our own super-polished Arnold. Surely, Matthew never descended to crambo. He might be nearer the popular heart to-day if he were capable of it. But there remains Swinburne, Morris, the late eminent founder of the school of after-Rapbaelism; the most melodious of modern verse-makers, Tennyson; the most subtle of poetic analysts, Browning.

But perhaps there be some of my readers who do not yet know what the game of crambo is. In this it consists: Be the players two or more—the golden number is variable—slips of paper are prepared by the rosy fingers of Dorothy, or the sun-browned ones of her admirer, or by those of some one else less romantic. Then each player takes two slips; writing on one a question, on the other a noun. Of the questions, one little pile is made; of the nouns, another. Then each player takes one slip from each pile, being careful not to choose his or her own. The game then begins. Each player must answer the question rhymingly, including the noun in the distich, quatrain, or elaborately builded verse structure. The method may be varied. The noun may be rhymed, ending the first line, or the last; it may begin the verses. The question may be rhymed; both may be. But the manner never varies. Each player looks at her (or his) noun, and smiles; then at her (or his) question, and smiles again. Then each player examines the end of her (or his) pencil, and begins. Presently the first player to the right of the candlestick, or lamp, or drop-light, if it be a lady, says: "Oh, dear!" If it be a man; "By George!" Her (or his)

right-hand neighbor immediately says: "What's the matter?" To which is replied: "This word's a queer one." "This question can't be answered!" "What nonsense!" or words of like effect. Soon it breaks into a chorus of disclaimer, swelling, lulling, dying away as the work goes on, until the player at the left of the candlestick lays down her (or his) pencil with a sigh—always with a sigh—and says: "I've finished."

San Francisco has at least one Crambo Club. I attended one of its meetings recently, and append the following four bits of verse as evidence that impromptu rhyming is not so difficult as those imagine who have never attempted it.

The word: "Sun-flower." The question: "Why are red roses red?" The verses:

"Why are red roses red?"
The æsthetic sunflower said,
"While I'm such a yellow
And ugly old fellow,
And have such a homely old head?"

Well, I really don't know;
But this answer, I trow,
Will give you some light.
If it's not wholly right:
If red roses were jealous,
And proved over-zealous,
Their neighbors to study each hour,
They'd no longer be red,
But would each have a head
As yellow as any sunflower.

The word: "Buttercup." The question: "How many miles from Widdleton to Waddleton?" The verses:

From Waddleton to Widdleton I fared one summer's day.
The yellow, yellow buttercups bloomed all along the way.
Ah! miles are short when hearts are light and tripping feet are free,
"My true love lives in Widdleton, and 'tis not far to me."

From Widdleton to Waddleton I fared that summer's night,
The yellow, yellow buttercups were hidden out of sight.
Ah! miles are long when heavy hearts make weary feet lag slow—
"The long, long miles to Waddleton are more than I may know."

Word: "Laura." Question: "What was it the rhymester said?" The verses:

This it was the poet said:
"Laura's cheeks are red—
Red as royal roses."
Yet, no harm lurks in the charm;
For this the truth discloses:
Laura's lover may discover—
Dare he touch yon roses—
That our dainty saint
Has no need to paint.

Word: "Student-lamp." Question: "Who writes the Call editorials?" The verses:

Bid me number the nebulae;
Ask me to count the sands;
Command that I speak you in one short word
The language of all the lands.

That were an easier task, by far,
Than to say what minds combine,
To aid great men unconsciously
In writing the briefest line.

Bacon and Byron and Isaac Watts,
Sinner and saint and scamp,
Even old Nick assists Mr. Pick,
As he writes by his student-lamp.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1882. ALFRED HARDIE.

THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Doubtless every male reader of the *Argonaut* has been, at some dark hour of his existence, approached by the fair possessor of an autograph album, with a smiling petition for "something original." And for days afterward the unhappy victim of such a request may be seen frequenting the alcoves of public libraries, thumbing the leaves of dusty volumes, and mumbling couplets of rhyme, until he more than suspects he has reached the border-land of idiocy. The chances are that he ultimately selects some lines at random and hastily transcribes them into the pages of the little book, which by this time looks very large for its size. The objections to such a course are obvious. Doubtless many an unsuspecting youth has been drawn hopelessly into the whirlpool of matrimony by an injudicious selection of a too ardent nature, while a quotation deficient in that very respect might seal the doom of an unhappy suitor, and cause his adored one to transfer her affections to his more successful rival. The case of that man whose verse is appropriate and felicitous is hardly more to be envied; he is thenceforward known as an album poet, and life looks dark as he contemplates the result of his insane ambition to say something good.

In view of this tricorn dilemma, it behooves us as a nation whose time is precious to devise means for our relief. There are not wanting books which profess to supply all that is desired; yet any person at all conversant with this branch of helles-lettres must admit that they are far from perfect. Life is too short and autograph albums are too numerous for us to spend much time in searching for that which should be readily accessible. What we want is a volume properly indexed, and the following suggestion is submitted as possibly an improvement upon former methods. Let there be two departments in the volume; the first devoted to the professions, the second to miscellaneous. Then by subdivisions the contents could be brought within the grasp of the feeblest intellect. Suppose, for instance, a cautious lawyer is asked to contribute a few lines to the album

of a lady friend; he refers to division "Professions," and, following his finger, we read:

PROFESSIONS—	
Lawyer,	
Friendship—	
intense,	68
dignified, but declarative	74
ambiguous or non-committal	76

Turning to the latter page, as being the most promising, he might find something not unlike this:

The lines you ask for tax my brain
Unduly;
I wish your friendship to retain,
And, without prejudice, remain
Yours truly.

A physician, worried and perplexed by some difficult case, might select the following lines from the same page as best expressing his views:

Whatever 'tis I ought to say
Imagine I have said it,
And finish in the proper way,
By thinking you have read it.

It will be observed from the above specimens, that one verse might be adapted to many cases, but, of course, it would not always be so. A clergyman, somewhat bopeless but very much in earnest, might pursue this line of thought to advantage:

PROFESSIONS—	
Minister,	
Love—	
tender and emotional	119
dignified, hut declarative	140
ambiguous or non-committal	157

Finding under the second-named direction this sentiment:

The page is fair, why should I mar its whiteness
With studied lines and phrases of politeness?
If in my daily walk and conversation
I have not shown my ardent adoration,
I can not hope, by polished composition,
To make apparent my forlorn condition.

An impetuous sophomore, his heart thumping against the album of his Dulcinea, flies to his room, opens the "The-saurus of Sentiment," and runs his course:

MISCELLANEOUS—	
Undergraduate,	
Love—	
tender and emotional,	127

Be still, thou madly throbbing brain,
And aid thou mine endeavor
To sing, in fitting words, a strain
Whose notes shall ring forever!

Alas, my tongue's a worthless thing!
The silence is unbroken.
I worship thee, hut can not sing,
My Polly of Hohoken!

Especial attention is invited to the subterfuge suggested in this closing line. It may, of course, be varied to suit other localities, and is very effective, as it gives a semblance of originality to the production. Another feature worthy of note is the writer's inability to do the subject justice. This artifice, however, is somewhat antique, not to say antediluvian, and should be used with much caution. The number of examples might easily be multiplied, but it is believed that a sufficient assortment has been presented to convince the most skeptical of the value of this suggestion. The chaplet of undying fame awaits the man who shall accomplish the production of such a volume, and the persecuted of autograph album-owners shall rise up and call him blessed. December 15, 1882. WM. A. CALDWELL.

A gentleman, who died in Paris, left a legacy of six thousand dollars to his niece, in Dubuque, Iowa, who, it appears, also died about the same hour of the same day. The question, "which died first?" turns upon the relation of solar to true time, and must be decided by the difference of longitude. If the niece had died at four o'clock A. M., and her uncle at ten o'clock A. M., the instants of their death would have been identical. Assuming that to be the hour of the testator's death, if the niece died at any hour between four and ten, although the legacy would apparently revert to his estate, it would really vest in her and her heirs, since by solar time she would have actually survived her uncle. Another case where great importance depended upon the precise time of death was that of Earl Fitzhardinge, who died "about midnight" between October 10 and 11. His rents, amounting to forty thousand pounds sterling a year, were payable on Old Lady day and Old Michaelmas day. The latter fell that year (1857) on Sunday, October 11, and the day began at midnight; so that if he died before twelve, the rents belonged to the parties taking the estate; but if after, they belonged to and formed part of his personal estate. The difference of one minute might, therefore, involve the title of twenty thousand pounds sterling.

Questions for discussion: Whether—as in the case of the Abbé Prevost, in the forest of Chantilly—if a supposed *cadaver*, while subjected to the investigating knife of the anatomist, should awake from a trance only to be conscious of his horrible condition, and to expire from the immediate effect of the dissection, it is anything more than homicide *per infortuniam*, or not. Whether, in the case of Lazarus, who was restored to life by the Saviour after decomposition had commenced, he could have reclaimed property already in the possession and occupancy of the heirs to whom he had willed it before death.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Dec. 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 48, of Twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, December 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILKINS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 20, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

EXTRA DIVIDEND NOTICE—Office

of the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, December 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, an extra dividend (No. 49), of twenty-five cents per share, was declared, payable on Tuesday, December 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILKINS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 20, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Inner Man.

Napoleon's Cook at St. Helena.

Among the many curious and interesting traditions and records relating to the latter days of the great emperor on his island-prison, says a writer in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, none are more so than those included and published in the "Reminiscences of Napoleon's Cook at St. Helena." It was written chiefly by a M. Careme, but the facts, incidents, and anecdotes are certainly from the actual and personal reminiscences of "Chandelier," who was first a soldier of the republic, then one in the army of Italy, and finally a cook. He was the fourth and last *chef de cuisine* that Napoleon had at St. Helena; the three previous were obliged to retire from ill health, and Napoleon had written to his mother, "Madame Mère," to provide a fourth. His sister Pauline, the Princess Borghese, thought of M. Chandelier, who gladly accepted the office, chiefly, it is said, from devotion and affection for "le petit Caporal." Immediately thereafter he joined a physician and two priests, who were then about to depart for St. Helena. When Chandelier reached England, the returned "artist" and *chef* whom he was going out to succeed called on him, and advised him to carry out a complete set of cooking utensils, materials for constructing a German stove, and a "machine" for making "artificial ice," and, above all, plenty of sal ammoniac for that purpose, no ice being procurable in St. Helena. They arrived at St. Helena, where General Bertrand received the new cook. As soon as M. Chandelier had looked about him he commenced operations, and soon began to set up the German stove he brought with him from London. It was a difficult task; for he was forced with his own hands to make the bricks and do the masonry, even to forge some of the iron work. There had been a brick oven formerly at Longwood, but it was useless, because there was no wood on the island fit to heat it, and in consequence no baking. Napoleon paid several visits to him while this German stove was setting up, and said to Chandelier: "It is well that you have seen Laroche in London, (Laroche had been Napoleon's *chef*;) you will have much less trouble, and will preserve your health and sight, and will be able to serve me up 'little patties for breakfast,' and the patties were subsequently daily served up at half an hour's notice in satisfactory style. The emperor one day ordered a camp soup for his breakfast. Chandelier, who had been a soldier, did not like serving up the coarse hodge-podge of the common soldier. He put in less bread and left out the haricots, (a kind of white bean,) and the result was that the emperor was dissatisfied. "Thou," said he, "has been a soldier, and knowest that this is not a camp soup. *Eh bien!* make me a better to-morrow." So, on the morrow, Chandelier served up a real camp soup, stuffed with bread and full of haricots. The spoon stood upright in it, and the emperor saw that it was what he wanted. He ate some of it, but never again asked for it. Did he think of his diet when a pupil of the school at Brienne, of his lieutenant days in the artillery, or did that camp soup bring back to memory the glorious campaigns of Bonaparte commanding the army of Italy? Chandelier speaks in no flattering terms of the climate of St. Helena and the situation of Longwood. The emperor's bouse was five miles from town, and situated on the table of an arid and rocky mountain, where the atmosphere was unwholesome even to the natives. The temperature would often change three or four times a day. When the sunshine came the heat was insufferable, for there was no shade. Of vegetation there was little, the rats and dry winds checking its growth. The supply of fresh provisions was derived from Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope, and as the sheep and cattle had to endure a long voyage, they arrived at St. Helena lean and out of order, and never fattened after landing, as the island furnished no means of restoring them to condition. The flesh was invariably tasteless, sometimes even quite unwholesome. All Chandelier's attempts to fatten fowls, pullets, geese, ducks, and turkeys inevitably failed. Nothing could overcome their leanness. St. Helena produced no game. A few red partridges and pheasants arrived twice or thrice a year. Chinese pigs alone arrived fat and lovely, and M. Chandelier reports favorably of them. He says that their flesh was delicious, and that it gave him infinite pleasure to prepare pork griskins, sausages, and black puddings, of all of which Napoleon was very fond. Fish was scarce, none of the European kinds visiting the island. Oysters, crabs, lobsters, or any kind of shell fish, were not to be had. Only two kinds of fish were at all tolerable; one is what the French called the "bonne femme," and the other, which is long, like an eel, but not thicker than the little finger, is called the needle-fish. The only fruit of any value was the banana; this he utilized in fritters, or iced with rum. The climate was so variable that neither citron nor oranges could ripen; grapes and apricots never came to maturity; apples, pears, and peaches were bad. Napoleon's breakfast consisted of sorrel pottage, or any other refreshing pottage, breast of mutton boned and well grilled, served with a clear gravy, a roast chicken or two griskins, and sometimes a plate of pulse. For dinner, he had a pottage, a remove, two entrées, a roast, and two side-dishes of sweetmeats or pastry, of which he was very fond. This was always served on plate. The removes used to puzzle Monsieur Chandelier, for he often had nothing for the purpose but large pieces of beef, mutton, or fresh pork, with sometimes (by a happy chance) a goose, a turkey, or a sucking pig. Madeira, Tenerife, and Constantia were the wines supplied to the suite of the emperor. His own drink was claret, and of that very moderately. Napoleon's cook is particular to record in these "Reminiscences" what dishes his master preferred: Roasted fowl, pullets minced "à la Marengo," "à l'Italienne," "à la Provençal" without garlic; fricasseed fowls sometimes done in champagne, which was very dear in the island, as much as twenty shillings a bottle. He liked puddings "à la Richelieu;" but above all he preferred sweet things and pastry, such as "vols-au-vent, petites bouchées à la reine," and little cakes of macaroni prepared

in various ways. The cook was unable (he relates with much sorrow) to make these as good as he ought, because the macaroni, though sent from Naples, grew stale on the passage, as did the parmesan. As Napoleon's health grew worse he was more difficult to please, and poor Monsieur Chandelier found his skill and ingenuity taxed to do this. When the emperor died his executor paid to each of his servants the sum left them to take them from St. Helena, and handed them orders for the legacies bequeathed them by their imperial master. The sum of ten thousand francs was thus paid to the cook in St. Helena, and, after he reached Paris, the further sum of eighty-five thousand francs was given to him. Thus, besides his salary, he had about four thousand pounds sterling. This was good payment for one year's service.

Roman Punch—History and Mode of Preparation.

This delicious but insidious punch or semi-ice, remarks the *Caterer*, is a most delightful and refreshing luxury for the summer solstice. But to fully appreciate and enjoy its rare excellence, it should be eaten at a fine dinner, as a *coup de milieu*, during the intervening time between the roast and game courses. Taken at that time, it cools and refreshes the palate, and whets the appetite anew, so as to enable the diner to go at it again with all the zest of a fresh start. A French lady, once enjoying this fine ice, is said to have exclaimed: "What a pity that this pleasure is not a sin!" Taste and morality so Parisian need no comment. The history of *Punch à la Romaine* is somewhat curious, and deserves mention. It had been, for nearly a century, the summer refreshment of successive Popes, and their cooks were threatened with the horrors of the Holy Office if they ventured to impart the secret of its preparation. The invasion of Italy by the great Napoleon, in 1796, served to break through this terrible interdiction; a young man named Molas, son of the confectioner of Pius VI., no sooner saw the French eagles soaring over the Eternal City than he ran away from his father, leaving the patty-pans and jelly-bags of the Vatican to their fate, and united his fortunes with those of the conqueror. Young master Molas became a favorite servant of the ill-starred Josephine; when she died he obtained a situation in the culinary establishment of the Russian Prince, Lieven, and accompanied his excellency to London, on his appointment as ambassador to the Court of St. James. The prince was the first to introduce the papal delicacy in London, and the guests who partook of it at the prince's table were thrown into ecstasies. The recipe was sent to Carlton House, in compliance with the wish of the Prince Regent, and his royal highness permitted copies to be given to a select few of his friends; by degrees it became better known, and is now made in a more or less degree of excellence the world over.

The veritable Vatican recipe and manner of serving it are as follows:

Prepare a very rich pineappleade or sherbet; have it a little tart with lemon juice, taking the greatest care that none of the zest or oil from the white underlying pith be allowed to enter into the composition of this sherbet; in order to be certain of this, it is best, first, to grate off the yellow rinds from the lemons, then to carefully remove all the white pith, and, to "make assurance doubly sure," wash the skinned fruit in clear water, after which press out the juice free from all flavor of the rind of the fruit; strain the juice so as to remove all the seeds or pips from it; then add it to the pineapple mixture. It must then be well frozen; this sherbet, being very rich, will not freeze hard, but will be a semi-ice. Just before the punch is to be served, add and work into it, for every quart of the ice, one gill of old Jamaica rum, and for every two quarts one pint of the best champagne. Never use the wine from damaged bottles or leaky corks, as it will be sure to deprave, and perhaps entirely spoil, your punch. After you have well incorporated these liquors, add the following cream or meringue mixture: Beat the whites of eight fresh eggs (or two whites for every quart of punch) to a very stiff froth or snow; boil one pound of sugar to the consistency of a stout syrup, and beat it until cold, then add it gradually in a small stream to the beaten white of eggs, stirring the mass all the time with a wooden spatula until the whole is thoroughly mixed. Add this boiled meringue mixture to the frozen punch, working it with the long handled spatula until all is thoroughly incorporated. Serve in tall glasses, and if properly made your mixture should be smooth, white, and as thick as good double cream.

Some of the grand old epicures and *bon vivants* of our day have varied, and, in fact, almost reversed, the above old and reverend formula, by making the sherbet for this punch in the following manner:

Select, say, three dozen lemons, the coats of which are smooth, and whose rinds are not too thin; peel these with a sharp knife into a large earthen or china vessel, taking care that none but the thin yellow rind be detached, which is that portion in which the cells are placed containing the essential oil of the fruit. When this part of the process is completed, add two pounds of broken lump-sugar, and stir the peel and sugar together with a wooden spatula for half an hour, thereby extracting the greater portion of the essential oil. Next pour boiling water into the vessel, and stir steadily until the sugar is completely dissolved. Then cut and squeeze the lemons, strain the juice, put the seeds or pips into a separate vessel, pour boiling water upon them; these pips are enveloped in a thin mucilage, full of flavor; now throw into the sherbet one-half the lemon juice, and as soon as the pips are free from their transparent coating, strain off the liquor and add it to mixture. Now taste it, and add more sugar or more acid, as may be required, only taking care to have it rich of the fruit with plenty of sweetness. For every half-dozen lemons used, beat up the whites of three eggs to a stiff snow, and pour upon them half a pound of simple syrup that has been boiled to the thickness of molasses and cooled; mix well together, and add and work it into the frozen sherbet. When you are about to use it, add spirits in the following proportion: for every six lemons used add half a pint of old Jamaica rum, half a pint of Cognac, a wineglassful of genuine Maraschino, and a pint of the finest champagne. Work these well in and freeze again for a short time; serve in small crystal goblets, and with a thankful heart proceed to discuss.

This fine iced punch must not be confounded with, nor judged of, by the miserable stuff compounded and sold in a majority of the shops of our great cities, which is only a poor diluted specimen of orange, lemon, or pineapple ice, with a little common colored whisky (called brandy) poured over it, then dubbed with the grand old name of *Punch à la Romaine*, and sold to the unsophisticated as the genuine article.

Burgundy, Demosthenes—Champagne, Cicero.

The great planting of vines in the champagne district, Mr. Vizetelly informs us, says the *Saturday Review*, plainly dates from the last quarter of the fourteenth century, at which epoch large exports of wine to the provinces of Hainault and Flanders, and especially to the port of Sluys, are noted; and from this date down to the present day, he traces the history of the vineyards and the wine with wonderful care and fullness. There bas, we believe, hitherto been a doubt as to the exact period of the invention of what we now understand by champagne. A tendency to effervescence in the wines, probably of Champagne, seems to be referred to in a letter of Baccius, physician to Pope Sixtus V., and there are various other indications, notwithstanding which, however, "a conscientious writer candidly acknowledges that, despite minute and painstaking researches, he can not tell when what is now known as sparkling champagne first made its appearance." From Mr. Vizetelly we learn that in 1670 the Benedictine vineyards were presided over by one Dom Perignon, one of whose distinctions was that, "having noted that one kind of soil imparted fragrance and another generosity, while the produce of others were deficient in both these attributes," he hit upon the happy idea of marrying or blending the produce of the different vineyards together. Further, he succeeded, for the first time, in obtaining a perfectly white wine from black champagne grapes; and yet further, "by some happy accident, or by a series of experimental researches—for the exact facts of the discovery are lost forever"—he found a way of regulating the tendency of the wine to effervesce, and succeeded in producing a perfectly sparkling wine that burst forth from the bottle and overflowed the glass. "A correlative result of his investigations was the present system of corking bottles, a wisp of tow dipped in oil being the sole stopper in use prior to his time. To him, too, we owe, not only sparkling champagne itself, but the proper kind of glass to drink it out of;" which, according to Mr. Vizetelly, is the tall, thin, tapering glass, such as one sees but seldom nowadays. In the chapter which follows the account of Dom Perignon, and which is called "The Battle of the Wines," there is a great deal of amusing and curious matter, from which we may select the ingenious parallel made by Canon Maucroix of Reims, who died in 1708: "In the wine of Burgundy there is more strength and vigor; it does not play with its man so much, it overthrows him more suddenly—that is Demosthenes. The wine of Champagne is subtler and more delicate; it amuses him, and for a longer time, but in the end it does not produce less effect—that is Cicero."

Good Dinners.

"My friend Lucullus," says Henry Watterson, "who has the choicest wine-cellar in the country, and gives the best dinners on our side of the Atlantic—where I am disposed to think the best dinners are given—once asked me to take pot-luck with him. It was a ruse. The dinner was something superb; the company something distinguished; the purpose, on a wager, to show me my provincialism. There were Moorish wines in leathern pouches, long, crooked necks, and no end of oil and wax; port fifty years out of the docks of London; Madeira old enough to have grandchildren. When the ladies went, and the "discussion" was called, and my host came over and took the vacant chair of the hostess, I modestly asked for a glass of champagne, which was instantly supplied, which occasioned great merriment around the table, and I was told that the "argument" in hand—i. e., 'What Constitutes Provincialism?'—was over; since my going by the rare wines of Lucullus and preferring champagne proved me to be a rustic. 'Not so, not so,' quoth I, when I was able to get a hearing; 'it proves just the contrary—it proves me a cosmopolitan. If I were a provincial I should only be too glad to keep my mouth open to these rare wines of Lucullus. I should twist my feet beneath this mahogany in awe-struck silence. I do not do this because I am used to them. I ask him for what I want—for what I know to be as abundant and as accessible in this house as water. That is a liberty which pays a compliment to his hospitality. Now, if I had asked him for a glass of buttermilk—which might, and doubtless would, have embarrassed him—I should be a provincial. You, dear friends, are provincial in taking note of anything that happens at a gentleman's table.' This merely as an interlude, an illustration, to show that those who consider themselves men of the world do not know what is a good dinner, nor how to serve or enjoy one. Thackeray—who, upon virtuous, is a very prose Horace—has an essay entitled, 'Memorials of Gormandizing.' It is a noble pæan to 'food; not so tender as 'The Ballad of Bouillabaisse,' but very witty and effusive. In this delightful prose poem the most human of English satirists tells how, one murky afternoon in Paris, he met an old friend, between whom and himself a coolness had existed; they met face to face; they were alone and lonely; they had been wandering for hours in quest of somebody; they entered an adjacent restaurant, and had a beefsteak and a bottle of red wine; they beamed, they glowed, they sopped their bread in the residuum of gravy left in the bottom of the dish, and they loved one another. That—that was a good dinner! The best dinner I can recall was in the woods of Georgia, with James Eustis, a staff officer of General Joe Johnston, who afterward became United States senator, and Harry Yeatman, General Polk's aid-de-camp. A good dinner is perfect food perfectly dressed; not a great array of dishes. The art of cooking is the first of the fine arts. The first woman in America is not she who bears most children—a brutal Napoleonism—but she who prepares the best dish; because by this one act, this superior accomplishment, she contributes to the health of her children and the fidelity of her husband. In my poor way, I have tried to disseminate in Kentucky the idea of good, and clean, and wholesome food."

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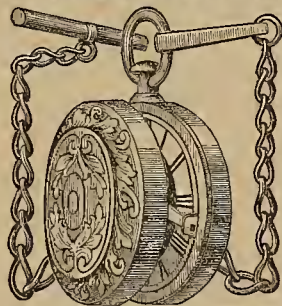
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The Waltzing Man.

Hand me my light gloves, James;
I'm off for the waltzing world,
The Kingdom of Strauss and that—
Where is my old crush hat?
Is my hair properly curled?
Call in the daytime, James.

Think of me, won't you, James,
When I am rosy twirling
The "Rose of a garden of girls,"
The Pearl among circling pearls,
In a mesh of melodious whirling?
Envy me, won't you, James?

For a heart lost along with her fan,
For a nice sense of honor flung,
For the care of an invalid soul,
And tastes far beyond my control,
I have for my precious own
The fame of a "waltzing man."

If I don't come, come for me, James—
Ah, the waltz is my mastering passion!
The trip-tripping airs are as sweet
As love to my turning feet,
While I clasp the fair doll of fashion,
My fiancée. But come for me, James.

The heart which I lost—it is strange—
I've been told it will yet be my death;
And I think it quite likely I might
Waltz once too often to-night.
In spite of the music and Beth,
Death's a difficult move to arrange.

Pray, smoke by the fire, old boy,
And find yourself whisky and books.
If I should not turn up, then, at two
Or three, you will know I need you.
If I'm dead, you must pardon my looks
As I lie in the ball-room, old boy.

The Last Waltz.

We stood in the innermost circle;
We flew with a mystical current—
The drift of the dance—to a surging
Refrain that rolled under and under,
Yet never was lost in the sinking
Of melody's flood-tide and ebb-tide.
As breezes, when starlight shines dimly,
Fly rustling, so fled we together;
And deep through the eddies of music
And dreams my senses were carried,
While calm o'er the harmony's tumult
My heart like a flower leaned in shadow.
I loved, but my love was unuttered,
And hopelessly doomed to be silent—
A bird in the nest ever fettered,
To live without singing or flying.
In the bushes the singing of thrushes,
The waving of palm and of myrtle;
Then again rose the wind-notes so urgent,
And quick-flowing sounds bore us whirling.
At last, as if life-breath were ceasing—
The world of the dance far behind us—
We paused, with "Good-night!" and retreating,
I knew we were henceforth divided.
Yet still the remembrance, half mournful,
Comes haunting me now, in a twilight
Of years that my love has made lonely;
And music still rings through the silence.
—George P. Lathrop.

Una Señora.

One found a reason when she came
Why the Paseo glowed with light,
And why the music swelled and thrilled
As if upon a festival night.

The band was playing "Le Désir"
—Why that old strain, I can not tell—
And all her carriage, all her grace,
Accorded with the music well.

High overhead the southern moon
Shone as no other moon can shine;
Perhaps I fixed her liquid glance,
Perhaps 'twas but a fancy mine;

And yet in northern climes and far,
The scene before me rises clear;
Her gracious shape I seem to see
Whene'er the band plays "Le Désir!"
—Ario Bates.

A Waltz Quadrille.

The band was playing a waltz quadrille,
I felt as light as a wind-blown feather,
As we floated away at the caller's will
Through the intricate maze dance together.
Like a mimic army our lines were meeting,
Slowly advancing, and then retreating,
All decked in their bright array;
And back and forth to the music's rhyme
We moved together, and all the time
I knew you were going away.

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill
From heart to brain as we gently glided
Like leaves on the waves of that waltz quadrille;
Parted, met, and again divided,
You drifting one way and I another,
Then suddenly turning and facing each other;
Then off in the blithe chassé,
Then airily back to our places swaying,
While every beat of the music seemed saying
That you were going away.

I said to my heart, "Let us take our fill
Of mirth and pleasure, and love and laughter,
For it all must end with this waltz quadrille,
And life will be never the same life after.
O! that the caller might go on calling—
O! that the music might go on falling—
Like a shower of silver spray—
While we whirled on to the vast forever,
Where no hearts break and no ties sever,
And no one goes away."

A clamor, a crash, and the band was still,
'Twas the end of the dream and the end of the
measure;

The last low notes of that waltz quadrille
Seemed like a dirge o'er the death of pleasure.
I said good-night, and the spell was over—
The waltz for a friend and too cold for a lover—
There was nothing more to say;
The lights looked dim, and the dancers weary,
The music was sad, and the hall was dreary,
As you went away,
—Ella Wheeler.



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For Restoring Gray Hair to its Natural Vital-
ity and Color.



Advancing years, sick-
ness, care, disappointment,
and hereditary predisposi-
tion, all turn the hair gray,
and either of them incline
it to shed prematurely.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by
long and extensive use, has
proven that it stops the
falling of the hair imme-
diately; often renews the
growth; and always surely
restores its color when faded
or gray. It stimulates the
nutritive organs to healthy
activity, and preserves both

the hair and its beauty. Thus brassy, weak, or sickly hair
becomes glossy, pliable, and strengthened; lost hair re-
grows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and
stabilized; thin hair thickens, and faded or gray hairs re-
sume their original color. Its operation is sure and harm-
less. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the
scalp cool, clean, and soft—under which conditions, dis-
eases of the scalp are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair,
the Vigor is praised for its grateful and agreeable perfume,
and valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

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DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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NATURAL CHEAPEST**

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SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER LAXATIVES.
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Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P. London.

The most certain and comfortable cathar-
tic in cases of constipation and sluggish
liver or piles.

Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.
Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.

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application to business, may be restored, and manhood re-
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much time, suffering, and expense by reading the Science
of Life, or conferring with the author, who may be consul-
ted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Address

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Or W. H. PARKER, M. D.,

4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors held on the 22d day of November, 1882, an assess-
ment (No. 10) of twenty-five cents per share, was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the twenty-seventh day of December, 1882,
will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction;
and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednes-
day, the 17th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent as-
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, Cal.

BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City,
Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the eighth day (8th) of November, 1882, an assess-
ment (No. 25) of Fifty (50c) Cents per share was levied
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable imme-
diately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at
the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block,
No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Friday, the 22d day of December, 1882, will be de-
linquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday,
the 17th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent as-
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.

Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the 21st day of November, 1882, an as-
sessment (No. 6) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the
office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No.
309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the 29th day of December, 1882, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless
payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the
26th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent as-
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business
San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County,
Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Trustees, held on the 8th day of December, 1882, an as-
sessment (No. 75) of One Dollar per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, 209 Montgomery Street, Room 57, Nevada
Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the eleventh day of January, 1883, will be delin-
quent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday,
the 26th day of January, 1883, to pay the delinquent as-
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.
Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE.

We send free on 30 days trial Dr. Dye's Electro-
Voltaic Belts and other Electric appliances TO
MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vital-
ity, and kindred Troubles. Also, for Rheuma-
tism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and in many
other diseases. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated
pamphlets free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

THUNDER POWDER COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California; location of works, Alameda County, California.
NOTICE.—There are delinquent upon the following de-
scribed stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on
the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set
opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as fol-
lows:

Name	Cert. No.	No. Shares.	Amount.
Charles DeLacy, Trustee...	37	10,000	4,000 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee...	73	200	80 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee...	74	300	120 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee...	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles DeLacy, Trustee...	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee...	4	5	not issued 2 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee...	5	995	do 398 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee...	6	5	do 2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee...	7	995	do 398 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee...	8	5	do 2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee...	9	2,495	do 998 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee...	10	5	do 2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee...	11	995	do 398 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee...	12	5	do 2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee...	13	2,495	do 998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee...	14	1,000	do 400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee...	15	2,000	do 800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee...	16	1,000	do 400 00
Edw. L. Sullivan, Trustee...	17	1,500	not issued 600 00
Fred'k Lux, Trustee...	18	1,000	do 400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee...	19	2,000	do 800 00
Jack Hart, Trustee...	20	1,000	do 400 00
R. D. Lennox, Trustee...	22	500	do 200 00
Daniel Gorham, Trustee...	23	500	do 200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee...	24	1,000	do 400 00
Edw. L. Sullivan, Trustee...	25	2,000	do 800 00
Walter Mead, Trustee...	26	500	not issued 200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee...	27	500	do 200 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee...	28	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee...	29	1,000	do 400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee...	30	1,000	do 400 00
C. Kelly, Trustee...	31	1,000	do 400 00
Chas. C. Hall, Trustee...	32	5	do 2 00
Wm. F. Flick, Trustee...	33	5	do 2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins, Trustee...	34	5	do 2 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee...	35	5	do 2 00
Benj. Teal, Trustee...	36	5	do 2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee...	37	1,000	do 400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee...	38	1,000	do 400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee...	39	1,000	do 400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee...	40	1,000	do 400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee...	41	1,000	not issued 400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee...	42	3,000	do 1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee...	43	3,000	do 1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee...	44	1,000	do 400 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee...	45	1,000	do 400 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee...	46	500	do 200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee...	47	200	do 80 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee...	48	100	do 40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee...	49	50	do 20 00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee...	50	50	do 20 00
A. P. Bauton, Trustee...	51	50	issued 20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee...	52	50	not issued 20 00
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee...	53	250	do 100 00
L. Hafen, Trustee...	54	250	do 100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee...	55	1,000	do 400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee...	56	500	do 200 00
Jas. S. Porteous, Trustee...	57	500	do 200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee...	58	100	do 40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board
of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so
many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be neces-
sary will be sold at public auction at the company's office,
No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, Cali-
fornia, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the
hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent
assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and
expenses of the sale. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.
Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the sixteenth (16th)
day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the thirtieth (30th)
day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the sixth (6th) day
of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the thirteenth (13th)
day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the twentieth (20th)
day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the twenty-seventh
(27th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour.
By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the eleventh (11th)
day of December, 1882, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delin-
quent stock is hereby postponed until the second (2d) day
of January, 1883, at the same place and hour. By or-
der of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.



Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

NEW TREATMENT BY INHALA-
tion, for Consumption, Asthma,
Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh,
Headache, Debility, Rheuma-
tism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic
and Nervous Disorders. Prepared by
DRS. STARKY & PALLEN, Philadelphia.

Pack contains full directions, and is
easily sent by express, ready for USE AT
ONCE. H. L. MARSH, Forwarding
Agent,

The Argonaut.

VOL. XI. NO. 27.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 30, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

WHY QUIMBY SWORE OFF.

A New Year's Tale, which contains an Important Moral.

Jack Quimby awoke with a bad headache. This was no new sensation to Mr. Quimby. It was old as the eternal hills, for Jack was a bibulous soul, and his head was not proportionate to his inclination for strong waters. He loved drink, not for its own sake, but for the mad merriment the bowl provoked, the song, the jest, and the anecdote, the maudlin fraternal embrace, and the pledges of everlasting friendship. He occupied a responsible position in a Front Street office—for, despite his deep and insatiable thirst, Quimby was an excellent man of business.

"I look," said Mr. Quimby, as he ruefully surveyed his crimson countenance in a hand-glass, "I look like a bled owl. Or the last run of shad. Or the breaking up of a bard winter. This won't do; I'll have to swear off, or the cold and silent grave will soon claim this manly form for its own," and Jack's eyes suffused with tears, for the fumes of the last round of night-caps were by no means dissipated.

"There never was a better Christian ruined by drink than the undersigned," he continued, and then, as his eyes lit on a bottle on the bureau, he said, with a deep sigh of gratitude, "Thank heaven, there is a snifter left to brace up on."

Mr. Quimby's toilet was slow and painful this morning. He looked at the cold water with a shudder, but finally worked himself up to the wasing point. He was a long time in getting his collar buttoned, he dared not shave, though he usually performed that office every day, and he marked with a groan that a new pimple had taken its place on his forehead.

"Clearly," said Quimby, "I must swear off. There are only five days left of December. Then the new year and piety," and, much consoled by the self-promised reform, he left his room to make a feeble apology for a breakfast. A few hours later and Mr. Quimby was himself again. It had taken much artificial aid to bring his restoration about, but Mr. Quimby played the good Samaritan to himself with the most liberal cheerfulness. "A hair of the dog," was one of his most cherished maxims. The trouble was that he began with the hair, and usually concluded with the whole bide.

"If," he often remarked to his confidants, "I could keep cold sober for twenty-four hours together, I do not think I would find much trouble in swearing off." And then he'd recite "The Vagabonds" with tears streaming down his cheeks, and dwell with infinite pathos on the lines:

"You should have seen these classic features—
You need not scoff, sir. I was not then—
Such a burning libel upon God's creatures—
I was one of your handsome men."

Despite his potations he was handsome, and the burning libel part of the poem, so far as he was concerned, was purely imaginary.

Two young and pretty girls sat in a handsome mansion on California Street. It was not Nob Hill, but near enough to breathe the aristocratic atmosphere of that locality. One, a blonde, was making a mouchoir case for a New Year's present. And on the lid her fair fingers were embroidering the initials J. Q.

"I can not imagine how you endure that fellow, Alice," said the other. "He never comes near me without reminding me of a spice factory. Why, he must exist on cloves, and cinnamon, and that sort of thing. I am sure he drinks. I have heard him talk so strangely, and one night he began a song, and burst out crying in the middle of it. Bob had to take him into the hall. He could hardly walk. Bob said it was his emotions, but I am sure it was whisky, or some horrid drink."

"Nonseuse," said Alice Benton. "Jack is so finely strung that the least thing affects him. He is a dear fellow, is Jack. So good-hearted and clever. They adore him at the club."

"Perhaps so," rejoined her friend; "but it must take a fortune to keep him in clothes. By-hy. I must get down town to match that lace." And with one of those natty little love-you-for-your-mother kisses that girls exchange, Bessie Morris skipped away.

Alice put another stitch in the curl of the J, and examined it critically. Then she sighed, put her work aside, and fell into a fit of dejected musing. "Jack does drink horribly," she said; "I wish I was not so fond of him." Then, repentantly, her woman's loyalty asserting itself, "That is, I mean I wish I could cure him. Yet he has so often promised me to swear off, as he calls it; but I fear swear off and swear on are all the same to poor Jack. I am running a fearful risk, they tell me, in marrying him. But what can I do? I can not give him up. I would not if I could. And I can not reform him." And Alice, in true feminine fashion, began to cry.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what ye mean," cried a merry voice in her ear, and a tall, manly young fellow caught away her hands, and laughed heartily at her look of angry distress. "How now, coz," he said, soothingly, "what has gone wrong? Are there to be no calls this year? Does the stern papa legislate that the basket shall be bung on the outer wall, and no beau allowed to taste our cake and wine? Out with it. Tell me all, and, by yonder drowsy policeman on the corner, I swear to right your wrongs."

"Oh, Charley," said his cousin, "it is all about Jack. You know his irregular habits—that's what you men call it, I be-

lieve. I must make him stop drinking. Charley, dear, you are a man; do give me some advice."

Charley grew grave in a moment. "You are right, Alice," he said. "We must put our heads together to save Jack Quimby. And if for your sake alone, dear girl, I shall sit awake all night thinking how it can be done. Give me twelve hours to concoct some scheme that shall bring Jack out of the mire, and make his frequent 'swear-offs' of some permanent value. Now, don't fret any more. Finish that pretty thing, and send it to him. I must away to seek counsel. Farewell, and joy be with you." And he rushed away in time to spring on a dummy, at the risk of death or mutilation.

"If it can be done, Charley will do it," said Alice, cheerfully. "O Jack, Jack, if you could but understand how much trouble you are giving us."

* * * * *

Jack Quimby saw the old year out and the new year in according to the usual fashion of such ceremonies. And he awoke with the same old head, only intensified by deeper and more varied potations. While he was deliberating whether it was worth while getting up at all or not, a knock came at his door, immediately followed by a couple of young fellows, faultlessly dressed in the regulation visiting costume.

"Come, come, Jack! You're a nice fellow for a calling chum. Over forty visits to make to-day, and you not up yet," and they dragged the unfortunate roysterer from his bed, and watched his hurried efforts at dressing with uproarious mirth.

"Deuce take you both," said Jack; "didn't you bring an eye-opener to help a fellow out?" The eye-opener was produced, in the shape of a pocket-flask, and under its cheering influence Mr. Quimby was soon ready for the road. We shall not follow him to the various houses he was favored with his presence. He was conscientious about drinking the health of his fair hostesses, individually and collectively, and it was quite late in the evening before the Quimby carriage halted before Judge Benton's door. Alice had been anxiously expecting him all day, but when a gush of clove preceded his entrance, her heart sank within her. Jack felt the importance of presenting a sober appearance, and his how was cold, almost stern, and full of the most preternatural gravity.

"I wish you, Miss Benton, the compliments of the season," he said, in slow and deliberate accents. There was not a solitary r in this sentence, for Mr. Quimby knew from past experience the dangers surrounding that consonant at this stage of the proceedings. "Judge, I am delighted to see you looking so well," and this time the how was directed to a stiff, high-backed chair, an heirloom in the Benton family.

"Sit down, Jack, and don't be silly," whispered Alice, after greeting his friends. "Oh, you wicked boy! what's the matter with your eyes? And your necktie has slipped up under your ear. How your gloves are stained with claret!"

"Vintage of '42, Miss Benton," said Mr. Quimby, with a pronounced hiccough. "And he quaffed off the cold, black wine—but excuse me, am I mistaken in supposing that you asked me for a song?"

"Now, do be quiet, Jack, and don't sing," and she pushed an easy-chair toward her demoralized visitor, who sank into it with a deep groan, and declared in a sepulchral voice that if her father, the judge, would step his way, he should like to make his will, as he felt the chill of the tomb stealing over him, and dwelt in the shadow of the dark angel's wings. Half an hour later Mr. Quimby was supported to his carriage, and Alice registered a solemn vow that unless her cousin's plan was conclusively and permanently effective, she would never be Mrs. Quimby, if she had to live and die an old maid.

* * * * *

On the evening of Mr. Quimby's calls, half a dozen young fellows sat together in the private rooms of a well-known restaurant. Alice Benton's cousin was the chairman.

"Boys," he said, "we must all of us make a raid upon Quimby to-morrow. You, Jack, will be the deeply insulted husband, and you, Tom, the honest viticulturist whose money Quimby has borrowed and squandered. Dick, I want you to play the undertaker from whom the coffin was engaged, and Bill, you can appear as the man assaulted by Quimby—the angry man, who has determined to appeal to the laws of his country for redress in the shape of heavy damages. The office group will now rehearse."

The conspirators agreed, and Charley Elmore gave them their parts, and insisted upon a full-dress rehearsal before the close of the session. The boys were all of them keenly alive to the situation, and besides their ambition to carry out the joke, felt that it was really a serious matter, as tending to lead to Jack Quimby's permanent swear-off.

"It is his last chance," said Elmore. "I tell you, boys, if we don't cure him this time saltpetre won't save him, and we shall never dance at Alice Benton's wedding, so far as Jack Quimby is concerned." And the boys all swore they would do their level best.

It was a bold plan, but among Mr. Quimby's many failings they knew that forgetfulness was one of the most prominent, and that he seldom remembered in the morning the occurrences that took place over night.

* * * * *

When Jack Quimby awoke on the second day of the year, he had a vague idea that he was on the threshold of spontaneous combustion.

"Never," he groaned, "were my copers so infernally hot before. If I do not join some temperance legion ere the day is over, I am a lost man." Despite these reflections Mr. Quimby dressed himself, and, after a good round of stiff cocktails, walked to his office and fell into the regular business groove.

"Great Scott, Quimby!" said one of the clerks, "what a head you've got on you. Well, you must have been going the pace, yesterday. I say, old man, you ought to get to bed just as soon as you possibly can." But Quimby scowled at the junior, and went on adding up figures as if he felt as fresh as the morning, and even tried a popular air in a subdued whistle, to prove to the crowd that the preceding day had been one of undisturbed virtue.

"Quimby," said the senior partner of the firm, "I want that invoice made out by ten o'clock."

"All right, sir; am at work on it now."

"Somebody for you, Mr. Quimby," cried the messenger-boy, hursting into the private office.

"Show him in," said Quimby. A tall, gaunt individual followed the boy, and, fixing a stony glance on Jack, took a vacant chair.

"Of course, you know who I am, Mr. Quimby?"

"I'm blessed if I do," replied Jack, after a close scrutiny;

"never saw you before in my life, that I can remember."

"My name," said the visitor, "is Eutropius Brown, and I have brought you the coffin you ordered last evening. If you show me to the deceased, Mr. Quimby, I will arrange everything without further delay. I believe you remarked the corpse had been already two days on ice."

Quimby looked at his visitor aghast, and then darted to the window. Sure, enough, there stood a black wagon outside the door.

"My dear sir," he said, "there is nobody dead in this house. This is a business house, and you are quite mistaken about the address. I never ordered a coffin from you. I've got no one to bury, and—and it strikes me," added Jack, growing desperate, "that you are altogether in error—in fact, that you are not quite right in your mind."

"Is not your name John Quimby?"

"It is; I'm Quimby; but, great beavens! I have no use for an undertaker!"

"Then why," said Brown, in an excited voice, "why did you come last night to my establishment and ring the night-bell? Why did you tell me to bring along, the first thing in the morning, the nobbiest casket in the shop? Do you think that is fair treatment for a decent undertaker, Mr. Quimby. Do you think—"

"For the Lord's sake, be quiet," gasped Jack. "Here is five dollars for a New Year's present. Say no more about it. Take your casket back, and I will call on you this afternoon and square up the balance. Don't you see that I was not myself when I spoke to you about that interment? Now, go away like a good fellow," and Jack pushed Mr. Brown out, and sat down again to his invoices with a heavy heart.

"How full I must have been," he muttered. "To order a coffin; why, that's the worst I ever did. I wish I could remember something about what happened after I left Benton's. But I can't; 'tis no use; I'm a wretched swine, and not long for this world. I'm—"

"Gentleman wants to see Mr. Quimby," shrieked the messenger.

"Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Quimby," cried a short, stout man, with a bull neck. "Just ten thirty. Came to give you your lesson as per contract," and swinging a sack from his back, he took out a set of boxing-gloves, and smiled complacently at the astonished Quimby.

"What the devil are you doing here?" ejaculated that individual, as soon as he recovered his breath.

"Your boxing lesson, Mr. Quimby. Contract drawn up, sir, last night. Signed in the presence of Mr. Elmore, at Hours from ten to twelve every day, at this office. Set for yourself." And the pugilist handed Jack a paper on which his own signature appeared, with Elmore and several others as witnesses, to an agreement between Sam Slogem of the first part, and John Quimby of the second part, wherein it was agreed that said Slogem should instruct said Quimby in the manly art of self-defense, between the hours of ten and twelve at his Front Street office, at two dollars and fifty cents a lesson.

"Here's five dollars," said Quimby; "take it for your trouble, Mr. Slogem, and come about the latter end of next week." And as the pugilist put his gloves away, and walked off, Jack clasped his hands about his head, and fell into a train of serious thought.

"I've been off," he said, "but never so off as I was yesterday. A coffin and boxing lessons—where the deuce could I have been, anyhow?"

"Let me in; I must see him! Damn him! I'll kill him, the cowardly scoundrel! He insulted my wife! I say, let me in; I'll have his life!" The voice and the scuffle were outside Mr. Quimby's door.

"Impossible, sir, impossible. Mr. Quimby is a gentleman, and never, knowingly, insulted any one."

This was quite enough for Jack. He felt a cold shiver, and, seizing his cane and hat, shot down a flight of stairs.

"Where are you going, Mr. Quimby?" asked a

"To hell!" shouted Jack. "The whole world is here with coffins, and boxing-gloves, and insulted w—"

crazy—plum crazy! Out of my way, or I'll kill you!" And the wretched man darted into the street, sprang into a hack, and fell back on the seat in a condition of complete exhaustion.

On the third day of January Miss Alice Benton was informed that Mr. John Quimby craved audience of her.

"Why, Jack, how pale you are, and how miserable you look," she exclaimed, as Mr. Quimby made her a very humble bow, and cast on her a glance full of the most imploring penitence.

"Alice," he said, "do you remember New Year's day?"

"Of course I do."

"I called on you, Alice."

"Certainly you did, Jack; and sang a song, too. Don't you remember?"

"Remember; yes, quite well—at least, I think I do. But after that, Alice, after that?"

"Come, Jack, don't look so horror-stricken. What occurred after that?"

"Heaven alone knows. I only know about half, and there must be a hundred precincts yet to hear from. I went to an undertaker and ordered a coffin; I invited a bruiser to call at my office during business hours and spar with me; I insulted somebody's wife; I borrowed money from every one in town, and there were thirty-two creditors waiting to see me in the hall yesterday; I have seven pairs of boots making for me in various parts of the town; I have bought land, ships, co-partnerships, grain, clothes, guns—in fact, Alice, I find that, begging your pardon, the devil has got such a mortgage on me that he took possession of this poor carcass on New Year's night, and I have come to swear off, once and forever."

"On what will you swear, Jack? Now, mind you, this is a serious matter. You never acknowledged before that such a necessity existed. Shall I get the Bible?"

"I'll swear on your lips, sweetheart," said Mr. Quimby, gallantly, and right lustily did he take the oath. "It's high time, darling," he continued, "when a man mistakes an undertaker shop for a saloon, it's high time to turn over a new leaf."

And Charley Elmore was Quimby's best man at the wedding; but from that day to this Jack never suspected that he was the victim of a reformatory conspiracy.

DAN. O'CONNELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1882.

The following census bulletin shows in detail the number of persons over ten years of age in the United States and Territories who are returned at the last census as unable to read:

	Unable to read.	Per cent.
Alabama.....	370,279	43.5
Arizona.....	5,490	10.7
Arkansas.....	153,229	28.8
California.....	48,583	7.1
Colorado.....	9,321	5.9
Connecticut.....	20,986	4.2
Dakota.....	3,094	3.1
Delaware.....	16,912	15.3
District of Columbia.....	21,541	15.7
Florida.....	70,219	38.0
Georgia.....	446,683	42.8
Idaho.....	1,384	5.5
Illinois.....	96,809	4.3
Indiana.....	70,008	4.8
Iowa.....	28,117	2.4
Kansas.....	25,503	3.6
Kentucky.....	258,196	22.2
Louisiana.....	297,312	45.8
Maine.....	18,181	3.5
Maryland.....	111,387	16.0
Massachusetts.....	75,935	5.3
Michigan.....	47,112	3.8
Minnesota.....	20,551	3.7
Mississippi.....	315,012	41.9
Missouri.....	138,818	8.9
Montana.....	1,530	4.8
Nebraska.....	7,830	2.5
Nevada.....	3,793	7.3
New Hampshire.....	11,682	4.2
New Jersey.....	39,136	4.5
New Mexico.....	52,994	60.2
New York.....	166,935	4.2
North Carolina.....	367,890	38.3
Ohio.....	86,754	3.6
Oregon.....	5,370	4.1
Pennsylvania.....	146,138	4.6
Rhode Island.....	17,456	7.9
South Carolina.....	321,780	48.2
Tennessee.....	294,385	27.7
Texas.....	256,223	24.1
Utah.....	4,851	5.0
Vermont.....	12,993	4.9
Virginia.....	300,495	34.0
Washington.....	3,191	5.7
West Virginia.....	52,041	12.1
Wisconsin.....	38,693	4.0
Wyoming.....	427	2.6
Number unable to read.....	4,923,451	
Percentage for United States.....	13.4	

The crown of England is a costly "bauble," bedazzled with jewels enough to found three or four public charities, or a half-dozen ordinary colleges. There are twenty diamonds round the circle, worth \$7,500 each, making \$150,000; two large centre diamonds, \$10,000 each, making \$20,000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former, each \$500; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, \$60,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, \$20,000; twelve diamonds contained in the fleur-de-lis, \$50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, \$10,000; pearls, diamonds, etc., upon the arches and crosses, \$50,000; also, one hundred and forty-one small diamonds, \$25,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, \$15,500; two circles of pearls about the rim, \$15,000. The cost of the stones in the crown, exclusive of the metal, is, therefore, nearly half a million of dollars.

Two sons of an English aristocrat were remarkable for hastiness of temper, which on certain occasions broke out into very indiscreet expressions. During a quarrel, and in the height of passion, one said to the other: "You are the greatest ass in the world." "Come, come, my lads," said their highly incensed father; "you forget that I am present."

VANITY FAIR.

Miss Chamberlaine, of Ohio, says a correspondent of the Washington *Capital*, has the unenviable reputation of having succeeded Mrs. Langtry in the good graces of the Prince of Wales. The American is not as beautiful as the Jersey Lily, but she is "American" in her manners, and that makes her attractive to his royal highness. A man who is so unfortunate as to be born a prince is a martyr to conventionality, and when he finds some one who treats him as though he was no holier than any other man, he is refreshed. The Prince of Wales saw Miss Chamberlaine at a ball, and he was pleased with her appearance, and sent to know if she would honor him with a dance. "Dance with the Prince of Wales, indeed I will. Who wouldn't be delighted to dance with the Prince of Wales?" The message was delivered as it was sent, and the prince was charmed. Even the princess sent word to have the American brought to her. "If the Princess of Wales wants to know me, let her come to me; I'm not going to her," said Miss Chamberlaine. This message was not delivered, and the introduction was effected later in the evening. Miss Chamberlaine treated the princess with the easy familiarity that had won the prince; but her royal highness did not like it, and when the American girl retired she remarked to one of her attendants that she was "an impertinent minx." However, Miss Chamberlaine and her friend, Miss Work, were invited to Sandringham by the princess, and they went there and had a "jolly time." They even went further. They went to Homburg with the prince, and without any chaperon, which was very wrong; but I don't think that any one has accused them of being more than wild. They called it a "lark," and thought it great fun to have the Prince of Wales for a cavalier. He was with them all the time. They drove together, played lawn-tennis, and had a good time. Everybody talked about them, and they were among the sights. Though the prince and the Americans were the subject of general conversation, they were indifferent. Ladies were a little shy of the two girls, and they deserved to be snubbed, though they meant no harm. At last their pictures got in the papers, standing on the balcony with the prince. The princess saw it, and when they came back to London she is said to have given Miss Chamberlaine the cut direct.

They collect locks of hair now—gentlemen's hair. It is no particular compliment if a young lady these days asks you for a lock of your hair. If you grant the request the lock will be tied with a blue ribbon and go into the "hair album" along with the hair of a crowd of other fellows. Over it will be written your name, age, color of your eyes, date of receiving the lock, and general remarks as to personal appearance, etc., which may or may not be complimentary, as the "hair album" is never to be seen by other than feminine eyes.

Northern fashions are creeping into Virginia life, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*. Richmond girls are no longer allowed to go to balls and parties unchaperoned. Duennas appear at all places of entertainment, and Miss Virginia runs to the shelter of her mamma's wing after a dance with as much modesty as does her Philadelphia cousin. Engagements are announced as soon as contracted. As soon as the momentous question is asked the *fiancés* are allowed full liberty to walk, drive, and sit together; the income, domestic arrangements, etc., are discussed in the presence of third parties with a charming freedom. The young lady selects her own engagement ring with a keen eye to a good investment. There was a time when an engagement meant delicious stolen interviews, blushes, denials; but not now, not now! At any rate there is one advantage—people don't flirt these days. Having received a visit from one's mother-in-law (*in prospectu*) and heard what Adolphus likes for breakfast, and on the other hand, been interrogated as to one's income and one's temper, the contractors are apt to abide by their engagements, rather than the risk of undoing like examinations under similar circumstances. Richmond girls are pretty enough considered collectively, but there is no pronounced belle or beauty. Perhaps the most admired girl in the city is a sweet-faced, dowerless maiden, with a long pedigree, who made her debut with startling success at the White Sulphur last summer. Perhaps the halcyon days are coming when, if one is only good, it will make no difference about one's looks. If so, the millennium is close at hand, and men's hearts are changed. But there is blooming in the retirement of the school-room a young girl whose exquisite form and face will bring back the days when to be the beauty of Richmond meant to be the beauty of the continent. Last winter and the winter before there was a renaissance of learning here. Everybody went to school, people talked about the origin of species and the color of Lady Macbeth's eyes. But, as is the case with all violent reform measures, reaction has taken place. We still read the *Popular Science Monthly*, but we do not blush to acknowledge an interest in the shape of bonnets, and a little natural feeling of exultation that circulars are still worn.

"I doubt," says a writer in *Progress*, "if we know as thoroughly how to enjoy ourselves indoors as the English do. Not referring, mind you, to great parties, receptions, and dances, but when nobody save the family, and one or two friends, with whom it is not required to stand on ceremony, are present. For such evenings the English have all manner of games, many of them regular romps. If the elder people do not join in, they enjoy themselves as much as the youngsters do in looking on at the pranks. It is seldom that a miss of eighteen or a nobby beau of twenty considers himself too dignified to take part. We Americans could well follow suit here."

In materials for gentlemen's suits, plain beavers, mixed worsteds, diagonals, fine checks, and indistinct patterns, shot with color, known as corkscrews, not unlike the fabrics used last spring, are prevailing ones. The standard coats are the sack and cutaway, made single or double-breasted. In sacks the four-button predominates. For elegance of style the five-button, single-breasted cutaways take precedence over all others. They are cut with high collar, close,

shapely back, and when well fitted are becoming to young and old, slight or portly figures. All frocks are double-breasted, the single breast having been relegated to oblivion before the leaves were turned. Vests for the most part are of the same material as the coat, although the agreement with the lower garment is not indicative of poor taste. All are cut high, as in the last two seasons, except that in the full dress suit the regulation three-button style prevails, showing a very broad expanse of shirt-front. Nothing new is offered in overcoats. What has become of ulsters, it is difficult to say. Trousers are cut alarmingly tight, and the question of the hour seems to be, how is one to get them off when entrance has once been made? The cut now in vogue is not only tight, but it continues to grow tighter, until soon there will be but one alternative, fashion or the stitches must weaken. Design of fabric is of no consideration. Stripes, blocks, checks, mottled or plain goods are all sanctioned by fashion, provided they are tight. In hats, the Dunlap flat top, beveled brim, has a large patronage, notwithstanding the air of depression it gives to the wearer. In silk hats, vulgarly, yet tersely, named "plug," there is no material change. Collars and cuffs are just as they should be. The low band collars, whether turned or standing, meet well in front in square or round collars, covering some of those scrawny, unsightly necks that never should be exposed, whatever the fashion. Cuffs are square and round cornered, little stitched, modestly buttoned, and neither extravagant in width nor depth. In neck wear, cuts are similar to those shown in the summer and fall, save the dignity of low, mellow tones, which have been ruthlessly set aside for the glaring designs wrought in the most startling colors in the chromatic scale. Latest devices in plush and brocade velvet of the most intense vividness bid fair to have a heavy run. Gloves of all descriptions are heavily seamed with black silk cord. Seal brown, myrtle green, and tan, but no black, are the proper colors for street wear. Buckskins find less favor than castor, and undressed kid is greatly in demand. Gaudy stockings in stripes, plaids, and spots are plentiful. Balbriggan and fine imports come in tasteful shades, lined with fleece.

Many of Nice's fashionable guests, says a correspondent of the London *World*, have not returned yet; for example, Comtesse Chambrun, Comtesse d'Adhemar, Comtesse Braniska, Comtesse du Chastel, Comtesse de Wézule, Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Stokes Boyd, the American beauty, as well as Mrs. Wurtz Dundas, likewise an American of considerable beauty. These ladies are regular winter residents, and in consequence of their absence some difficulty in starting the round of fashionable events is experienced. Their arrival is, however, a question of a few days.

Ribbon work is being revived. It was one of the pretty conceits of the age of Louis VI., and its revival is due to English influence and the enthusiasm of the South Kensington School. It is not an easy matter to give an exact description of this, because so much depends upon individual taste, imitation, instinct, and the power of observation. The ribbons used should not be wider than half an inch—so delicately shaded that almost the entire decoration can be made of them. The work is done by passing the ribbon through the material intended to be embroidered—satin, plush, etc.—and fastening them down into pretty forms. Being narrow, a very small hole is sufficient to allow them to pass through; in fact, the hole may be made large enough by an embroidery needle the right size. The ribbons are in relief, the edges being folded, twisted, crumpled, and carefully caught down into position. Flowers are the designs generally used; the wild rose, dahlia, or any thick-leaved flower, best answers the purpose. To heighten the effect embroidery is frequently introduced; for instance, French knots in the centre. It must be added that ribbon work should be, above all, elegantly dainty in design and finish, for clumsiness in the execution spoils it completely.

The attempts to reinstate the crinoline are continued, but as those most concerned, the ladies, oppose it and the fashion papers ridicule it, it is hardly probable that anything will come of it. It is charged that crinoline is woefully in the way on all occasions, and that its advantages are positively *nil*. Among the novelties in pretty "nothings" is a small whistle of beaten silver. It is to be used by ladies in hailing street-cars. Since the question, "Shall women whistle?" has been under such active discussion the fair ones are actually timid of puckering their pretty mouths; so the mechanical whistle may prove a very useful toy.

"Learning," says a writer in an Eastern journal, "that there was a place in the city where dimples were made to order, I went there out of curiosity. I was shown into a parlor somewhat resembling a dentist's operating-room. There was a glass case full of bottles, washes, and wigs, and a regular dentist's chair that suggested a world of comfort. To me presently came a dapper little man in a velvet cutaway coat, and whose face wore a complacent smirk. I bashfully suggested the dimple question, and asked for some points. I really wanted a dimple in my arm, and told him so. But I insinuated my disbelief in his ability to produce the necessary article. Whereupon he convinced me by practice. This is how it is done: My arm being bare and the exact spot indicated, he placed a small glass tube, the orifice of which was extremely small, upon the spot. This tube had working within it a piston, and was so small that when the handle was drawn up the air was exhausted from the tube and it adhered to the flesh, raising a slight protuberance. Around this raised portion the operator daintily tied a bit of scarlet silk, and then took away his suction-machine. The little point of skin that was thus raised he sliced off with a wicked-looking knife, bringing the blood. I tried hard not to scream, but it was so unexpected that I had too. Then he bound up the arm, placing over the wound a small silver object like an inverted cone, the point of which was rounded and polished. This little point was adjusted so as to depress the exact centre of the cut. Then he told me to go away and not touch the spot until the next day. When I came at that time he dressed my arm again, and this operation was repeated for five days, when the wound was healed. The silver cone was removed, and there, sure enough, beneath it was the prettiest dimple in the world! And all I had to pay was ten dollars."

A BALLAD OF MADNESS.

The Story of the Song that Wrought the Death of Margot.

I am, God knows, a kind, extremely sensitive, and honest man. The misfortunes of others, and all human sorrows, awaken my compassionate sympathy, and cause my tears to flow. No mendicant has ever passed me without receiving substantial aid. I have bestowed marriage portions upon orphan girls, established deserving young men in business, founded hospitals, and provided for the aged. I have taught self-denial to the rich, virtue to the fallen; and once, when attacked by ruffians with murderous intent, I persuaded them from their evil designs, and led them to repentance and reformation. Wherever I have encountered suffering, it has been my purpose to mitigate and relieve it—frequently visiting even lazar-houses of sin, carrying resignation to the dying, hope to the despairing, and changing into cries of joy the wild lamentations of their unfortunate inmates.

My pity and beneficence extend even to the animal creation, the death of a little pet dog having once thrown me into such violent hysteria that for a time my life was despaired of. I have never allowed shooting upon my estates, and myself have never hunted; for the idea that I could deliberately take the life of any living thing seemed impossible and abhorrent to me. I watch over the nests of birds built in lofty trees or in the clefts of old walls, and protect the covies of partridges scattered through the grass and grain.

Can I be, then, an unconscionable brute, controlled by blind instinct, a victim of inherent depravity, a madman attracted by blood as by the lips of woman, and one who flies to murder as to love? No, a thousand times no! Have I not already said that I am good and tender-hearted. The mysterious beauties of nature and of art fill my soul with sublimest enjoyment. Philosophy and science, which seek to discover the secrets in the heart of man and the mysteries of the laws of life, are a delight to me. Music and poetry, misty horizons, rosy even-tide, clear star-light nights, and suns setting in the glorious sea, create in me profound enthusiasm, and fill me with ecstatic joy, in which thought, delighted, soars into the universal beauty and harmony of things. I believe in God, in a God who rewards and in a God who punishes, in a God who sheds upon us the sweetness of His everlasting love, in a God who kindles the flames of expiating torment.

Why—why, then, did I commit that horrible crime? Why did I slay, with the refinement of calm ferocity? Why, why did I kill a loving and beloved being? For I did indeed love her, sweet victim. Yet killed her; basely murdered her as she lay sleeping at my side; while in her happy dreams, perhaps, my image appeared to her, and she smiled tenderly upon it.

That crime, that abominable and monstrous crime, which I have borne with me for two, slow, interminable years, which, like a corroding ulcer, consumes my heart and wastes my frame—it is of that I am about to tell you. You will shudder to hear of it, you will be so horrified to know it, that—ah! I hope, nay, I pray—you will denounce me, deliver me to justice, send me to the scaffold. For, indeed, you see that I must die. Death alone can free me from my terror, only my life's blood can appease my remorse, and cleanse with its expiating stream my stained and guilty soul.

I loved Margot. She seemed a child, though almost eighteen years of age. I met her upon the highway, one evening, clothed in rags and almost dying of hunger and of want. She was pretty, slight, and delicate, very pale, with large eyes hollowed by suffering. She was an orphan in whom no one took any interest; gentle and weak, she had been cruelly abused by wicked people, so she fled far from her tormentors, stopping at night in villages or at farms, asking for food, alms, sometimes, and sometimes during the day picking up along the road the decaying fruit fallen from the trees. She had been wandering thus for about a week. Whither was she straying? She did not know, being alike ignorant of all lands. The child told me this, weeping bitterly.

I was deeply affected and wept with her. What would become of her, thus alone in the world? Vice and crime run rampant in the country, lurk on the hill-side, crouch in the shadows of the trees, and death is everywhere. Suddenly a sinister flock of ravens wheeled ominously in the cold gray sky above our heads, causing me to shudder with fear, and I thought perhaps the good Lord had sent her there for me to love and protect. I took her with me. Being rich I could afford the luxury of a benevolent action. Two months later I married Margot. In that part of the country where I resided I was considered somewhat queer and eccentric, but this marriage was regarded as an act of pure lunacy, and thereafter my reputation as a maniac was definitely established. Upon seeing me pass, people frequently exclaimed: "That man is crazy." Alas! was it true?

At all events, I was happy. Margot displayed so much tenderness for me—she was the most affectionate, the most devoted, the most submissive of wives. Fearing me as a master, she worshiped me as a god. I attempted to educate her in accordance with her new condition, for, as she had always lived with rustics, she had, of course, their manners, understanding only how to take care of geese and to sing the songs learned while hiding the grain with the harvesters, or in the common room of the farmhouse in the winter evenings. But, though her heart was good and her mind pure, night, blackest night reigned in her brain. She could not learn the simplest things, despite her prodigious efforts and her ardent desire to obey and please me. I was compelled to abandon the project of improving her mind, even with the most elementary ideas. And this was a source of disappointment and chagrin to me.

Poor little creature, she understood only one thing, and that was to love me, and she endeavored, by every means in her power, to give some proof of it by her blind submission and dog-like devotion. Then, too, she sang—sang eating, sang dressing, sang walking, sang kissing me. Sad or gay, she sang all day long. What she sang—ah! fatal and accursed song—was an old ballad, tender and pathetic, such as the blind chant in the streets. Her voice then took a mournful and monotonous intonation, swelling the words, dwelling on the syllables. That irritated me beyond everything. Margot's song was destroying my life. It haunted my read-

ing, my reveries, my prayers. It was stamped upon my brain, and filled it with its stupid refrain. It drove from my studious and reflective existence all that heretofore had been my joy and my pride. I could no longer read, no longer write, no longer think. I attempted to flee from its harassing presence. Whole days I traversed the fields, the forest, followed the river's course, humming to silence the abominable strains which pursued me. But neither field, nor forest, nor my voice itself, could deliver me from the accursed air. It was with me everywhere. The fields murmured it: it was in the trill of birds, the rustling of leaves, the wails of the wind; the river bore it on its slow waters. Shepherds leading their flock, cattle lying in the meadows, repeated the awful refrain.

Poor little Margot! She knew nothing of all this torture. I had not told her, lest it should give her pain. And she continued to sing, thinking her voice still sweet to me. However, my patience was at last exhausted, and I requested her to be silent. She was astonished, wept long and bitterly, and promised to sing no more. But the habit was so strong with her, the song had become such a part of her nature, that frequently she would forget herself and break out into singing. At these times I would regard her sternly and she would cease. Her voice was silent, but I perceived by the motion of her lips that she was continuing mentally, in spite of herself, as if impelled by some invisible power, the air begun aloud. At last she sang no more. But her lips were always moving. What had before troubled my ears, disturbed now my eyes. And this fearful thing happened: I no longer heard the song, but I saw it, saw it distinctly, plainly, remorselessly. As formerly all objects sang with Margot's voice, now all things discovered its terrifying phantom.

Six years—ages—six years of this fiendish torment passed away. My health failed visibly, and I feared my reason was giving way. I no longer took pleasure in anything, all things were alike insupportable to me. My studies were abandoned. I became gloomy, and as restless as an imprisoned wild beast, and often had paroxysms of passionate anger or strange hallucinations. Death seemed imminent, and it was a great consolation to think that I should soon be delivered from the incubus which was destroying my life.

One night Margot was sleeping peacefully by my side. How pretty she looked—her small face so delicate and sad, her rosy mouth half opened, her breath coming lightly and regularly, her bare arm folded under her head. I looked at her and gently caressed her long, unbound, black hair streaming over the pillow. The night-lamp shed a rosy light over her. But, bark! Suddenly, in the silence of the room, a sound arose. The song! The song! Yes, it was indeed the song again. I heard it, the accursed thing. It was escaping from the sleeping lips of Margot. The blood rushed to my brain, a shudder shook my frame. I raised my arm as if to strike. In the alcove above my head hung a massive silver crucifix. I nervously seized it. But the song had ceased. Nothing could he heard in the room but the calm breathing of the sleeper. How long did I lean over the poor victim, panting, suffocating, the crucifix uplifted ready to strike? I can not tell. The clock struck hour after hour. "It shall not escape me again," I whispered to myself. And I watched Margot's lips as a bandit watches for the traveler whom he expects to pass that way. Now her silence irritated me.

Ha! ha! at last. And scarcely has the first sound issued from those sleeping lips, than brandishing the crucifix with both hands, and arms stretched at full length, I brought it down heavily upon Margot's head. With what a dull thud it struck the quivering flesh. Not a cry, not a moan! A few contractions twist her limbs. Her little hands heat the air, clutch the sheet. She becomes rigid, and moves no more. It is done. The song is silenced forever.

I believed it then. Alas! Margot is dead, the gentle, the innocent Margot. But the song still lives, more pitiless, more tormenting than ever. It has passed from Margot's soul into mine. I sing it now; I sing it always. I can not help singing it. If I travel, it follows me; if I plunge into dehauch, it follows me; if I lose myself in the crowd, it follows me. Everywhere I go, there it is also; it is as much a part of me as my flesh and blood. O, pity me! Denounce me! Deliver me to justice! Send me to the scaffold! Death, kind death alone can save me from this demon, this spectre, this vengeance of God—Margot's song.—Translated from the French for the Argonaut by Mrs. M. A. Halsey.

At a recent dinner-party given by the Emperor of Austria some of Count Andrassy's friends were condoling with him upon the recent theft of all his chivalric insignia. The count had just observed that few people could realize how many vexatious troubles were inflicted by such a robbery upon its victim, when the Emperor joined the group that had gathered around the ex-premier, saying: "I can very well imagine how desperate the count must have felt when he was informed of what had taken place. Moreover, I know what was the real cause of his despair. But I shall not reveal it unless I have his promise not to take my disclosure in an evil part." Of course Count Andrassy protested that "he could not but learn with respectful gratitude whatsoever his majesty had been pleased to discover." Whereupon, the Emperor continued: "What really drove the count beside himself when he was apprised of the robbery was his inner consciousness that he did not in the least know what orders, or how many, he was the possessor of, and therefore could not venture to make the declaration required by the police in such cases, specifically describing the property stolen from him." Turning toward Andrassy, his majesty laughingly inquired: "Am I not in the right?" "You are, indeed, sire," replied the Magyar statesman, with a profound bow; "in this case my chief annoyance has resulted from an *embarras de richesse*."

It is related of First-Lieutenant (afterward Commodore) Thomas W. Wyman that when the *Delaware* was thrown on her broadside, with difficult climbing he succeeded in reaching her quarter-deck, where, snatching the trumpet from the officer in charge, his first order, given in a voice heard distinctly fore and aft, was: "Keep clear of the paint-work!" This command to hundreds of human beings packed in the lee scuppers like sardines in a box, instantly restored them to order, they naturally feeling that if, at such a time, such an order could be given, the condition was not a serious one.

THE TROTTING-HORSE REPORTER.

He Becomes a Prospective-Bliss Editor, for he has taken a Wife.

For a long time the *Argonaut* has been reprinting from the Chicago *Tribune* the clever sketches of the "Trotting-Horse Reporter," and the novelettes of "Joseph Medill, the *Tribune* novelist." They are the work of H. Teneyck White, who is in reality the "horse reporter" for the sporting columns of the *Tribune* are under his charge. Inasmuch as he has been wont to humorously attribute his tales of the loves of Gwendolen Mabaffy *et al.* to Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the *Argonaut* has invariably and carefully credited them to Joseph Medill, the imposing chieftain of the *Tribune*.

The lady who has linked her fortunes with the trotting-horse reporter is Miss Fannie Driscoll, who, although she lives in Milwaukee, writes extremely well. The young lady has published some striking poems, and a great deal of excellent verse. The readers of the *Argonaut* are familiar with her productions, as many of them have appeared for the first time in our columns. The young lady met Mr. White last year in Chicago, and there is said to be quite a romantic story connected with their match. The wedding took place in Milwaukee, and it is related of the bridegroom that when the party took their stand before the clergyman he remarked—such is the force of habit: "Well, I see the judges are in the stand. The bell had better be rung to score up." This, however, may be the invention of some unlucky rival.

If Miss Fannie loves her husband half as hard as she has loved her pen-drawn heroes, he will be like the fly in amber—he will die like a rose, in aromatic pain. But the probabilities are that Miss Fannie is only intense on paper, and that she will make a loving little wife to her clever husband. They have our best wishes.

Some graceless scribe on the Chicago *Herald* has perpetrated the following novelette, in which Mr. White's style is imitated and a conjugal tiff foreshadowed:

THE WEDDING OF THE HORSE REPORTER AND GWENDOLYN MAHAFFY.

"My nose itches."

These words, lightly spoken, came love-laden from the rose-red lips, parted slightly to show the teeth gleaming like ivory in the beautiful mouth of Gwendolyn Mahaffy as she stood in the centre of the spacious drawing-room of the old baronial house of her father, the eighth Duke of Milwaukee. It was Gwendolyn's marriage day. She had just been married to the horse reporter, and the mansion was ablaze with the youth and beauty of the town. In the center of the room stood the happy couple surrounded by their friends, who showered their congratulations upon them. Gwendolyn looked proudly happy by the side of her husband, as the bright December sun shone through the huge antique window, and broke upon her golden hair in a thousand ripples. Her dress was a marvel of dead white Ottoman silk and rose-point duchesse lace. The court train was finished with a full Russian ruche, tucked on with pendants of cut crystal. The front was cut in battlements that revealed platings of satin encrusted with crystal and tinsel. The tablier was draped with a forty-inch flounce, caught up on the left side with an immense barb of brilliants. The bodice was concealed by a zouave jacket—one mass of glittering crystal. This was fastened over the low corsage with a cluster of diamonds, beneath which was a large, loose bouquet of Baronesse de Rothschild roses. Undressed kid gloves encased hands and arms, and fastened to the shoulder with a semi-circle of gems. She wore a demi-veil, which covered her face, and carried on her arm a reticule in the form of a shield wrought in orchids, while her hands were engaged with a fancy filigree smelling-bottle and a fan, a marvel of lace and Ceylon pearls.

One by one the guests paid their respects and departed, last among them being Beryl McMurtry and Aristides Mulcahey, the bridesmaid and best man. At length the bride and groom were left alone; and when he had encircled her waist with his arm, he paused, and asked, in tones choked with emotion:

"Would you do anything I should ask of you, love?"

She did not answer at first, but suddenly nestled herself against his manly breast, and murmured, softly:

"Why, darling, you know I would! What is it?"

After a moment of agonized hesitation, he leaned over her, his face betraying his firm resolve and his lips almost touching her beautiful hair as he bisected into her ear the baleful words:

"Promise me to write no more poetry."

Without raising her head, the beautiful girl slipped, limp and senseless from his arms, and fell on the floor with a dull, sickening thud.

"I have knocked her out in four rounds," he said, and, laughing sardonically, he began rolling a cigarette."

The "Chronicle's" Hawaiian Horrors.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a number of your valuable paper, dated November 4, I read some lines contradicting an article which appeared in the *Weekly Chronicle* about the 21st of September, headed "Hawaiian Horrors." I, the undersigned, master of the barkentine *Emma Augusta*, have been sailing regularly between Kahului and Puget Sound for two years. Having read so much in the *Chronicle* about brutal treatment of plantation hands, it has caused me to investigate the subject, to satisfy my own curiosity. I find the reports to be false, at least on the Island of Maui, where most of the Norwegians are working. The *Chronicle* asserts, as an example of brutality, that the Norwegians were driven into houses without chimneys or door. The editor of the *Chronicle* can not know much about the tropical world to think that chimneys are required in dwelling houses. When I am at the Sandwich Islands, I am glad to remove windows and doors, to get air. It is also stated in the *Chronicle* that trade in women is carried on, and, as an example, it gives two cases: two girls being sold on the Island of Maui. The one was married to an overseer, and, according to the contract, was to return part of the passage money if married before the contract was up; the other was sold by Captain L'Orange to Mr. C. H. Dickey, and he again sold her to the master of a vessel. This is altogether false. This girl, who, as the *Chronicle* states, I bought of Mr. Dickey, was not bound under contract, and when she changed place from Captain L'Orange to Mr. Dickey, it was by her own wish. During her short stay there she was treated more like a friend than a servant, and when she left Mr. Dickey I offered to return part of the passage-money for my wife.

Now, I will give you the character of the *Chronicle's* informant, the Reverend Mr. Lange. A Norwegian who worked with him at Mr. Hitchcock's, on Hawaii Island, worked his passage with me to Humboldt Bay. His name is Johan Engelgritsen. He states that this reverend gentleman was constantly creating ill-feeling between the planters and the working-class. His countrymen gathered money to release him from his contract and to pay his passage to San Francisco, in order to get him out of the way. He was recklessly squandering his own money. He went as far as Honolulu, but at that place cast to the winds his passage-money, and came to Maui Island to get more from his countrymen. But he appeared in such a drunken condition that they had to complain to the owner of the plantation, who gave him the alternative of leaving the grounds or being arrested. This individual, and a few others like him, whom the planters are glad to get rid of from their contracts, are the *Chronicle's* informers. The Norwegians on the Island of Maui are satisfied to remain in their places, and are likely to remain there when their contracts are ended.

Master of barkentine *Emma Augusta*,
EUREKA, Humboldt Bay, December 15, 1882.

SOCIETY.

The Hopkins Reception.

The reception given by Mrs. Mark Hopkins, at her mansion on California Street, on Thursday evening last, in honor of the late matrimonial alliance of her niece, Miss May Crittenden, and her adopted son, Mr. Timothy Hopkins, was a gorgeous and magnificent affair, and may properly be ranked among the first social events of this or any country—at least so far as great wealth, elegance of costumes, perfection of menu, and splendor of premises can combine to make such an occasion unexceptionable. The invitations for this reception had been out several weeks, which gave all who were upon the hostess's list a splendid opportunity to make their arrangements for display of costume without haste; and long before the arrival of Mrs. Hopkins and her adopted son and his beautiful bride, the house which was to be made a scene of rejoicing was placed in a most perfect state of renovation without and within. So it only lacked the music of Ballenberg, the merry voices of the young, electric illuminations, and other accessories, to transform the imposing pile on the corner of Mason and California streets into a place of perfect enchantment.

The day opened inauspiciously with rain, but toward evening the sky cleared, and a splendid moon came out to throw silvery shadows on the castellated mansion. Preparations had been busily carried on for a week before. For three days previous over a hundred men were busily decorating the interior. A dozen of the most expert florists in the city were busily weaving garlands and flower-streamers from the thousands of gay blossoms that had been culled from all the hot-houses and nurseries of this city and Oakland, besides the rare exotics from the spacious greenhouses that adjoin the residence. The lower halls, and the apartments where refreshment was served, received especial attention as regards floral display. The French chef-de-cuisine had added numerous aids to his already large staff of culinary servants, and the kitchen, in appearance, resembled that of some Louis XIV., or one of the De Medicis, with its extraordinary moldings and mixings of rare conceits in confections, toothsome viands, melting drifts of snowy ices, and frosty sherbets.

The entrance-vestibule was rich in the sombre coloring of its rosewood wainscoting and heavy reds and golds of the upper wall. Above the archway to the huge dancing-hall and picture-gallery, the escutcheon bearing Mrs. Hopkins's heraldic device stood out in *bas relief*. The hall presented a brilliant spectacle. The dark wood floor was completely bidden by snowy canvas. The pictures, many of which are rare works of art, purchased at untold expense, were the sole adornments of the wall. Between pillars, ornate in capital and architecture, were set rare palms and fern-trees, which sprung from mossy beds, and made long glades and leafy vistas through the spacious alcoves, wherein soft nothings could be gently whispered by youths and maidens weary of the dance and crowded splendor. The soft strains from instruments of string and wind floated down from an upper gallery upon the gay scene below. The huge chandeliers, with their dozens of flashing electric lights shimmering through soft porcelain shades, cast the radiance of fairy-land upon the gorgeous spectacle.

Guests commenced to arrive about a quarter past nine, and a little before ten Ballenberg's full band struck up its first delightful notes, which mingled with the sounds of hundreds of merry voices. Dancing was indulged in by many, although, as at a former party, a majority of the guests preferred the promenade, which took in nearly all of the floor, with its matchless medley of mosaics, medallions, mirrors, panels, and paintings. At half past eleven o'clock the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and for an hour or two the superbly loaded tables were made the Mecca of many a pilgrim in search of substantial midnight fare. There were no dancing programmes, which, as the *Argonaut* has stated heretofore, is *en regle*. The menu was a novel affair, and consisted of a piece of white satin about seven inches long and three wide, placed upon a bandsome bevel-edged card, made double or with a hinge, so as to close by means of a satin cord, and then disclose, in the centre of the card, an orange blossom and young leaf in wax. It was an exquisite conceit, and is creditable to the concern that designed it, which was probably an Eastern one. The following is the

MENU.

Huitres de l'Est.
Service Chaud.—Consommé de Volaille, Cailles à la Pompadour, Terrapin à la Maryland, Huitres à la Poulette, Huitres Marinade.
Service Froid.—Choufroid de Bécassines, Aquarium de Langoustes, Aquarium de Samon, Aloyau à la Croûte, Terrine de Gibier St. Hubert, Paté de Foies Gras aux Truffes, Arcades de Dinde Mosaïque, Gratin de Langue de Boeuf, Galantine de Perdreaux.
Salades.—Mayonnaise de Volaille, Ris de Veau à la Ravigotte, Salade de Crevettes, Salade de Crabes, Salade Russe.
Sandwiches.—Sandwiches de Jambon à la Diable, Sandwiches de Poulet Truffé, Sandwiches de Paté de Foies Gras, Sandwiches de Caviar.
Pices Montées.—Closche Symbolique aux Cupidons, Deux Pendans de Peau et Virginie, Deux Aquariums Parallele.
Glaces.—Glace à la Neapolitaine, Glace à la Plombière, Biscuits Ambassade, Caté Glacé.
Pâtisseries.—Bouchées à la Chantilly, Gâteau de Noces, Gâteaux de Soirée, Croquants Assortis, Nougat Parisien, Fruits, Caramels, Marons Glacés, Bonbons, Mottes, Souvenirs Garnis.
Café à la Crème.

Fourquet—Cadenau, French caterers.

It will be noticed that the names of the artists are affixed to this artistic production, as was the way of Raffaele, Titian, Correggio, and other great men. Who was it that, gazing on Titian's painting, exclaimed "Io anchore son pittore"? So Cadenau, gazing on Fourquet's confectionery marvels, might exclaim: "I, too—I am a cook."

As might have been expected, the toilettes of the ladies were very elaborate and beautiful. Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the hostess, wore a costume of broad satin of leaves and flowers, draped with Chantilly lace and *passementerie*; ornaments, diamond necklace and solitaire diamond ear-drops. The bride wore her wedding-dress, which was described in the *Argonaut* the Saturday following the wedding. Among the ladies present who are noted for wearing superb and stylish costumes, we may mention Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, in a remarkably beautiful dress made by Worth; Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. McMullin, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Schmiedell,

Mrs. Spaulding, Mrs. Swift, Mrs. Pixley, Mrs. Adam Grant, and Mrs. Foster, in velvet. Without exception, however, the ladies were all elegantly and faultlessly attired, and there was a delightful confusion of satin and silk and brocade, Point and Chantilly and Valenciennes, and diamonds and feathers and flowers. Taking everything into consideration, we doubt if there was ever a prettier party in America.

New Year's Receptions.

The following named ladies will hold receptions on Monday next, January 1, 1883:

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, assisted by Miss Mollie Dodge, (her niece,) Mrs. W. G. Elliott, Mrs. Major F. A. Whitney, Mrs. Governor-elect Stoneman, Mrs. Charles Sontag, and the Misses Adams, of Menlo Park, at the Palace.

Mrs. Colonel J. D. Stevenson, assisted by her daughters, at 2109 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. John McMullin, assisted by her daughters, Mrs. General A. V. Kautz of Angel Island, Mrs. Marshall and Miss Marshall, Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Miss Ada Johnson, Miss Weller, Miss Maud Forbes of San Rafael, Miss Carrie Miller of Stockton, Miss Nellie Trowbridge, Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, and Miss Sullivan, at 1414 California Street.

Mrs. Charles F. MacDermott will be at home at the Palace.

Mrs. Drury Melone will be at home, No. 1321 Sutter Street.

Mrs. B. C. Truman will receive, No. 1811 Pierce Street, near California.

Mrs. Colonel R. H. Sinton will be at home, at the Ralston House.

Mrs. F. Berton will receive at the Grand.

Also Mrs. Isadore Burns, Mrs. N. L. Broughton, Mrs. G. E. Dickson, and Mrs. D. H. Jones, at the Grand.

Mrs. Adam Grant, assisted by her niece, Miss Hammond, and Miss Lizzie Sinton, at 1112 Bush Street.

Mrs. J. P. Hale, at the Occidental.

Miss Emma Broughton, assisted by Miss Lilly C. Burnett, at the Grand.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, assisted by Miss Lizzie Tevis, Mrs. Colonel Withington, and other ladies, at 1316 Taylor Street.

Mrs. L. E. Pease, at the Grand.

Mrs. D. A. Smith, at the Occidental.

Mrs. J. F. Lewis, at the Grand.

Mrs. H. J. Booth, assisted by Miss Edith Forbes and other ladies, at 507 Harrison Street.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn, at the Grand.

Also Mrs. J. S. Robinson, Mrs. G. H. Southwick, and Mrs. Gauley, at the Grand.

Mrs. P. B. Simons, at the Occidental.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott will be at home, at 507 Harrison Street.

Mrs. Bonyne will receive, assisted by Mrs. J. H. Jewett, at 1315 Mason Street.

Mrs. Neal, assisted by Mrs. A. B. McBride, at the Grand.

Mrs. Mark L. McDonald, at the Occidental.

Mrs. H. N. Cook, assisted by Miss Scoffy, at 809 Hyde Street.

Mrs. Abram Halsey, at the Lick.

Miss Holtz, assisted by Miss Baldwin, at 328 Ellis Street.

Mrs. Doctor J. D. Whitney, at the Lick.

Also Mrs. Dana, at the Lick.

The Misses Lange, assisted by Mrs. Doctor Keefe, will receive at their residence, 1 Bay View, Presidio.

The ladies of Alcatraz, Fort Point, and Black Point will join those of the Presidio, and receive from eleven till five.

Mrs. H. J. Booth will receive on New Year's day, at her residence, on Rincon Hill, assisted by the Misses Booth, Fay, Forbes, Wilson, and Felton, and will have a reception from eight to twelve o'clock in the evening.

Mrs. Tewksbury, assisted by Miss Nannie Crane, of Oakland, at the Palace.

Mrs. L. Henry Newton, assisted by Mrs. Charles Josselyn and the Misses Ruth and Rebecca Holladay, at the Palace.

Mrs. Montague, assisted by Mrs. Doctor McNulty, at 1108 Bush St.

Mrs. Dumelle, assisted by Mrs. Lord, at 438 Second Street.

Mrs. James A. Robinson, assisted by Miss Hawes and Miss Dearborn, at the Palace.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, assisted by Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Farnham, at the Palace.

Mrs. Schmiedell, assisted by her daughters and Miss Peters.

Also the following named ladies: Mrs. H. Miller, Mrs. Findley, Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mrs. Greenbaum.

Mrs. William Lane Booker, assisted by the Misses Page, Miss Atherton, Miss Gray, Miss Lucas, and other ladies, at 606 Stockton Street.

Notes and Gossip.

The Princess Louise and party left Monterey on Saturday last, the 23d instant, and arrived in Los Angeles at eight o'clock Sunday morning; at eleven the same morning the party left Santa Barbara, via Wilmington and the sea, and are now at the Arlington Hotel, in the former city. Captain and Mrs. R. C. Hooker have arrived in Washington, where they both have multitudes of friends. Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hovey have been spending a week or two at the Sierra Madre Villa, one of the loveliest places in the world. Mrs. Judge Wheeler has her sister, Miss Clara Rowe, of Marysville, with her as a guest for the winter. Mrs. Lieutenant-Commander Buford and Miss Flora Low leave for New York to-day, as guests of Mr. Charles Crocker, who leaves for the East to-day in his private car, via the Central and Union roads. Mrs. Judge Sanderson and her daughter have arrived in New York, where they were met by Judge Sanderson, and will remain until next Tuesday, when they will all go to Washington. Madame Zeitska and daughter went down to Monterey on Saturday last, to stay over Christmas; also Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Ledyard, W. B. Chapman and Ward McAllister. Mr. Thomas Hill and daughter, Miss E. L. Hill, of Oakland, who have been visiting Monterey, have returned. Since the arrival of her daughter in Washington, Mrs. ex-Senator Stewart has taken up her residence at the Riggs House. Miss Maud Loud, of San Jose, will spend the balance of the winter as the guest of either Mrs. Roman of this city, or Mrs. Captain Forney, of Oakland. Hon. and Mrs. Drury Melone entertained at dinner, on Tuesday evening last, Governor-elect and Mrs. Stoneman, Judge and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, and a number of others. A calico party, similar to that given last winter, will be given by the ladies of the Grand Hotel on Monday evening, the 8th proximo. A number of gentlemen of this city have purchased a fine oil painting of General Stoneman, and presented it to his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller are contemplating a European tour. Mrs. George Hearst, who is still in New York, leaves for home next week. Governor-elect Stoneman has gone to Sacramento. Mrs. Stoneman, however, is still at the Palace, where she will remain until the latter part of next week. Mrs. A. G. Kinsey, of the Grand, has gone to Monterey to stay over New Year's. Mrs. Judge Crocker and her daughter, Miss Amy Crocker, went to Sacramento on Tuesday last. Miss Crocker has issued cards for a reception for next Friday, the fifth proximo, at her mother's residence in Sacramento, which promises to be a brilliant affair. Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kittle have gone to Monterey with their family. Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, who have been at the Windsor Hotel for several weeks, leave for New Orleans shortly after the first of January, and may be expected in San Francisco on or about the fifteenth. Mrs. O. W. Childs, of Los Angeles, has been visiting in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ewing have returned from Monterey. D. B. Vermilye, of New York, is at Monterey. Mrs. J. B. Osborne, of the Grand, is at San Rafael. Mrs. Doctor Harvey will spend New Year's at Sacramento. Hon. F. A. Tritle, Governor of Arizona, has been in the city most of the week. Mrs. James H. Burnham has been visiting in Sacramento. Mrs. George H. Kimball, of the Grand, is spending the holidays with her mother and sisters in Los Angeles. Miss Louise Buckminster is visiting friends in Sacramento. Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd, who have lately returned from their lovely summer place on Clear Lake, gave a dinner to a number of their friends at their residence on First Street on Monday evening last. Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank Smith's reception, at their residence in Oakland, takes place on Thursday evening next, the fifth proximo. Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, of Buchanan Street, and

Captain and Mrs. N. T. Smith, of Octavia and Jackson, leave to-day for Monterey to stay until Tuesday next. Mrs. Homer S. King will celebrate New Year's with her family and her mother's family at the homestead in Napa County. Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Dodge, of Sacramento, who have been visiting in this city, have returned. Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, who have been in New York for a number of weeks, leave for home on Tuesday next via New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Goodman are still at the Buckingham Hotel in New York. Miss Jennie Gallatin gave an elegant party to about two hundred and fifty young people at her father's residence in Sacramento, on Monday evening last. In this city, on the same evening, Mrs. Doctor Spaulding gave a very delightful party to the guests of the Ralston House. On Tuesday evening last, the 26th instant, Mrs. Jarboe gave an elegant reception at her residence on Pine Street. George Crocker accompanies General Butterfield on a trip to Guatemala to-day. Those who have fully made up their minds to visit Honolulu, and witness the coronation of the king, are Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Judge Crocker and Miss Amy Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Consul Severance and Mrs. Severance, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wright, and Mrs. Volney Spaulding. Mrs. Edward Strauss, of Denver, is at present in this city on a visit to her family. Major and Mrs. Worth, of Benicia, are in town at the Occidental.

Wedding.

The following card has been received at this office. Some remarks on the happy couple will be found on page 3:

Henry Ten Eyck White,
Fanny Driscoll,
Married
Thursday, December seventh,
Eighteen hundred and eighty-two.
Milwaukee, Wis.

At Home
After December fifteenth.
44 Rush Street,
Chicago, Ill.

A Unique Entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Scott gave an entertainment at their residence on Friday evening, the 22d instant, which will be long remembered by all who were present, as well for its originality as for the complete pleasure and enjoyment realized. The occasion which prompted the ever-genial Scott and his estimable lady was the revival of the *Overland Monthly*; and so they quietly arranged to entertain as many as possible of the contributors to both the old and new series; and when we state that such well-known literary ladies and gentlemen as Mrs. S. B. Cooper, Mrs. Jos. Austin, Mrs. Glascock, Miss Lake, Miss Shinn, Mrs. Webb, Miss Coolbrith, Miss Sheppard, Miss Bishop, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Field, Judge Boalt, Theodore Hittell, W. C. Bartlett, Dr. Widney, Dr. Jos. Le Conte, Professor Kellogg, A. C. Wheeler, Dr. Benton, Professor Sill, J. H. Carmany, Dr. Barrows, and others, were present, we scarcely need say more as to the interest of the occasion. Suffice it to say, then, that there were forty-four persons present, and that the superior repast was flavored with sparkling conversation and amplified by speeches by Mr. Scott, Mr. Bartlett, Professor Le Conte, Professor Kellogg, W. W. Crane, J. H. Carmany, Judge Boalt, Rev. Mr. Barrows, and others; a poem by Miss Coolbrith, and letters from gentlemen who were unable to attend.

The School of Design.

The annual distribution of prizes of the School of Design took place on Friday, the 22d instant, at the rooms of the Art Association, on Pine Street. Colonel A. G. Hawes, president of the association, occupied the chair. Mr. Martin, the assistant secretary, in his annual report, announced the association to be now free from debt, twenty-five hundred dollars of the arrears having been cleared off since the last annual meeting. The list of members has largely increased, as many as two hundred having been added during the last few months. The average attendance at the school for the past year has been eighty students, showing a larger increase than any preceding year since the foundation of the school, in 1873. Mr. Virgil Williams, the director of the school, made a few remarks on the progress of the school and its relative position to other art-schools in America. The president then proceeded to distribute the medals. The Alvord medal was awarded to Miss D. Willis, for the best drawing from the antique. Mr. Charles J. Carlson was awarded the Avery medal, for general excellence in work in oil, embracing figure, portrait, and still-life painting. Miss Janet S. Kirk well deserved the mention of the committee for an excellent piece of still-life painting; also Miss E. M. Reynolds for a similar study. We noticed some good work in oil—a well-handled head by Miss A. B. Chittenden, and several good still-life paintings besides those already mentioned. In black and white, there was some fair work from the cast by Mr. d'Esrella, Miss Smoot, Mrs. Dougherty, and Miss Harris, and some original sketches by Mr. John A. Stanton. The show of work is, on the whole, decidedly above the average of any preceding year. Mr. Rollins, a promising young student, who last year was awarded the Alvord medal, has come forward with a number of excellent studies from nature. They are a credit to the school, and we are glad they have met with deserved attention from the art-patrons of this city, as many as fifteen being sold on the first day of the exhibition. The school will reopen on Monday, January 15.

"Have we a Bourbon among us?" was once an interesting if not an important question. Who killed Tecumseh?—who struck William Patterson?—who kicked Tom Pepper out of bell for lying?—who was the Man in the Iron Mask?—who was Kaspar Hauser?—who fired the Ephesian dome?—who built the Pyramids?—in what city was Homer born?—is Lord Bacon the author of Shakespeare? All of these questions justify the man of literary leisure in giving them consideration; but whether General William Tecumseh Sherman has turned Catholic or has not turned Catholic?—whether he has been made a Romanist and attends mass in secret?—whether he aspires to the Republican nomination for the Presidency?—whether he voted at the last Presidential election for Hancock or Garfield?—are questions not worth consideration by any one. Mrs. Sherman has, in this country of religious freedom, a right to turn Papist, or to receive the Golden Rose from the Pope, and Mr. William T. Sherman has a right to indulge his wife in the whim. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman have a right to educate their sons to become priests and their daughters to become nuns, and when this is done Colonel Robert Ingersoll has a right to advocate Sherman for the Presidency; but, all the same, General Sherman will not be nominated, and whether he is on the road to Rome or the White House, he is, in our opinion, nearer becoming a Cardinal than becoming President of the United States of Protestant America.

The first number of the second series of the *Overland Monthly* is out, and contains a number of attractive papers. President D. C. Gilman writes a good but rather scrappy "Half a Dozen Words from Baltimore to Berkeley"; Miss Shinn and Helen Hunt Jackson contribute striking poems; Mr. T. H. Reardon's admirable paper on "Alfred Tennyson" displays an intimate knowledge of the subject and wide reading; Edward Everett Hale furnishes an article on "Columbus"; Warren Cheney has an excellent review of Bret Harte's complete works; W. E. Griffis dilates on "Corea," a subject upon which he has lately written a book; "Unattended" is a poem by Miss Coolbrith; Evelyn Ludlum and Henry Liddell contribute interesting stories.

GOTHAM THEATRICALS.

"Flaneur" Gives Some of the Stage Gossip of New York.

Lester Wallack is nothing if not spectacular—I mean personally. The rare beauty of his mustache, the intrinsic charm of his smile, the effeminate formation of his hands, and the extreme smallness of his feet are things that go to make Lester Wallack the man. But the superb uniforms, the gorgeous robes, the amazing gowns, and the brilliant morning costumes make Lester Wallack the spectacle. As he grows older, he grows more spectacular and less painstaking in his acting. But still he is the most delightful comedian on the stage to-day, when he chooses to exert himself. It is odd, but the fact is that New Yorkers see less of Lester Wallack than the people of many neighboring cities. For nearly two years he has steadily refused to act in his own theatre, and consequently he has been steadily out of the sight of his patrons. But he has acted often enough during this time around New York, and even on the western circuit. People constantly complain of his absence, and wonder why he has never appeared in his new theatre. Various reasons are given for his absence. The truth is, that when he built his up-town house he incurred great expense, and was obliged to go on the road to lighten his load. While his very expensive company was playing at his new theatre, he could go elsewhere and clear several thousands a week himself. As his new venture has not been an overwhelming success financially—though in itself one of the most beautiful places of amusement in the country—he has had to keep up his policy of playing star engagements. Several times he has appeared at the Windsor, but the theatre is so far down town that New Yorkers of the better class do not visit it. Last night Mr. Wallack began an engagement at the Mount Morris Theatre. This house is more than five miles above New York's amusement centre, and is a new venture.

After dinner last night I took up the paper, and there was the announcement that Lester Wallack would play the time-honored and highly respectable emotional play of "Rosedale," at the Mount Morris Theatre. I hadn't seen him as Elliott Grey for five years, and I decided to brave the terrors of a howling wind from the Arctic zone, and struggle up to the suburban theatre. In a few minutes I boarded the elevated train, rushed into a car, and saw five or six men with collars up about their necks and crush hats on their heads. All were staring at their toes and swearing at the weather. They were regular "first nighters."

"'Ulo," I said, "where are you all going?"

"Up to see the Guv'nor. If he won't come to us, we'll go to him."

I sat down and glanced around the car. There were several ladies in full dress, and a dozen or more men who were easily recognizable as habitués of Wallack's Theatre. The rest of the car was filled with working men and women, who gazed curiously at the theatre-goers. After a while we arrived at the theatre. It was jammed, and half the people were from down town. I never before appreciated the hold Lester Wallack had on New Yorkers. Very few actors can induce fashionable people to travel for miles to attend their performances. When the "Guv'nor" came on he was received with great applause. He was positively amazing. His uniform was that of a royal dragoon, with the breast a glittering mass of gold and jeweled orders. If you have seen "Rosedale" you will recall the entrance of Elliott Grey. Two ladies and a child are insulted by a huge ruffian, who throws them into a dreadful fright by finally seizing the child and threatening to lash it to death with a whip. As he holds the whip or stick over the child, just ready to bring it down with savage force, the gate of the garden opens and Elliott Grey enters. There is a short struggle between the two men, and then the handsome young dragoon hits the burly gypsy a clip in the eye that knocks him over backward, and the others go in to breakfast. This was once a thrilling sort of a scene, and Wallack did it very well some years ago. Now, however, it is the most grotesque thing imaginable. Last night everything went well up to the time for Elliott Grey to come to the rescue. The ladies screamed, the baby cried, and the cruel villain swung his stick in the air, ready for the dreadful blow. The excitement in the gallery was intense. Everybody waited for the young officer to hound in and save the child. The gypsy held the club up in the air and also waited. He was a considerate gypsy, and kept the club in the air with rare zeal till his right arm was weary, when he changed it to his left hand, and still looked fierce. The hand played furiously meanwhile, and the women leaned forward in their seats. At last the garden gate swung open, and with martial tread and head in air, the dragoon officer entered. I won't attempt any description of the gorgeousness of his attire. Following him at a distance of three feet was a funky in maroon plush.

"Ladies," said the dragoon, with a placid smile, "good-morning."

Meanwhile the gypsy's arm was still upraised. At this moment it occurred to Wallack that it was time to save the child. He smiled a dreadful smile, strode forward, took the infant away from the ruffian, and passed it to its mother. Then the orchestra became wildly excited, the gypsy sort of revenge, looked villainous, and rolled up his sleeves. Wallack removed his jeweled head-gear and sword, and passed them to the funky in maroon plush. Then he stepped daintily in front of the ruffian, but at a distance of at least six feet. At this instant occurred one of the most remarkable things of recent times. Two more funkies, in blue plush velvet with white silk stockings, stepped out of the woods and stood with outstretched arms behind the villain. The hand lost itself in an excess of frantic emotion. The villain made a savage lunge at the elegant dragoon. The elegant dragoon, still at a distance of six feet from the gypsy, let out his left hand. There was a "smack!" and the villain fell lifeless and limp into the hands of the funkies in blue plush velvet and white silk stockings.

"Ladies," said Wallack, with an air of ennui, "let us go to breakfast."

The curtain dropped, but the house roared, and stamped, and applauded, until the hero came forward and bowed again and again. I yelled myself hoarse, and everybody joined the gallery in yelling "Hooray for Sullivan." When the old man sang, it set the house wild again. His voice is as good as it

was ten years ago, and it seems impossible that he is sixty-four years old. Once or twice in the play he exerted himself a little and brought out all his old cleverness in acting. He changed his costumes at least eight times during the play.

The theatres in New York are important factors in the social life of the metropolis. Thousands of people who can not get into society, and who live in lodgings and boarding-houses, find their main amusements in visiting the theatres. All the places of amusement in the city have their distinctive clientele, though the floating population goes everywhere. The very best people, of course, go to the opera; and it is probable that the Academy of Music, on a Patti night, holds more members of the most exclusive society than any other house in town. The Academy is also much used for halls. Oddly enough, any sort of a hall can be held there, from the "Charity" and "Old Guard" to the wild French halls and the sprees of political organizations. It has the most perfect acoustic properties; all singers prefer it to other houses. But the new National Opera House, which is now building, will knock the Academy higher than your grandfather's kite. It will be a superb structure, built after the style of the Grand Opera House in Paris. In point of architectural beauty, the next place is the new Casino; it will be opened shortly. The decorations are Moorish, and the appointments lavish. Then comes Wallack's; it is a luxurious house. The walls are velvet, with long panels of water-color paintings on satin. The seats and aisles are very roomy, and the foyer a masterpiece of upholstery. This theatre is frequented by the more aristocratic people. Everybody is in full dress; the ladies are often without bonnets or hats, and theatre parties numerous. Between the acts the gentlemen move about the foyer, and smoke cigarettes, or stroll across the street, making a line of monotonous black hats and white shirt bosoms. A Wallack audience seldom applauds with enthusiasm. A few desultory hand-claps is the most the players get. It is all they have deserved, as they have not done much of late. When the audience is really pleased, however, it will applaud for many minutes. Perhaps the next theatre in importance is Booth's. It is making money for the first time in many years, under the management of John Stetson. It is a big house, and the corridors seem interminable, as they are completely walled in with mirrors. The stairways are very fine. The people who go to Booth's are usually lovers of the drama. There is still a large contingent of the throng of admirers who patronized the house when Edwin Booth opened it. There are three immense galleries, and they are usually filled when anything tragic or melodramatic occupies the boards.

Daly's Theatre is, as it has always been, the most showy of New York theatres, and is patronized by the most striking people, as far as looks are concerned. The plays are usually of the "society" kind, like "Pique," "Divorce," "Passing Regiment," and so on, and they draw many frivolous society people to the theatre. More young people and more brilliant-looking young married women go to Daly's than any other theatre in New York, and as a result the audiences are more brilliant and attractive than elsewhere. In point of fashionable standing, the Standard Theatre follows Daly's. It is much visited by the vast throng of society people who ape the English. Gilbert and Sullivan's works are always produced here, and as the managers, ushers, and actors are all English, the place has acquired a sort of tone that is eminently pleasing to the class of which Freddie Gehhardt is the chief disciple. No one with any pretension to fashion would visit the Standard unless he wore an evening dress and a cut-throat English collar. After the Standard comes the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It has not a pronounced policy, as it plays combinations constantly, and hence it has no distinctive class of patrons. The French opera troupes always play at the Fifth Avenue Theatre when in New York, and it is probably this that has given the house some standing among the foreign population of the city. It is certain that there are many gay, black-eyed, and vivacious French women in the audiences. The Union Square Theatre is of much more importance than the last four or five theatres. It ranks ahead of Wallack's dramatically, as it presents brilliant plays, and has, or had before Charley Thorne left, the best stock company in America. More cultured and intelligent audiences go to the Union Square than any other theatre in town, though the very fashionable people are missing. A fashionable audience is much more brilliant as a spectacle than a cultured and clever audience. The Madison Square Theatre has a patronage all its own. Its owners are both ex-clergymen, and their policy of presenting plays absolutely pure and clean, with high class Christian morals, has attracted an immense number of people who never went to the theatre before, and never go to any other theatre than the Madison Square. The emotions of a Madison Square audience are easily worked upon, and they weep with the heroine and laugh with the comedian with a freshness and enjoyment that habitual theatre-goers do not know. The toilettes at the Madison Square are usually quiet and sombre in tone.

The Grand Opera House is the big theatre that Colonel Jim Fiske built just before he was murdered by Stokes. It is a superb house. The main corridor is as large as many first-class theatres. It is run by Abbey and runs combinations. The people who go there are of the "great middle class"—by the way, I don't believe in talking about classes, as they do not exist in America, but how the deuce are you to describe the social status of audiences by any other word? After the Grand Opera House comes Harrigan & Hart's Theatre Comique. This house has the most pronounced and distinctive patrons in the city. They are well-to-do tradespeople and jolly artisans in comfortable circumstances. They go to the theatre to have a good time, and generally they have it. The managers have made a vast fortune, and have spent it in making their house one of the most attractive in a city noted for its beautiful theatres. Niblo's Garden is a big theatre, patronized largely by half-headed men. The Kiralfys produce their spectacular pieces there. Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre has not a specially distinctive audience. It plays combinations. Tony Pastor leads the variety business at his pretty little theatre in Fourteenth Street, where clerks, salesmen, "salesladies," and people of every other calling, go because the show is always funny. The Windsor Theatre is in the great East Side, and very far down town to the Bowery—among the tenement houses.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 20, 1882.

THE TEAL SHOOTING CLUB.

"Are you fond of duck-shooting?" asked a friend, the other day.

"I am, under certain and favorable conditions. I am not, under other and unfavorable conditions," was my reply. "To rig one's self in hunting costume—flannel shirt, corduroy trousers, cotton overalls and jacket, and india-rubber long boots—stop at an awful country tavern, get up in the dark of a dreadful morning, walk miles away to a dismal marsh, plunge into it waist deep, trudge all day in wet and hunger, to come in at night weary, starved, drenched, profane, covered with tulle mud, and in one's bag two sprig-tails and a pair of mud-hens—no, I do not like it. I do not relish the return in soiled garments by rail and the Oakland ferry, compelled to lie about my game till I reach Washington Market, and fill up with canvas-hacks at a dollar a piece; compelled to send canvas-hacks to those I have promised, and send sprig-tails and wigdoon, broad-hills and gray-hacks, to those who do not know the difference. This sort of thing is no longer amusing. It has lost its romance. I am just turned of the age when the lies I am permitted to tell justify the hardships I am compelled to endure. I like a snipe-hunt, when the indulgence of a generous companion permits me to sit on the fence and see him shoot, and upon coming in at night to claim half the glory and receive half the birds, and upon returning home he permitted to narrate an uncontradicted account of my own exploits."

This sort of hunting is very comfortable and satisfactory; but the swell thing to accomplish is to become the guest of the Teal Shooting Club; location, the Suisun marsh, beyond Benicia. To become a member of the Teal Shooting Club is to attain the apotheosis of duck-hunting; to become a guest of the Teal Shooting Club is to be temporarily apotheosized into the heaven of perfect duck-shooting. You get upon the overland train at half past three; you hand the baggage-master your gun-case, and you hand him half a dollar; you take a seat in a silver palace car, presenting the colored gentleman half a dollar. The railroad company, as a favor conceded to the Teal Shooting Club, has given them a station, stops its trains for their accommodation, and provides them with fresh water. You step from the train to the elegantly appointed gondola of the Teals, and are rowed by moonlight to its village of harges; one equipped with kitchen, store-closet, and dining-room, hung with chromos by the old masters; another divided into eight private bed-rooms, with wash-stands, water-closets, easy beds, lockers, clothes-pegs, and gun-racks. Another harge is fitted for servants, and has a guest room of ample dimensions. James, the cook, is an artist. The dinner is sumptuous, the breakfast is appetizing, the lunch is a poem. The guest is provided with all equipments, from flannel overshirt to gum boots—everything but gun and cartridges. Summoned at early dawn to early coffee, given a servant and row-boat, in comfortable overcoat, on cushioned seat, gun in hand, you are rowed to the "pond." From the slough to the pond canals are cut, through which the boats are pulled. You are placed in the "blind" on cushioned seat, the decoys are placed, and your servant hides in the tulle, and waits during the day to pick up your birds. At noon James sends you a pair of dinner pails, one containing a hot meal: the other, dessert; a hottle of Roederer and a couple of cigars accompany it.

The Teal Shooting Club is the best appointed duck club in America, and the Suisun marsh the best duck preserve of which I have any knowledge. It comprises four thousand acres, upon which this club has expended something more than ten thousand dollars to put it in comfortable condition.

At night of the first day I had twenty birds, six of which were canvas-hacks and five white geese, which I had shot in utter defiance of the society for punishing cruelty to animals, simply for the fun of seeing them fall from their dizzy height. The second day I hagged thirty-seven ducks and three geese. From my pond I was rowed home to a sumptuous dinner—on this occasion a canvas-hack roast, with accompaniments.

The members of the Teal Club are: G. Frank Smith, President; W. W. Traylor, W. F. Whittier, W. P. Fuller, R. S. Floyd, John Taylor, A. C. Titcomb, and William Hopkins.

The score for the season is as follows: Traylor, 516; Smith, 431; Whittier, 387; Fuller, 294; Taylor, 182; Titcomb, 110; Floyd, 13; Hopkins, absent; guests, 571. Total for the season, 2,484.

There is only one thing in the duck-shooting world more desirable than to be a member of the Teal Shooting Club, and that is to become its guest. When one has been invited to shoot over its preserves, there is only one thing more to be desired, and that is to be invited again. It is with this end in view that I give the club this most excellent notice, and declare my irreconcilable hostility to poaching pot-fillers who encroach upon the hired preserves of hunting gentlemen.

P.

In the United States Senate, yesterday, while discussing the Civil Service Reform bill, Butler, of South Carolina, asked Hoar if he thought Congress had the right to prohibit giving money by employees of the Government for political purposes. Hoar said: "Yes, for corrupt political purposes." Butler asked him how employees could know it was for such purposes. Hoar replied: "To buy shotguns to shoot negroes would be for such purposes." Said Butler: "Or to buy votes and disfranchise 135,000 people, as it is said they have done in Massachusetts." "What does the Senator mean by that?" asked Hoar. "I mean," replied Butler, "that it is stated they have disfranchised 135,000 voters in Massachusetts. I proposed a polite inquiry to the Senator, and when he injects into his reply a piece of venom, I propose to answer him in the same manner. He undertook to thrust at me a very unworthy suggestion; and whenever he proposes to discuss this shotgun policy with me, I am prepared to meet him."

We admit to a very strong prejudice against Mr. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. We do not like the man or the senator. We do not like his manner or his name. We print the above to illustrate that our prejudice against this senator is well founded, and as a whereas to the declaration that we hope Governor Butler will drive him out of public life. Senator Hoar has learning enough for a schoolmaster and piety enough for an orthodox local preacher; but when spread over the entire country as successor to Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, and the other distinguished senators from Massachusetts, he becomes transparently thin—in fact, too thin.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

When you take calomel don't eat fish. The large quantity of salt (chloride of sodium) on the fish, combining chemically with the calomel (chloride of mercury) forms bi-chloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate). When you take calomel avoid salt and salty food as you would the most deadly poison. When sick people eat salty food they are apt to drink water freely, and if salivated they lay the blame on the water.

A priest named Luigi Galimberti, residing at Milan, Italy, is said to have discovered the means of photography in natural colors, and the process for enlarging such photographic productions to life size. Another process, said to have been invented by him, gives what he calls phosphorescent pictures, visible at night. The priest is so hampered by poverty that his experiments thus far have been made at the expense and for the benefit of a few personal friends.

In the old times, when people traveled by diligence in France, one traveler was killed in every three hundred and thirty-five thousand, and one wounded in every thirty thousand. Now, when they travel by rail, one is killed per five millions, one hundred and seventy-eight thousand four hundred and ninety, and one wounded per five hundred and eighty thousand four hundred and fifty. Railway traveling is thus nearly twenty times as safe as traveling by diligence.

A Philadelphia jury was called upon to decide, in a customs case, whether a jew's-harp is a toy or a musical instrument. The question put to the expert witnesses was, "Is the jew's-harp capable of producing a succession of harmonious sounds?" One witness played to the jury, "The heart bowed down," and "The Skids are out to-day," and the reporter says that the jury seemed restless and depressed. Their verdict was that the jew's-harp is a musical instrument.

Years ago an old gentleman, walking on the pier at Dover, England, dropped his gold-headed cane through one of the holes locally known as tree-nail holes, in the plank. Indignant and disgusted at his loss, he bequeathed a sum of money to pay for annually stopping these holes, the overplus to be laid out in a dinner to the corporation. An annual dinner consequently takes place, and before the party breaks up they certify that the holes have been duly attended to.

The fossils recently discovered at Charing Cross, in the heart of London, when the deep excavations were made for Messrs. Drummond's banking-house, include bones of the cave lion, tusks and bones of the mammoth, tusks and bones of extinct elephants, remains of extinct Irish deer, remains of red deer, remains of a species allied to the fallow deer, remains of rhinoceros, remains of extinct oxen from the pleistocene gravels, bones of the horse, the sheep, and the short-horn from recent deposits.

Land-hunger has led an English company to make the extraordinary offer of carrying away the waters of Lake Lemna, provided they can have the land thus laid dry. They not only ask for no subsidy, but are willing to pay five million francs for the privilege of doing the work. Their plan is to construct from its lowest depths a tunnel-like canal to a point some twenty miles distant, where the water of the lake can be made to run into the river Rhone. The bed of the Rhone is there about two hundred and fifty feet below the level of the lake.

In the time of James I. so little regard was had to cleanliness that the "dunghill" within the castle precincts "had increased to such a size and height that it was ninety-eight yards in length, the depth of it was ten yards, and the breadth of it thirty-two yards," some twenty-seven thousand tons of filth having thus been allowed to accumulate. In the seventeenth century the Great Plague was one of eleven epidemics; it alone caused seven thousand deaths, and it led, by the almost complete desertion of London town, to a ruined trade and wasted treasury.

At Warsteinstein, near Cassell, Germany, is a library which is said to contain a curious collection of books. At the first glance one would take these books to be mere logs of wood; but investigation shows that each volume is really a complete history of the tree it represents. The bark is the bark, in which a small place is cut to write the scientific and common names as a title. One side shows the tree trunk in its natural state and the other is varnished or polished. Inside are shown the leaves, fruit, fibre, and the insect and other parasites which prey upon it, and a full description of its products, etc., is added.

"We stopped suddenly," said Doctor Raines, to an Atlanta Constitution reporter, recently, "when the two trains met on the track just this side of Rome, yesterday. For my part, I went feet foremost under the seat that was just in front of where I was sitting. The most singular thing that I witnessed was done just across the aisle from me. There were two men sitting one directly behind the other, and in front of them was an unoccupied seat. When the engines struck, the man in front turned a complete somersault, and lit in the vacant seat just exactly as he sat in the other seat. The other man performed exactly the same, and lit in the seat lately occupied by his neighbor."

Medical men have always differed as to whether the best medical treatment of frozen persons was by a gradual or a rapid application of heat. "To settle the matter," says *Knowledge*, "Lapchinski has made a series of very careful experiments upon dogs, with the following results: Of twenty animals treated by the method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, fourteen perished; of twenty placed at once in a warm apartment, eight died; while of twenty immediately put into a hot bath, all recovered." These experiments will probably influence the practice of medical men in Russia and northern Europe, where the question of the best means of restoring animation in persons suffering from excessive cold is of frequent occurrence every winter.

The following list of the aborigines of North America is as complete as any that is at present available: Apaches, Arapahoes, Aricarcas, Blackfeet, Bloods, Brules, Camanches, Cayugas, Senecas, Cherokees, Cheyennes, Chickasaws, Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Choctaws, Muncies, Creeks, Crows, Delawares, Gros Ventres, Iowas, Kaws, Kaskaskies, Weas Peories, Weas Miamies, Pian Keshaws, Kickapoos, Kiawias, Mandans, Menomonees, Miamias, Missouris, Ottos, Minnecongoux, Muhuache, Utahs, Navajos, Moquis, Omabas, Onondagas, Oneidas, Stockbridge, Oregon tribes, Ojegas, Pawnees, Primos, Mesaleros, Poncas, Pueblos, Quapaws, Sacs, Foxes, Sans Arcs, Seminoles, Shawnees, Sioux, Tuscaroras, Two Kettles, Uncopapas, Winnebagoes, Wyandots, and Yantonnais.

A correspondence with hair was once attempted between a notorious French thief, in durance vile, and his comrades outside. A letter was sent to the prisoner from his sweetheart, containing merely a lock of hair wrapped in the leaf of a sweet. The jailer did not consider the *souvenir* important enough to be delivered; but in a few days there came a similar enclosure, and yet another. This aroused suspicion, and the governor took the matter in hand. He examined the leaf of the book—it was that of a common novel, twenty-six lines on a page. Then he studied the hair, and noticed the small quantity of the gift. Counting the hairs, he found them of unequal length, and twenty-six in number, the same as the lines on a page. Struck with the coincidence, he laid the hairs along the lines of the page, which they respectively reached, beginning at the top with the shortest hair. After some trouble he found that the end of each hair pointed to a different letter, and that these letters combined formed a slang sentence, which informed the prisoner that his friends were on the watch, and that the next time he left the prison to be examined an attempt would be made to rescue him. The governor laid his plans accordingly. The attempt was made, but the rescuers fell into their own trap.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ROVER."

"Across the Western Seas."

They sailed away one morning when sowing-time was over,
In loog red fields above the sea they left the sleeping wheat;
Twice twenty men of Devonshire who manned their ship, the *Rover*,
Below the little hussy town where all the schooners meet.

Their sweethearts came and waved to them, and filled with noise of laughter
The echoing port below the cliff where thirty craft can ride;
Each lad cried out, "Farewell to thee!" the captain shouted after,
"By God's help we'll be back again before the harvest-tide."

They turned the Start and slipped along with speedy wind and weather;
Passed white Terceira's battlements, and, close upon the line,
Ran down a little carrack full of cloth, and silk, and leather,
And golden Popish images and good Madeira wine.

The crew with tears and curses went tacking back to Florés;
The English forty cut the seas where none before had been,
And spent the sultry purple nights in English songs, and stories
Of England, and her soldiers, and her Spaniard-hating queen.

At last the trade-wind caught them, the pale sharks reeled before them,
The little *Rover* shot ahead across the western seas;
All night the larger compass of a tropic sky passed o'er them,
Till they were the Mexique waters through a strait of banyan-trees.

And there good luck befell them, for divers times they sighted
The sails of Spanish merchantmen bound homeward with their wares;
And twice they failed to follow them, and once they stopped be-
nighted;

But thrice the flag of truce flew out, and the scented prize was theirs.

But midsummer was on them, with close-reefed gales and thunder,
Their heavy vessel wallowed beneath her weight of gold;
A long highway of ocean kept them and home asunder,
So back they turned toward England with a richly laden hold.

But just outside Tampico a man-of-war was riding,
And all the mad young English blood in forty brains awoke.
The *Rover* chased the monster, and swiftly shoreward gliding,
Dipped down beneath the cannonade that o'er her bulwarks broke.

Three several days they fought her, and pressed her till she grounded
On the sandy isle of Carmen, where milky palm-trees grow;
Whereat she waved an ensign, a peaceful trumpet sounded,
And all the Spaniards cried for truce, surrendering in a row.

Alas! the wiles and jesuitries of scoundrel-hearted Spaniards,
The Scarlet Woman dyes their hands in deeper red than hers.
For every scrap of white that decked their tackling and their lanyards
Just proved them sly, like devils, and cowardly, like curs.

For out from countless coverts, from low, palm-shaded islands,
That fledged in seeming innocence the smooth and shining maio,
The pinnaes came gliding and hemmed them round in silence,
All manned with Indian bravos and whiskered dogs of Spain.

The captain darted forward, his fair hair streamed behind him,
He shouted, in his cheery voice: "For home and for the queen!"
Three times he waved his gallant sword, but the flashes seemed to
blind him,

And a hard look came across his mouth where late a smile had been.

We leveled with our muskets, and the foremost boat went under,
The ship's boy seized a trumpet and blew a merry blast;
The Spaniards laid off a while, and gazed at us in wonder,
But the hindmost pushed the foremost on, and boarded us at last.

They climbed the larboard quarter with their hatchets and their sabres;
The Devon lads shot fast and hard, and sank their second boat,
But the Popish hordes were legion, and Hercules his labors
Are light beside the task to keep a riddled harque afloat.

And twenty men bad fallen, and the *Rover's* deck was reeling,
And the brave young captain died in shouting loud, "Elizabeth!"
The Spaniards dragged the rest away just while the ship was heeling,
Lest she should sink and rob them of her sailors' tortured breath.

For they destined them to perish in a slow and cruel slaughter,
A feast for monks and Jesuits too exquisite to lose;
So they caught the English sailors as they leaped into the water,
And a troop of borse as convoy brought them north to Vera Cruz.

They led them up a sparkling beach of burning sand and coral,
They dragged the brave young Englishmen like hounds within a
leash;

They passed beneath an open wood of leaves that smelt of laurel,
Bound close together, each to each, with cords that cut the flesh.

And miles and miles along the coast they tramped beneath no cover,
Till in their mouths each rattling tongue was like a hard, dry seed,
And ere they came to Vera Cruz, woe that long day was over,
The coral cut their shoes to rags, and made them wince and bleed.

Then as they clambered up the town the jeering crowd grew thicker,
And laughed to see their swollen feet and figures marred and bent,
And women with their hair unloosed stood underneath the flicker
Of torch and swinging lantern, and cursed them as they went.

And three men died of weariness before they reached the prison,
And one fell shrieking with the pain of a poniard in the back,
And when dawn broke in the morning three other souls had risen
To bear the dear Lord witness of the hellish Spaniard pack.

But the monks girt up their garments, the friars bound their sandals,
They hurried to the market-place with faggots of dry wood,
And the acolytes came singing, with their incense and their candles,
To offer to their images a sacrifice of blood.

But they set the leech to tend them, with his pouch and his long
vial,

And the Jesuits came smiling, with boneyard words at first,
For they dared not burn the beretics without some show of trial,
And the English lads were dying of poisoned air and thirst.

So they gave them draughts of water from a great cold earthen firkin,
And brought them to the court-yard where the tall hidalgo sat,
And he looked a gallant fellow in his boots and his rough jerkin,
With the jewels on his fingers, and the feather in his hat.

And he spoke out like a soldier, for he said, "Ye caught them fight-
ing;

They met you with the musket, by the musket they shall fall;
They are Christians in some fashion, and the pile you're bent on lighting
Shall blaze with none but Indians, or it shall not blaze at all."

So they led them to a clearing in the wood outside the city,
Struck off the gyves that bound them, and freed each crippled hand,
And dark-eyed women clustered round and murmured in their pity,
But won no glance nor answer from the steadfast English band.

For their lives rose up before them in crystalline completeness,
And they lost the flashing soldiery, the sable horde of Rome,
And the great magnolias round them, with wave on wave of sweetness,
Seemed just the fresh profusion and hawthorn lanes of home.

They thought about the barvests, and wondered who would reap them;
They thought about the little port where thirty craft can ride;
They thought about their sweethearts, and prayed the Lord to keep them;
They kissed each other silently, and hand in hand they died.

—Edmund W. Gosse in *Magazine of Art* for January.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Quintus Cladius" is a romance of imperial Rome, translated from the German of Ernest Eckstein by Clara Bell. The author displays a wide knowledge of antiquity, and while the tale possesses great interest, it is admirably correct in its details and descriptions of the first century of the Christian era. Published by W. S. Gottsberger & Co., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

"A Breeze from the Woods," a volume of sketches and essays descriptive of California scenery, is by W. C. Bartlett, and is dedicated to Mr. A. K. P. Harmoo, of Oakland. The author has for many years been one of the editors of the *San Francisco Bulletin*. The present volume is made up of papers which originally appeared in the *Overland and Californian*. Published by the California Publishing Company.

"A New Method of Learning the French Language" is written by F. Berger, the French Consul-General at New York. It contains many novelties and innovations, but its methods have received high commendation from learned Frenchmen, and it is based upon the admirable plan that it is better to learn a language first and its grammar afterward. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

In the loss of Annie Keary, last year, the literary world of England and America sustained a severe loss. Her stories, and especially "Castle Daly," contained an extraordinary power in pathetic and dramatic qualities. "A Douring Heart" was unfinished at her death, but her friend, Mrs. McQuoid, supplied the slight deficiency, and it now appears in book form. It is fully up to the author's past efforts. Published by MacMillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Mr. Clark Russell, in answer to Mr. Sampson Low's letter concerning the Harpers, has nothing better to advance than a reiteration of his statement that he has never received a penny from America on account of his books. Then he proceeds to narrate an incident to which the traditional Yankee of the British novelist appears. "I was speaking ing about this," he says, "to an American judge a few nights ago, and he advised me to abandon Great Britain as my native land and become an American citizen. 'There's no other chance,' said he, whittling a lucifer match, and then picking his teeth with it; 'I suppose there is no other chance.' The toothpick judge adds a peculiar liveliness and grace to Mr. Russell's complaint.

For many years "The Household Book of Poetry," compiled by Charles A. Dana, was the only volume of its kind. During the past decade, however, other similar publications have appeared, making a new edition needful, which should keep pace with the times. The author, realizing this fact, has just revised and added to this work, and it now appears in a handsome dress, with more agreeable print and arrangement, and with two hundred additional poems, although some of the old ones have been omitted. By the way, we notice one of Ina D. Coolbrith's poems, "When the grass shall cover me," is credited to "Anon." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Simon Sterne, a well-known member of the New York bar, has just written upon the "Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States." The author has sought to make a volume which should be not only what is termed a "popular" history, but also an interpretation of our National Constitution, and a history of the political controversies which have arisen over its clauses, which resulted in a change of its text, or which may at some future time, according to the exigencies of parties. The author has many very sensible and original ideas concerning our needs and interests, but the fallacy of his arguments against protection is evident by a reference to our history. Published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

Edmondo de Amicis is a fascinating *raconteur*, and his volumes of travel, while they are not equal to those of Théophile Gautier in descriptive writing, have a charm and originality of their own which are not possessed by any other similar works. The author has now tried his hand at short story-writing. We caught a glimpse of his powers in this line here and there in his "Spain" and "Morocco," but the present volume, "Military Life in Italy," consists of bright sketches and stories which have been written from time to time during a long experience. It is agreeably translated into English by Wilhelmina W. Cady. Among the most interesting chapters are "Carmela" and "That Day." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.

"Certainly," says the Boston *Transcript*, "if Thackeray and Hawthorne and George Eliot had so eschewed all moving incident and dire catastrophe, mere manners, and speech, and posturings, and playings of their people with passions that could neither feel nor inspire, could not chain our attention as they do to-day. If one-half of human nature and the biggest half of human life are to be eliminated in America, then Mr. James's school may be the school of the future. But actual conditions give no such hope. To few people is life the sugar-coated pie about the selection of whose plums they can spend their time prying and conning, as do Mr. James's people. Though faith may be departing, tumultuous human nature still lives, and animal instinct flourishes. Not even Mr. James's superstructure can disguise this. The animal of the past disports within his pages, but without the faith in himself or any one else to raise his emotions into the heroism of a grand passion. The difference is that between health and surfeited conventionality. We do not deny the truth of the picture. We only object to treating him so seriously as to select him as the only specimen of the present day worth embalming. When Hawthorne led us into the confidence of a self-tortured soul we believed with awesome faith, the more so that the experience differed from our own; but there is something about the sufferings of Mr. James's people which prompts the wish to administer a sound thrashing and give them something to do."

We have received from Mr. J. A. Russell, Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, the "Municipal Reports" of San Francisco for 1881-2. The Christmas number of the *Caterer* contains a number of interesting gastronomic papers. Published by E. C. Whitton, Philadelphia; price, \$2 per year. The holiday numbers of the *Pansy* and *Bahylund* are out. They are remarkable for the beauty of their illustrations. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; Joseph H. Dorrey, agent for this coast. "Les Récréations Philologiques" for December is just out. It contains a French translation of and notes on "The Lady of Lyons," and reviews (in French) Emerson's "Eloquence." One of the most attractive papers is that on Béranger, in which much of the poet's best verse is discussed. Published by L. Sauveur, 83 Rue Main Street, St. Albans, Vermont; price, \$2 per annum. "The Magazine of Art" for January, 1883, is just out, and is rich in illustrations and literary merit. This publication makes no special pretensions, but at the same time secures admirable engravings and articles from the best writers and artists. In the present number there may be principally noted "The Cruise of the Rover," by Edmund Gosse, accompanied by four engravings; "A Pre-Raphaelite Collection," by Cosmo Monkhouse, with six engravings, and "Hogarth's House and Tomb," by Austin Dobson, which also possesses several illustrations. Published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London and New York; price, \$3.50 per annum. "The North American Review" for January, 1883, contains a number of good articles. "The Revision of Creeds" is by three clergymen, Doctor Marian Smith, Doctor Lyman Abbott, and Doctor H. W. Beecher. "Americo English" is an attractive paper by G. M. Tucker. "Bigotry in the Medical Profession," by Doctor David Hunt, discusses the regularities and irregularities of doctors. "The Adulteration of Intelligence" by C. T. Congdon, continues a subject already discussed in this magazine.

SANDIE MACPHERSON.

A Vignette in Prose, by Robert Buchanan.

[It will be very evident to the reader that the hero of this sketch is the late Thomas Carlyle.]

It was my privilege, during the last days of his strangely prosperous career, to see a good deal of the late Mr. Thomas Ercildoune—"True Thomas," as he was affectionately called by the generation to whom he told so many grim truths. I had gone to him as a literary aspirant—one of the many who, coming up from Scotland to fight for fortune, carried letters of introduction to the great man. The nation delighted to honor him, and despite his dislike of the literary class generally, he never failed to say a kind word to any young brother Scot who sought his advice. For some reason or other he took to me, and, though so many years his junior, I became a frequent visitor at his house, and received a great deal of his confidence. It was one winter evening, as we sat alone together in his study—that study which was a very Mecca to literary pilgrims of all nations—that he made the singular confession which I am about to place on record.

There he sat, aged, honored, famous, the leading man of letters, perhaps, of his generation; an old dressing-gown wrapped around him, slippers on his feet, his face grim as granite (just as it appears in Woodman's bust), and his eyes with that sad prophetic gaze which is reproduced in all the photographs. On the book-shelves close round him were well-thumbed volumes, nearly all of them presentation copies, with the autographs of their mighty authors; chief among them a set of Goethe, with notes in the poet's own handwriting. On the wall, over the mantelpiece, was a scroll in vellum, given to Ercildoune by the savants of Germany on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, and his reception of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Sauerkraut, from the hands of the King of Thuringia. In the desk at his elbow was a precious correspondence, signed by such names as Heine, Thiers, Balzac, Hartmann, Darwin, Macaulay, Coleridge, Dickens. Only the day before Ercildoune had been sent for by the Queen of England, as one of the two or three great men it behooved her to know and honor; and, having spent several hours of conversation with her, he had pronounced her a "nice, homely hody, just like a score of farmers' wives he had met in Allandale." Certainly, he was one to whom the world did homage—kings might have envied his authoritative position. It was, therefore, with some surprise that I discovered, listening to his confession, that the great man was not altogether contented with his success; that it had one serious qualification, which had (as he himself expressed it) cost him many a sleepless night. Thus he spoke:

"You think me a successful man, and such, I allow, is the popular opinion. Well, maybe I have been successful beyond my merits, which are small enough, Lord knows; but lest I should grow daft with my own self-conceit, the Lord sent Sandie Macpherson to keep me humble!

"It is a humiliating confession to make, but almost at any point of my long career, from the very beginning, the thought of having converted Sandie would have been more precious to me than the admiration of all the rest of the world. Sandie, however, never believed in me from the first. When I published my first book, my chief thought was, 'What will Sandie Macpherson think of this?' and when I heard the criticisms, which cut me up like a baggis right and left, I could have borne everything but the thought of how he would gloat over them, down yonder in Scotland. I was somewhat consoled and a wee bit hopeful, when, some years afterward, I published my 'History of the Renaissance in Thuringia;' for the critics, knowing nothing of the subject, praised it to a man, and talked nonsense about my industry, my originality, and my erudition. I cared nothing for the critics, but I said to myself, with a smile, 'That's one for Sandie Macpherson, at last!'

"Perhaps you will be asking who Sandie Macpherson is, that I set such store by his good opinion? Well, up till a few months ago you might have seen his name—'Alexander Macpherson,' as it was given baptisimally—over the door of a small grocer's store in the Gallowgate of Glasgow.

"Sandie and I were schoolfellows.

"We first met in the Rev. Mr. Macindow's seminary, out beyond the Cowcaddens, and afterward we attended Mr. Parallel's Mathematical and Doctor Skepsum's Latin classes, in the high school. As I mind Sandie now, he was a wee, smug-mouthed, black-axe-veezed laddie, with eyes like a hawk, and a stoop in the shoulders. From first to last he was ever at the top of the class. He carried away all the prizes at the Rev. Mr. Macindow's, and when he came to the high school, among laos twice his size, he was 'dux' of the class. Such a memory as he had! It was wonderful, wonderful. He could repeat the whole Latin Delectus with his eyes shut, and he knew the whole of Euclid, when we were laboring over the 'Pons Asinorum.' Doctor Skepsum himself was afraid of him. As for me, where he was dux I was dunce. I had the 'taws' nearly every day from the doctor, and ever and aye, while I writhed in my corner, I could hear the cry: 'Alexander Macpherson, tell Tammas Ercildoune how to construe' this or that passage in the 'Metamorphoses.' Sometimes, just to shame us, he was put at the very bottom of the class, and then—Lord, to see him louping from place to place, like one running up a hrae, and then standing, flushed and triumphant, in his old place, at the very top!

"Sandie's father was a small tradesman in Glasgow, and you may be sure he was proud enough of his son. Sandie was ever spick and span, had the best of clothes, and a silver watch and chain given to him by his aunt on his birthday. His hooks were like himself—clean, white, and neat, with no thumb-marks or dog's-leaves to disfigure the pages. He wrote a beautiful hand, like copperplate, and in the writing class, as well as the rest, he was *facili princeps*. Well might he look with scorn on my slovenly dress, my hooks all thumbed and torn, and on my handwriting, which was as ill to make out as heathen Greek. Well might he be held up to me as a shining light and an example. 'Tammas Ercildoune, go out and wash your face; when will ye learn to be tidy, like Alexander Macpherson?' 'Tammas, your hooks are a disgrace; do ye no think shame when ye see the hooks of Alexander Macpherson?' 'For shame, Tammas, for shame; do you ever see Alexander Macpherson sucking hlaek man in the midst o' school?' 'Tammas, your

handwriting is ahominat; Alexander, set him a copy yourself, to show him how a lad should write.'

"It was just the same story when we went to college.

"We met there on our former footing; that is to say, he distinguished himself as usual, while I watched him from a respectful distance. Few words ever passed between us: for we had never been on soeaking terms, either in or out of school. But the relationship between us was clearly understood. Sometimes, as he passed me in the street, wearing grandly his red college gown and his college hat, while I crept along with my gown on my arm, he would give me a patronizing nod; that was all. We hegan Greek together under Whiteland, and moral philosophy under old Dr. Plainstones. It was the old story. He was the pet pupil of both professors. He drank in learning like his mother's milk. From the first Greek to the second and third I followed him laboriously, as a clumsy fledgling follows some splendid eagle, whom he seeks to emulate in vain.

"After we left college, I lost sight of him for some years. I believe he might have received a hursary, and gone to Oxford; but his father, proud as he was of his attainments, did not want to spoil him for trade, and withdrew him before he had completed his course. I myself took to pupil-teaching, having not yet decided to try my fortune in literature.

"But one day, fired by sudden enthusiasm, I wrote a long letter to the *Glasgow Herald* on some question of the day. It was printed next morning in all the glory of large type, and signed 'Thomas Ercildoune.' It was the proudest day of my life; but, alas! it was destined to be overclouded. Toward afternoon I entered a coffee-shop, and saw, in the compartment next to me, his head buried in the paper, a human figure. The paper was the *Herald*, open at the page containing my letter. I sat, blushing with all the pride of fresh-blown authorship. Presently the face looked up, and I saw, to my surprise, my old school-fellow, Sandie Macpherson. Our eyes met, but his stony orbs gave no sign of recognition. Then he turned to the paper again, and smiled! Yes, he was reading my letter. It might astonish the public, but it could not impose upon him. There were Latin and Greek quotations in it, and fragments of moral philosophy. How ashamed I felt of them, as I saw them come under his hafele eye! He smiled again, placed down the paper, paid his reckoning, and walked out of the shop without a word. I went home a miserable man. I might put on grand airs before the public; but one man knew my measure, and that man was Sandie Macpherson.

"I am not going to weary you—and myself—with a history of my literary struggles till I conquered the hook-taster, the magazine editor, and the publisher, and became a recognized producer of the popular literary article. Years passed away. In the course of years I emigrated to London, on the invitation of John Still, the philosopher. Then I published my first book, and, as I have told you, it was a failure. I retrieved myself by my second, which was about half as good, and not near so earnest, as the first. I still had Glasgow and Sandie Macpherson in my mind when I failed or succeeded, but in course of time the impression grew dimmer and dimmer. It was one fine day that John Still, returning from the North, where he had been lecturing on some political subject, spoke to me as follows:

"By the way, Ercildoune, I met an old school-fellow of yours in Glasgow."

"Ay, indeed?" I said, feeling the blood mount to my face in a moment.

"A man named Macpherson, a small tradesman, and a member of the local club which took me down. A prosy fellow, and very sarcastic. He amused me very much with his dry reminiscences of your school days, and seemed greatly astonished that you had made any mark in the world."

"I forced a laugh, but I felt hot and cold all over.

"Do you remember him?" proceeded Still. "He remembers you wonderfully!"

"I am not sure," I returned, with carelessness. "I believe there was a lad of that name in the class with me, but I've almost forgotten him. It's—it's a long time ago!"

"Hypocrite that I was! Did John Still know that I was lying? He looked at me for some moments with an amused smile, as if he were calling up some queer reminiscence; and I—I could have brained him. Some little time after that John Still and I fell out. He wrote a criticism on Suckle's 'History of Civilization,' and published it in the radical *Lambeth Review*. I handled the same hook next quarter in the *Caledonian*, and turned Still's arguments inside out in no very complimentary fashion. Still was a sensitive man, and a while after that he cut me dead in the street. We made it up afterward, but were never the same as before. Till the day of his death I never gave him any explanation. I cared no more for Suckle or his arguments than for the fly on the wall! Suckle, indeed—the poor, silly, over-crammed Cockney gowk! The real cause of my attack on John Still was anger and irritation. Sandie Macpherson, again, was at the bottom of it all!

"A year or so after this I went down to Glasgow on business. By that time I had made a name for myself, and my visit caused a stir in the city. I stayed with Sir Robert Mungo, the Lord Provost—a silly man, with a sniggering taste for philosophy. After a few days I grew weary of being lionized; for nearly every time there was a grand dinner, and I was holed to death with the admiration of daft folk of both sexes. One afternoon, as I was wandering about the streets, looking at the old houses, and calling to mind the places I had known when a lad, I passed down the Gallowgate, and saw the name of 'Alexander Macpherson' over a small grocer's shop. Now, I was in a sympathetic mood that day; the contemplation of old scenes, and the thought of the kindness of my countrymen, had touched my heart, and it melted suddenly at the name of my old school-fellow. Could it possibly be the same? Before I knew what I was doing, I had entered the shop.

"Yes, I was right. There, standing behind the counter, was Sandie himself, older, grimmer, but neat and clean as usual. As I entered, he was measuring out a pound of moist sugar for a hare-footed servant lassie in petticoat and short gown.

"Mr. Macpherson?" I said, when he had done.

"He looked up, and our eyes met. I saw in a moment that he recognized me, but his face remained grim as granite, and his eye was cold as ice.

"That is my name," he replied.

"I smiled, and prepared to hold out my hand.

"I think we were old school mates together. My name is Ercildoune—Thomas Ercildoune. Do you remember me?"

"He looked at me from head to foot. His eye rested on my old cloak, my broad-brimmed hat, and he nodded darkly, as he replied:

"I mind ye well enough. Can I serve ye with anything?"

"Nothing, thanks; only—I was passing, and I thought I should like to remind you of our old acquaintanceship."

"As I spoke Sandie proceeded leisurely with his business behind the counter—opened his till and looked into it; took down a piece of loaf sugar, and hegan breaking it into small portions. He gave a sort of grunt as I finished my address to him, and nodded again; then, after a pause, while I stood hesitating, he observed quietly, surveying me critically from head to foot:

"You're staying up in London, I hear?"

"Yes."

"You're what they call a leetery man, noo?"

"Just so," I replied, smiling good-naturedly, but feeling rather ashamed.

"A weel," said Sandie, reflectively, as he swept up his pieces of sugar and putting them into a large jar, 'a weel, London's a big place, and they call it the centre of ceevilization; but—here he shut the lid of the jar sharply—"mony things please the folk in London that wouldna gang doon in Glesgow!"

"What he meant I could hardly gather; it was a mere general reflection, but I felt somehow that it had a personal application. A long pause ensued. I stood awkwardly waiting in front of the counter, but Sandie did not seem inclined for further conversation. At last, feeling rather uncomfortable, I determined to put an end to the interview.

"Well, I'll wish you good-morning," I said, moving to the shop door.

"Good-morning," grunted Sandie, not raising his eyes from his desk and ledger, to which he had just gone.

"I walked out of the shop, indignant at the man's imperturbability. Glancing back from the pavement, I saw Sandie's face quietly regarding me over his ledger—and smiling—just as it had smiled when I saw him reading my first effort in literature. He was certainly quite irreconcilable.

"About this period of my career, as you may remember, I was particularly severe in my writings on the British Philistine, and on the sordid, self-conceited, money-grabbing secularity of the trading classes in this country. I denounced the hypocrisies of Sodom and the fleshpots of Gomorrah. The press took up my cry, and Philistinism had a bad time of it. Poor idiots, they thought that I had a grievance against society. Nothing of the kind. I was only trying to have my revenge on Sandie Macpherson!"

"For wrestle as I might against him, the man had mastered me. Folk might compare me to John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; but Sandie Macpherson knew better. Sandie saw through me! To the hedside of the heathen emperor a slave used to come each morning, saying: 'Philip, remember you must die.' To my hedside, for many a day, came the spirit of Sandie, saying: 'Thomas Ercildoune, remember you're a poor creature, and I know it.'

"I thought to have my revenge on Sandie at last, the day they made me Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

"More proud and exultant than you can think, I went down to my natal city to deliver the rectoral address. I was an old man by this time, and had a great name all over the world. Such a reception as they gave me! As I stood in the large hall, with the professors and citizens around me, the students in their thousands cheering me, fine ladies in the galleries smiling down on me, I felt that I had reached the height of my ambition. I addressed them like a man inspired. I spoke of my early days, my struggles, my fondness for the country of my hirth, and I was in the middle of a splendid peroration, when all of a sudden I became conscious of a man's face looking quietly up at me. One man's face in all that sea of faces! But I knew it only too well. Grim, cold, hard as granite, yet with a kind of pitying smile upon it—whose face could it be but the one I had dreaded all my life? The words went out of my head, and I ended feebly, sitting down into my chair with a sigh of relief when I had finished. The next day there were columns in the papers, and in the course of the long report something to this effect: 'At this point of his discourse, alluding to his early days in this city, Mr. Ercildoune was visibly affected. His emotion was touching to witness, and he almost broke down; but amid the loud cheering of his enormous audience, he at last concluded his magnificent address.' 'Visibly affected,' indeed! and 'touching emotion!' They little knew that my speech was nearly ruined by the sinister influence of Sandie Macpherson!"

The great man paused, half amused, half angry, at the remembrance of his odd experience. Reaching out his hand, he took down a pipe from the mantelpiece, filled and lit it, and smoked for some minutes in silence, with his sad eyes fixed upon the fire. I sat watching him, reverently and wonderingly. At last he broke the silence:

"I never saw Sandie again after that."

"About a year ago, however, an old friend, a minister of the Kirk, coming on a visit from Glasgow, informed me that my former schoolfellow, who was one of his congregation, had recently died. My friend had been with him frequently during his last illness. I asked, not without anxiety, if the poor fellow had still remembered me?"

"My friend smiled.

"Oh, yes; he remembered you well," he replied, "and it was only a few days before his death that he spoke about you."

"Indeed! and what did he say?" I said, carelessly.

"Shall I give you his very words?" asked my friend, laughing merrily.

"Certainly."

"They're telling me," he said, "that Ercildoune has just written another hook. Lord, minister, surely the world has gone clean daft! What can folks see in such a silly fool as you?"

"So Sandie passed away," concluded the old philosopher, "and now, whatever happens to me, I know that my career must be considered a failure; for the one dream of my existence, to make an impression on Sandie Macpherson, has been rendered impossible forever."—*Belgravia*

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	THE TUNFELL LIAR—14

We give up the Hon. James G. Blaine as a candidate for President with great reluctance. We give him up because he has himself recognized the fact that his candidacy is impracticable. This recognition of the political condition is creditable to his intelligence, and, we believe, to his patriotism; but it is not creditable to the intelligence or patriotism of those Republican leaders who have intrigued against him. He retires from public life, honored and admired by more Americans than any one of his living contemporaries. He possesses brains, courage, and patriotism. He has made his mark and left the impress of his Americanism upon the policy of the country. He is the first man who has seemed to fully comprehend the greatness and strength of American nationality. At all events, he is the only man to-day in prominent public position who would have the Government relations with foreign powers—all the way from Hawaii to England—as though the Republic of the United States of America had fifty-two millions of population, with brains enough, and courage enough, and money enough to improvise navies and armies in sufficient numbers and power to vindicate American nationality, wherever, whenever, and by whomsoever assailed. It is a shameful reflection that a few ambitious leaders at Washington can so manipulate the party machinery as to defeat the well-known and recognized fact that James G. Blaine is the choice of more than a large majority of the intelligent rank and file of the Republican party. We hold General Grant, Roscoe Conkling, Don Cameron, John A. Logan, Chester A. Arthur, and the lesser satellites that revolve within their orbits, responsible for this condition of things, and we, the Republican "tailors of Tooley Street," will hold them responsible, and we hereby resolve that they shall not themselves become candidates of the Republican party for President; and we further resolve that, if they do, we will punish them as they have punished Blaine, by holding the Republican ticket and voting for a Democrat. We propose to put our own definition upon the word "hold," for we, the disgruntled tailors of the Republican party, do not propose to allow the false plea to be made in the court of conscience that political cussedness begins at the end of a disastrous political intrigue. We propose to consider as party traitors and party holders those men who form conspiracies, hatch plots, contrive party mischief, invite party ruin, and dare political defeat, unless they are permitted to

have undisputed rule. There are certain kinds of Democratic ruin that are better than certain kinds of Republican rule. If these political leaders at Washington do not see the portentous cloud—ever so much bigger than any horse's head—now lowering in the Republican heavens, then they are stone blind and dead drunk. If these Washington bosses think to impose upon the party the hereditary incompetent of some illustrious sire, it will be a mistake. We are ever so proud of Adams, Harrison, Lincoln, Grant, and Hayes, but we tailors know the difference between sire and son. The same clothes do not fit and are not becoming. No John Quincy, nor William Henry, nor Robert. We won't have Buck Grant, or Jesse, or Rutherford Second to reign over us. The rule of breeding horses does not hold good in breeding boys. The sons of great men are seldom great. The great men we have named and honor have not transmitted to their sons any such distinguished characteristics as entitle them to be chosen from out the fifty-five millions that we will number in 1884, for the highest of executive positions. If Robert Lincoln or the senator named Harrison shall, by virtue of the fact that they are sons of Presidents, be nominated, we will not sit supinely cross-legged and accept the fact without inquiring how they were born to greatness. We shall not, without cause shown, thrust greatness upon them, and they shall not achieve the greatness of the presidential office, or robe themselves in official garments, till we have taken their measures.

It is almost time that party leaders should give over the idea that the party units are fools. The American people are beginning to think. If an able man had been chosen by the Democracy instead of Hancock, if a statesman had been nominated instead of a soldier, he would have been elected. The Republicans are just in the frame of mind to DEMAND of their leaders an able and conscientious statesman as the next Republican candidate, and that this candidate shall be the choice of the people without the interference of the machine. If senatorial bosses dominate the next Republican National Convention, the Hon. Chester A. Arthur, President, will be succeeded by a Democrat, and this Democrat will be elected by Republican votes, as Cleveland was in New York, and as Stoneman was in California. The people are beginning to understand the subject of civil service reform, and that "reform" means something more than the education of tide-waiters, or fixity of official tenure to the lowest class of Government employees. The great fact which our politicians fail to appreciate, and are most unwilling to accept and most determined to ignore, is that there is growing up all over the nation a class of independent, non-partisan voters who care nothing for party organization, and have only contempt and hatred for party managers who are, or who attempt to play the rôle of, party leaders. This class of independent voters embraces most of the intelligence and wealth of the nation, and is continually growing in numbers and gaining in influence. Its influence was first felt in local elections. All over the land, since the final termination of the civil war, we have seen city, township, and county governments swing back and forth between the Republican and Democratic parties with the regularity of a clock's pendulum. Party rule relaxed its first discipline, or, the better way to express it, party discipline was first ignored in local elections. Then we heard of States in which the "Independents" exercised a large voice by uniting with whichever party gave promise of the best government. California has illustrated this tendency. Haight, Booth, Irwin, Perkins, and Stoneman have all of them owed their elections to the independent voters who were governed by the direct influence and conditions of the time. These non-partisan voters looked with contemptuous indifference upon primary elections, ward clubs, State conventions, or State Central Committees. They held bosses and managers in most hearty contempt, and proved indifferent to all appeals of party. The same spirit, displaying itself in New York and Pennsylvania, and, indeed, in all the Northern States, demonstrated that the day of party discipline in the Republican party had passed away forever. It only lingers longest in the Democratic party, because in most of the Northern States it has been in the minority. Minority parties are, after a time, more respectable and more virtuous than majority parties. The same sturdy spirit of independence and the same indifference to party rule will send these independent voters away from the Democracy, and over to the opposition, whenever the Democracy shall abuse its trust. Party discipline has held longer sway in the national party organizations for divers reasons. We Republicans were made to stand up to the party rack, fodder or no fodder, for ever so many years after the war had ended, under the plea of necessity to save the imperiled Union. We were impressed with the idea that it had only been half rescued from its danger by the consummation of the civil war. When our fears began to flag, we were stirred to patriotic recollections by the flaunting of the bloody shirt. Our imaginations were influenced by manufactured horrors. The people of the South acted madly and foolishly, and their resentments were kept alive by the insane acts of Democratic Southern fire-eaters. The passions of each section were played upon by politicians. We sent carpet-baggers and

hayonets to rule the South, and the South killed negroes and polluted the hallot-hox in defiance of the North. That period has passed. Then we were intimidated, because we feared that our national credit would suffer. We were gravely told that Democratic ascendancy meant recognition of the rebel war-debt, payment of war spoils, cotton bonds, and emancipated slaves; and so we have enthused ourselves at national elections—for Grant twice, for Hayes, and for Garfield—and it is, perhaps, well for the country that we have. The time has passed when there is danger to the national credit, or when recognition of the rebel war-debt is possible. The time is now come, as we believe, in national politics, when the same intelligent and patriotic independence is to rule national elections. The time has most certainly passed when, from Washington, senatorial bosses will be permitted to control national conventions. The shameful spectacle of the last Chicago Convention will not again repeat itself. Conkling has been humiliated and driven from public life. The Camerons, father and son, are no longer able to dominate Pennsylvania. Logan hangs by the skin of his teeth over the abyss of defeat in Illinois. Roheson, of New Jersey, and nearly all of the Congressional magnates who have fattened on spoils and grown insolent in office, have been retired from public life. The Senate is, in fact, Democratic. The House of Representatives is largely Democratic. The Presidential election comes in less than two years. The Republican party is divided, demoralized by defeat, and still in angry altercation between stalwart and half-breed, while the great independent, non-partisan class, that possesses the intelligence, owns the wealth, embodies the patriotism of the nation, and has the courage of its honest convictions, stands ready to vote for a Democratic candidate for President, if the party shall appeal to its reason by nominating a civilian, statesman, and honest man. The Republican leaders, and the Republicans in convention, will do well to heed this condition of things, if they expect the reaction to come in time for the Republican party to elect a President.

There is one man who fills all the conditions requisite for the successful presidential candidate of the Republics, but whom, owing to a local cahal and the ingratitude of General Grant, it is impossible to nominate. The Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois, ought to have been the presidential nominee of the Republican party when the senatorial intrigue and Grant's desire to nominate the Hon. Roscoe Conkling gave the nomination to Hayes. He ought to have been the nominee when the triumvirate of Senators, with Conkling at the head, conspired for the renomination of General Grant and nominated Garfield. He ought to be nominated at the next National Convention in spite of the party bosses, party conspirators, and party Senators who kindly run the party, for us in the provinces, from headquarters in Washington. Washburne, of Illinois, is of large experience in national affairs, was for many years in Congress, was Secretary of State and Minister to France, and is a man of eminent capacity and of clean political record. He commands the respect and confidence of all who know him. He is neither stalwart nor half-breed, has been absent from the country during all these later years of political altercation and party jealousy, and there is no reason why any Republican or independent voter should not support him, unless some abler, purer, and more experienced statesman shall be nominated against him. One of the causes for the Republican cyclone of defeat which has swept across the continent lies in the defection of the German vote from the Republican party. Mr. Washburne's attitude toward the German nationalities during the Franco-German war, and the distinguished service he was enabled to render German people, by virtue of his position as United States Minister to France resident in Paris, will entitle him to the grateful and enthusiastic support of all Germans. When, in the event of his presidential candidacy, the story of the siege of Paris shall be told, the history of the Commune insurrection and the connection of Mr. Washburne with it, no intelligent German who loves his fatherland will withhold from him his earnest political support. We are very much inclined to think that Prince Bismarck and the Emperor William would contribute to the campaign fund. Mr. Washburne would carry California, and of all the suggested Republican candidates, except Mr. Blaine, is the only one who could. If we could nominate the next Republican presidential ticket, it would be the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois, for President, and the Hon. William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, late United States Minister to Austria, for Vice-President; and so say we all on this side of the continent.

By way of London the information comes from Archbishop Croke and others that great distress prevails in Ireland, and that the outlook is a most gloomy and appalling one. People in certain parts of Ireland are on the verge of famine, and great apprehension is felt lest many shall perish for want of the necessities of life. It would be a great reproach to the generous spirit of the age if there were not prompt response to this appeal of suffering humanity. So deeply do we sympathize with these unfortunate breadless ones, that

we would be glad if the Land-League patriots of Ireland had spent the same effort to provide the necessities of life to their suffering countrymen that they have expended in agitating for the non-payment of rent. We wish it were possible to so recall the events of the past that the tumultuous masses of people who have spent a portion of the past summer in political manifestations might have devoted that time to the cultivation of the potato. We wish the large amount of money, laid out by the English government for the preservation of the law and the maintenance of order, might have been used for the purchase of oat-meal and Scotch herring, and that the cattle houghed and slain could have been preserved in cans for the use of innocent people. We wish that the money contributed in America for the purchase of an iron-clad and secret skirmish fund against England, and for the maintenance of a Directory in Paris, and for the support of traveling patriots who have made their haggard pilgrimages to America, who have robbed servant-girls, and swindled Irish laborers through demagogic appeals to their patriotism, who have agitated in Parliament and encouraged an ignorant population to violate contracts of lease made under the law, could have been hoarded for such a pitiable exigency as this. We would be glad if the money raised in San Francisco by Fenians, Land-Leaguers, political priests, and Democratic Irish demagogues, to be wastefully squandered upon a brood of evil agitators, could have been deposited in the Hibernia Savings Bank for the use of the poor and starving Irish women and children, who now sit in pallid want by desolate hearthstones, in hopeless despondence, and gaunt from famine. We wish all the hoh ferrals, and Judge Tooheys, and Mrs. Jerome Deasys in Ireland, America, and throughout the world, could have reserved their energies, their eloquence, and their songs for these extreme occasions, when those who refuse to work and pay their rent in Ireland and boycott those who do, when those who murder landlords from behind hedges and assassinate officials, bring desolation, want, and starvation to the Irish land. We wish that his grace, Joseph Sado, the Spaniard who is archbishop in San Francisco, had not taken up a subscription for his holiness, Monsignor Pecci, the Italian who is archbishop in Rome, but had permitted the Irish congregations of his faith to send their money to their starving countrymen in Ireland. We think it almost better to send food to a friend, relation, or countryman dying of hunger, than to build a Jesuit church or Roman cathedral in San Francisco. When Irish Catholic pietists will cease sending pence to Peter, and cease building architectural follies; when they will sell their superfluous lands, their church jewels, pictures, the gold hulsion that adorns the sacred vestments of the priesthood, and the holy banners of their church, and send it in charity, to be distributed to starving men, women, and children in Ireland by Archbishop Croke, or John of Tuam, or any of the embryo saints of the Roman institution, we shall be glad to contribute our mite to the starving Irish. In the meantime, and until education shall bring enlightenment to the bigoted, priest-ridden, and politically oppressed of Ireland, we hope there may be no effort spared to relieve these unfortunate starving ones. No one should close his heart or button up his pocket against an appeal for charity because some politicians and some priests are knaves, demagogues, and hypocrites.

We do not quite understand the course of the charter-makers in reference to the future water supply. To us this business seems simple, if considered on rational, business principles. The Spring Valley Water Company has a valuable property, which the city can not steal. It supplies an indispensable necessity which consumers can not have without paying for. The new Constitution, which was passed when this water controversy was at its angriest, does away with free water. It compels the Supervisors to fix rates annually for consumers and for municipal use. The Supreme Court has declared the law to be this, and decided that free water is abolished, and that property is compelled to pay its just proportion of water-rates. The Constitution gives power to the city to form a charter, but this charter must be consistent with the new Constitution. If we understand the charter-makers, they are now endeavoring to violate the organic law by providing free water, and again by limiting the power of the Supervisors in fixing water-rates. If the Board of Supervisors have the power to fix rates, it is manifestly illegal, and, if not illegal, at least immoral, to compel them, in advance, to fix rates within such a minimum as the charter-makers may fix. The struggle has been made for years by the company to reduce rates to the consumer. This reduction is being fought by property. The company desires to equalize the water burden by imposing a just proportion of its rates upon property, where, by every principle of equity, common sense, and law, it really and justly belongs. These Freeholders have no power to fix rates for the use of water. They ought to know it, and doubtless do know it. *This can only be done by the Supervisors.* Again, as to the purchase of the water company's property: Mr. Bryant once, as Mayor, offered for this property eleven millions of dollars. The company will not sell it for less than sixteen millions. The investigation in 1876

demonstrated that it would cost to bring the waters of Lake Tahoe to San Francisco, without distributing, more than eighteen millions of dollars. There is not a man in the State, except Von Schmidt, who believes the Tahoe waters can be distributed in San Francisco for fifty millions of dollars. The Eldorado scheme was estimated (distribution not provided for) at sixteen millions of dollars; the San Joaquin scheme, thirteen millions of dollars; Feather River scheme, to bring the water to Saucelito, leaving it to be tuled under the hay and distributed, thirteen millions of dollars. How absurd, then, to enact a provision in the charter limiting the purchase of Spring Valley Water Company's property, with its complete organization and unlimited supply of water—embracing the Calaveras Valley—to nine millions of dollars. This seems to us like baby rattle. There is not one of the gentlemen engaged in making for us a charter who does not know that he is doing a vain thing. There are certain facts that must be kept distinctly in mind by law-makers, politicians, and consumers. The first is that the Spring Valley Water Works corporation owns a property that can not be taken from them, nor can they be deprived of its use, except by operation of law. Under the decision of the courts no person—artificial or natural—is entitled to free water. No one has any right to fix rates between company and consumer, except the Board of Supervisors; and property must pay its fair proportion. Rates must be compensative to the company, must pay interest, running expenses, dividends, and reserve for repairs. If the city desires to buy the works, it is a matter of negotiation, and the city must pay what they are worth, or it will not get them. Demagoguery over water business has cost the city of San Francisco ten million dollars. The whole plant might have been purchased at one time for a moderate price. Colonel Mendell—acting for the city and not for the company—said that the Blue Lakes scheme was of all outside ones the most practicable; he estimated its cost at eighteen million dollars, and after considering all the water projects suggested—among them San Joaquin, Blue Lakes, Clear Lake, and Putah Creek—gave it as his opinion that twenty-two millions of gallons of water daily could not be brought to San Francisco for less than eighteen million three hundred thousand dollars. In view of these figures we see no sense in attempting to obtain the Spring Valley Water Company's property for less than half it is worth. Colonel Mendell also estimated that Spring Valley had a source of supply equal to eighty millions of gallons daily, or enough for a city of one million three hundred thousand inhabitants. It would be an interesting exhibition if the fifteen most honorable charter-makers owned the Spring Valley Water Works, and were negotiating its sale to the city, with the *Bulletin* employed to advocate the proposition for a contingent percentage of the amount to be paid. In view of these facts, the *Bulletin* deliberately figures the economies resulting from an ownership of water supply at eight millions of dollars, interest at four per cent. per annum, and cost of administration one hundred thousand dollars per year. It proposes a sinking fund, to pay the entire amount in twenty years; thus, all the cost of supply and purchase comes from consumers. Now, sixteen millions of dollars will not duplicate the Spring Valley works. Money is worth six per cent. interest, and one hundred thousand dollars a year would not cover half the cost of running a water company by politicians. All this the *Bulletin* knows; and we believe we do not overstate the fact when we say it deliberately misrepresents everything connected with this whole water controversy for some sinister personal interest. In the meantime, and as these angry altercations prolong themselves from year to year, the private consumer hears all the burden of water-rates, while real and personal property escapes without paying a dollar. There is an awful black nigger somewhere in this wood-pile.

Governor Stanford is in Washington, in attendance upon the Supreme Court of the United States. Eminent counsel—Senator Edmunds, ex-Senator Conkling, Judge Sanderson, and the Hon. Creed Haymond and others—are arguing what is known as the San Mateo Railroad case, a case upon which depends the payment by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of a small amount of money, but involves important principles. The fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States is under discussion for interpretation. Mr. Justice Field, sitting with Judge Lorenzo Sawyer in San Francisco, had decided the case and rendered an exhaustive written opinion. Governor Stanford gave an informal supper to his counsel and friends in Washington. Mr. Justice Field, calling at the Arlington to see his friend Judge Sanderson, was informed that he was dining at Chamberlain's; he drove down and was ushered into the dining-room, where, saluting the guests—all of whom were old and intimate friends—he had a brief interview with Judge Sanderson, and took his leave. This unimportant and altogether innocent social incident is caught up by the spies of a political anti-monopoly society, given to the gossips of the Associated Press, and sent booming over the continent as a suggestion of improper relations between Governor Stanford and Mr. Justice Field. In the first place, there is no intelligent and honorable man who believes that Governor Stanford

or his associates are guilty of the crime of bribing courts. Such scandals as this are scattered abroad by such dishonorable partisans as M. M. Estee; they are pronounced upon by such verdicts as the people rendered at the last election in this State. In the second place, the members of the Supreme Court of the United States are not justly amenable to the suspicion of corruption. Finally, if Mr. Justice Field were foolish and criminal enough to imperil his splendid judicial reputation for money—which he does not lack—he would be more secret and politic than to give himself away at a public banquet. Such conduct would not earn the bribe which the suggestion implies. Equally malignant, libelous, and devilish is the circular distributed in New York by the Anti-monopoly League, declaring that the Federal judges of California are not trusted and honored in the performance of their judicial duties. Judges do not live in England or America whose judicial integrity and purity are more irreproachable than those of Lorenzo Sawyer and Ogden Hoffman. In their long occupation of the bench—Sawyer as district judge, judge of the Supreme Court of California, and of the United States Circuit Court; and Hoffman for more than thirty years district judge—they have never in one instance had their honor questioned or their honesty impugned. Whatever shall be the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the San Mateo case, it will be remembered that Mr. Justice Field pronounced *his* opinion in California. It is clearly apparent that all this clamor of brass is raised to frighten the supreme tribunal of the nation from giving this case an impartial consideration. It is fortunate that we may hope the court will not be influenced by clamor.

We take it that Judge Folger, Secretary of State, is an ordinarily intelligent person; that in point of law-learning he is exceptionally accomplished; that he is a gentleman of high integrity, and, except as indicated by his letter accepting the gubernatorial nomination secured by fraud, forgery, and other slight and somewhat irregular political inconsistencies, a man of high moral qualities. We presume he knows the law governing the institution of marriage, and the sacred relation which wife holds to husband by virtue of the solemnization of the marriage ceremony before the Christian altar, and the force of civil bonds when forged by the civil magistrate under our laws. It is quite evident that Mr. Secretary Folger is not intelligent upon the relations existing between Chinese men and Chinese women who emigrate from Canton to California. He does not know the difference between a Caucasian prostitute and an American wife. He does not know that, under the law, usage, and custom of social life in China, the first wife—the wife of honor, the little-footed Chinese lady—very seldom comes to the Pacific Coast; that out of four thousand Chinese females on this side of the continent, there are not forty virtuous and honored women. He does not know that there is a guild of industry in this city of San Francisco that deals in female slaves, and that in China girls are sold, and transferred by hills of sale for a nominal consideration, to be shipped to San Francisco for infamous commerce. He does not know that the Chinaman is entirely oblivious to the sanctity of an oath; that for money he will take any of the hazards of perjury, and that a cargo of Asian harlots can, upon their arrival, be provided with husbands to enable them, under his most absurd decision, to evade the law against the Chinese invasion. Judge Folger most certainly does not know these things. If he does, we would be justified in denouncing him as a violator of the law of Congress passed for the protection of our coast. We will send him this copy of the *Argonaut*, with this article marked with a blue pencil, and ask the subordinate, whose duty it is to open and warm the daily journals received by the honorable Secretary of the Treasury, to be kind enough to give a momentary consideration to a question that we of the Pacific Coast sincerely believe affects the moral welfare of our people, and the highest interest of the young men and boys whom we are educating to support the Republican party, because it is a party of intelligence and moral ideas, and the only one that is likely to give us an administration and cabinet secretaries who will interpret laws in the interest and for the welfare of those communities which they were designed to protect. We ask the Hon. Judge Folger to recall the circular letter that gives to the Chinese slave-dealers, who buy and sell Asian harlots, the privilege of inundating our coast with this most dreadful curse.

In anticipation of the Presidential campaign of 1884, the political paragraph-maker is abroad. Senator Grover, of Oregon, says Mr. Justice Field, of California, will again be a candidate. The *San Francisco Chronicle* thinks he could not carry the electoral vote of this State. We think Judge Field would receive the electoral vote of California in event of his nomination, and we know of no reason why he should not. It was a shameful piece of blundering, treachery, and stupidity, the whole management of his last candidacy. He should not have been defeated by the delegates of this State. He would not have been, except through that treachery, ingratitude, selfishness, and cowardice that characterize the Irish element of the California Democracy.

LORNE AND LOUISE.

British Opinions on a Head-strong Wife and a Hen-pecked Husband.

From a fashionable standpoint London still continues fairly full, notwithstanding the near approach of the prorogation of Parliament, and that the climax of national homage to the Egyptian troops was reached quite a fortnight ago, when the Queen in person reviewed her heroic soldiers in St. James's Park, and presented to a heroic few the medals their gallantry in the field had won for them. Aside from the grandeur of the affair as a military pageant, unequaled since the return of the army from the Crimea, nearly thirty years ago—when her majesty, to give more *éclat* to the event, rode about in a field-marshal's uniform above her habit skirt—the occasion was marked by the fact that every member of the royal family, with one exception, was present. The one exception was the Princess Louise.

It is pretty well known that she and her royal mamma don't hit it off together quite as a dutiful daughter and fond mother should, and that, when she is in England, her visits to Windsor, or wherever else the Queen may be living at the time, are neither so frequent nor of such long duration as might be expected from a child to a sole-surviving parent; and this, added to the fact that the princess's ways, manners, and general behavior when in England are not quite in accordance with the rules that govern the actions of the nobility—let alone royalty—have lost her, in a great measure, the admiration and respect which the other princes and princesses command so cordially from their mother's subjects. As a matter of course, people in high life have always deemed it expedient, as well as evincing a proper sense of loyalty to their sovereign, to frown down everything that has been said since the romantic episode with Canon Duckworth, with whom the princess's name was so uncomfortably coupled, and the consequent hurried marriage to the first young nobleman who would take her. Naturally, in a country like England, where the press feels the pressure of the royal gag, whatever is unbecoming or wanting in dignity in the actions of a prince or princess can be but alluded to, and even then the allusion must be indulged in but sparingly. Thus it is, that whatever any member of the royal family may do that would call for condemnation in the case of a subject, is either ignored by the press altogether, or glossed over as much as possible.

It is a great misfortune that this should be so, for not only does it give a favored few a right to do whatever they like, but it is apt to imperceptibly engender in the minds of the people at large a belief that princes inherit infallibility with their titles, and that like the sovereign who is the source of both, "they can do no wrong." Still, there are people in England who think, if they don't speak, and who, notwithstanding the pains and penalties of *scandalum magnatum*—a statute which punishes severely any utterances against a peer of the realm, even if true—are independent enough at heart to give their brains full scope in the drawing of inferences and deductions from what they hear and see.

However unadvisedly the Queen may comport herself as regards the Scotch gillie, John Brown, nowadays, a different example was set to her children during their earlier years, and during their father's lifetime. Their mother was then a discreet and careful woman, and there can be no question as to the model way in which her daughters were brought up. Their management and moral tuition was strict, almost to the verge of severity, and none of the five have ever given any occasion for "talk," except Princess Louise. Her marriage to Lord Lorne has doubtless had a good deal to do with it. English princesses always marry German princes; and as the royal family of England, so far as blood is concerned, is nine hundred and ninety-nine parts German, it is natural that they should. But the Duckworth episode called for a marriage too immediate to give time to hunt up a German prince that would be in all respects suitable. Numerous as the German princes are, the supply seemed to give out when it was most needed. So the expedient was hit upon to marry the princess to a subject. But to whom was the question. A list of eligible young noblemen, the eldest sons of prominent peers, was made out and submitted to the Queen. Of course, it was no secret whose names were down, and while her majesty was considering which one should have the distinguished honor of becoming her son-in-law, the young men had also time to reflect. They knew that their selection would be equal to a royal command, out of the doing of which there would be no getting, so some quietly and suddenly departed for lengthy tours in Africa, India, etc., while others married the first women who would have them in order to become ineligible before the selection could be made. The Marquis of Lorne was the only fellow left, and he got the prize. It was not that the other men didn't think the princess good enough for them. She was too good. She was then very pretty and attractive, and her free manners gave her a charm which all young men fancy in women. Yet they had sense enough to see how it would be. Could they have her for a wife, it would be well enough; but they didn't fancy being tied to a woman who was so far above them in rank that she wouldn't even take their name, and over whom, as a princess of the reigning family, they could not exercise the authority and control which all men desire to have the right to exert over their wives. Lord Lorne didn't seem to care about such things, however.

It was a curious marriage all through. The Duke of Argyll, Lord Lorne's father, is a radical who goes as far as he dares in the anti-throne doctrines of the party. It is an odd thing for a duke to do, especially one whose daughter-in-law is a princess. But he doesn't mind that. He would abolish the House of Lords to-morrow if he could, even though he kicked himself out of power with it. One of his sons is a stock-broker in the London Stock Exchange, and the only wonder is that the duke consents to retain his title. It would be decidedly more consistent with his other acts if he called himself plain Mr. Campbell. As to the Marquis of Lorne, he does just whatever his papa thinks best, and is more pious in England than anything else. There are hundreds of men more fitted for the position of Governor-General of Canada than he, and his appointment to the post was a job, unfair to many men whose merits had earned them the place. However, in several respects it was the best thing to do. It was not so hard to play second to one's wife out of

England as in it, and the Queen thought a five years' residence in Canada would be beneficial to her wayward daughter. At first the princess was given to sudden returns to England. Her mother would think her safely ensconced at the Government House in Ottawa, when she'd suddenly turn up, just arrived back alone in an Allan line steamer. She would stay in England and have a good time, and go back to her lord (but by no means master) when she couldn't disregard the Queen's commands any longer without raising a row at court. The last time she made one of her playful "drops in" from Canada on her mamma, she was ordered to return instantly and do the honors of the Governor-General's house, as they should be done by the Governor-General's wife, even if she did happen to be a princess. Well, she went back to Canada, but she didn't stay there. A pleasure trip overland to the Pacific—a "tour of the Dominion" it has been officially termed—was perhaps not such fun as being in England, but it was better than obeying orders by remaining in Ottawa.

And so the princess is thought to have rather scored off the Queen, after all. She generally manages to do pretty much as she likes, and contrives to enjoy herself in her own way. Yet, to be candid about it, she frequently does things that, were she but the Marchioness of Lorne, or any other "lady" of title, would not be tolerated in her. To say the least, she would be called "queer"; for, when in England, she travels about by train, quite alone, makes visits by herself to country-houses for a week or two, plays billiards, smokes, flirts a good deal; is very fond of the society of good-looking young noblemen; enjoys a good glass of wine as much as anybody, and never goes to church if she can possibly avoid it. In short, were she not a princess, one might feel inclined to say she was disposed to be "rapid." Comparatively independent of her mother, and totally so of her husband, there is no check upon her, and that's where it is. The poor marquis has to stand by and look on, and say nothing, for he hasn't as much authority with her as a younger brother would have. Why, he can't even go into dinner with her. Once, he did attempt to accompany her into some ante-room at court, where his rank did not entitle him to be; but the Prince of Wales ordered him out at once. One might feel inclined to be sorry for him, if he seemed to mind it, which he doesn't. Besides, he could have got out of the way, like the other fellows, if he had chosen. He and the princess have a small country place in Kent, near Tunbridge-Wells, called "Dornden." Strange to say, it has been for sale for some years, the price asked being thirty thousand pounds.

Of the Queen's sons, the Prince of Wales comes in for the largest share of talk. Now and then the startling escapade of some titled scapegrace may temporarily attract more attention, but when public interest in it dies out the prince is ever able, ready, and seemingly not unwilling, to furnish new food for the gossip of Belgravia *doudoirs* and club smoking-rooms. But, though he will flirt and amuse himself—not always as an heir-apparent to the throne should—with pretty women like Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Mrs. Wheeler, and Miss Chamberlain, and will run into debt for jewels for Sarah Bernhard and Nelly Farren, there is one thing to be said in his favor. He never does anything undignified, or out of perfectly consistent keeping with his princely position, so far as actions in public are concerned. He is a great stickler for forms and ceremonies, and will resent even the approach to familiarity at the hands of anybody. If he is a prince he believes in being one—in public at all events, whatever he may be in private life. With his "set" he will unhand and go for a lark with any of them, but elsewhere he is the Prince of Wales, and he exacts the outward respect due to his rank, if he does not get it really. The Duke of Edinburgh is a cold, calculating, close-fisted man, with neither many warm friends nor many enemies. He is almost miserly in his fondness for money, and when at sea he has been known to make a considerable sum by the sale of his mother's autographs. When not at sea he lives a quiet life with his wife, the Russian Czar's only sister, and, for a princely amateur, is a fairish performer on the violin. The Duke of Connaught is the most popular of all the princes. He is a great popularity-hunter, and there are some people who say he rather overdoes it. He makes a point of taking much interested notice of other people's children, and there is nothing in which he appears to take greater delight than getting a chair for an old lady, or handing round the cake at an afternoon tea. His popularity has been somewhat dimmed of late by the rather obscure part the Guards were forced to take in the Egyptian campaign, owing to his having been put in command of them, and the consequent necessity that he should be kept out of danger. The Duke of Albany is the "goody-goody" member of the family, as he is the baby. He has never been known to do anything to call forth remark, either good or bad. He lives as happily on his twenty-five thousand a year, with his German wife, as his malady—said to be an insufficiency in the thickness of his skin—will let him.

One of the chief topics of interest of late is the somewhat sudden social collapse of Miss Chamberlain. To be snubbed by the Princess of Wales was had enough, but to experience the chilling effect of the cold shoulder from the Prince was more than she thought she had a right to expect. To have the princess refuse her hand she could outlive, but when the prince's ball at Sandringham was announced, and day after day went over without invitations being received by the Ohio beauty and her ambitious mamma, it began to dawn upon them that the visit to Homburg was a mistake. It was indeed a sad cut, and people are talking of it yet. Of course, the young lady's career of prince-given notoriety—as unenviable as it was precarious—is now at an end; and the sooner her dark-haired, rather over-dressed mamma takes her fair-haired daughter—who thought she was going to be the rage in London till some duke begged her to marry him—back to the beautiful home in Euclid Avenue, the better it will be. I fancy she wouldn't mind talking to a baronet now. It ought to be a lesson to other American girls, or rather their mothers; for had not Mrs. Chamberlain quite lost her head over the honor of having her daughter taken up for the nonce by the prince for his amusement, she would never have permitted the affair to reach a point so advanced as to call for the resentment of the Prince's wife.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 11, 1882.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Etiquette should always be preserved under any circumstances. Serpa Pinto, the famous explorer, relates the following ludicrous incident of his travels in South Africa: At a point on the Zamhesi River he met Doctor Bradshaw, an English naturalist, who was reduced to the greatest misery, and had nothing but rags, and very few of those, to cover his nakedness. So meager was his wardrobe that he presented himself in his drawers to Serpa Pinto, to whom, however, with true British formality, he handed his card, engraved in London, before saluting him.

"Gather me closer, darling," whispered Gladdys McMurry, gazing up into the sad blue eyes that but faintly illumined the marble pallor of Bayard Fautleroy Ferguson's alabaster brow. "Sweetness," he responded, with a strange, sweet, Palmer House smile, "I am not gathering so much as I was; but when the first snowy touch of Winter's frost-gemmed hand"—The continuation of this interesting serial will be found in the *Chicago Tribune*. A celluloid coffin given away with every copy.

A lieutenant of the navy, while on the South Atlantic station recently, had a commission from the manufacturers of a new rifle to try and sell a lot of them to Dom Pedro. The lieutenant intimated, through the proper channels, that he should feel honored if the emperor would examine the gun. His majesty readily granted an audience, and the young officer went to the palace with a very fine specimen rifle, which had been presented to him by the company. The gun was exhibited and explained, and then handed to the emperor for examination. Dom Pedro took it, said, in Portuguese, that he was "awfully obliged," and motioned the chamberlain, or some other functionary, to show the gentleman out. There was no help for it, and the lieutenant backed to the doorway and withdrew without his rifle.

The late Professor Palmer who was killed in Egypt was a great practical joker. Not long ago he repeated on a wager Garrick's old joke of frightening the driver of the cab he had hired to convey him home from the theatre. Just before reaching the end of his journey he called out to the coachman to stop, and then leaped out at the other side before the cabby had time to open the door. The amazement of the cabman was unbounded. He looked everywhere for his passenger, but, of course, in vain, and at last, perplexed beyond measure, got up on his box and drove off. Soon after, the professor having borrowed a bat and ulster of a friend who held the wager, and who followed close behind, called the cab and got in again. Presently he repeated the same manoeuvre of leaning out of the right-hand window to tell the cabman to stop. Meanwhile he had again jumped out at the left-hand side and ran to the pavement unperceived by the driver. Again the same consternation and the same perplexity. After proceeding a little way cabby was bailed by one of the professor's friends, but he shook his head in evident affright, and exclaiming, "No; don't me if I take another fare; I have driven the devil twice already tonight," drove off at a perilous gallop, while the wager was pronounced fairly won.

A bachelor lawyer at the Luzerne bar, says a Pennsylvania paper, has a pretty cousin, at each recurrence of whose birthday he is esteemed entitled to the cousinly privilege of a kiss, though he always has to fight for it. Lately the birthday having gone by during a business trip on which he was away, he asked if he might not have his kiss notwithstanding. To this she strenuously objected. She paid no bills, she said, when the creditor allowed pay-day to pass without calling on her. He proposed a game of euchre, on which he would stake a pair of gloves against his cousinly privilege. She agreed and she won. Then he staked a box of bonbons. She assented and won again. Then handkerchiefs, stockings, and other articles of female apparel and adornment were put up, and the bachelor's luck grew no better. They played eleven games, and she was victor in them all. Being in Philadelphia a few days later the loser called at a leading dry goods house to make his purchases. It was not difficult to ask for the gloves and the handkerchiefs, but when it came to the stockings he was nonplussed. Finally, he left it to the shop-girl, who sold him an even dozen pairs, saying: "These long ones will do if she wears suspenders; the others are the ones she wants if she doesn't wear them." As the lawyer couldn't say bow this was, he took the whole lot.

Old Ned's son returned from college the other day, says the *Arkansas Traveler*. The old man had looked forward to the event, and had arranged a dinner, to which he invited a large number of acquaintances. The young man was modest, and, to the great humiliation of his father, made no attempt to display his learning. The old man waited several days, and when at last he saw no evidences of his son's education, he approached him and said: "Jim, it do seem ter me dat yer's putting yer education ter a mighty po' use. I ain't heard a big word from yer yet. I can un'erstan' yer gist as well as I did 'fore yer went ter dat school. Ef a man's edycated I wants him ter talk so I can't un'erstan' him. Me an' yer mudder hab been talkin' 'bout dis matter, an' we'se grieved way down in de flesh. Jim, what's de big word for grasshopper?" "Orthopterous insect of the genus *gryllus*, according to Webster," replied the young man. "But de tuther day when dem folks was beah yer spoke ob a grasshopper jest de same as de ignorest nigger in de country, an' brought shame down on de heads of yer mudder an' myself. What's de big word fur goat?" "Mammiferous quadruped of the genus *capra*," answered the young man. "But why didn't yer say so, 'stead of sayin' goat, like a nigger, an' bringin' de tingle ob embarrassment ter yer fader's face? What did I gin yer dat schoolin' fur—ter talk like a unedycated son ob a po' white man? Think dat I'se gwine ter keep yer heah in idleness 'lessen yer ken reflect credic on de family? Jim, what is de big words fur blamed fool?" "I don't know, sir." "Yer doan't? Den yer ain't 'quainted wid yersef. Yer doan't recognize whar yer stands. Go out dar in de field wid a mule an' identify yourself."

INTAGLIOS.

Only the Sunny Hours.
Only the sunny hours
Are numbered here—
No winter-time that lowers,
No twilight drear.
But from a golden sky
When sunbeams fall,
Though the bright moments fly—
They're counted all.

My heart its transient woe
Remembers not;
The ills of long-ago
Are half forgot;
But childhood's round of bliss,
Youth's tender thrill,
Hope's whisper, Love's first kiss—
They haunt me still!

Sorrows are everywhere,
Joys—all too few!
Have we not had our share
Of pleasure, too?
No Past the glad heart covers,
No memories dark;
Only the sunny hours
The dial mark.

—E. C. Stedman.

For a Sun-Dial.

The shadows on the dial fall,
But who can tell
How soon a cloud may end them all—
And life as well.

—Anon.

Trials.

Pray, pray, thou who also weepest,
And the drops will slacken so;
Weep, weep—and the watch thou keepest
With a quicker count will go.
Think—the shadow on the dial
For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun.

—Elizabeth B. Browning.

Sun-Dial.

The shadow on the dial's face
That steals from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away;
This shadow, which, in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime;
What is it, mortal man?
It is the scythe of Time.
Not only o'er the dial's face,
This silent phantom, day by day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Steals moments, months, and years away;
From hoary rock and aged tree,
From proud Palmyra's moldering walls,
From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
From every blade of grass, it falls;
And still where'er a shadow sweeps,
The scythe of time destroys,
And man at every footstep weeps
O'er evanescent joys.

—James Montgomery.

"I Note None but the Cloudless Hours."

There stands in the garden of old St. Marc
A sun-dial, quaint and gray,
And it takes no heed of the hours that dark
Pass over it day by day.
It has stood for ages among the flowers,
In the land of sky and song;
"I note none but the cloudless hours,"
Its motto the whole day long.

So let my heart in this garden of life
Its calendar cheerfully keep,
Taking no note of the sorrow and strife,
Which in shadow across it creep.
Content to dwell in this land of ours,
In the hope that is twin with love,
And remember none but the cloudless hours
Till the day-star dawn from above.

—William Crosswell Doane.

A Sun-Dial Inscription.

Morning Sun—"Tempus Volat."

O early passenger, look up—he wise,
And think how, night and day, time onward flies.

Noon—"Dum tempus habemus, operemur bonum."
Life steals away—this hour, O man, is lent thee
Patient to work the work of Him who sent thee.

Setting Sun—"Redibo, tu nunquam."

Haste, traveler, the sun is sinking now;
He shall return again, but never thou.

The Sun-Dial.

"Horas non numero nisi serenas." *

"I note not the hours except they be bright."

The sun when it shines in a clear, cloudless sky,
Marks the time on my disk in figures of light.
If clouds gather o'er me, unheeded they fly,
"I note not the hours except they be bright."

So when I review all the scenes that have passed
Between me and thee, be they dark, be they light,
I forget what was dark, the light I hold fast,
"I note not the hours except they be bright."

—Samuel F. B. Morse.

* In traveling on the Rhine, some years ago, I saw on a sun-dial at Worms the above motto; the beauty of its sentiment is well sustained in the euphony of its syllables. I placed it in my note-book, and have ventured to expand it in the stanzas which I dedicate to my young friend A—, sincerely praying that the dial of her life may ever show unclouded hours.

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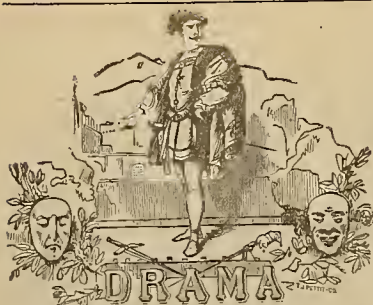
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One of the first requirements of a comedy is wit. It is supposed to be illustrative of the foibles of human life, and we are all much given to laughing at that which we should cry over, if it be garnished with those playful tricks of language which tickle the intellectual fancy. If "My Son-in-Law" had a sparkle of wit here and there it would be a very successful comedy, for it deals with that not infrequent episode, the attempt of a young man on the eve of marriage to be well off with his old loves before he is on with the new. The young man in question has a liberal and quite varied assortment of them, beginning with the subdued young miss, upon whom he purposes to confer the honor of marriage, and winding thence through a labyrinth of stormy temperaments. The first is his washerwoman. The washerwoman as an object of adoration is an innovation. She fails utterly to appeal to a California audience in this light, because we are all accustomed to seeing the family clothes-basket carried by a pig-tailed heathen. Although the man does not live who will not flirt with a pretty servant-maid when he finds a chance, there is a certain association of ideas which makes the washerwoman an unpopular object in this part of the country. The pretty French girl who carries home the laces always manages to come upon the stroke of the dinner hour, when the gentlemen are at home. But a woman washes differently in French, and this small class of flirtation is honored to the observance. The washerwoman episode counts for little in "My Son-in-Law," and it is only when the portentous mother-in-law puts herself upon the moral trail of the young man that his love affairs begin to look up. His second passion is a Mexican with the euphonic name, Joaquina. She is the wife of the young man's dancing-master, and is one of the women who take a great deal of comfort in a concealed passion. There is sometimes considerable embarrassment in finding a suitable object upon which to expend it; but upon the whole, a concealed passion need never go a-hegging, for it is one of the freaks of freakish nature that every fool has its twin. The Joaquina of the play is not excessively Mexican. The young lady who plays it does not even trouble herself so far as to indulge in the make-up of a señorita—a costume as simple and easy as it is characteristic and striking. As she fails to distinguish herself in any other way, the part, for so assumptive a one, is decidedly colorless. As much can not be said for the young man's next love, in which the actress's own individuality so overrides the part she plays that one altogether forgets whatever name she may bear in the comedy, and remembers her only as Miss Alma Stuart Stanley. Miss Alma Stuart Stanley represents an ex-variety actress who years for the emotional drama, but has the variety instinct still strong within her, and represents her with an apparent faithfulness which is quite startling to the dress-circle. Miss Stanley is magnificently tall and dashing handsome, and daintily—well, realistic. She appears to have a first-class variety or hurslesque voice, which is heavily obscured by a very bad cold—ioded, seems altogether like a hurlesquer in unaccustomed skirts. And yet she can not be a hurlesquer, for she gave a song and dance which were absurdly bad—the song, because she sang it execrably, and the dance, because she danced execrably, because her shoes nitied badly, and because there is something incongruous in a woman of superb height in a Camille-like dress, and with what, with proper cultivation would be a grand beauty, dancing a cheap break-down. Cheap! What an ugly little word it is, and how much it conveys. It describes the entire performance of "My Son-in-Law." It is all cheap—cheap humor, a cheap plot, and a cheap company. Mr. Leonard Grover himself is the only actor of any pretension in the entire cast. His Bisbon, the dancing-master, is rather a happy character hit. Its most salient point is a shining white tile. The only excuse for his appearance anywhere and everywhere, is that his entire clientele is among the *dramatis personae*. How he manages to get them all to Coney Island and all can say? It is the cleverest trick in the play, and all the amusing contretemps occur there, though every point is strained a trifle. Yet as one goes to see a comedy to laugh, and laughs here only, it is acountable for whatever of success "My Son-in-Law" has had. The bouncing, hoisterous, formidable mother-in-law raises the laugh, but there is always something intrinsically funny in any one's mother-in-law, just as there is always something irresistibly amusing in the falling from grace of a good old man. In truth it is a tragedy, in fiction it is the basis of much comedy. Mr. Leonard Grover Jr. plays the part of the sinning old man with a juvenile friskiness which altogether robs it of any effect as a moral lesson, but seems to add much to his own personal enjoyment. The sinning young man is simply an axis. The play is only one more of the "Pink Dominoes" family, with the usual strong family resemblance. Talking of family resemblances, have you not met people with perfect manias for tracing them? They should persistently follow the changes of bill in the theatres where old acquaintances are continually popping up. At the Grand Opera House, where upon the bills to the simple name of "Youth," is affixed the explanation of the authors, the explanation that "Youth" is a social, moral, domestic, emotional, and melodramatic spectacle, besides the time-honored villain, and the well-preserved adventures, there are very perfect reminiscences of "A Celebrated Case," and that rarely played but stirring little drama "Jessie Brown, or the Relief of Lucknow."

Yet, withal, the authors have attempted little more than a spectacle, and have written up to the scenery with a conscientiousness which has made the fragment of drama very enjoyable. Francisque Sarcy complained bitterly concerning the recent revival of "Le Roi s'Amuse," that the realism of the *mise en scene* superseded the interest of the occasion, that the roll of very real thunder drowned out the might of the poet's lines—that the scenic artist, in short, planted seven-league boots on the grand old poet's domain. But in this lesser play of a newer age, one is astonished to look back at the paucity of the lines when one remembers the thrilling shift of scenery. A little boat, which seems to glide down the Thames, is at a standstill, while the beauties of the famous river unfold themselves, and nothing else takes place but the shift of scenery. There is a brilliant ball-room, with the inevitable conservatory, a crystal chandelier, a vision of revolving waltzers, and the traditional two gentlemen in dress suits in the foreground, with a pocketful of insults for each other, the gentlemanly villain, high in office, and the innocent, betrayed, much complicated hero, who is unjustly accused and convicted. There is a scene among the convicts, which amounts to little, for in the next act the hero, out on a ticket of leave, has become a soldier, and is bound for the wars on a big troop-ship, which is a stage-mechanical wonder. She slips her moorings, and swings off with the tide, and as she moves away, laden with the red-coats, and the Union Jack dipping, the British hearts in the audience were fired to fervor, and they cheered to the echo. The scene itself is a nice exhibition of drill, and calculated, in point of numbers, to give full effect to the favorite declaration of the British sailor that—

"Britons never, never shall be
Married to a mer-maid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

But the real triumph of "Youth" is in the sixth tableau, where the curtain rises upon a high rocky crag, with two waterfalls shimmering in the calcium, and a group of soldiers in the hilly foreground ready to fight "for God and St. George"—they do not give any vivid reason why. We only know that the fight is against the black-skinned who are in ambush, that a sudden intrenchment is built, behind which the soldiers fight, almost, it seems, with the spirit of a real battle. There is a rattle of muskets, a blinding smoke, a flash of red coats, the inspiring smell of gun-powder, the no less inspiring glare of calcium lights, the warcries of the soldiers, a thrilling tableau against a beautiful background, and we have had one of the best of all the spectacles with which we have lately been inundated. Its name, "Youth," is utterly inconsequent. Almost every one in it is rather an old party, and the play was doubtless christened hap-hazard. As a spectacle with an outlined plot running through it, it is quite satisfactory. As a social, moral, and domestic drama, it is funny, for the clergyman has been guilty of a youthful indiscretion, the women are sadly world-wise, the villain has no tact, and there is no heroine.

At the Bush Street Theatre, the Leavitt Specialty Company have brought little new with them, and of the new the St. Felix sisters are the only striking feature. I saw in a funny little story the other day an experienced actress's advice to an expectant debutante. "I have neither looks, nor voice, nor talent," said the elder woman, "and I have made my way to where I stand only by my attention to make-up. I never put anything on carelessly. I give the minutest attention to every detail, and I have never known such attention to be lost. There is not a point so little but that it will be taken by some one. In short, my dear, your appearance is three-quarters of the battle." I thought of this when the three St. Felix sisters came out in all their panoply the other night—first in those irresistible little Mother Hubbards, next in those striking conceits in scarlet and black, and lastly in red, as miniature drum-majors. Every costume was unexceptionable, and the three little women, for all their shrill, piping little voices and their meaningless songs, took immensely. It was all in their costumes, yet the costumes laid away in a box would be as uninteresting without the three little women in them, as the three little women without them proved to be in that awful afterpiece, in which it is the custom of all variety companies to take off the good impression that each one has so carefully and painfully made. Miss Flora Moore returns with her hudget unchanged, but her mammoth note slightly lessened in volume. The others go to form the usual combination of Irish, Dutch, and negro specialists, with Mademoiselle Alphonse, a globe revolver, and a rather clever ventriloquist thrown in. But the specialists' profession does not seem to widen as it might, considering the compass of its definition, and one waits in vain for something really new.

BETSY B.

Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, send us the following numbers which they have lately published: "A Sarabande," a dance by Aug. Dupont; "Serenade March," by Aubert, 40 cents; "Bouquet Galop," 40 cents; and "A Red Moss Polka," 40 cents, which belong to a set of twenty flower pieces by Mack. There are also three songs by Robert Franz, named, "When the Spring Blooms," 30 cents; "Transformation," 30 cents; and "Summer Time," 30 cents. A "Benedictus," by Kotzschmar, 50 cents; a "Birth-day Galop," with Mrs. Langtry's portrait, 40 cents; and "Longing for Home," a piano piece by Strelezki, 25 cents, complete the set.

At the California "The Naiad Queen" has been running during the week to fair houses. The chief attraction is the performance of Ariel, whose flights through the air, into the flies, and out over the foot-lights, are most extraordinary. The Girards, too, with their "Aesthetic Quadrille," are most amusing.

Theodore Wores has completed the portrait of John W. Taylor which is designed to hang in the City Hall, and it will be on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's December 29th and 30th.

I have read or heard somewhere the following, says a writer in *Baltimora*: An Irish bailiff, accustomed to send a faithful account of the state of domestic arrangements, added, in his letter to his master: "We have a large number of emu eggs, which, in your lordship's absence, I have set under a goose."

They have now at the restaurant of the New York Racquet club a cook famous for the variety of ways he can prepare and serve macaroni. Macaroni dinners prepared by this culinary artist from "sunny Italy" are said to be delicious.

An Iowa paper says that if beer is not intoxicating there is no use drinking it. One might as well waste time drinking water.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MUSE.

Snow-Flake.

We parted in the winter;
And from the distant hill
She watched my ship sail outward
O'er the waters cold and still.
I could not see the tear-drop
That glistened in her eye;
Nor her dainty kerchief waving
Against the frosty sky.
But I knew her heart was breathing
A gentle word of prayer;
I knew her eye was streaming,
And her kerchief waving there.
I said before I left her,
"Farewell, my love, farewell,
I am sailing to the sunshine,
And the land where myrtles dwell;
But still my longing fancy
Will turn to rest with thee;
My Snow-flake on the mountain
Is more than all to me!"
You know how the pure snow melted,
When the winter's cold is sped;
Ay, so before that ship returned,
My sweet Snow-flake was dead.
—All the Year Round.

Life.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dew of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!
My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away!
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!
My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas, shall mourn for me!
—Anon.

Suspiria.

Take them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own;
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone.
Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves.
Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust.

A Dream.

I'll sail away in my light canoe,
Across the raging main;
I'll roam alone on a foreign isle,
Where the wild-birds sing, and the sun will smile,
And I'll ne'er come back again.
I'll moor my boat on a river bank,
Beneath a spreading palm,
Where the sweet huds bloom and the flowers blow,
And all the reeds and the grasses grow,
Near by the river calm.
I'll sit at night on the foreign shore,
Near to the waters blue,
Where the tall palms shake and the bamboos shiver,
And all the reeds and rushes quiver,
And dream, my darling, of you.
ANNA LOUISE HAZELTINE.
LOS ANGELES, December, 1882.

In the Matter of Rest.

Judge Bleckley, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, having resigned, read the following verses on the conclusion of his last opinion. The verses may be found in 64 *Ga.*, p. 452:

Rest for my hand, and hrow, and breast,
For fingers, heart, and brain!
Rest and peace! A long release
From labor and from pain:
Pain of doubt, fatigue, despair—
Pain of darkness everywhere,
And seeking light in vain.
Peace and rest! Are they the best
For mortals here below?
Is soft repose from work and woes
A bliss for men to know?
Bliss ofttime is bliss of toil:
No bliss but this, from sun and soil,
Does God permit to grow.

Wilhelmina—A Portrait.

A patient sadness in the lovely face
That melts to tenderness within the eyes,
Now dark, now bright, as in the dew-drop lies
A shadow brightening in a sunny place;
Deep dimples in the cheeks that overflow
When laughter rises from the brimming heart;
Soft folds of lustrous hair; lips half apart,
As if a kiss escaped and left them so;
One fair hand thrown aside in careless gesture,
To grasp the rose down-fallen in her vesture;
The rose is passing sweet, yet lack its grace
To keep me longer from that sweeter face!
—Clifford Lanier.

Obscure Intimations.

"What She Told," K. L. C.—Too late for Christmas number. Declined. M. E. F.—Many thanks for the verses. "In the Death Station," E. F. D.—Declined. "The Wood Cutter's Little Daughter," Declined. "A War Story," T. B. C., Los Angeles.—Declined.

STAGE GOSSIP.

After the rehearsal of "Redemption," at Birmingham, Gounod kissed Sir Michael Costa, aged seventy-two, on one cheek, saying "C'est mon devoir," and kissed Marie Roze, aged—say over sixteen, on both cheeks, with the words, "C'est mon recompense." Mrs. Weldon, his ancient persecutrix, was not at the rehearsal, fortunately for the peace of the town.

The libretto of "Aida" was written by Mariette Pasha, the distinguished Egyptologist, and given by him to Felicien David, who did not dare to attempt the music in the time required; then it was given to Verdi, who accepted the thirty thousand dollars offered at once, and was at work on the first act the morning after the libretto reached him. If composers do live by their achievements, Verdi will live by "Aida," but Mariette should not be forgotten.

Christine Nilsson says that she will remain in America and open the new New York Opera House in 1883. No one would be more acceptable. There was a very slight row between Madame Nilsson and Madame Patti a few weeks ago. Patti had a suite of rooms with Signor Nicolini on the first floor of the Windsor Hotel when Nilsson arrived. The Swedish nightingale was given rooms on the second floor above Patti's, but she refused indignantly to accept them, and drove down to the Victoria Hotel in high dudgeon. She considered it a pronounced slight to be offered rooms higher up in the building than those occupied by Patti, although Nilsson's rooms were the more attractive. Now the two great singers bow coldly when they meet.

"The assault on Miss Maude Harrison, the actress, by Mr. J. H. Stoddard, the actor, has been one of the theatrical topics of the week," remarks a writer in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. "Mr. Stoddard personally possesses some of the nervous quickness which characterizes his acting, but in private life has always borne a good reputation for politeness and sobriety. Miss Harrison, formerly a Brooklyn girl, has red hair and natural activity, but those who know her say that she is uniformly ladylike, and altogether unlikely to willfully provoke enmity. Both have been members of the Union Square Theatre Company for years, and their professional intercourse was not known to have ever been unpleasant. I happened to be in a room with them last Monday night. The outbreak began when Mr. Stoddard ordered Miss Harrison to do something that was against her will. She refused, and began to weep. He insisted, and used ungentlemanly language. Then she defied him, and he caught her by the shoulders, forced her down to her knees, gripped the back of her neck, shook her much as a terrier does a rat, and finally threw her, with brutal violence, flat on her face."

While Mr. Joseph Jefferson was once playing Rip Van Winkle at Chicago, he went to the theatre very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. When the curtain rose on the third act, it disclosed the white-haired Rip still deep in his twenty-years' nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and he did not waken. The audience began to get impatient, and the prompter uneasy. The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the "realistic" business too far. The fact was that all the time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or rather of the fisherman who had sat eight hours in the sun without getting a single bite. Finally the gallery became uproarious, and at this point Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage and began to prod Rip from below. The much-travelled comedian began to fumble in his pocket for an imaginary ticket, and muttered drowsily: "Going right through, 'ductor." The audience was transfixed with amazement at this entirely new reading, when Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek, and evidently in agony. The exasperated prompter had "jammed" him with a pin. The play went on then—with a rub.

The theatrical world of Paris is literally up in arms against Monsieur Octave Mirbeau, of the *Figaro*. This young and brilliant journalist, apropos of the Coquelin-Mayer law suit, wrote an article in which he deprecated the attention paid to the private life of actors, and censured the public that greedily sought for such details. The actor, he continued, was only an instrument, a violin, that gives out sounds according to the impulse given it, and which deserves therefore, in itself, little or no recognition. In sober fact, the artist is elevated in exact proportion as art declines. Terrible was the wrath of all the foyers. The Association of Dramatic Artists held a solemn meeting at the apartment of Halanzier, and a committee of four waited on the editor of the *Figaro*. He laid the blame on the young feuilletonist. The feuilletonist in reply proved by documentary evidence that Magnard, the editor of the *Figaro*, suggested and inspired the articles. Monsieur Mirbeau has his hands full. Monsieur Damala has sent a challenge to him, and Sarah Bernhardt is anxious to see her son follow her husband's example. D'Aubray, of the Palais Royal, has demanded reparation, and Raymond threatens to thrash him. Got and Lasalle are also on the war-path. Mirbeau, on his part, has challenged Magnard for disavowing his article. Altogether it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

Miss Carlyon, the actress, is Mrs. Melville in private life. She has been a member of the company supporting John A. Stevens in "Passion's Slave." In St. Louis she threw up her engagement, and one of the reasons which she gave to a *Post-Dispatch* reporter was that she did not like the star's manner of kissing in the play. "You see," she said, "Mr. Stevens always used the 'Henry V.' kiss, and was decidedly unpleasant, as he was neither a husband, a relation, nor a lover." The audience was sure to titter, too, and she thought this was due to the actor's awkwardness. "This kiss," she kindly added, for public information, "is the one that Rignold uses in the play of 'Henry V.' The gentleman comes behind the lady, and puts both his hands over her shoulders on her cheeks, so that the fingers meet just beneath her chin. Then he pulls her head back to his shoulder, and kisses her fully on the lips, keeping his mouth to hers. After he kissed me that way once, I always moved my mouth, so that he kissed me on the chin, and not on the lips, but that was unpleasant in the extreme. I am not at all prudish, but I am an artist, and I do not want to use stage business that has descended to the low variety theatres. It is stage etiquette that no gentleman should kiss a lady on the lips. Mr. Stevens has violated this rule over and over again."

CCLXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, December 31.

Bean Soup.
Lobster en Coquille.
Boiled Tongue, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Corn Fritters. Spinach.
Broiled Teal Ducks. Baked Potatoes.
Celery Salad.
German Puffs.
Apples, Pears, Japanese Persimmons, Bananas, Oranges, and Grapes.

GERMAN PUFFS.—The yolks of six eggs beaten light, added to one pint of milk; pour part of this mixture on the flour; beat light and smooth, then add the remainder of the milk and eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter. Butter muffin-cups and half fill them with the batter. This quantity will make twelve puffs. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven; serve in a hot platter with sauce poured over them. SAUCE.—The whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, add one cupful of sugar beaten in gradually, and then put in the juice of one lemon or two oranges.

"Where is the old steward?" inquired a traveler as he stepped aboard an outgoing steamer, just previous to his departure. "Oh, he was discharged some time ago," replied the captain. "Why, he seemed to be a first-class fellow," rejoined the first speaker; "why was he kicked out?" "Well, to tell you the truth, he got too big for his breeches, and we bounced him," emphatically ejaculated the captain. This conversation occurred within hearing of a bright-eyed, intelligent little girl, the daughter of one of the tourists on the steamer. Subsequently another passenger arrived, and, after bestowing a casual glance around, said: "I don't see the old steward; what has become of him?" "I think he was discharged," volunteered a bystander. "Do you know what for?" "No, sir," "I do," piped a small voice from the cabin door. Looking around, the inquirer saw the smiling face of a little girl peeping out at him. "Well, my dear," said he, "why was the steward discharged?" "Oh, I don't like to tell," she bashfully replied. "But I want to know," he persisted; "come tell me, that's a good girl. What did they discharge him for?" "Cause," she slowly answered, "cause his pants were too short."

Miss Calhoun appeared recently at the Imperial Theatre, London, in "As You Like It." Her representation does not call for any modification of a previous brief criticism, says the New York Times correspondent. She is a novice with great intelligence; has a charming appearance; is young, and should, in the course of time, make a considerable position in profession upon which she has entered. One of the critics in a popular Sunday journal advises her to remove from her announcements the words, "The great American actress," and other tricky devices. She will be wise if she acts upon this hint. I am informed that Miss Calhoun is well known in California. It is erroneously stated that she is Mr. Vezin's pupil. She has had the advantage of tuition at the hands of Mr. Ryder, who is the author of more Ophelias, Juliets, and Rosalinds than any other dramatic preceptor. Should Miss Calhoun remain in England, she will have no difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory engagement at one of the West End theatres. There never was a time when the stage offered so lucrative an opening for dramatic talent.

"A train boy," says Bill Nye, describing a Colorado trip, "told me that a tourist from Philadelphia once tried to wipe his nose on the Alpine tunnel while the train was in motion, and when they got through into daylight, and his companions told him to take in his head, he couldn't do it—because it was half a mile behind examining the formation of the tunnel. Later, it was found that the man was dead. The passengers said that they noticed a kind of crunching noise while going through the tunnel that sounded like the smashing of false teeth, but they paid no attention to it."

Marriage is becoming common among Paris actresses. A recent instance is that of Mademoiselle Duvergier, famous for playing the rôles of milkmaids, shepherdesses, and ragged beggars, with diamonds flashing all over her, and for her association with old Prince Demidoff. She is made the wife of an actor named Delacour, who used to play Armand to her Camille.

A bullet invented by a German chemist is made of a powerful anæsthetic, which breaks on striking a person, who is made unconscious for twelve hours, and while in that condition can be taken prisoner. The inventor puts forward his device in all honesty.

The Mayor of Deadwood has been fined for not obeying when the foreman of a fire company, to which his honor belongs, commanded him to assist in reeling hose.

—THE LIVERMORE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN COMPANY have recently cut down the price of their short plain pens to \$2, and short gold-mounted to \$2.50 each. You can buy them for that money by remitting the amount to LOUIS E. DUNLAP, Manager Stylographic Pen Company, 290 Washington Street, Boston; the pen, together with a package of superior ink, will be sent by return mail, and the money will be at once refunded if they do not prove to be perfect and satisfactory in every respect. The Stylographic Pen Company, who manufacture the Livermore Pen, is the large concern of the kind in the world, with branches at New York, Chicago, and London, Eng.

—THE SAN FRANCISCO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY makes the following announcement: "Owing to the extraordinary and unexpected fact that all places of amusement in this city are open at present, we are compelled to give our next Philharmonic Concert on Friday, January 5, 1883, in the afternoon instead of the evening. This change is made on account of the engagement of all good musicians at the various theatres, etc., thereby making it absolutely impossible to obtain them for the evening. On this occasion we will present, among other numbers, the greatest novelties of modern orchestral music for the first time in this city, viz.: Richard Wagner's 'Vorpiel' to Parsifal, and 'Walküren Ritt,' from 'Nibelungen.' Also, for the first time in twelve years, Beethoven's Symphony in E flat, 'Eroica,' by an enlarged orchestra of sixty musicians, conducted by Mr. Gustav Hinrichs. Box sheet open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store, on Wednesday, January 3, 1883."

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There is a desperate split, says the *Texas Siftings*, in the Austin Blue-Light Colored Tabernacle. A visiting clergyman, who is chaplain to a colored militia company, and much given to using military phrases, preached a very eloquent sermon, in which he continually repeated the words: "I tell you, brethren and sisters, hold fast to yer colors." About a dozen very dark "sisters" left the sacred building, leading out their light saddle-colored children. One of them, who was as black as the ace of spades, was heard to remark: "Hit's pretty late in de day for dat pasture to be preaching dat ar strange doctrine to an Austin cullud congregation."

Two harnessed crocodiles tamely drew a wagon into Atlanta.

—WANTED—A POSITION AS GOVERNESS BY A young lady just arrived from the East. English branches, German, and music. Best of city references. Address Governess, this office.

—CHAS. GOFFRIE, SOLO VIOLINIST, FROM LONDON, has a rare collection of genuine Cremona Violins and fine Bows, at his residence, 807 Bush Street; can be seen from 8:30 to 11 A. M. N. B.—Violins bought from Mr. Goffrie will be taken back and money refunded, minus 10 per cent., at any time.

—"ROUGH ON RATS." CLEARS OUT RATS, MICE, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks, etc.

—PERSONS WHOSE BLOOD HAS BEEN CORRUPTED and the circulation deranged by foul secretions—the result of the disordered chemistry of the body—need for their purification something like an inward baptism at the hands of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, whose laboratory is at No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Her Vegetable Compound is fairly inundating the country as with a river of life.

—IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT THE POISONOUS Ague medicines have had their day. Arsenic and quinine are not desirable commodities to carry about in one's system, even for the sake of temporarily displacing the malarial poison which produces Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is a sure antidote for the Ague, and is perfectly harmless, leaving the system in as good condition as before the Ague was contracted.

—REVITALIZING THE BLOOD IS ABSOLUTELY necessary for the cure of general debility, weakness, lassitude, etc. The best enricher of the blood is Brown's Iron Bitters.

—CHAS. E. FAIRBANK, PACIFIC COAST Traffic Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway, who is now in Oregon, attending to the interests of that company, returns by the steamship *Oregon*. Mr. Fairbank has sole charge of their business in this city and the Pacific Coast at large.

—REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE IS UNEQUALLED FOR chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites, etc. Try it.

—USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy cologne, perfume, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

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—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

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PLATT'S HALL,

....ON....

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ENLARGED ORCHESTRA OF 60 MUSICIANS.

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The Programme includes Beethoven's "EROICA" Symphony, and for the first time in this city Wagner's "PARSIFAL," Vorspiel, and WALKÜREN RIT.

Grand Rehearsal Jan. 4th, at 10.30.
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HENRY HEYMAN, Secretary.

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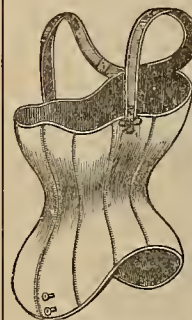
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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-

man Savings and Loan Society. For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1882, the Board of Directors of the GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of 4 3/4 per cent per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 2d day of January, 1883. By order, GEORGE LETTE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRAN-

CISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with 31st December, 1882, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100 %) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100 %) per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal Tax, payable on and after Wednesday, 17th January, 1883. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE CALI-

FORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1882, the Board of Directors of the California Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend on term deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100 %) per cent per annum and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10 %) per cent per annum, free from Federal Tax, and payable on and after January 2, 1883. By order, VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 27th day of December, 1882, an assessment (No. 43) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 46, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 31st day of January, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 20th day of February, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors, C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Old Sayings.

As blunt as a beetle,
As sharp as a lance,
As grave as a preaching,
As gay as a dance,
As late as the gloamin',
As like as two peas,
As crook'd as a rani's horn,
As round as a cheese.
As flat as a flounder,
As sticky as gum,
As lean as a grayhound,
As tight as a drum,
As white as a miller,
As black as a crow,
As lean as a grayhound,
As bent as a bow.
As frail as a bandbox,
As stout as an oak,
As queer as a Quaker,
As game as a cock,
As cute as a lawyer,
As square as a die,
As keen as a razor,
As warm as a pie.
As drunk as a piper,
As sober as a judge,
As clean as a shaving,
As filthy as a smudge,
As swift as an arrow,
As slow as a snail,
As blithe as a linnet,
As right as the mail.

The Broker Who Did It.

Lahouchère and Langtry parted,
All for darling Freddie Gebhardt!
Lahouchère is broken-hearted,
And she'd have the Langtry peppered!
O that I were Freddie Gebhardt,
Just as rich and strong as he is!
I would be a bounding leopard,
Just like pretty Freddie Gebhardt,
Langtry's pet, and sweet as she is!
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Span'sb Conquests of Hannibal.

Now from Madrid unto Cadiz
Sound of woe and wailing made is
By the coal-eyed Spanish ladies.
Down their cheeks the tears are rainin',
And the sad guitar's complainin',
Tells that wanders, piny Maine in,
Hannibal Hamlin.

"Castanets so sweetly rang, O,
As we danced the mad fandango.
Artfully we made each fan go;
Pierced with darts from full-orbed eyes you,
Did not fail to paralyze you,
Teased you—but we love and prize you,
Hannibal Hamlin.

"Pack your bag and put your coat on,
Passage take the next steamboat on,
Cross the wide Atlantic Croton,
Hear and heed the prayerful chorus
Of your olive-checked adorners,
Señoritas and Señoras,
Hannibal Hamlin!"
—New York Sun.

Three Daughters.

Three daughters went sailing out into the street,
Arrayed in cheap finery, gaudy and gay;
Their frizzes and bangs were too awfully sweet,
And they ogled the gentlemen all of the day.
For girls will flirt who have nothing to do,
And tarnish their names with follies not few,
And afterward ever be groaning.

Three mothers all tired were working away,
And cooking and sweeping, and sewing so fast,
And wishing their daughters to help them would stay,
And anxiously scanning the faces that passed.
For mothers must toil till faces are white
Who bring up the girls to be frivolous quite,
And afterward ever be groaning.

Three fathers, all hurrying homeward to rest,
Distracted with business worries and strife,
Met three silly daughters, all gaudily dressed,
Inviting those dangers that ruin a life.
For fathers have cause to be always afraid
Who bring up their girls without learning a trade,
And afterward ever be groaning.
—Burlington Hawkeye.

Christmas Stockings.

"The stockings were bung by the chimney with care,"
That's grandmamma's black one, all wrinkled and spare,
And Aunt Anna's blue one, from Boston, as lean
As if 'twere a pole for her favorite bean;
That long one of cotton, so white, is mamma's;
That short, clumsy, darned one, of course, is papa's;
That one, all embroidered, of silk is Miss Kate's—
How graceful and fragile it looks by its mates;
Its foot is so tiny, its ankle so neat,
The print of its garter yet clings to it sweet.
The little, red, plump one is Willie's, we know,
Because it has on little holes in its toe;
That woolen one, shapely and big as a bag,
Is Ellen's, the cook; of its size she may brag.
And there are the baby's wee socks on a chair,
So fleecy and soft. Santa Claus may despair
To fill them with anything nearly so sweet
As the dear little fellow's own pink, dimpled feet.
Oh, are not these stockings a poem divine
In being, like poetry, "feet" on a "line?"
—H. C. Dodge.

Her Parlor.

The way into her parlor is "up a winding stair;"
Gay Japanese umbrellas are fastened here and there,
And fans and peacock feathers bang with a careless air.
The door is low and curtained. I enter. Overhead
Glistens a gilded cobweb; with reverence I tread
Upon a Turkish prayer-rug in blue, old gold, and red.
A stand is set with dishes, fashioned in years ago;
Blue platters on the mantel, and by the fire's glow
A fan, whose crimson poppies are nodding in a row.
A lady greets me smiling; the violets I bring
To the little parlor with happy thoughts of spring;
She dances on the ceiling—I hope no one will
ring!
—Boston Transcript.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

75 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.

I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine.
D. C. Mack.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]



MRS. PINKHAM'S

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who, above all other human beings, may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure the worst form of female diseases."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures bloating, headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only \$1 per bottle or six for \$5, and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show. "Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity. All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others."
Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D.

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Everybody Wants It!

Everybody Needs It!



KNOW THYSELF.

The untold miseries that result from indiscretions in early life may be alleviated and cured. Those who doubt this assertion should purchase the medical work published by the Peabody Medical Institute, Boston, Mass.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION.

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, or Vitality impaired by too close application to business, may be restored, and manhood regained.

Two hundred and fifty-eighth edition, revised and enlarged, just published. It is a standard medical work, the best in the English language, written by a physician of great experience, to whom was awarded a gold and jeweled medal by the National Medical Association. It contains beautiful and very expensive engravings, 300 pages, more than 125 valuable prescriptions for all forms of diseases, acute and chronic, the result of many years of extensive and successful practice, any one of which is worth ten times the price of the book. Bound in beautiful French cloth, embossed, full gilt. Price, only \$1.25, by mail, securely sealed, postpaid, on receipt of price. Illustrated sample, 6 cents. Send now.

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Is beyond all comparison the most extraordinary work on Physiology ever published. There is nothing whatever that the married or single can either require or wish to know but what is fully explained.—London Lancet.

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Is a marvel of art and beauty, warranted to be a better medical book in every sense than can be obtained elsewhere for double the price, or the money will be refunded in every instance.—Author

N. B.—YOUNG and MIDDLE-AGED MEN can save much time, suffering, and expense by reading the Science of Life, or conferring with the author, who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Address

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CURING

Costiveness, Indigestion, Jaundice, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach and Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetters, Tumors and Sore Throat, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner

Pill, and Purifying the Blood, are the most congenial purgative yet perfected. Their effects abundantly show how much they excel all other pills. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. They purge out the foul humors of the blood; they stimulate the sluggish or disordered organs into action, and they impart health and tone to the whole being. They cure not only the every day complaints of everybody, but formidable and dangerous diseases. Most skillful physicians, most eminent surgeons, and our best citizens, send certificates of cures performed, and of great benefits derived from these Pills. They are the safest and best physic for children, because mild as well as effectual. Being sugar-coated, they are easy to take, and being purely vegetable, they are entirely harmless.

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JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

Stock, Real Estate, and General

AUCTIONEERS.

116 Montgomery Street,

Occidental Hotel Block

SAN FRANCISCO.

THUNDER POWDER COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Alameda County, California. NOTICE.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name	Cert. No.	No. Shares	Amount
Charles Delacy, Trustee	3	5	\$2 00
Charles Delacy, Trustee	37	10,000	4,000 00
Charles Delacy, Trustee	73	200	80 00
Charles Delacy, Trustee	74	300	120 00
Charles Delacy, Trustee	79	14,995	5,998 00
Charles Delacy, Trustee	87	6,000	2,400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee	4	5	not issued 2 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee	5	995	398 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee	6	5	2 00
W. W. Dodge, Trustee	7	995	398 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee	8	5	2 00
E. G. Waite, Trustee	9	2,495	998 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee	10	5	2 00
Geo. W. Prescott, Trustee	11	995	398 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee	12	5	2 00
Wm. Sherman, Trustee	13	2,495	998 00
R. M. Anthony, Trustee	14	1,000	400 00
John A. Benson, Trustee	15	2,000	800 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	16	1,000	400 00
M. Balbridge, Trustee	17	1,500	not issued 600 00
Fred'x Lux, Trustee	18	1,000	400 00
Charles Camden, Trustee	19	2,000	800 00
Jackson Hart, Trustee	20	1,000	400 00
D. L. Lennox, Trustee	22	500	200 00
Raniel Gorham, Trustee	23	500	200 00
Theodore Greene, Trustee	24	1,000	400 00
Eugene L. Sullivan, Trustee	25	2,000	800 00
Wm. E. Barnes, Trustee	26	500	200 00
J. H. Fish, Trustee	27	500	200 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee	28	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee	29	1,000	400 00
T. E. Frasier, Trustee	30	1,000	400 00
C. K. Kelly, Trustee	31	1,000	400 00
Chas. S. Neal, Trustee	32	5	2 00
Wm. E. Barnes, Trustee	33	5	2 00
Chas. H. Hopkins, Trustee	34	5	2 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee	35	5	2 00
Benj. Teal, Trustee	36	5	2 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee	37	1,000	400 00
F. C. Kiel, Trustee	38	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee	39	1,000	400 00
Wm. Heick, Trustee	40	1,000	400 00
F. M. Pixley, Trustee	41	1,000	not issued 400 00
John F. Baxter, Trustee	42	3,000	1,200 00
David S. Sherman, Trustee	43	3,000	1,200 00
W. H. Campbell, Trustee	44	1,000	400 00
R. N. Bourne, Trustee	45	500	200 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	46	500	200 00
Geo. E. Barnes, Trustee	47	500	200 00
Wm. Wilson, Trustee	48	100	40 00
L. E. Crane, Trustee	49	50	20 00
S. B. Herriman, Trustee	50	50	20 00
A. P. Bauton, Trustee	51	50	20 00
W. W. Glazier, Trustee	52	50	20 00
H. W. Newbauer, Trustee	53	250	100 00
L. Han, Trustee	54	250	100 00
Theodore Wagner, Trustee	55	1,000	400 00
Matthew Clark, Trustee	56	500	200 00
Jas. S. Porteous, Trustee	57	500	200 00
Thos. Legg, Trustee	58	100	40 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the fifteenth day of August, 1882, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the company's office, No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room 5, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the ninth day of October, 1882, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale. C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary

Office—Room 5, Sherman Building, No. 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the sixteenth (16th) day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the thirtieth (30th) day of October, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the sixth (6th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the thirteenth (13th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the twentieth (20th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the twenty-seventh (27th) day of November, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the eleventh (11th) day of December, 1882, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale day of the above delinquent stock is hereby postponed until the second (2d) day of January, 1883, at the same place and hour. By order of the Board of Directors.

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C. M. OAKLEY, Secretary.

641 Sacramento

R. H. McDonald,
President,
San Francisco,
Cal.

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1863.
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Surplus 460,800.70

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Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	12,825 35
United States Bonds.....	629,507 30
Land Association Stock.....	15,121 55
Loans and Discounts.....	1,785,000 20
Due from Banks.....	527,279 09
Money on hand.....	632,365 30

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,800 70
Due Depositors.....	1,953,672 80
Due Banks.....	337,491 09
Dividends unpaid.....	134 50
	\$3,752,099 09

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Every description of fine DIAMOND WORK and JEWELRY manufactured to order.

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And inspect their

NEW GOODS

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Ever shown on this Coast, and which cannot be excelled for Variety and Beauty upon this Continent.

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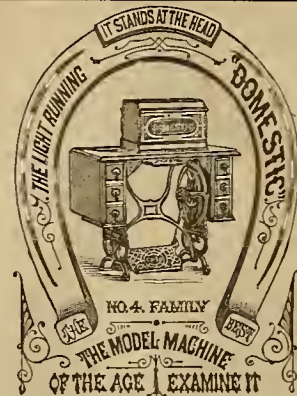
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TRY IT.
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ALASKA

COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, Plaintiff,
vs.
JAMES T. DOUGINE, et al., Defendant.

Superior Court, Department No. 3, (Late 10th Dist. Court), No. 6738.

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure, issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against James T. Douguine, Mrs. James T. Douguine, his wife, and Mary A. Griswold, defendants, on the 1st day of August, A. D. 1882, which said judgment and decree was, on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1882, recorded in Judgment Book 2, of said Superior Court, at page 174, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Webster Street, distant two hundred and four feet northerly from the northeasterly corner of Webster and Washington Streets; thence northerly along the easterly line of Webster Street, twenty-five feet and six inches; thence at right angles easterly eighty feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five feet and six inches; and thence at right angles westerly eighty feet to the point of commencement. The same being part of the parcel of land known on the official map of the Western Addition as Block No. 268.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 12th day of January, A. D. 1883, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States. San Francisco, December 23, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.
TOSIN & TOSIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
December 23, 30; January 6, 13.

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TILES

For Decorations.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
110 to 118 Battery Street.

